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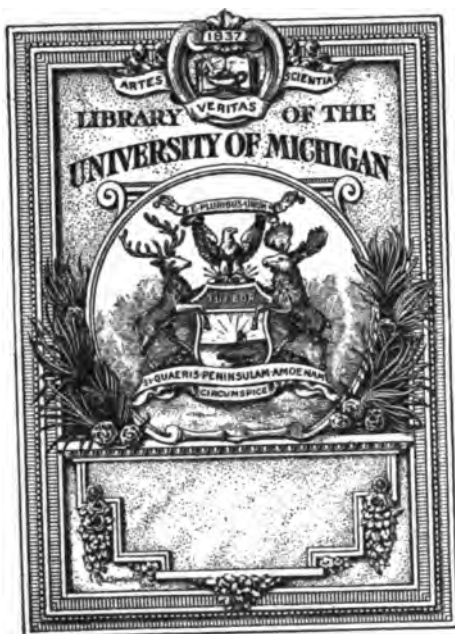
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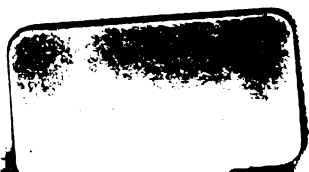
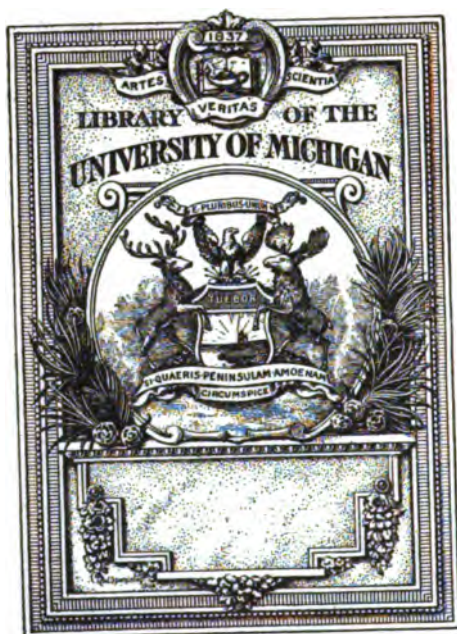


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CAPTAIN SPEKE'S JOURNAL.

WHEN the doubling of the Cape has to be spoken of as an achievement of distant times, and the newly-discovered hemisphere has a history of centuries, and the Australian continent is fast following the example—to hear of it as the last piece of momentous news in this year 1863 that the oldest and most familiar river in the world has just been fully opened to our knowledge, is something that seems to throw us back into the infancy of society. Surely there is nothing in the world that so completely unites the old and the recent as this river. At one end it belongs to Moses and Herodotus, the Sphinxes and the Pyramids; at the other, the different notable points are named after our gracious Queen, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, Sir Roderick Murchison, the Earl of Ripon, and Jordans, the Somersetshire home of the discoverer's ancestors.

True, it is not for the first time that the solution of the great problem has been announced. Apart from the triumphs arrogated by mere pretenders, a century has very

nearly elapsed since James Bruce, after describing how, barefooted, he ran down the hill to the sacred spring, suffering many hard falls from the slippery bulbous roots on the surface of the soil, thus proclaimed his sensations to the world: "It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding

'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.' By John Hanning Speke, Captain H.M. Indian Army; Fellow and Gold-medallist of the Royal Geographical Society; Hon. Corr. Member and Gold-medallist of the French Geographical Society, &c. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1863.

this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armics; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood—the object of my vainglory—suggested what depressed my shortlived triumph.”

It would have depressed it still more had he known that he was not in the place he sought. Where the Nile divides he had selected the Blue branch, which is shorter, and in every way less important, than the White; and therefore made a choice which, to one professing to reach the farthest source, was a mistake. That he made a mistake, however, cannot detract from his well-earned fame as a brave man, an indefatigable explorer, a mighty linguist, and a brilliant writer; and it is consolatory to remember that he passed away without knowing the deficiency of his achievement, and that the noble and susceptible nature, teased in declining years by malignity and paltry jealousy, was not robbed of the great delusion that upheld it.

Like all great discoveries, the present was the fruit of an original idea, born of an intuitive genius for this particular kind of achievement. It was by an inversion of the previous efforts, which had been failures. Those ambitious of accomplishing the discovery of the river-head naturally enough tried to force their way up to it from the mouth; and so it came on every weary, baffled aspirant, that

“*Nilus in extremum fugit perterritas
orbem,
Oculique caput, quod adhuc latet.*”

The new idea was to cross Africa at right angles to the course of the river, strike the head-waters, and verify them by sailing down. And this was what was done. At between three and four thousand miles' distance from the known portions of the Nile, the discoverer started in a direction nearly opposite to where

these lie. Thus, in October 1860, along with his genial companion and assistant, Captain Grant, he left behind him the last vestiges of European civilisation at Zanzibar, a small island six degrees south of the equator, well known to African traders; and he saw no European countenance, or any man versed in our ways of Christian civilisation, until, descending the Nile, he reached Gondokoro in February 1863, and there met a fellow-countryman who had gone in search of him.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the conception now so brilliantly accomplished dawned on its author in the course of an exploring expedition through the lake districts of tropical Africa, of which he gave an account in some articles in this Magazine in 1859.

It was naturally among eminent geographers only that the important conclusion to which these articles pointed could be fully comprehended. But to the rest of the world also, instead of being only an amusing narrative of an adventurous expedition through unknown regions, they must now be held in esteem as the harbingers of a mighty discovery. When, on this expedition, he set eyes on the broad waters of the Victoria N'yanza, he said to himself, “All right—here's the Nile top;” or, as he told it more appropriately to the world in his narrative—“When the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon my view, . . . I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers.”—(MAGA for October 1859, pp. 411, 412). And this faith, grounded on a special sagacity or instinct for discovery, seems never to have faltered; inasmuch that, even when he set sail on the river's bosom, there was no more lingering doubt to be confirmed than the experienced navigator feels

about his arrival in any familiar port. Yet, like other discoverers, he had not only entirely to rely on his own resources for his belief, but to fight for it against strong adversaries. In his first expedition to the African lakes he happened to be the junior officer, and his senior in command seems to have considered his conclusion a sort of heresy amounting to insubordination; and not only did he harbour this opinion, but proclaimed it very loudly to the world, laughing in loud print at the folly of the Sub who thought he had made a great discovery;—so adding to the many melancholy illustrations of the wise counsel, that if fallible human beings are determined to prophesy, it is safer to do so in the positive than in the negative—to predict that something *will* take place, not that it will *never*, since fact may prove the falsity of the latter before the seer has departed, but the event that is to be may be supposed only to be postponed. There was too, it appears, a curious local difficulty to be overcome in the information of the natives, who all concurred in the statement that towards the north a large river ran into the lake, excepting those who said it had no bounds at all in that direction. This last view was disposed of by the use of a common word for lake and water, so that the river was the boundless continuation. But for the other assertion a more subtle solution had to be found in a peculiarity of the structure of the language, which made it appear to invert its meaning, and speak of water as running into the lake as the means of conveying the meaning that it ran out. When we remember that the German for going to a place means, in its other uses, from, while from means of, and that there, as well as in Scotland, in calculations of time, half-four means three and a half, we may have a notion,—but still rather an imperfect one—of such a speciality.

Without further preliminary we

shall now quote the description of the Nile as it actually tumbles out of the great lake. The spot is distant from the mouth some 2300 miles—more than thirty-four degrees of latitude, and nearly a tenth of the whole circumference of the globe. As the river breaks through a dyke in something like a cataract, the place is called by the natives simply "The Stones."

"To Ripon Falls, 28th. — At last with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as king Mtéza's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

"We were well rewarded; for the 'Stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing; and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake,—made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

"The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays

in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza, to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned."

What will probably cause most surprise in the reader who alights on such a passage without being prepared for it by the specialties of this altogether surprising book, is its homely, undramatised simplicity. While the unsuccessful explorers drag us through deserts of stone and sand and salt, diversified by the sweep of some terrific monsoon, or stick us fast in impenetrable jungles among snakes and centipedes—

"Where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh in blistering dew"—

here we have the active fishermen, the ferry crossing and recrossing, the goodly kine coming down to drink, the gardens, the small verdant hills—barring the hippopotami and crocodiles, for all the world like a scene in Westmoreland.

If "up the Nile" should ever become as householdish words as "up the Rhine," then, when the cretaceous crocodile and his fat friend the genial hippopotamus are disturbed in the inward recesses of their watery residences by the splash of the paddle-wheel and the shriek of the railway-whistle—then will the descriptions of the first European who set eyes on these regions be stereotyped into all the Murrays, and be read by lazy luxurious tourists at the bow-windows of their hotels, and tested by the actual vision before them. But this generation will probably pass away before tourism has penetrated thus far, and in the mean time the world must be con-

tent with the discoverer's description of what he saw. Let us give a little more of it, premising that, although he approached the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza lake, his first sight of the river was not at the exit described in the quotation. For reasons connected with the facilities for transit through the states bordering on the lake, he had to strike the river some way down and walk to its exit; so it fell out that his first sight of the actual Nile occurred at Urondogani, on the 21st of July 1862; and he thus describes what he saw with sententious brevity:—

"Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnū and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good."

Had the discoverer been very much disposed to moralise aloud about the historical and religious associations—rich almost beyond any earthly parallel—of the sight on which he looked, he would have found a rather discouraging auditory in his assistants. To some of them he appears to have ventured on a remark appropriate to the solemn occasion; it was responded to by his faithful lieutenant and aide-de-camp, Bombay, a personage in whom the reader of this Journal becomes extremely interested; and his comment is about as good an instance of the thorough materialism of the tropical mind as we remember to have seen:—

"I told my men they ought to shave their heads and bathe in the holy river, the cradle of Moses—the waters of which, sweetened with sugar, men carry all the way from Egypt to Mecca, and sell to the pilgrims. But Bombay, who is a philosopher of the Epicurean school, said, 'We don't look on those things in the same fanciful manner that you do; we are contented with all the commonplaces of life, and look for nothing beyond the present. If things don't go well, it is God's will; and if they do go well, that is His will also.'"

Going up from the point where the river is first sighted to its exit from the lake, the traveller favours the world with another short description of a rapid in the course of his walk:—

"I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain-gardens. Nango, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, with pombé. He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wanguana seemed spell-bound

at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings."

The people at the top of the Nile had no more notion of where its waters went to, or who lived at the other end, than we had of its source, or the dwellers in that region; and entireness of ignorance cannot be more strongly expressed. It always seems strange to us that there should be anywhere a people who, themselves in some measure civilised, should not be acquainted with us, their superiors and masters in civilisation. But this notion is a relic of provincialism. The Cockney—about the most ignorant creature in the world, who thinks all Scotsmen wear kilts and lubricate themselves with sulphur, and all Frenchmen feed on frogs and play on the fiddle—cannot easily imagine a place where London is unknown. Europe must be content to find that Uganda has been in total ignorance of the Overland Route or the Suez Canal, of Napoleon and Nelson—of all the illustrious men and nations and deeds, the associations of which have clustered round the mighty river for some three thousand years. There is evidence, however, that the Greek geographers knew about the Mountains of the Moon and the great lake. The knowledge of each other may probably at one time have been mutual; and it almost looks like a tradition of such a thing, that there is still a sacredness about the great lake beyond what it would seem entitled to as a mere sheet of water. This is impersonated by a kind of Neptune—a being whom the natives have invested with as much of the nature of a deity as it is in their own natures to conceive. He has a kind of priesthood, who seem to be so far in his confidence as to know the sort of weather he is working with at any given time; and, after the manner of their order all over the world, they profess, to some limited and imperfect extent, to have a vote in such questions, or an influence in propitiating the

supreme will, which is of course a source of more or less influence on their own power and earthly interests.

In a grand regatta or, boating party, which the king of Uganda has on the lake, we are introduced to the domestic circle of this Neptune's high-priest—a sort of watery archbishop, supreme, apparently, within his own dominions; and surely never before was ecclesiastical dignity painted for us in so Teniers-like a fashion. The monarch directs the boats to paddle towards "an island occupied by the Mgussa or Neptune of the N'yanza—not in person, for Mgussa is a spirit, but by his familiar or deputy, the great medium who communicates the secrets of the deep to the king of Uganda. In another sense he might be said to be the presiding priest of the source of the Nile, and as such was of course an interesting person for me to meet."

"We turned into the hut of the Mgussa's familiar, which at the farther end was decorated with many mystic symbols—amongst others a paddle, the badge of his high office—and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was dressed Wichwesi fashion, with a little white goat-skin apron, adorned with numerous charms, and used a paddle for a mace or walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so—walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style. The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures, by turn, as much as to say, What do you think of them? but no voice was heard save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she came.

"At this juncture the Mgussa's familiar motioned the Kamraviona and several officers to draw around him, when, in a very low tone, he gave them all the orders of the deep, and walked away. His revelations seemed, unpropitious, for we immediately repaired to our boats and returned to our quarters."

Although the ancient river and the mighty lake are the points on which the discoverer's fame will naturally concentrate, the world's obligations to him go much farther. Whether or not he has laid out a new touring district, as securely as we can calculate upon the world not retrograding into barbarism and poverty, so surely can we calculate on a new and vast field of enterprise and industry having been developed. As no one had penetrated to the interior of tropical Africa, it fell to the philosophers, by a system of induction, to tell us what sort of place it is. They were mistaken in their inference, as poor human beings from time to time will be, even though they should call themselves philosophers. That far to the north and far to the south of the equator were vast arid deserts of sand and salt, was a palpable truth. Reason was then shown why the moisture of which these tracts were deprived was concentrated at the equator, where it caused drenching rains, which, under the heat of the sun, encumbered the earth with a rank vegetation generative of pestilent miasmas, and altogether forming a tract too spongi-ly saturated to be bent to human use by tile-draining, or any of the other puny operations of existing agriculture.

Bold speculators, indeed, indulged in a dream that Providence had set down two great compensating elements in Africa, which were some day to test the engineering skill of man in subduing them to co-operation for his advantage. The surplus waters of Central Africa were to irrigate the sandy plains on either side, sending forth its own pestilential elements to confer fruitfulness on the desert. It is a pity,

perhaps, but these fine speculations have been ruined by the discovery that the equatorial belt does not contain pestilential elements to be got rid of. There is neither excessive moisture nor excessive heat, and the climate appears to be one of the finest in the world. It might have been exactly as the philosophers settled it, but for the important fact that the country is a table-land, varying from 3000 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea, so that what raises us above vegetation and into the regions of eternal snow at this latitude, brings us up to a temperate climate at the equator. The discoverer saw a large tract of this kind of country. He thinks it stretches right across Africa, bisected by the equator; and the geographical sagacity he has shown bespeaks confidence for this opinion. There are districts of rich alluvial country, full of food, animal and vegetable, resembling the finer parts of Dorset or Somerset; and if the Dorsetshire or Somersetshire farm-labourer could realise the abundant luxuries at the command of the people of these favoured districts, his teeth would water, and he would sigh with the vain wish that he had been born black and blubber-lipped, and set down in tropical Africa. Butcher-meat in all varieties, from the rarest game kind to the full-bodied beef of the buffalo, abounds, and is well cooked; while the plantain affords a substitute—and a capital one—for bread and potatoes. A sort of wine, or strong beer, made from the plantain, and called pombé, appears to abound to an extent that would greatly distress the British League of Total Abstinensers. In fact, these dusky descendants of Ham, instead of being cursed for the indecorous conduct of their great ancestor, would appear to be endowed with a fund of material happiness beyond what poor fallen human nature is entitled to expect, were it not for such slight drawbacks as their constant liability to be kidnapped as slaves, or put to death by tyrannical kings, and to be decimated by famines, caused by their own carelessness in neglect-

ing to make any sort of provision for an unproductive period, however brief. But these slight crooks in their lot appear to give them no uneasiness, and to abate nothing from the rollicking, easy manner in which they journey through life, with a resolution to live by the way. In fact, in this weary, working, utilitarian world of ours, it mightily refreshes one to read the accounts, one after another, of jolly, merry scenes with which this book abounds. It is like travelling with an excessively good-humoured, genial, and amusing companion.

Thus the arduous to high cultivation and affluence are naturally not concentrated in any one place, but crop out through the work, mingled with social contrasts which are not without their parallels in the countries we are in use to call civilised. The expedition has penetrated some seven or eight hundred miles through the interior, when, on the edge of the great lake, near the territory of Uganda, the following successive sketches occur:—

“On arrival at Ngambézi, I was immensely struck with the neatness and good arrangement of the place, as well as its excessive beauty and richness. No part of Bengal or Zanzibar could excel it in either respect; and my men, with one voice, exclaimed, ‘Ah, what people these Waganda are!’ and passed other remarks, which may be abridged as follows:—‘They build their huts and keep their gardens just as well as we do at Ungüja, with screens and enclosures for privacy, a clearance in front of their establishments, and a baraza or reception-hut facing the buildings. Then, too, what a beautiful prospect it has!—rich marshy plains studded with mounds, on each of which grows the umbrella cactus, or some other ever-green tree; and beyond, again, another hill-spur, such as the one we have crossed over.’ One of king Mtéssa’s uncles, who had not been burned to death by the order of the late king Sunna on his ascension to the throne, was the proprietor of this place, but unfortunately he was from home. However, his substitute gave me his baraza to live in, and brought many presents of goats,

fowls, sweet potatoes, yams, plantains, sugar-cane, and Indian-corn, and apologized in the end for deficiency in hospitality. I, of course, gave him beads in return.

"Continuing over the same kind of ground in the next succeeding spurs of the streaky red-clay sandstone hills, we put up at the residence of Isamgévi, a Mkungū or district officer of Rūmanika's. His residence was as well kept as Mtésa's uncle's; but instead of a baraza fronting his house, he had a small enclosure, with three small huts in it, kept apart for devotional purposes, or to propitiate the evil spirits—in short, according to the notions of the place, a church. This officer gave me a cow and some plantains, and I in return gave him a wire and some beads. Many mendicant women, called by some Wichwézi, by others Mabandwa, all wearing the most fantastic dresses of mbūgū, covered with beads, shells, and sticks, danced before us, singing a comic song, the chorus of which was a long shrill rolling Coo-roo-coo-roo, coo-roo-coo-roo, delivered as they came to a standstill. Their true functions were just as obscure as the religion of the negroes generally; some called them devil-drivers, others evil-eye averters; but, whatever it was for, they imposed a tax on the people, whose minds being governed by a necessity for making some self-sacrifice to propitiate something, they could not tell what, for their welfare in the world, they always gave them a trifle in the same way as the East Indians do their fakirs. . . .

"Mañla now came, after receiving repeated and angry messages, and I forced him to make a move. He led me straight up to his home, a very nice place, in which he gave me a very large, clean, and comfortable hut—had no end of plantains brought for me and my men—and said, 'Now you have really entered the kingdom of Uganda, for the future you must buy no more food. At every place that you stop for the day, the officer in charge will bring you plantains, otherwise your men can help themselves in the gardens, for such are the laws of the land when a king's guest travels in it. Any one found selling anything to either yourself or your men would be punished.' Accordingly, I stopped the daily issue of beads; but no sooner had I done so than all my men declared they could not eat plantains. It was all very well,

they said, for the Waganda to do so, because they were used to it, but it did not satisfy their hunger.

"Mañla, all smirks and smiles, on seeing me order the things out for the march, begged I would have patience, and wait till the messenger returned from the king; it would not take more than ten days at the most. Much annoyed at this nonsense, I ordered my tent to be pitched. I refused all Mañla's plantains, and gave my men beads to buy grain again with; and, finding it necessary to get up some indignation, said I would not stand being chained like a dog; if he would not go on ahead, I should go without him. Mañla then said he would go to a friend's and come back again. I said, if he did not, I should go off; and so the conversation ended.

"26th.—Drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing had been going on these last two days and two nights to drive the Phépo or devil out of a village. The whole of the ceremonies were most ludicrous. An old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of pombé in their laps, sat in front of a hut, whilst other people kept constantly bringing them baskets full of plantain-squash and more pots of pombé. In the courtyard fronting them were hundreds of men and women dressed in smart mbūgūs—the males wearing for turbans strings of abrus-seeds wound round their heads, with polished boars' tusks stuck in a jaunty manner. These were the people who, all drunk as fiers, were keeping up such a continual row to frighten the devil away."

If the fruitfulness of these districts, and their advance in a sort of civilisation of their own, might somewhat surprise the travellers, they themselves created astonishment on grounds not quite dissimilar. For, if we have been under the impression that the inhabitants of equatorial Africa are utterly steeped in barbarism, they have retaliated on us with a vengeance. Just look at the excuse solemnly offered by king Kamrasi of Unyoro for having dealt capriciously and inhospitably with two officers of her Majesty's Indian army:

"At the time the white men were living in Uganda, many of the people who had seen them there came and described them as such monsters, they ate up mountains and drank the N'yanza

dry; and although they fed on both beef and mutton, they were not satisfied until they got a dish of the 'tender parts' of human beings three times a-day. Now, I was extremely anxious to see men of such wonderful natures. I could have stood their mountain-eating and N'yanza-drinking capacities, but on no consideration would I submit to sacrifice my subjects to their appetites, and for this reason I first sent to turn them back; but afterwards, on hearing from Dr. K'yengo's men that, although the white men had travelled all through their country, and brought all the pretty and wonderful things of the world there, they had never heard such monstrous imputations cast upon them, I sent a second time to call them on: these are the facts of the case."

Again:—

"We were anything but welcomed at Kiratosi, the people asking by what bad-luck we had come there to eat up their crops; but in a little while they flocked to our doors and admired our traps, remarking that they believed each iron box contained a couple of white dwarfs, which we carry on our shoulders, sitting straddle-legs, back to back, and they fly off to eat people whenever they get the order."

The advance, indeed, of these nations in the merely material elements of civilisation—in good living and mechanical skill—is a matter of extremely interesting study, although it is of a kind apt to confound broad principles in ethnological philosophy, and to humiliate their authors. The wisest of us are ever too apt to make our own form of civilisation the measure of other people's absolute advance. Feudal traditions, and many other causes, have associated an advanced civilisation with great houses of stone or brick, and taught us to despise the hovel of turf or mud thatched with grass as a type of primitive barbarism; but the genius of the Uganda people having run upon the structure of huts—and possibly the climate and materials at hand exercising an influence in its favour—they appear to have carried this style of architecture to a marvellous height of excellence. They

are subtle workers in iron, both for useful and ornamental purposes; and the ivory-merchants, who carry seductive goods for the purchase of tusks, know that there is no use of trying to tempt these people with the common Sheffield ware that is omnipotent among really savage tribes—the Waganda can make better than the trader brings to them. They appear, too, to be highly accomplished in all peltry-work, or manufactures from furs and skins. Whoever is of opinion that the highest type of civilisation is to be found in "a strong government," let him go to Uganda,—where, by the way, as one of its fruits, he will find sanitary rules and measures for the removal of impurities such as would make the heart of Mr. Chadwick rejoice within him, and such as he has in vain attempted to secure for the great cities of this empire.

The etiquette of courts and the habits of the higher orders of society in Europe, though often ridiculed by satirists and condemned by cynics, have generally been counted among the fruits—not always the good fruits—of mature civilisation. They are generally spoken of as of historical origin—Roman or early feudal—and thus consecrated by grand associations, while modern polish has smoothed down their asperities, and carefully adapted the whole to the advanced civilisation in which it is our privilege to live, without departing far from the long succession of precedents on which all is founded. This may be true of European courts and good society; yet whoever would see etiquettes at once the most complex and peculiar, as little like the etiquettes of Europe as it is possible to conceive, and at the same time protected by regulations as strict as the traditionary usages of the most ancient European or Asiatic courts, let him go to Uganda, and be presented, if he have influence enough, at the court of the great king Mtésa. Here is an account of the discoverer's first

reception, which may be useful for the stranger's guidance on the solemn occasion, and he will excuse the rather unpronounceable technicalities, used for once in a way on account of the precise definitions given of their grotesque import: it will be seen that at the time referred to there is a queen-dowager's court as well as a king's.

"To-day the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honour. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper-cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope-skins, which I observed were sewn together as well as any English gloves could have pierced them; whilst their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly-polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells; and on their necks, arms, and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snake-skin. N'yamgundū and Maūla demanded, as their official privilege, a first peep; and this being refused, they tried to persuade me that the articles comprising the present required to be covered with chintz, for it was considered indecorous to offer anything to his majesty in a naked state. This little interruption over, the articles enumerated below were conveyed to the palace in solemn procession thus:—With N'yamgundū, Maūla, the pages, and myself on the flanks, the Union-Jack carried by the kirangozi guide led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honour, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets; whilst in their rear were the rest of my men, each carrying some article as a present.

... The palace on entrance quite surprised me by its extraordinary dimensions, and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; whilst within the enclosure, the lines of huts were joined together, or par-

tioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtesa's three or four hundred women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of N'yamasoré, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop-doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

"The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats, were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope-turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin-cloak tightly round him lest his naked legs might by accident be shown.

"This, then, was the ante-reception court; and I might have taken possession of the hut, in which musicians were playing and singing on large nine-stringed harps, like the Nubian tambira, accompanied by harmonicons. By the chief officers in waiting, however, who thought fit to treat us like Arab merchants, I was requested to sit on the ground outside in the sun with my servants. Now, I had made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the natives and Arabs are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England, though the Arabs had told me that from fear they had always complied with the manners of the court. I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage-ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king. To avert over-hastiness, however—for my servants began to be alarmed as I demurred against doing as I was bid—I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying, if it were not conceded I would then walk away."

Then follows a long amusing description of the manner in which

the English stranger took the established etiquettes by storm, and entered rather as a conqueror than according to the established form after the manner of a slave.

"The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in 'open ranks,' who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungü, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new mbügü. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the angles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversa-

tion on one side; and on the other was a band of Wichwézi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

"I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

"Then, finding the day waning, he sent Matila on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yea, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away, through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure *levée* day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person."

For half a year Captain Speke had to hang on at this court, planning and struggling day by day to get permission and assistance to move onward to his destination. That they were weary, weary days, alternating in faint hopes and sickening disappointments, can easily be seen. But the adventurer, like a wise man, put his very annoyances and difficulties to use by noting everything that passed, and leaving the most extraordinary journal of court life every penned. Reading it is like living in a country-house with

the people who come across us in it. Colour and animation are given to it by two conflicting influences—the haughty rigidity of the court etiquette, and the impulsive African natures ever bounding against its restraints. Bana, or the great chief, as the author was called, must, for the dignity of Uganda, be subjected to as many of its servile etiquettes as he would endure. Yet no one—not even the king himself—could restrain his eagerness to behold the white man's accomplishments, and his rabid greed to possess the white man's effects. Hence came a game of most grotesque coquetting—insolent neglect or disdain when the stranger was courteous and genial—infinite futilities to draw him on if he were shy or indignant. The king's policy was to be ever sought, and ever to repel. There was consequently no meanness to which he would not submit to obtain profers of attention and consideration from his great visitor, and no amount of insolence with which he would hesitate to repel them when they were secured. By degrees, however, the artificial gave way and the natural prevailed; and ere long Bana became an almost essential member of the Uganda court, and the familiar, and we may say private friend both of the young king and his queenly mother. It is indeed quite clear to the reader, whether it was so to Bana himself or not, that they would never have let him away had they not firmly believed that the charming recollection of their social circle would be sure to attract him speedily back again. So now let us look in upon the queen-mother “at home:”—

“3d.—Our cross purposes seemed to increase; for, while I could not get a satisfactory interview, the king sent for N'yamgundū to ascertain why I never went to see him. I had given him good guns and many pretty things which he did not know the use of, and yet I would not visit him to explain their several uses. N'yamgundū told him I lived too far off, and wanted a palace. After this I walked off to see N'yamasoré, taking my blankets, a pillow, and some cooking-pots to make a day of it, and try to win the affections of the queen with sixteen

cubits bindéra, three pints péké, and three pints mtendé beads, which, as Waganda are all fond of figurative language, I called a trifle for her servants.

“I was shown in at once, and found her majesty sitting on an Indian carpet, dressed in a red linen wrapper with a gold border, and a box, in shape of a lady's work-box, prettily coloured in divers patterns with minute beads, by her side. Her councillors were in attendance; and in the yard a band of music, with many minor Wakungū squatting in a semicircle, completed her levee. Maüla on my behalf opened conversation, in allusion to her yesterday's question, by saying I had applied to Mtésa for a palace, that I might be near enough both their majesties to pay them constant visits. She replied, in a good hearty manner, that indeed was a very proper request, which showed my good sense, and ought to have been complied with at once; but Mtésa was only a Kijana or stripling, and as she influenced all the government of the country, she would have it carried into effect. Compliments were now passed, my presents given and approved of; and the queen, thinking I must be hungry—for she wanted to eat herself—requested me to refresh myself in another hut. I complied, spread my bedding, and ordered in my breakfast; but as the hut was full of men, I suspended a Scotch plaid, and quite eclipsed her mbügü curtain.

“Reports of this magnificence at once flew to the queen, who sent to know how many more blankets I had in my possession, and whether, if she asked for one, she would get it. She also desired to see my spoons, fork, and pipe—an English meerschaum, mounted with silver; so, after breakfast, I returned to see her, showed her the spoons and forks, and smoked my pipe, but told her I had no blankets left but what formed my bed. She appeared very happy and very well, did not say another word about the blankets, but ordered a pipe for herself, and sat chatting, laughing, and smoking in concert with me. . . .

“The queen and her ministers then plunged into pombé and became uproarious, laughing with all their might and main. Small bugu cups were not enough to keep up the excitement of the time, so a large wooden trough was placed before the queen and filled with liquor. If any was spilt, the Wakungū instantly fought over it, dabbing their noses on the ground, or grabbing it with their hands, that not

one atom of the queen's favour might be lost; for everything must be adored that comes from royalty, whether by design or accident. The queen put her head to the trough and drank like a pig from it, and was followed by her ministers. The band, by order, then struck up a tune called the Milélé, playing on a dozen reeds, ornamented with beads and cow-tips, and five drums, of various tones and sizes, keeping time. The musicians dancing with zest, were led by four band-masters, also dancing, but with their backs turned to the company to show off their long, shaggy, goat-skin jackets, sometimes upright, at other times bending and on their heels, like the hornpipe dancers of Western countries.

"It was a merry scene, but soon became tiresome; when Bombay, by way of flattery, and wishing to see what the queen's wardrobe embraced, told her, Any woman, however ugly, would assume a goodly appearance if prettily dressed; upon which her gracious majesty immediately rose, retired to her toilet-hut, and soon returned attired in a common check cloth, an abrus tiara, a bead necklace, and with a folding looking-glass, when she sat, as before, and was handed a blown-glass cup of pombé, with a cork floating on the liquor, and a napkin mbügü covering the top, by a naked virgin. For her kind condescension in assuming plain raiment, everybody, of course, n'yanzigged. Next she ordered her slave-girls to bring a large number of sambo (anklets), and begged me to select the best, for she liked me much. In vain I tried to refuse them: she had given more than enough for a keep-sake before, and I was not hungry for property; still I had to choose some, or I would give offence. She then gave me a basket of tobacco, and a nest of hen eggs for her 'son's' breakfast. When this was over, the Mükondéí, another dancing-tune, with instruments something like clarionets, was ordered; but it had scarcely been struck up, before a drenching rain, with strong wind, set in and spoilt the music, though not the playing—for none dared stop without an order; and the queen, instead of taking pity, laughed most boisterously over the exercise of her savage power as the unfortunate musicians were nearly beaten down by the violence of the weather.

"When the rain ceased, her majesty retired a second time to her toilet-hut, and changed her dress for a puce-coloured wrapper, when I, ashamed of having robbed her of so many sambo, asked her if she would allow me to present her with

a little English 'wool' to hang up instead of her mbügü curtain on cold days like this. Of course she could not decline, and a large double scarlet blanket was placed before her. 'Oh, wonder of wonders!' exclaimed all the spectators, holding their mouths in both hands at a time—such a 'pattern' had never been seen here before. It stretched across the hut, was higher than the men could reach—indeed it was a perfect marvel; and the man must be a good one who brought such a treasure as this to Uddü. . . . The queen began to sing, and the councillors to join in chorus; then all sang and all drank, and drank and sang, till, in their heated excitement, they turned the palace into a pandemonium; still there was not noise enough, so the band and drums were called again, and tomfool—for Uganda, like the old European monarchies, always keeps a jester—was made to sing in the gruff, hoarse, unnatural voice which he ever affects to maintain his character, and furnished with pombé when his throat was dry.

"Now all of a sudden, as if a devil had taken possession of the company, the prime minister with all the courtiers jumped upon their legs, seized their sticks—for nobody can carry a spear when visiting—swore the queen had lost her heart to me, and, running into the yard, returned, charging and jabbering at the queen; retreated and returned again, as if they were going to put an end to her for the guilt of loving me, but really to show their devotion and true love to her. The queen professed to take this ceremony with calm indifference, but her face showed that she enjoyed it. I was now getting very tired of sitting on my low stool, and begged for leave to depart, but N'yamasoré would not hear of it; she loved me a great deal too much to let me go away at this time of day, and forthwith ordered in more pombé. The same roystering scene was repeated; cups were too small, so the trough was employed; and the queen graced it by drinking, pig-fashion, first, and then handing it round to the company."

Let us now join the king in a couple of days' shooting, a pursuit in which he formed a wholesome acquaintance with the formidable weapons at the command of his white visitors:

"Immediately after breakfast the king sent his pages in a great hurry to say he was waiting on the hill for me, and

begged I would bring all my guns immediately. I prepared, thinking, naturally enough, that some buffaloes had been marked down; for the boys, as usual, were perfectly ignorant of his designs. To my surprise, however, when I mounted the hill half-way to the palace, I found the king standing, dressed in a rich filigreed waistcoat, trimmed with gold embroidery, tweddling the loading-rod in his finger, and an alfa cap on his head, whilst his pages held his chair and guns, and a number of officers, with dogs and goats for offerings, squatting before him.

"When I arrived, hat in hand, he smiled, examined my firearms, and proceeded for sport, leading the way to a high tree, on which some adjutant birds were nesting, and numerous vultures resting. This was the sport; Bana must shoot a nundo (adjutant) for the king's gratification. I begged him to take a shot himself, as I really could not demean myself by firing at birds sitting on a tree; but it was all of no use — no one could shoot as I could, and they must be shot. I proposed frightening them out with stones, but no stone could reach so high; so, to cut the matter short, I killed an adjutant on the nest, and, as the vultures flew away, brought one down on the wing, which fell in the garden enclosure.

"The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment, when the king jumped frantically in the air, clapping his hands above his head, and singing out, 'Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! Oh, Bana, Bana! what miracles he performs!' — and all the Wakungū followed in chorus. 'Now load, Bana — load, and let us see you do it!' cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded, he said, 'Come along, come along, and let us see the bird.' Then directing the officers which way to go — for, by the etiquette of the court of Uganda, every one must precede the king — he sent them through a court where his women, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly-made fences, but the king roared to the officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or a blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. 'Woh, woh, woh!' cried the king again, 'there he

is, sure enough; come here, women — come and look what wonders!' And all the women, in the highest excitement, 'woh-wohed' as loud as any of the men. But that was not enough. 'Come along, Bana,' said the king, 'we must have some more sport;' and, saying this, he directed the way towards the queen's palace, the attendants leading, followed by the pages, then the king, next myself — for I never would walk before him — and finally the women, some forty or fifty, who constantly attended him.

"To make the most of the king's good-humour, while I wanted to screen myself from the blazing sun, I asked him if he would like to enjoy the pleasures of an umbrella; and before he had time to answer, held mine over him as we walked side by side. The Wakungū were astonished, and the women prattled in great delight; whilst the king, hardly able to control himself, sidled and spoke to his flatterers as if he were doubly created monarch of all he surveyed. He then, growing more familiar, said, 'Now, Bana, do tell me—did you not shoot that bird with something more than common ammunition? I am sure you did, now; there was magic in it.' And all I said to the contrary would not convince him. 'But we will see again.' 'At buffaloes?' I said. 'No, the buffaloes are too far off now; we will wait to go after them until I have given you a hut close by.' Presently, as some herons were flying overhead, he said, 'Now, shoot, shoot!' and I brought a couple down right and left. He stared, and everybody stared, believing me to be a magician, when the king said he would like to have pictures of the birds drawn and hung up in the palace; 'but let us go and shoot some more, for it is truly wonderful.' Similar results followed, for the herons were continually whirling round, as they had their nests upon a neighbouring tree; and then the king ordered his pages to carry all the birds, save the vulture—which, for some reason, they did not touch — and show them to the queen.

"He then gave the order to move on, and we all repaired to the palace. Arrived at the usual throne-room, he took his seat, dismissed the party of wives who had been following him, as well as the Wakungū, received pombó from his female evil-eye averters, and ordered me, with my men, to sit in the sun facing him, till I complained of the heat, and was allowed to sit by his side. Kites, crows, and sparrows were flying about in all directions, and as they came within shot, nothing would satisfy the excited

boy-king but I must shoot them, and his pages take them to the queen, till my ammunition was totally expended. He then wanted me to send for more shot; and as I told him he must wait for more until my brother came, he contented himself with taking two or three sample grains and ordering his iron-smiths to make some like them.

"Cows were now driven in for me to kill two with one bullet; but as the off one jumped away when the gun fired, the bullet passed through the near one, then through all the courts and fences, and away so one knew where. The king was delighted, and said he must keep the rifle to look at for the night. . . .

"I had scarcely swallowed my breakfast before I received a summons from the king to meet him out shooting, with all the Wangwana armed, and my guns; and going towards the palace, found him with a large staff, pages and officers as well as women, in a plantain-garden, looking eagerly out for birds, whilst his band was playing. In addition to his English dress, he wore a turban, and pretended that the glare of the sun was distressing his eyes—for, in fact, he wanted me to give him a wideawake like my own. Then, as if a sudden freak had seized him, though I knew it was on account of Maïla's having excited his curiosity, he said, 'Where does Bana live? lead away.' Bounding and scrambling, the Wakungū, the women and all, went pell-mell through everything towards my hut. If the Kamraviona or any of the boys could not move fast enough, on account of the crops on the fields, they were piked in the back till half knocked over; but, instead of minding, they trotted on, n'yanzigging as if honoured by a kingly poke, though treated like so many dogs.

"Arrived at the hut, the king took off his turban as I took off my hat, and seated himself on my stool; whilst the Kamraviona, with much difficulty, was induced to sit upon a cow-skin, and the women at first were ordered to squat outside. Everything that struck the eye was much admired and begged for, though nothing so much as my wide-awake and mosquito-curtains; then, as the women were allowed to have a peep in and see Bana in his den, I gave them two sacks of beads, to make the visit profitable, the only alternative left me from being forced into inhospitality, for no one would drink from my cup. Moreover, a present was demanded by the laws of the country.

"The king, excitedly impatient, now ed the way again, shooting hurry-scurry

through my men's lines, which were much commented on as being different from Waganda hutting, on to the tall tree with the adjutant's nest. One young bird was still living in it. There was no shot, so bullets must be fired; and the cunning king, wishing to show off, desired me to fire simultaneously with himself. We fired, but my bullet struck the bough the nest was resting on; we fired again, and the bullet passed through the nest without touching the bird. I then asked the king to allow me to try his Whitworth, to which a little bit of stick, as a charm to secure a correct aim, had been tied below the trigger-guard. This time I broke the bird's leg, and knocked him half out of the nest; so, running up to the king, I pointed to the charm, saying, 'That has done it'—hoping to laugh him out of the folly; but he took my joke in earnest, and turned to his men, commenting on the potency of the charm. Whilst thus engaged, I took another rifle and brought the bird down altogether. 'Woh, woh, woh!' shouted the king; 'Bana, Mzungū, Mzungū!' he repeated, leaping and clapping his hands, as he ran full speed to the prostrate bird, whilst the drums beat, and the Wakungū followed him: 'Now, is not this a wonder? but we must go and shoot another.' 'Where?' I said; 'we may walk a long way without finding, if we have nothing but our eyes to see with. Just send for your telescope, and then I will show you how to look for birds.' Surprised at this announcement, the king sent his pages flying for the instrument, and when it came I instructed him how to use it; when he could see with it, and understand its powers, his astonishment knew no bounds; and, turning to his Wakungū, he said, laughing, 'Now, I do see the use of this thing I have been shutting up in the palace. On that distant tree I can see three vultures. To its right there is a hut, with a woman sitting inside the portal, and many goats are feeding all about the palace, just as large and distinct as if I was close by them.' "

Now for a water-party or regatta on the famous lake Victoria N'yanza, destined, without doubt, ere long to exercise on its bosom a different sort of craft from the little fleet of the king of Uganda. It was on this occasion that our explorer met the high-priest of the Nile already mentioned:—

"To-day occurred a brilliant instance of the capricious restlessness and self-willedness of this despotic king. At

noon, pages hurried in to say that he had started for the N'yanza, and wished me to follow him without delay. N'yanza, as I have mentioned, merely means a piece of water, whether a pond, river, or lake; and as no one knew which N'yanza he meant, or what project was on foot, I started off in a hurry, leaving everything behind, and walked rapidly through gardens, over hills, and across rushy swamps, down the west flank of the Murchison Creek, till 8 p.m., when I found the king dressed in red, with his Wakungū in front and women behind, travelling along in the confused manner of a pack of hounds, occasionally firing his rifle that I might know his whereabouts. He had just, it seems, mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offence, the nature of which I did not learn, he took the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her, and killed her outright.

"On this occasion, to test all his followers, and prove their readiness to serve him, he had started on a sudden freak for the three days' excursion on the lake one day before the appointed time, expecting everybody to fall into place by magic, without the smallest regard to each one's property, feelings, or comfort. The home must be forsaken without a last adieu, the dinner untasted, and no provision made for the coming night, in order that his impetuous majesty should not suffer one moment's disappointment. The result was natural: many who would have come were nowhere to be found; my guns, bed, bedding, and note-books, as well as cooking utensils, were all left behind, and, though sent for, did not arrive till the following day.

"On arrival at the mooring station, not one boat was to be found, nor did any arrive until after dark, when, on the beating of drums and firing of guns, some fifty large ones appeared. They were all painted with red clay, and averaged from ten to thirty paddles, with long prows standing out like the neck of a syphon or swan, decorated on the head with the horns of the Nsunnū (lencotis) antelope, between which was stuck upright a tuft of feathers exactly like a grenadier's plume. These arrived to convey us across the mouth of a deep rushy swamp to the royal yachting establishment, the Cowes of Uganda, distant five hours' travelling from the palace. We reached the Cowes by torchlight at 9 p.m., when the king had a picnic dinner with me, turned in with his women in great comfort, and sent me off to a dreary hut, where

I had to sleep upon a grass-strewn floor. I was surprised we had to walk so far when, by appearance, we might have boated it from the head of the creek all the way down; but, on inquiry, was informed the swampy nature of the ground at the head of the creek precluded any approach to the clear water there, and hence the long overland journey, which, though fatiguing to the unfortunate women, who had to trot the whole way behind Mtésa's four-mile-an-hour strides, was very amusing. The whole of the scenery—hill, dale, and lake—was extremely beautiful. The Wangūana in my escort compared the view to their own beautiful Poani (coast); but in my opinion it far surpassed anything I ever saw, either from the sea or upon the coast of Zanzibar.

"The king rose betimes in the morning and called me, unwashed and very uncomfortable, to picnic with him during the collection of the boats. The breakfast, eaten in the open court, consisted of sundry baskets of roast-beef and plantain-squash, folded in plantain-leaves. He sometimes ate with a copper knife and picker, not forked—but more usually like a dog, with both hands. The bits too tough for his mastication he would take from his mouth and give as a treat to the pages, who n'yanzigged, and swallowed them with much seeming relish. Whatever remained over was then divided by the boys, and the baskets taken to the cooks. Pombé served as tea, coffee, and beer for the king; but his guests might think themselves very lucky if they ever got a drop of it.

"Now for the lake. Everybody in a hurry falls into his place the best way he can—Wakungū leading, and women behind. They rattle along, through plantains and shrubs, under large trees, seven, eight, and nine feet in diameter, till the beautiful waters are reached—a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which are here represented by the most beautiful little hills. A band of fifteen drums of all sizes, called the Masagūzo, playing with the regularity of a lot of factory engines at work, announced the king's arrival, and brought all the boats to the shore—but not as in England, where Jack, with all the consequence of a lord at home, invites the ladies to be seated, and enjoys the sight of so many pretty faces. Here every poor fellow, with his apprehensions written in his face, leaps over the gunwale into the water—ducking his head from fear of being accused of gazing on the fair sex—which is death

—and bides patiently his time. They were dressed in plantain-leaves, looking like grotesque Neptunes. The king, in his red coat and wideawake, conducted the arrangements, ordering all to their proper places—the women in certain boats, the Wakungū and Wangūana in others, whilst I sat in the same boat with him at his feet, three women holding būgūs of pombé behind. The king's Kisūahili now came into play, and he was prompt in carrying out the directions he got from myself to approach the hippopotami. But the waters were too large and the animals too shy, so we toiled all the day without any effect, going only once ashore to picnic; not for the women to eat—for they, poor things, got nothing—but the king, myself, the pages, and the principal Wakungū. As a wind-up to the day's amusement, the king led the band of drums, changed the men according to their powers, put them into concert pitch, and readily detected every slight irregularity, showing himself a thorough musician.

"This day requires no remark, everything done being the counterpart of yesterday, excepting that the king, growing bolder with me in consequence of our talking together, became more playful and familiar—amusing himself, for instance, sometimes by catching hold of my beard as the rolling of the boat unsteadied him.

"We started early in the usual manner; but after working up and down the creek, inspecting the inlets for hippopotami, and tiring from want of sport, the king changed his tactics, and, paddling and steering himself with a pair of new white paddles, finally directed the boats to an island occupied by the Mgussa, or Neptune of the N'yanza, not in person—for Mgussa is a spirit—but by his familiar or deputy. . . . The first operation on shore was picnicking, when many large mbūgūs of pombé were brought for the king; next, the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

"These words were no sooner uttered

by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the Kamravonia and Mzungū (myself), for help and protection; whilst Lūbūga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabour the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, Mzungū, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

In this last extract come forth some portions of the dark side of Central African life. We are, indeed, afforded many opportunities of seeing the blackness of the blot that may pollute a civilisation where there is no Christianity. This jolly, thoughtless people seem to have among them an abundant supply of all the vices prevalent in Europe—with a good many more. Among those which involve the infliction of injury to our neighbour, recklessness of life and cruelty rise conspicuous. The palaces are sickening shambles, where blood seems ever on the flow. The young king, Mtésa, seems not to have been in other respects a bad fellow; but he was for ever killing. If there be any soundness in the theory that the slaughters in Dahomey are in some measure the accomplishment of religious promptings, and that a king who exceeds his predecessors in killing only thus shows himself to be a man of very serious impressions,

which he exhibits in active piety,—no such vindication can be pleaded for the king of Uganda. Nor does his appear to be the nature that would come out in bloody ruffianism or vindictive malignity among ourselves. The spirit of the sportsman seems to have had more to do with his slaughters—they appear to have been good fun to him, like the feat of the pirate who, in sheer exhilaration of animal spirits over the after-dinner grog, fired his pistols under the table among the legs of his fellow-roysterers—an incident deemed so comical by a companion who was not among the sufferers, that he could never allude to it without tears of laughter. Take the following passages, in which it seems impossible, from the simple clearness of their statements, that there is any exaggeration. One day at court is thus commemorated:—

“I was called in, and found the court sitting much as it was on the first day's interview, only that the number of squatting Wakungū was much diminished; and the king, instead of wearing his ten brass and copper rings, had my gold one on his third finger. This day, however, was cut out for business, as, in addition to the assemblage of officers, there were women, cows, goats, fowls, confiscations, baskets of fish, baskets of small antelopes, porcupines, and curious rats caught by his gamekeepers, bundles of mbūgū, &c. &c., made by his linendrapers, coloured earthen and sticks by his magician, all ready for presentation; but, as rain fell, the court broke up, and I had nothing for it but to walk about under my umbrella, indulging in angry reflections against the haughty king for not inviting me into his hut.

“When the rain had ceased, and we were again called in, he was found sitting in state as before, but this time with the head of a black bull placed before him, one horn of which, knocked off, was placed alongside, whilst four living cows walked about the court.

“I was now requested to shoot the four cows as quickly as possible; but having no bullets for my gun, I borrowed the revolving pistol I had given him, and shot all four in a second of time; but as the last one, only wounded, turned sharply upon me, I gave him the fifth and settled him. Great applause followed this wonderful feat, and the cows were given to my men. The king

now loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and, giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court; which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, ‘And did you do it well?’ ‘Oh yes, capitally.’ He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life.”

And here is another incident totally different in its details, yet presenting the same utter absence of thoughtfulness about life and death, and the same motley mixture of savage cruelty with careless glee:—

“Goats and other peace-offerings were presented; and finally, a large body of officers came in with an old man, with his two ears shorn off for having been too handsome in his youth, and a young woman who, after four days' search, had been discovered in his house. They were brought for judgment before the king.

“Nothing was listened to but the plaintiff's statement, who said he had lost the woman four days, and, after considerable search, had found her concealed by the old man, who was indeed old enough to be her grandfather. From all appearances one would have said the wretched girl had run away from the plaintiff's house in consequence of ill treatment, and had harboured herself on this decrepit old man without asking his leave; but their voices in defence were never heard, for the king instantly sentenced both to death, to prevent the occurrence of such impropriety again; and, to make the example more severe, decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but, being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day, until life was extinct. The dismayed criminals, struggling to be heard, in utter despair, were dragged away boisterously in the most barbarous manner, to the drowning music of the *miléle* and drums.

“The king, in total unconcern about the tragedy he had thus enacted, immediately on their departure said ‘Now, then, for shooting, Bana; let us look at

your gun.' It happened to be loaded, but fortunately only with powder, to fire my announcement at the palace; for he instantly placed caps on the nipples, and let off one barrel by accident, the contents of which stuck in the thatch. This created a momentary alarm, for it was supposed the thatch had taken fire; but it was no sooner suppressed than the childish king still sitting on his throne, to astonish his officers still more, levelled the gun from his shoulder, fired the contents of the second barrel into the faces of his squatting Wakungū, and then laughed at his own trick. In the meanwhile cows were driven in, which the king ordered his Wakungū to shoot with carbines; and as they missed them, he showed them the way to shoot with the Whitworth, never missing."

The blood-letting of his subjects seems to have been a resource of this king whenever anything excited his own royal nerves, whether joyfully or sorrowfully. Captain Speke was told that on receiving the ravishing intelligence of the approach of the white men, he immediately gave outlet to his excitement by putting to death "fifty big men and four hundred small ones." He was generous in his way, and liked those who could enjoy it to participate with him in this sort of sport. Though Captain Speke had a disagreeable suspicion that the cruelties of the palace were a little enhanced to impress him with the king's power, yet Mtésa had the sense not to bring his bloody fun too offensively under the eyes of his guest. On Bana's dusky lieutenant Bombay, however, having been sent on a message to the court, he reported thus:—

"Just as at the last interview, the king had four women, lately seized and condemned to execution, squatting in his court. He wished to send them to Bana, and when Bombay demurred, saying he had no authority to take women in that way, the king gave him one, and asked him if he would like to see some sport, as he would have the remaining women cut to pieces before him. Bombay, by his own account, behaved with great propriety, saying Bana never wished to see sport of that cruel kind, and it would ill become him to see sights which his master had not."

In another incident reported to but

not seen by the author, the combination of effeminate etiquette with cruelty makes the blood creep. No knife, sword, or other sharp-edged or pointed piece of metal can be brought within the precincts of the court—a wise precaution probably. When the king, therefore, desired to see one of his victims cut to pieces without being at the trouble of going to the proper shambles, an ingenious operator managed to do it with blades of sharp-edged papyrus grass.

By no means the least impressive feature in this volume is the author himself, who, without a particle of egotism, comes before us with wonderful clearness. He does so, because, not thinking of himself, he is entirely absorbed in his great project. He thus furnished an addition to the known instances of men, who, in the single-hearted devotion to their special objects, let us into their personality with a clearness which the egotist, ever thinking of himself and the effect he is producing, totally misses. The entire absorbing devotion to the one object was, as often happens, the potential cause of its accomplishment. A man resolving merely to do something great and make himself famous, would have got, by playing a deep and complicated game, into infinite meshes of difficulty and danger, which the single-hearted explorer avoided. This thorough unconsciousness of all dangers or hardships, except as impediments to his progress to the great fountain-head, seems to have been his real protection through the hundreds of days, on every one of which no respectable insurance office would have taken his life at any reasonable premium. As the fiercest wild beasts are said to be appalled by the eye that shows no impression either of risk or wrath, so the sanguinary potentates among whom our explorer went, demanding nothing but a clear path to the head of the Nile, but determined to get that, seemed to have restrained in their amazement the natural impulses of their ferocity.

The inner impulse which bore him on to the one great object had excellent auxiliaries, too, in many constitutional specialties,—among which were, a continued fund of good spirits and cheerfulness under conditions which would have sent despair to the hearts of other men; habits of punctual activity, which secured prompt attention to all the daily harassing details of the expedition; and a constitution not only strong, but peculiarly adapted to circumstances in which other strong constitutions broke down.

Of the same singleness of purpose and unconsciousness of all things not connected with the great object, there are other less momentous symptoms. While in everything bearing on the mere accomplishment of his journey to the point selected one sees the instinctive genius of the discoverer, there is in minor adjuncts a deal of simplicity. It is clear that, in all his transactions of a business character, he was cheated enormously at all hands. He was without the instinct of the wholesale merchant to take with him the best commodities to serve as money in the districts he was to pass through—he was without the instincts of the retail dealer, or the employer of labour, to get proper value for the goods he had with him. But the elements which this unworldly man adds to his other and more important difficulties, only make one love him the more for the patient serenity and courage with which he endures all things, from the risk of violent death or the absolute depression of heavy sickness, down to provoking detentions and paltry pillagings.

That instead of making up a book after fully digesting his experiences he has given up his daily journal, is a great gain to the world. We have here everything significant or important that was seen by him, or that happened to him, set down with a contemporary precision more like Boswell's Johnson than the manner of any other book we can recall—though the

matters dealt with by the two are so different that one does feel something ludicrous in the comparison. And as for the days when there was no events—the many many days of uniform weariness—we are told that they passed, and are not made partakers in their dreary monotony, for the tired traveller bears his burden alone. At one juncture, indeed, the expedition was seriously imperilled. The caravan had, indeed, to turn back and be reorganised. Of the sea of troubles in which he was then struggling the explorer affords us the following Robinson-Crusoe-like picture:

“On arrival at Mihambo next day, all the porters brought their pay to me, and said they would not go, for nothing would induce them to advance a step farther. I said nothing; but, with ‘my heart in my shoes,’ I gave what I thought their due for coming so far, and motioned them to be off; then calling on the Pig for his decision, I tried to argue again, though I saw it was no use, for there was not one of my own men who wished to go on. They were unanimous in saying Usüi was a ‘fire,’ and I had no right to sacrifice them. The Pig then finally refused, saying three loads even would not tempt him, for all were opposed to it. Of what value, he observed, would the beads be to him if his life was lost? This was crushing; the whole camp was unanimous in opposing me. I then made Baraka place all my kit in the middle of the boma, which was a very strong one, keeping out only such beads as I wished him to use for the men's rations daily, and ordered him to select a few men who would return with me to Kazé; when I said, if I could not get all the men I wanted, I would try and induce some one who would not fear, to go on to Usüi; falling which, I would even walk back to Zanzibar for men, as nothing in the world would ever induce me to give up the journey.

“This appeal did not move him; but without a reply, he sullenly commenced collecting some men to accompany me back to Kazé. At first no one would go; they then muttered for more beads, announcing all sorts of grievances, which they said they were always talking over to themselves, though I did not hear them. The greatest, however, that they could get up was, that I always paid the Wanyamüci ‘temporaries’ more than they got, though ‘permanents.’ ‘They

were the flesh, and I was the knife; 'I cut and did with them just as I liked, and they could not stand it any longer. However, they had to stand it, and next day, when I had brought them to reason, I gave over the charge of my tent and property to Baraka, and commenced the return with a bad hitching cough, caused by those cold easterly winds that blow over the plateau during the six dry months of the year, and which are, I suppose, the Harmattan peculiar to Africa.

"Next day I joined Grant once more, and found he had collected a few Sorombomen, hoping to follow after me. I then told him all my mishaps in Sorombo, as well as of the 'blue-devil' frights that had seized all my men. I felt greatly alarmed about the prospects of the expedition, scarcely knowing what I should do. I resolved at last, if everything else failed, to make up a raft at the southern end of the N'yanza, and try to go up to the Nile in that way. My cough daily grew worse. I could not lie or sleep on either side. Still my mind was so excited and anxious that, after remaining one day here to enjoy Grant's society, I pushed ahead again, taking Bombay with me, and had breakfast at Mchimeka's. . . . Baraka told me his heart shrank to the dimensions of a very small berry when he saw whom I had brought with me yesterday—meaning Bombay, and the same porters whom he had prevented going on with me before. I said, 'Pooh, nonsense; have done with such excuses, and let us get away out of this as fast as we can. Now, like a good man, just use your influence with the chief of the village, and try and get from him five or six men to complete the number we want, and then we will work round the east of Sorombo up to Usüi, for Suwarora has invited us to him.' This, however, was not so easy; for Lümerési, having heard of my arrival, sent his Wanyapara, or grey-beards, to beg I would visit him. He had never seen a white man in all his life, neither had his father, nor any of his forefathers, although he had often been down to the coast; I must come and see him, as I had seen his mtoto Rühé. He did not want property; it was only the pleasure of my company that he wanted, to enable him to tell all his friends what a great man had lived in his house.

"This was terrible; I saw at once that all my difficulties in Sorombo would have to be gone through again if I went there, and groaned when I thought what a trick

the Pig had played me when I first of all came to this place; for if I had gone on then, as I wished, I should have slipped past Lümerési without his knowing it.

"I had to get up a storm at the grey-beards, and said I could not stand going out of my road to see any one now, for I had already lost so much time by Makaka's trickery in Sorombo. Büi then, quaking with fright at my obstinacy, said, 'You must—indeed you must—give in and do with these savage chiefs as the Arabs when they travel, for I will not be a party to riding rough-shod over them.' Still I stuck out, and the grey-beards departed to tell their chief of it. Next morning he sent them back again to say he would not be cheated out of his rights as the chief of the district. Still I would not give in, and the whole day kept 'jawing' without effect, for I could get no man to go with me until the chief gave his sanction. I then tried to send Bombay off with Büi, Nasib, and their guide, by night; but though Bombay was willing, the other two hung back on the old plea. In this state of perplexity, Büi begged I would allow him to go over to Lümerési and see what he could do with a present. Büi really now was my only stand-by, so I sent him off, and next had the mortification to find that he had been humbugged by honeyed words, as Baraka had been with Makaka, into believing that Lümerési was a good man, who really had no other desire at heart than the love of seeing me. His boma, he said, did not lie much out of my line, and he did not wish a stitch of my cloth. So far from detaining me, he would give me as many men as I wanted; and, as an earnest of his good intentions, he sent his copper hatchet, the badge of office as chief of the district, as a guarantee for me.

"To wait here any longer after this, I knew, would be a mere waste of time, so I ordered my men to pack up that moment, and we all marched over at once to Lümerési's, when we put up in his boma. Lümerési was not in then, but, on his arrival at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket, in reply to which I fired three shots."

He was then assailed by a very critical illness, the torments of which were thus diversified by Lümerési:—

"He, with the most benign countenance, came in to see me, the very first thing in the morning, as he said, to inquire after my health; when, to

please him as much as I could, I had a guard of honour drawn up at the tent door to fire a salute as he entered; then giving him my iron camp-chair to sit upon, which tickled him much—for he was very corpulent, and he thought its legs would break down with his weight—we had a long talk, though it was as much as I could do to remember anything, my brain was so excited and weak. Kind as he looked and spoke, he forgot all his promises about coveting my property, and scarcely got over the first salutation before he began begging for many things that he saw, and more especially for a déolé, in order that he might wear it on all great occasions, to show his contemporaries what a magnanimous man his white visitor was. I soon lost my temper whilst striving to settle the hongo. Lüméresi would have a déolé, and I would not admit that I had one.

"23d to 31st.—Next morning I was too weak to speak moderately, and roared more like a madman than a rational being, as, breaking his faith, he persisted in bullying me. The day after, I took pills and blistered my chest all over; still Lüméresi would not let me alone, nor come to any kind of terms until the 25th, when he said he would take a certain number of pretty common cloths for his children if I would throw in a red blanket for himself. I jumped at this concession with the greatest eagerness, paid down my cloths on the spot; and, thinking I was free at last, ordered a hammock to be slung on a pole, that I might leave the next day. Next morning, however, on seeing me actually preparing to start, Lüméresi found he could not let me go until I increased the tax by three more cloths, as some of his family complained that they had got nothing. After some badgering, I paid what he asked for, and ordered the men to carry me out of the palace before anything else was done, for I would not sleep another night where I was. Lüméresi then stood in my way, and said he would never allow a man of his country to give me any assistance until I was well, for he could not bear the idea of hearing it said that, after taking so many cloths from me, he had allowed me to die in the jungles—and dissuaded my men from obeying my orders.

"In vain I appealed to his mercy, declaring that the only chance left me of saving my life would be from the change of air in the hammock as I marched along. He would not listen, professing humanity, whilst he meant plunder; and

I now found he was determined not to beat the drum until I had paid him some more, which he was to think over and settle next day. When the next day came, he would not come near me, as he said I must possess a déolé, otherwise I would not venture on to Karagüé; for nobody ever yet 'saw' Rūmanika without one. This suspension of business was worse than the rows; I felt very miserable, and became worse. At last, on my offering him anything that he might consider an equivalent for the déolé if he would but beat the drums of satisfaction, he said I might consider myself his prisoner instead of his guest if I persisted in my obstinacy in not giving him Rūmanika's déolé; and then again peremptorily ordered all of his subjects not to assist me in moving a load. After this, veering round for a moment on the generous tack, he offered me a cow, which I declined.

"1st to 4th.—Still I rejected the offered cow, until the 2d, when, finding him as dogged as ever, at the advice of my men I accepted it, hoping thus to please him; but it was no use, for he now said he must have two déolés, or he would never allow me to leave his palace. Every day matters got worse and worse. Mfūmbi, the small chief of Sorombo, came over, in an Oily-Gammon kind of manner, to say Makaka had sent him over to present his compliments to me, and express his sorrow on hearing that I had fallen sick here. He further informed me that the road was closed between this and Usūi, for he had just been fighting there, and had killed the chief Gomba, burnt down all his villages, and dispersed all the men in the jungle, where they now resided, plundering every man who passed that way. This gratuitous, wicked, humbugging terrifier helped to cause another defeat. It was all nonsense, I knew, but both Būi and Nasib, taking fright, begged for their discharges. In fearful alarm and anxiety, I then begged them to have patience and see the hongo settled first, for there was no necessity, at any rate, for immediate hurry; I wished them to go on ahead with Bombay, as in four days they could reach Sūwarora's. But they said they could not hear of it—they would not go a step beyond this. All the chiefs on ahead would do the same as Lüméresi; the whole country was roused. I had not even half enough cloths to satisfy the Wasūi; and my faithful followers would never consent to be witness to my being 'torn to pieces.'

"*5th and 6th.*—The whole day and half of the next went in discussions. At last, able for the first time to sit up a little, I succeeded in prevailing on Büi to promise he would go to Usüi as soon as the hongo was settled, provided, as he said, I took on myself all responsibilities of the result. This cheered me so greatly, I had my chair placed under a tree and smoked my first pipe. On seeing this, all my men struck up a dance, to the sound of the drums, which they carried on throughout the whole night, never ceasing until the evening of the next day. These protracted caperings were to be considered as their congratulation for my improvement in health; for, until I got into my chair, they always thought I was going to die. They then told me, with great mirth and good mimicry, of many absurd scenes which, owing to the inflamed state of my brain, had taken place during my interviews with Lümérési. Bombay at this time very foolishly told Lümérési, if he 'really wanted a déolé,' he must send to Grant for one. This set the chief raving. He knew there was one in my box, he said, and unless I gave it, the one with Grant must be brought; for under no circumstances would he allow of my proceeding northwards until that was given him. Büi and Nasib then gave me the slip, and slept that night in a neighbouring boma without my knowledge.

"*7th to 9th.*—As things had now gone so far, I gave Lümérési the déolé I had stowed away for Rūmanika, telling him, at the same time as he took it, that he was robbing Rūmanika, and not myself; but I hoped, now I had given it, he would beat the drums. The scoundrel only laughed as he wrapped my beautiful silk over his great broad shoulders, and said, 'Yes, this will complete our present of friendship; now then for the hongo—I must have exactly double of all you have given.' This Sorombo trick I attributed to the instigation of Makaka, for these savages never fail to take their revenge when they can. I had doubled back from his country, and now he was cutting me off in front. I expected as much when the oily blackguard Mfumbi came over from his chief to ask after my health; so, judging from my experience with Makaka, I told Lümérési at once to tell me what he considered his due, for this fearful haggling was killing me by inches. I had no more déolés, but would make that up in brass wire. He then

fixed the hongo at fifteen masango, or brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths of sorts, and a hundred necklaces of samisami, or red coral beads, which was to pay for Grant as well as myself. I paid it down on the spot; the drums beat the 'satisfaction,' and I ordered the march with the greatest relief of mind possible.

"But Büi and Nasib were not to be found; they had bolted. The shock nearly killed me. I had walked all the way to Kazé and back again for these men, to show mine a good example—had given them pay and treble rations, the same as Bombay and Baraka—and yet they chose to desert. I knew not what to do, for it appeared to me that, do what I would, we would never succeed; and in my weakness of body and mind I actually cried like a child over the whole affair. I would rather have died than have failed in my journey, and yet failure seemed at this juncture inevitable."

After this it is refreshing to join the traveller in his visit to the good king Rūmanika.

"The whole scenery was most beautiful. Green and fresh, the slopes of the hill were covered with grass, with small clumps of soft cloudy-looking acacias growing at a few feet only above the water, and above them, facing over the hills, fine detached trees, and here and there the gigantic medicinal aloe. Arrived near the end of the Moga-Namirizi hill in the second lake, the paddlers splashed into shore, where a large concourse of people, headed by Nnamaji, were drawn up to receive me. I landed with all the dignity of a prince, when the royal band struck up a march, and we all moved on to Rūmanika's frontier palace, talking away in a very complimentary manner, not unlike the very polite and flowery fashion of educated Orientals.

"Rūmanika we found sitting dressed in a wrapper made of a nzoé antelope's skin, smiling blandly as we approached him. In the warmest manner possible he pressed me to sit by his side, asked how I had enjoyed myself, what I thought of his country, if I did not feel hungry; when a picnic dinner was spread, and we all set to at cooked plantains and pombé, ending with a pipe of his best tobacco. Bit by bit Rūmanika became more interested in geography, and seemed highly ambitious of gaining a world-wide reputation through the

medium of my pen. At his invitation we now crossed over the spur to the Ingézi Kagéra side, when, to surprise me, the canoes I had come up the lake in appeared before us. They had gone out of the lake at its northern end, paddled into and then up the Kagéra to where we stood, showing, by actual navigation, the connection of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon. The Kagéra was deep and dark, of itself a very fine stream, and, considering it was only one—and that, too, a minor one—of the various affluents which drain the mountain valleys into the Victoria N'yanza through the medium of the Kitangülé river, I saw at once there must be water sufficient to make the Kitangülé a very powerful tributary to the lake.

"On the 9th I went out shooting, as Rūmanika, with his usual politeness, on hearing my desire to kill some rhinoceros, ordered his sons to conduct the field for me. Off we started by sunrise to the bottom of the hills overlooking the head of the Little Windermere lake. On arrival at the scene of action—a thicket of acacia shrubs—all the men in the neighbourhood were assembled to beat. Taking post myself, by direction, in the most likely place to catch a sight of the animals, the day's work began by the beaters driving the covers in my direction. In a very short time, a fine male was discovered making towards me, but not exactly knowing where he should bolt to. While he was in this perplexity, I stole along between the bushes, and caught sight of him standing as if anchored by the side of a tree, and gave him a broadsider with Blissett, which, too much for his constitution to stand, sent him off trotting, till exhausted by bleeding he lay down to die, and allowed me to give him a settler.

"In a minute or two afterwards, the good young princes, attracted by the sound of the gun, came to see what was done. Their surprise knew no bounds; they could scarcely believe what they saw; and then, on recovering, with the spirit of true gentlemen, they seized both my hands, congratulating me on the magnitude of my success, and pointed out, as an example of it, a bystander who showed fearful scars, both on his abdomen and at the blade of his shoulder, who, they declared, had been run through by one of these animals. It was, therefore, wonder-

ful to them, they observed, with what calmness I went up to such formidable beasts.

"Just at this time a distant cry was heard that another rhinoceros was concealed in a thicket, and off we set to pursue her. Arriving at the place mentioned, I settled at once I would enter with only two spare men carrying guns, for the acacia thorns were so thick that the only tracks into the thicket were runs made by these animals. Leading myself, bending down to steal in, I tracked up a run till half-way through cover, when suddenly before me, like a pig from a hole, a large female, with her young one behind her, came straight down whoof-whoofing upon me. In this awkward fix I forced myself to one side, though pricked all over with thorns in doing so, and gave her one in the head which knocked her out of my path, and induced her for safety to make for the open, where I followed her down and gave her another. She then took to the hills and crossed over a spur, when, following after her, in another dense thicket, near the head of a glen, I came upon three, who no sooner sighted me, than all in line they charged down my way. Fortunately at the time my gun-bearers were with me; so, jumping to one side, I struck them all three in turn. One of them dropped dead a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom. To please myself now I had done quite enough; but as the princes would have it, I went on with the chase. As one of the two, I could see, had one of his fore-legs broken, I went at the sounder one, and gave him another shot, which simply induced him to walk over the lower end of the hill. Then turning to the last one, which could not escape, I asked the Wanyambo to polish him off with their spears and arrows, that I might see their mode of sport. As we moved up to the animal, he kept charging with such impetuous fury, they could not go into him; so I gave him a second ball, which brought him to anchor. In this helpless state the men set at him in earnest, and a more barbarous finale I never did witness. Every man sent his spear, assagé, or arrow, into his sides, until, completely exhausted, he sank like a porcupine covered with quills. The day's sport was now ended, so I went home to breakfast, leaving instructions that the heads should be cut off and sent to the king as a trophy of what the white man could do."

TONY BUTLER.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.—TONY IN TOWN.

DAY followed day, and Tony Butler heard nothing from the minister. He went down each morning to Downing Street, and interrogated the austere doorkeeper, till at length there grew up between that grim official and himself a state of feeling little short of hatred.

"No letter?" would say Tony.

"Look in the rack," was the answer.

"Is this sort of thing usual?"

"What sort of thing?"

"The getting no reply for a week or eight days?"

"I should say it is very usual with certain people."

"What do you mean by certain people?"

"Well, the people that don't have answers to the letters, nor ain't likely to have them."

"Might I ask you another question?" said Tony, lowering his voice, and fixing a very quiet but steady look on the other.

"Yea, if it's a short one."

"It's a very short one. Has no one ever kicked you for your impertinence?"

"Kicked *me*—kicked *me*, sir?" cried the other, while his face became purple with passion.

"Yea," resumed Tony, mildly; "for let me mention it to you in confidence, it's the last thing I mean to do before I leave London."

"We'll see about this, sir, at once," cried the porter, who rushed through the inner door, and tore up-stairs like a madman. Tony meanwhile brushed some dust off his coat with a stray clothes-brush near, and was turning to leave the spot, when Skeffington came hurriedly towards him, trying to smother a fit of laughter that would not be repressed.

"What's all this, Butler?" said

he. "Here's the whole office in commotion. Willis is up with the chief clerk, and old Baynes telling them that you drew a revolver, and threatened his life, and swore if you hadn't an answer by to-morrow at twelve, you'd blow Sir Harry's brains out."

"It's somewhat exaggerated. I had no revolver, and never had one. I don't intend any violence beyond kicking that fellow, and I'll not do even that if he can manage to be commonly civil."

"The Chief wishes to see this gentleman up-stairs for a moment," said a pale, sickly youth to Skeffington.

"Don't get flurried. Be cool, Butler, and say nothing that can irritate—mind that," whispered Skeffington, and stole away.

Butler was introduced into a spacious room, partly office, partly library, at the fireplace of which stood two men, a short and a shorter. They were wonderfully alike in externals, being each heavy-looking, white-complexioned, serious men, with a sort of dreary severity of aspect, as if the spirit of domination had already begun to weigh down even themselves.

"We have been informed," began the shorter of the two, in a slow, deliberate voice, "that you have grossly outraged one of the inferior officers of this department; and although the case is one which demands, and shall have, the attention of the police authorities, we have sent for you—Mr. Brand and I—to express our indignation,—eh, Brand?" added he in a whisper.

"Certainly, our indignation," chimed in the other.

"And aware, as we are," resumed the Chief, "that you are an applicant for employment under this depart-

ment, to convey to you the assurance that such conduct as you have been guilty of, totally debars you—excludes you——”

“Yes, excludes you,” chimed in Brand.

“From the most remote prospect of an appointment!” said the first, taking up a book, and throwing it down with a slap on the table, as though the more emphatically to confirm his words.

“Who are you, may I ask, who pronounce so finally on my prospects?” cried Tony.

“Who are we, who are we?” said the Chief, in a horror at the query. “Will you tell him, Mr. Brand?”

The other was, however, ringing violently at the bell, and did not hear the question.

“Have you sent to Scotland Yard?” asked he of the servant who came to his summons. “Tell Willis to be ready to accompany the officer, and make his charge.”

“The gentleman asks who we are,” said Baynes, with a feeble laugh.

“I ask in no sort of disrespect to you,” said Butler, “but simply to learn in what capacity I am to regard you. Are you magistrates? Is this a court?”

“No, sir, we are not magistrates,” said Brand, “we are Heads of Departments—departments which we shall take care do not include within their limits persons of your habits and pursuits.”

“You can know very little about my habits or pursuits. I promised your hall porter I’d kick him, and I don’t suspect that either you or your little friend there would risk any interference to protect him.”

“My Lord!” said a messenger, in a voice of almost tremulous terror, while he flung open both inner and outer door for the great man’s approach. The person who entered with a quick active step, was an elderly man, white-whiskered and white-haired, but his figure well set up, and his hat rakishly placed a very little on one side; his features were acute, and betokened prompti-

tude and decision, blended with a sort of jocular humour about the mouth, as though even state affairs did not entirely indispose a man to a jest.

“Don’t send that bag off to-night, Baynes, till I come down,” said he, hurriedly; “and, if any telegrams arrive, send them over to the House. What’s this policeman doing at the door?—who is refractory?”

“This—young man,” he paused, for he had almost said gentleman—“has just threatened an old and respectable servant of the office with a personal chastisement, my Lord.”

“Declared he’d break every bone in his body,” chimed in Brand.

“Whose body?” asked his Lordship.

“Willis’s, my Lord—the hall porter—a man, if I mistake not, appointed by your Lordship.”

“I said, I’d kick him,” said Tony, calmly.

“Kick Willis?” said my Lord, with a forced gravity, which could not, however, suppress a laughing twinkle of his keen grey eyes—“kick Willis?”

“Yes, my Lord; he does not attempt to deny it.”

“What’s your name, sir?” asked my Lord.

“Butler,” was the brief reply.

“The son of—no, not son—but relative of Sir Omerod’s?” asked his Lordship again.

“His nephew.”

“Why, Sir Harry Elphinstone has asked me for something for you. I don’t see what I can do for you. It would be an admirable thing to have some one to kick the porters; but we haven’t thought of such an appointment,—eh, Baynes? Willis, the very first; most impudent dog. We want a messenger for Bucharest, Brand, don’t we?”

“No, my Lord; you filled it this morning—gave it to Mr. Beed.”

“Cancel Beed, then, and appoint Butler.”

“Mr. Beed has gone, my Lord—started with the Vienna bag.”

“Make Butler supernumerary.”

"There are four already, my Lord."

"I don't care if there were forty, Mr. Brand! Go and pass your examination, young gentleman, and thank Sir Harry Elphinstone, for this nomination is at his request. I am only sorry you didn't kick Willis." And with this parting speech he turned away, and hopped down stairs to his brougham, with the light step and jaunty air of a man of thirty.

Scarcely was the door closed, when Baynes and Brand retired into a window recess, conversing in lowest whispers, and with much head-shaking. To what a frightful condition the country must come—any country must come—when administered by men of such levity—who make a sport of its interests, and a practical joke of its patronage—was the theme over which they now mourned in common.

"Are you going to make a minute of this appointment, Brand?" asked Baynes. "I declare I'd not do it."

The other pursed up his lips and leaned his head to one side, as though to imply that such a course would be a bold one.

"Will you put his name on your list?"

"I don't know," muttered the other. "I suspect we can do it better. Where have you been educated, Mr. Butler?"

"At home, principally."

"Never at any public school?"

"Never, except you call a village school a public one."

Brand's eyes glistened, and Baynes's returned the sparkle.

"Are you a proficient in French?"

"Far from it. I could spell out a fable, or a page of 'Telemachus,' and even that would push me hard."

"Do you write a good hand?"

"It is legible, but it's no beauty."

"And your arithmetic?"

"Pretty much like my French—the less said about it the better."

"I think that will do, Brand," whispered Baynes.

The other nodded, and muttered, "Of course; and it is the best way to do it."

"These are the points, Mr. Butler," he continued, giving him a printed paper, "on which you will have to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners; they are, as you see, not very numerous nor very difficult. A certificate as to general conduct and character—British subject—some knowledge of foreign languages—the first four rules of arithmetic—and that you are able to write——"

"Thank Heaven, there is one thing I can do, and if you ask the Commissioners to take a cast cross country, I'll promise them a breather."

Tony never noticed, nor, had he noticed, had he cared for the grave austerity of the heads of departments at this outburst of enthusiasm. He was too full of his own happiness, and too eager to share it with his mother.

As he gained the street, Skeffington passed his arm through his, and walked along with him, offering him his cordial congratulations, and giving him many wise and prudent counsels, though unfortunately, from the state of ignorance of Tony's mind, these latter were lamentably unprofitable. It was of "the Office" that he warned him—of its tempers, its caprices, its rancours, and its jealousies, till, lost in the maze of his confusion, poor Tony began to regard it as a beast of ill-omened and savage passions—a great monster, in fact, who lived on the bones and flesh of ardent and high-hearted youths, drying up the springs of their existence, and exhausting their brains out of mere malevolence. Out of all the farrago that he listened to, all that he could collect was, "that he was one of those fellows that the chiefs always hated and invariably crushed." Why destiny should have marked him out for such odium—why he was born to be strangled by red tape, Tony could not guess, nor, to say truth, did he trouble himself to inquire; but, resisting a pressing invitation to dine with Skeffington at his club, he hastened to his room to write his good news to his mother.

"Think of my good fortune, dearest little mother," he wrote. "I have got a place, and such a place! You'd fancy it was made for me, for I have neither to talk, nor to think, nor to read, nor to write—all my requirements are joints that will bear bumping, and a head that will stand the racket of railroad and steamboat without any sense of confusion, beyond what nature implanted there. Was he not a wise minister who named me to a post where bones are better than brains, and a good digestion superior to intellect? I am to be a messenger—a Foreign Service Messenger is the grand title—a creature to go over the whole globe with a white leather bag or two, full of mischief, or gossip, as it may be, and whose whole care is to consist in keeping his time, and being never out of health.

"They say in America the bears were made for Colonel Crockett's dog, and I'm sure these places were made for fellows of my stamp—fellows to carry a message, and yet not intrusted with the telling it.

"The pay is capital, the position good—that is, three-fourths of the men are as good or better than myself; and the life, all tell me, is rare fun—you go everywhere, see everything, and think of nothing. In all your dreams for me, you never fancied the like of this. They talk of places for all sorts of capacities, but imagine a berth for one of no capacity at all! And yet, mother dear, they have made a blunder—and a very absurd blunder too, and no small one!—they have instituted a test—a sort of examination—for a career that ought to be tested by a round with the boxing-gloves, or a sharp canter over a course with some four-foot hurdles!

"I am to be examined, in about six weeks from this, in some foreign tongues, multiplication, and the state of my muscles. I am to show proof that I was born of white parents, and am not too young or too old to go alone of a message. There's the whole of it. It ain't much, but

it is quite enough to frighten one, and I go about with the verb *avoir* in my head, and the first four rules of arithmetic dance round me like so many furies. What a month of work and drudgery there is before *you*, little woman. You'll have to coach me through my declensions and subtractions. If you don't fag, you'll be plucked, for, as for me, I'll only be your representative whenever I go in. Look up your grammar then, and your history too, for they plucked a man the other day that said Piccolomini was not a General, but a little girl that sang in the 'Traviata!' I'd start by the mail this evening, but that I have to go up to the office—no end of a chilling place—for my examination-papers, and to be tested by the doctor that I am all right, thews and sinews; but I'll get away by the afternoon, right glad to leave all this turmoil and confusion, the very noise of which makes me quarrelsome and ill-tempered.

"There is such a good fellow here, Skeffington—the Honourable Skeffington Damer, to speak of him more formally—who has been most kind to me. He is private secretary to Sir Harry, and told me all manner of things about the Government offices, and the Dons that rule them. If I was a clever or a sharp fellow, I suppose this would have done me infinite service; but, as old Dr. Kinward says, it was only 'putting the wine in a cracked bottle;' and all I can remember is the kindness that dictated the attention.

"Skeff is some relation—I forget what—to old Mrs. Maxwell of Tilney, and, like all the world, expects to be her heir. He talks of coming over to see her when he gets his leave, and said—God forgive him for it—that he'd run down and pass a day with us. I couldn't say Don't, and I had not heart to say Do! I had not the courage to tell him frankly that we lived in a cabin with four rooms and a kitchen, and that butler, cook, footman, and housemaid, were all represented by a barefooted lassie, who was far

more at home drawing a fishing-net, than in cooking its contents. I was just snob enough to say, Tell us when we may look out for you; and without manliness to add, And I'll run away when I hear it. But he's a rare good fellow, and teases me every day to dine with him at the Arthur—a club where all the young swells of the Government offices assemble to talk of themselves, and sneer at their official superiors.

"I'll go out, if I can, and see Dolly before I leave, though she told me the family didn't like her having friends—the flunkies call them followers—and of course I ought not to do what would make her uncomfortable; still, one minute or two would suffice to get me some message to bring the Doctor, who'll naturally expect it. I'd like, besides, to tell Dolly of my good fortune, though it is, perhaps, not a very graceful thing to be full of one's own success to another, whose position is so painful as hers, poor girl. If you saw how pale she has grown, and how thin; even her voice has lost that jolly ring it had, and is now weak and poor. She seems so much afraid—of what or whom I can't make out—but all about her bespeaks terror. You say very little of the Abbey, and I am always thinking of it. The great big world, and this great big city that is its capital, are very small things to *me*, compared to that little circle that could be swept by a compass, with a centre at the Burnside, and a leg of ten miles long, that would take in the Abbey and the salmon-weir, the rabbit-warren and the boat-jetty! If I was very rich, I'd just add three rooms to our cottage, and put up one for myself,

with my own traps: and another for you, with all the books that ever were written; and another for Skeff, or any other good fellow we'd like to have with us. Wouldn't that be jolly, little mother? I won't deny I've seen what would be called prettier places here—the Thames above and below Richmond, for instance. Lawns smooth as velvet—great trees of centuries' growth, and fine houses of rich people are on every side. But I like our own wild crags and breezy hill-sides better; I like the great green sea, rolling smoothly on, and smashing over our rugged rocks, better than all these smooth eddied currents, with their smart racing-boats skimming about. If I could only catch these fellows outside the Skerries some day, with a wind from the north-west: wouldn't I spoil the colours of their gay jackets?

"Here's Skeff come again. He says he is going to dine with some very pleasant fellows at the Star and Garter, and that I must positively come. He won't be denied, and I am in such rare spirits about my appointment, that I feel as if I should be a churl to myself to refuse, though I have my sore misgivings about accepting, what I well know I never can make any return for. How I'd like one word from you to decide for me!

"I must shut up. I'm off to Richmond, and they are all making such a row and hurrying me so, that my head is turning. One has to hold the candle, and another stands ready with the sealing-wax, by way of expediting me. Good-bye, dearest mother—I start to-morrow for home.—Your affectionate son,
TONY BUTLER."

CHAPTER XIV.—A DINNER AT RICHMOND.

With the company that composed the dinner-party we have only a very passing concern. They were—including Skeffington and Tony—eight in all. Three were young officials from Downing Street; two

were guardsmen; and one an inferior member of the royal household—a certain Mr. Arthur Mayfair, a young fellow much about town, and known by every one.

The dinner was ostensibly to cele-

brate the promotion of one of the guardsmen—Mr. Lyner; in reality, it was one of those small orgies of eating and drinking, which our modern civilisation has imported from Paris.

A well-spread, and even splendid table, was no novelty to Tony; but such extravagance and luxury as this he had never witnessed before; it was, in fact, a banquet in which all that was rarest and most costly figured, and it actually seemed as if every land of Europe had contributed some delicacy or other to represent its claims to epicurism, at this congress. There were caviare from Russia, and oysters from Ostend, and red trout from the Highlands, and plover eggs and pheasants from Bohemia, and partridges from Alsace, and scores of other delicacies, each attended by its appropriate wine; to discuss which, with all the high connoisseurship of the table, furnished the whole conversation. Politics and literature apart, no subject could have been more removed from all Tony's experiences. He had never read Brillat Savarin, nor so much as heard of M. Ude—of the great controversy between the merits of white and brown truffles, he knew positively nothing, and he had actually eaten terrapin and believed it to be very exquisite veal!

He listened, and listened very attentively. If it might have seemed to him that the company devoted a most extravagant portion of the time to the discussion, there was such a realism in the presence of the good things themselves, that the conversation never descended to frivolity; while there was an earnestness in the talkers, that rejected such an imputation.

To hear them, one would have thought—at least, Tony thought—that all their lives had been passed in dining. Could any memory retain the mass of small minute circumstances that they recorded, or did they keep prandial records as others keep game-books? Not one of them ever forgot where, and

when, and how, he had ever eaten anything remarkable for its excellence; and there was an elevation of language, an ecstasy imported into the reminiscences, that only ceased to be ludicrous when he grew used to it. Perhaps, as a mere listener, he partook more freely than he otherwise might of the good things before him. In the excellence and endless variety of the wines, there was besides, temptation for cooler heads than his. Not to add, that on one or two occasions he found himself in a jury, empannelled to pronounce upon some nice question of flavour, points upon which, as the evening wore on, he entered with a far greater reliance on his judgment than he would have felt half an hour before dinner.

He had not, what is called in the language of the table, a "made head." That is to say, at Lyle Abbey, his bottle of Sneyd's Claret after dinner was more than he liked well to drink; but now, when Sauterne succeeded Sherry, and Macabrunner came after Champagne, and in succession followed Bordeaux, and Burgundy, and Madeira, and then Bordeaux again of a rarer and choicer vintage, Tony's head grew addled and confused. Though he spoke very little, there passed through his mind all the varied changes that his nature was susceptible of. He was gay and depressed, daring and cautious, quarrelsome and forgiving, stern and affectionate, by turns. There were moments when he would have laid down his life for the company, and fleeting instants when his eye glanced around to see upon whom he could fix a deadly quarrel; now he felt rather vainglorious at being one of such a distinguished company, and now a sharp distrust shot through him that he was there to be the butt of these town-bred wits, whose merriment was nothing but a covert impertinence.

All these changeful moods only served to make him drink more deeply. He filled bumpers and drank them daringly. Skeffington

told the story of the threat to kick Willis—not much in itself, but full of interest to the young officials who knew Willis as an institution, and could no more have imagined his personal chastisement, than an insult to the royal arms. When Skeff, however, finished by saying that the Secretary of State himself rather approved of the measure, they began to feel that Tony Butler was that greatest of all created things, “a rising man.” For as the power of the unknown number is incommensurable, so the height to which a man’s success may carry him can never be estimated.

“It’s deuced hard to get one of these messengerships,” said one of the guardsmen; “they say it’s far easier to be named Secretary of Legation.”

“Of course it is. Fifty fellows are able to ride in a coach for one that can read and write,” said Mayfair.

“What do you mean by that?” cried Tony, his eyes flashing fire.

“Just what I said,” replied the other, mildly—“that as there is no born mammal so helpless as a real gentleman, it’s the rarest thing to find an empty shell to suit him.”

“And they’re well paid too,” broke in the soldier. “Why, there’s no fellow so well off. They have five pounds a day.”

“No, they have not.”

“They have.”

“They have not.”

“On duty. When they’re on duty.”

“No, nor off duty.”

“Harris told me.”

“Harris is a fool.”

“He’s my cousin,” said a sickly young fellow, who looked deadly pale, “and I’ll not hear him called a liar.”

“Nobody said liar. I said he was a fool.”

“And so he is,” broke in Mayfair, “for he went and got married the other day to a girl without sixpence.”

“Beaumont’s daughter?”

“Exactly. The ‘Lively Kitty,’

as we used to call her; a name she’ll scarce go by in a year or two.”

“I don’t think,” said Tony, with a slow, deliberate utterance—“I don’t think that he has made me a suit—suit—suitable apology for what he said—eh, Skeff?”

“Be quiet, will you?” muttered the other.

“Kitty had ten thousand pounds of her own.”

“Not sixpence.”

“I tell you she had.”

“Grant it. What is ten thousand pounds?” lisped out a little pink-cheeked fellow, who had a hundred and eighty per annum at the Board of Trade. “If you are economical, you may get two years out of it.”

“If I thought,” growled out Tony into Skeff’s ear, “that he meant it for insolence, I’d punch his head, curls and all.”

“Will you just be quiet?” said Skeff again.

“I’d have married Kitty myself,” said pink cheeks, “if I thought she had ten thousand.”

“And I’d have gone on a visit to you,” said Mayfair, “and we’d have played billiards, the French game, every evening.”

“I never thought Harris was so weak as to go and marry,” said the youngest of the party, not fully one-and-twenty.

“Every one hasn’t your experience, Upton,” said Mayfair.

“Why do the fellows bear all this?” whispered Tony again.

“I say—be quiet—do’ be quiet,” mumbled Skeff.

“Who was it used to call Kitty Beaumont the Lass of Richmond Hill?” said Mayfair; and now another uproar ensued as to the authority in question, in which many contradictions were exchanged, and some wagers booked.

“Sing us that song Bailey made on her—‘Fair Lady on the River’s Bank;’ you can sing it, Clinton?”

“Yes, let us have the song,” cried several together.

“I’ll wager five pounds I’ll name a prettier girl on the same spot,” said Tony to Skeff.

"Butler challenges the field," cried Skeff. "He knows, and will name, the prettiest girl in Richmond."

"I take him. What's the figure?" said Mayfair.

"And I—and I!" shouted three or four in a breath.

"I think he offered a pony," lisped out the youngest.

"I said, I'd bet five pounds," said Tony, fiercely; "don't misrepresent me, sir."

"I'll take your money, then," cried Mayfair.

"No, no; I was first; I said done before you," interposed a guardsman.

"But how can it be decided? we can't summon the rival beauties to our presence, and perform Paris and the apple," said Skeff.

"Come along with me, and you shall see her," broke in Tony; "she lives within less than five minutes' walk of where we are. I am satisfied that the matter should be left to your decision, Skeffington."

"No, no," cried several together; "take Mayfair with you; he is the fittest man amongst us for such a criticism; he has studied these matters profoundly."

"Here's a health to all good lasses!" cried out another; and goblets were filled with champagne, and drained in a moment, while some attempted the song; and others, imagining that they had caught the air, started off with "Here's to the Maiden of Blooming Fifteen," making up an amount of confusion that was perfectly deafening, in which the waiter entered to observe, in a very meek tone, that the Archdeacon of Halford was entertaining a select party in the next room, and entreated that they might be permitted to hear each other occasionally.

Such a burst of horror and indignation as followed this request! some were for an armed intervention at once; some for a general smash of all things practicable; and two or three, haughtier in their drunkenness, declared that the Star

and Garter should have no more of their patronage, and proudly ordered the waiter to fetch the bill.

"Thirty-seven—nine—six," said Mayfair, as he held the document near a candle; "make it an even forty for the waiters, and it leaves five pounds a-head, eh?—not too much after all."

"Well, I don't know; the asparagus was miserably small."

"And I got no strawberries."

"I have my doubts about that Moselle."

"It ain't dear, at least: it's not dearer than anywhere else."

While these criticisms were going forward, Tony perceived that each one in turn was throwing down his sovereigns on the table, as his contribution to the fund; and he approached Skeffington, to whisper that he had forgotten his purse, his sole excuse to explain, what he wouldn't confess, that he believed he was an invited guest. Skeff was, however, by this time so completely overcome by the last toast, that he sat staring fatuously before him, and could only mutter, in a melancholy strain, "To be, or not to be; that's a question."

"Can you lend me some money?" whispered Tony. "I want your purse."

"He—takes my purse—trash—trash—" mumbled out the other.

"I'll book up for Skeff," said one of the guardsmen; "and now it's all right."

"No," said Tony aloud; "I haven't paid; I left my purse behind; and I can't make Skeffington understand that I want a loan from him;" and he stooped down again, and whispered in his ear.

While a buzz of voices assured Tony that "it didn't matter,—all had money, any one could pay," and so on, Skeffington gravely handed out his cigar-case, and said, "Take as much as you like, old fellow; it was quarter-day last week."

In a wild uproarious burst of laughter they now broke up; some helping Skeffington along, some performing mock ballet steps, and

two or three attempting to walk with an air of rigid propriety, which occasionally diverged into strange tangents.

Tony was completely bewildered. Never was a poor brain more addled than his. At one moment he thought them all the best fellows in the world: he'd have risked his neck for any of them; and, at the next, he regarded them as a set of insolent snobs, daring to show off airs of superiority to a stranger, because he was not one of them; and so he oscillated between the desire to show his affection for them, or have a quarrel with any of them.

Meanwhile, Mayfair, with a reasonably good voice and some taste, broke out into a wild sort of air, whose measure changed at every moment. One verse ran thus:—

"By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
We all went home by the light of the moon.

With a ringing song
We tramped along,
Recalling what we'll forget so soon,
How the wine was good,
And the talk was free,
And pleasant and gay the company.

"For the wine supplied
What our wits denied,
And we pledged the girls whose eyes we knew,
Whose eyes we knew.
You ask her name, but what's that to you,
What's that to you?"

"Well, there's where she lives, anyhow," muttered Tony, as he came to a dead stop on the road, and stared full at a small two-storeyed house in front of him.

"Ah, that's where she lives!" repeated Mayfair, as he drew his arm within Tony's, and talked in a low and confidential tone. "And a sweet, pretty cottage it is. What a romantic little spot! What if we were to serenade her?"

Tony gave no reply. He stood looking up at the closed shutters of the quiet house, which, to his eyes, represented a sort of penitentiary for that poor imprisoned hard-working girl. His head was not very clear, but he had just sense enough to remember the respect he

owed her condition, and how jealously he should guard her from the interference of others. Meanwhile, Mayfair had leaped over the low paling of the little front garden, and stood now close to the house. With an admirable imitation of the prelude of a guitar, he began to sing.

"Come, dearest Lilla,
Thy anxious lover
Counts, counts the weary moments over"—

As he reached thus far, a shutter gently opened, and in the strong glare of the moonlight, some trace of a head could be detected behind the curtain. Encouraged by this, the singer went on in a rich and flowery voice—

"Anxious he waits,
Thy voice to hear
Break, break on his enraptured ear."

At this moment the window was thrown open, and a female voice, in an accent strongly Scotch, called out—"Awa wi' ye—pack o' ne'er-do-weels as ye are—awa wi' ye a'! I'll call the police." But Mayfair went on—

"The night invites to love,
So tarry not above,
But Lilla—Lilla—Lilla come down to me!"

"I'll come down to you, and right soon," shouted a hoarse masculine voice. Two or three who had clambered over the paling beside Mayfair now scampered off; and Mayfair himself, making a spring, cleared the fence, and ran down the road at the top of his speed, followed by all but Tony, who, half in indignation at their ignominious flight, and half with some vague purpose of apology, stood his ground before the gate.

The next moment the hall door opened, and a short thick-set man, armed with a powerful bludgeon, rushed out and made straight towards him. Seeing, however, that Tony stood firm, neither offering resistance nor attempting escape, he stopped short and cried out—

"What for drunken blackguards are ye, that canna go home without disturbing a quiet neighbourhood?"

"If you can keep a civil tongue in your head," said Tony, "I'll ask your pardon for this disturbance."

"What's your apology to me, you young scamp?" cried the other, wrenching open the gate and passing out into the road. "I'd rather give you a lesson than listen to your excuses." He lifted his stick as he spoke, but Tony sprang upon him with the speed of a tiger, and, wrenching the heavy bludgeon out of his hand, flung it far into a neighbouring field, and then, grasping him by the collar with both hands, he gave him such a shake as very soon convinced his antagonist how unequal the struggle would be between them. "By Heaven!" muttered Tony, "if you so much as lay a hand on me, I'll send you after your stick. Can't you see that this was only a drunken frolic, that these young fellows did not want to insult you, and if I stayed here behind them,

it was to appease, not to offend you?"

"Dinna speak to me, sir. Let me go—let go my coat. I'm not to be handled in this manner," cried the other, in passion.

"Go back to your bed, then!" said Tony, pushing him from him. "It's clear enough you have no gentleman's blood in your body, or you'd accept an amends, or resent an affront."

Stung by this retort, the other turned and aimed a blow at Butler's face; but he stopped it cleverly, and then, seizing him by the shoulder, he swung him violently round, and threw him within the gate of the garden.

"You are more angered than hurt," muttered Tony, as he looked at him for an instant.

"Oh, Tony, that this could be you!" cried a faint voice from a little window of an attic, and a violent sob closed the words.

Tony turned and went his way towards London, those accents ringing in his ears, and at every step he went, repeating—"That this could be you!"

CHAPTER XV.—A STRANGE MEETING AND PARTING.

What a dreary waking was that of Tony's on the morning after the orgies. Not a whit the less overwhelming from the great difficulty he had in recalling the events, and investigating his own share in them. There was nothing that he could look back upon with pleasure. Of the dinner and the guests, all that he could remember was the costliness and the tumult; and of the scene at Mrs. McGruder's, his impression was of insults given and received, a violent altercation, in which his own share could not be defended.

How different had been his waking thoughts, had he gone as he proposed, to bid Dora a good-bye, and tell her of his great good fortune! How full would his memory now have been of her kind words

and wishes! how much would he have to recall of her sisterly affection! for they had been like brother and sister from their childhood. It was to Dora that Tony confided all his boyhood's sorrows, and to the same ear he had told his first tale of love, when the beautiful Alice Lyle had sent through his heart those emotions, which, whether of ecstasy or torture, make a new existence and a new being to him who feels them for the first time. He had loved Alice as a girl, and was all but heartbroken when she married. His sorrows—and were they not sorrows?—had all been intrusted to Dora, and from her he had heard such wise and kind counsels, such encouraging and hopeful words; and when the beautiful Alice came back,

within a year, a widow, far more lovely than ever, he remembered how all his love was rekindled. Nor was it the less entrancing that it was mingled with a degree of deference for her station, and an amount of distance which her new position exacted.

He had intended to have passed his last evening with Dora in talking over these things—and how had he spent it? In a wild and disgraceful debauch, and in a company of which he felt himself well ashamed.

It was, however, no part of Tony's nature to spend time in vain regrets; he lived ever more in the present than the past. There were a number of things to be done, and done at once. The first was to acquit his debt for that unlucky dinner; and in a tremor of doubt, he opened his little store to see what remained to him. Of the eleven pounds ten shillings his mother gave him, he had spent less than two pounds; he had travelled third-class to London, and while in town denied himself every extravagance. He rang for his hotel bill, and was shocked to see that it came to three pounds seven and sixpence. He fancied he had half-starved himself, and he saw a catalogue of stinks and luncheons to his shame, that smacked of very gluttony. He paid it without a word, gave an apology to the waiter, that he had run himself short of money, and could only offer him a crown. The dignified official accepted the excuse and the coin, with a smile of bland sorrow. It was a pity that cut both ways, for himself and for Tony too.

There now remained but a few shillings above five pounds, and he sat down and wrote this note:—

"MR DEAR SKRIMGEOR, — Some one of your friends, last night, was kind enough to pay my share of the reckoning for me. Will you do me the favour to thank and repay him? I am off to Ireland hurriedly, so I'll tell and see you. I have not even

time to wait for those examination papers, which were to be delivered to me either to-day or to-morrow. Would you send them by post, addressed 'T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine.' My head is not very clear to-day, but it should be more stupid if I could forget all your kindness since we met. — Believe me, very sincerely, &c.

"TONY BUTLER."

The next was to his mother.

"DEAREST MOTHER, — Don't expect me on Saturday; it may be two or three days later ere I reach home. I am all right, in rare health and capital spirits, and never in my life felt more completely your own,

"TONY BUTLER."

One more note remained, but it was not easy to write it, nor even to decide whether to address it to Dora or to Mr. M'Gruder. At length he decided for the latter, and wrote thus:—

"SIR, — I beg to offer you the very humblest apology, for the disturbance created last night before your house. We had all drunk too much wine, lost our heads, and forgotten good manners. If I had been in a fitting condition to express myself properly, I'd have made my excuses on the spot. As it is, I make the first use of my recovered brains to tell you how heartily ashamed I am of my conduct, and how desirous I feel to know that you will cherish no ungenerous feelings towards your faithful servant,

"T. BUTLER."

"I hope he'll think it all right, I hope this will satisfy him. I trust it is not too humble, though I mean to be humble. If he's a gentleman, he'll think no more of it; but he may not be a gentleman, and will probably fancy that because I stoop, he ought to kick me. That would be a mistake; and perhaps it would be as well to add, by way of P.S., — 'If the above is not fully satisfactory, and that you prefer another issue to this affair,

my address is, 'T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine, Ireland.'

"Perhaps that would spoil it all," thought Tony. "I want him to forgive an offence, and it's not the best way to that end to say, 'If you like fighting better, don't baulk your fancy.' No, no; I'll send it in its first shape. I don't feel very comfortable on my knees, it is true, but it is all my own fault if I am there."

"And now to reach home again. I wish I knew how that was to be done! Seven or eight shillings are not a very big sum, but I'd set off with them on foot, if there was no sea to be traversed." To these thoughts there was no relief by the possession of any article of value that he could sell or pledge. He had neither watch nor ring, nor any of those fanciful trinkets which modern fashion affects.

He knew not one person from whom he could ask the loan of a few pounds; nor, worse again, could be certain of being able to repay them within a reasonable time. To approach Skeffington on such a theme was impossible; anything rather than this. If he were once at Liverpool, there were sure to be many captains of northern steamers that would know him, and give him a passage home. But how to get to Liverpool? The cheapest railroad fare was above a pound. If he must needs walk, it would take him a week, and he could not afford himself more than one meal a-day, taking his chance to sleep under a corn-stack or a hedgerow. Very dear indeed was the price that grand banquet cost him, and yet not dearer than half the extravagances men are daily and hourly committing—the only difference being, that the debt is not usually exacted so promptly. He wrote his name on a card, and gave it to the waiter, saying, "When I send to you under this name, you will give my portmanteau to the bearer of the message, for I shall probably not come back—at least for some time."

The waiter was struck by the words, but more still by the dejected

look of one whom, but twenty-four hours back, he had been praising for his frank and gay bearing.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?" asked the man respectfully.

"Not a great deal," said Tony, with a faint smile.

"I was afraid, sir, from seeing you look pale this morning. I fancied, indeed, that there was something amiss. I hope you're not displeased at the liberty I took, sir?"

"Not a bit; indeed I feel grateful to you for noticing that I was not in good spirits. I have so very few friends in this big city of yours, your sympathy was pleasant to me. Will you remember what I said about my luggage?"

"Of course, sir, I'll attend to it; and if not called for within a reasonable time, is there any address you'd like me to send it to?"

Tony stared at the man, who seemed to flinch under the gaze, and it shet like a bolt through his mind. "He thinks I have some gloomy purpose in my head. I believe I apprehend you," said he, laying his hand on the man's shoulder; "but you are all wrong. There is nothing more serious the matter with me, than to have run myself out of money, and I cannot conveniently wait here till I write and get an answer from home; there's the whole of it."

"Oh, sir, if you'll not be offended at a humble man like me—if you'd forgive the liberty I take, and let me, as far as a ten-pound note;" he stammered and reddened, and seemed positively wretched in his attempt to explain himself without any breach of propriety. Nor was Tony indeed less moved as he said:

"I thank you heartily; you have given me something to remember of this place with gratitude so long as I live. But I am not so hard pressed as you suspect. It is a merely momentary inconvenience, and a few days will set it all right. Good-bye; I hope we'll meet again." And he shook the man's hand cordially in his own strong fingers, and

passed out with a full heart and a very choking throat.

When he turned into the street, he walked along, without choosing his way. His mind was too much occupied to let him notice either the way or the passers-by, and he sauntered along, now musing over his own lot, now falling back upon that trustful heart of the poor waiter, whose position could scarcely have inspired such confidence.

"I am certain that what are called moralists are unfair censors of their fellow-men. I'll be sworn there is more of kindness, and generosity, and honest truth in the world, than there is of knavery and falsehood; but as we have no rewards for the one, and keep up jails and hulks for the other, we have nothing to guide our memories. That's the whole of it; all the statistics are on one side."

While he was thus ruminating, he had wandered along, and was already deep in the very heart of the City. Nor did the noise, the bustle, the overwhelming tide of humanity arouse him, as it swept along in its ceaseless flow. So intently was his mind turned inward, that he narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus, the pole of which struck him, and under whose wheels he had unquestionably fallen, if it were not that a strong hand grasped him by the shoulder, and swung him powerfully back upon the flagway.

"Is it blind you are, that you didn't hear the 'bus?" cried a somewhat gruff voice, with an accent that told of a land he liked well; and Tony turned and saw a stout strongly-built young fellow, dressed in a sort of bluish frieze, and with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder. He was good-looking, but of a more serious cast of features than is common with the lower-class Irish.

"I see," said Tony, "that I owe this good turn to a countryman. You're from Ireland?"

"Indeed, and I am, your honour, and no lie in it," said he, reddening, as, although there was nothing to be

ashamed of by the avowal, popular prejudice lay rather in the other direction.

"I don't know what I was thinking of," said Tony again; and even yet his head had not regained its proper calm. "I forgot all about where I was, and never heard the horses till they were on me."

"'Tis what I remarked, sir," said the other, as with his sleeve he brushed the dirt off Tony's coat. "I saw you was like one in a dream."

"I wish I had anything worth offering you," said Tony, reddening, while he placed the last few shillings he had in the other's palm.

"What's this for?" said the man, half angrily—"sure you don't think it's for money I did it;" and he pushed the coin back almost rudely from him.

While Tony assuaged, as well as he might, the anger of his wounded pride, they walked on together for some time, till at last the other said—"I'll have to hurry away now, your honour; I'm to be at Blackwall, to catch the packet for Derry, by twelve o'clock."

"What packet do you speak of?"

"The Foyle, sir. She's to sail this evening, and I have my passage paid for me, and I musn't lose it."

"If I had my luggage, I'd go in her too. I want to cross over to Ireland."

"And where is it, sir—the luggage, I mean?"

"Oh, it's only a portmanteau, and it's at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden."

"If your honour wouldn't mind taking charge of this," said he, pointing to his bundle, "I'd be off in a jiffy, and get the trunk, and be back by the time you reached the steamer."

"Would you really do me this service? Well, here's my card; when you show this to the waiter, he'll hand you the portmanteau; and there is nothing to pay."

"All right, sir; the Foyle, a big paddle steamer—you'll know her red chimney the moment you see it," and without another word he gave Tony his bundle and hurried away.

"Is not this trustfulness?" thought Tony, as he walked onward; "I suppose this little bundle contains all this poor fellow's worldly store, and he commits it to a stranger, without one moment of doubt or hesitation." It was for the second time, on that same morning, that his heart was touched by a trait of kindness; and he began to feel, that if such proofs of brotherhood were rife in the world, narrow fortune was not half so bad a thing as he had ever believed it.

It was a long walk he had before him, and not much time to do it in, so that he was obliged to step briskly out. As for the bundle, it is but fair to own, that at first he carried it with a certain shame and awkwardness, affecting, in various ways, to assure the passers-by that such an occupation was new to him; but as time wore on, and he saw, as he did see, that very few noticed him, and none troubled themselves as to what was the nature of his burden, he grew more indifferent, well consoled by thinking that nothing was more unlikely than that he should be met by any one he knew.

When he got down to the river-side, boats were leaving in every direction, and one for the Foyle, with two passengers, offered itself at the moment. He jumped in, and soon found himself aboard a large mercantile boat, her deck covered with fragments of machinery and metal for some new factory in Belfast. "Where's the captain?" asked Tony, of a gruff-looking man in a tweed coat and a wideawake.

"I'm the captain; and what then?" said the other.

In a few words Tony explained that he had found himself short of cash, and not wishing to be detained till he could write and have an answer from home, he

begged he might have a deck passage. "If it should cost more than I have money for, I will leave my trunk with your steward till I remit my debt."

"Get those boats aboard—clear away that hawser there—look out, or you'll foul that collier," cried the skipper, his deep voice ringing above the din and crash of the escaping steam, but never so much as noticing one word of Tony's speech.

Too proud to repeat his address, and yet doubting how it had been taken, he stood, occasionally buffeted about by the sailors as they hurried hither and thither; and now, amidst the din, a great bell rang out, and while it clattered away, some scrambled up the side of the ship, and others clambered down, while, with shouts and oaths and imprecations on every side, the great mass swung round, and two slow revolutions of her paddles showed she was ready to start. Almost frantic with anxiety for his missing friend, Tony mounted on a bulwark, and scanned every boat he could see.

"Back, haul!" screamed the skipper; "there, gently—all right. Go ahead;" and now with a shouldering, surging heave, the great black monster lazily moved forward, and gained the middle of the river. Boats were now hurrying wildly to this side and to that, but none towards the Foyle. "What will become of me? What will he think of me?" cried Tony; and he peered down into the yellow tide, almost doubtful if he ought not to jump into it.

"Go on," cried the skipper; and the speed increased, a long swell issuing from either paddle, and stretching away to either bank of the river. Far away in this rocking tide, tossing hopelessly and in vain, Tony saw a small boat wherein a man was standing wildly waving his handkerchief by way of signal.

"There he is, in one minute—give him one minute, and he will be here," cried Tony, not knowing to whom he spoke.

"You'll get jammed, my good fellow, if you don't come down from that," said a sailor. "You'll be caught in the davits when they swing round;" and seeing how inattentive he was to the caution, he laid a hand upon him and forced him upon deck. The ship had now turned a bend of the river, and as Tony turned ast to look for the boat, she was lost to him, and he saw her no more.

For some miles of the way, all were too much occupied to notice him. There was much to stow away and get in order, the cargo having been taken in even to the latest moment before they started. There were some carriages and horses, too, on board, neither of which met from the sailors more deferential care than they bestowed on cast-metal cranks and iron sleepers, thus occasioning little passages between those in charge and the crew, that were the reverse of amicable. It was in one of these Tony heard a voice he was long familiar with. It was Sir Arthur Lyle's coachman, who was even more overjoyed than Tony at the recognition. He had been sent over to fetch four carriage-horses and two open carriages for his master, and his adventures and mishaps were, in his own estimation, above all human experience.

"I'll have to borrow a five-pound note from you," said Tony; "I have come on board without anything—even my luggage is left behind."

"Five-and-twenty, Mr. Tony, if you want it. I'm as glad as fifty to see you here. You'll be able to make these fellows mind what I say. There's not as much as a spare tarpaulin to put over the beasts at night; and if the ship rocks, their legs will be knocked to pieces."

If Tony had not the same opinion of his influence, he did not, however, hesitate to offer his services, and assisted the coachman to pad the horse-boxes, and bandage the legs with an overlaid covering of hay rope against any accidents.

"Are you steerage or aft?" asked a surly-looking steward of Tony as he was washing his hands after his exertions.

"There's a question to ask of one of the best blood in Ireland," interposed the coachman.

"The best blood in Ireland will then have to pay cabin fare," said the steward as he jotted down a *Mom.* in his book; and Tony was now easy enough in mind to laugh at the fellow's impertinence as he paid the money.

The voyage was not eventful in any way; the weather was fine, the sea not rough, and the days went by as monotonously as need be. If Tony had been given to reflection, he would have had a glorious opportunity to indulge the taste, but it was the very least of all his tendencies.

He would, indeed, have liked much to review his life, and map out something of his future road; but he could do nothing of this kind without a companion. Asking him to think for himself, and by himself, was pretty much like asking him to play chess or backgammon with himself, where it depended on his caprice which side was to be the winner. The habit of self-depreciation had, besides, got hold of him, and he employed it as an excuse to cover his inertness. What's the use of my doing this, that, or t'other? I'll be a stupid dog to the end of the chapter. It's all waste of time to set me down to this or that. Other fellows could learn it; it's impossible for me."

It is strange how fond men will grow of pleading in *forma pauperis* to their own hearts; even men constitutionally proud and high-spirited. Tony had fallen into this unlucky habit, and got at last to think it was his safest way in life to trust very little to his judgment.

"If I hadn't been 'mooning,' I'd not have walked under the pole of the omnibus, nor chanced upon this

poor fellow, whose bundle I have carried away, nor lost my own kit, which, after all, was something to me." Worse than all these—infinately worse—was the thought of how that poor peasant would think of him! "What a cruel lesson of mistrust and suspicion have I implanted in that honest heart! What a terrible revulsion must have come over him, when he found I had sailed away and left him!" Poor Tony's reasoning was not acute enough to satisfy him that the man could not accuse him for what was out of his power to prevent—the departure of the steamer; nor, with Tony's own luggage in his possession, could he arraign his honesty, or distrust his honour.

He bethought him that he would consult Waters, for whose judgment in spavins, thoroughpins, capped hocks, and navicular lameness, he had the deepest veneration. Waters, who knew horses so thoroughly, must needs not be altogether ignorant of men.

"I say, Tom," cried he, "sit down here, and let me tell you something that's troubling me a good deal, and perhaps you can give me some advice on it." They sat down accordingly under the shelter of a horse-box, while Tony related circumstantially his late misadventure.

The old coachman heard him to the end without interruption. He smoked throughout the whole narrative, only now and then removing his pipe to intimate by an emphatic nod that the "court was with the counsel." Indeed, he felt that there was something judicial in his position, and assumed a full share of importance on the strength of it.

"There's the whole case now before you," said Tony, as he finished—"What do you say to it?"

"Well, there an't a great deal to say to it, Mr. Tony," said he, slowly. "If the other chap has got the best kit, by course he has got the best end of the stick; and you may have an easy conscience about that.

If there's any money or valuable in *his* bundle, it is just likely there will be some trace of his name, and where he lives too; so that, turn out either way, you're all right."

"So that you advise me to open his pack and see if I can find a clue to him."

"Well, indeed, I'd do that much out of curiosity. At all events, you'll not get to know about him from the blue handkercher with the white spots."

Tony did not quite approve the counsel; he had his scruples, even in a good cause, about this investigation, and he walked the deck till far into the night, pondering over it. He tried to solve the case by speculating on what the countryman would have done with *his* pack. "He'll have doubtless tried to find out where I am to be met with or come at. He'll have ransacked my traps, and if so, there will be the less need of *my* investigating *his*. *He's* sure to trace *me*." This reasoning satisfied him so perfectly that he lay down at last to sleep with an easy conscience and so weary a brain that he slept profoundly. As he awoke, however, he found that Waters had already decided the point of conscience which had so troubled him, and was now sitting contemplating the contents of the peasant's bundle.

"There an't so much as a scrap o' writing, Mr. Tony; there an't even a prayer-book with his name in it—but there's a track to him for all that. I have him!" and he winked with that self-satisfied knowingness which had so often delighted him in the detection of a splint or a bone-spavin.

"You have him," repeated Tony. "Well, what of him?"

"He's a jailer, sir—yes, a jailer. I won't say he's the chief—he's maybe second or third—but he's one of 'em."

"How do you know that?"

"Here's how I found it out;" and he drew forth a blue cloth uniform, with yellow cuffs and collar, and a yellow seam down the trousers.

era. There were no buttons on the coat, but both on the sleeve and the collar were embroidered two keys, crosswise. "Look at them, Master Tony; look at them, and say an't that as clear as day? It's some new regulation, I suppose, to put them in uniform; and there's the keys, the mark of the lock-up, to show who he is that wears them."

Though the last man in the world to read riddles or unravel difficulties, Tony did not accept this information very willingly. In truth, he felt a repugnance to assign to the worthy country fellow a station which bears, in the appreciation of every Irishman, a certain stain. For, do as we will, reason how we may, the old estimate of the law as an oppression surges up through our thoughts, just as springs well up in an undrained soil.

"I'm certain you're wrong, Waters," said he, boldly; "he hadn't a bit the look of that about him; he was a fine, fresh-featured, determined sort of fellow, but without a trace of cunning or distrust in his face."

"I'll stand to it, I'm right, Master Tony. What does keys mean? Answer me that. An't they to lock-up? It must be to lock up something or somebody—you agree to that?"

Tony gave a sort of grunt, which the other took for concurrence, and continued.

"It's clear enough he an't the county treasurer," said he, with a mocking laugh—"nor he don't keep the Queen's private purse neither; no, sir. It's another sort of val'ables is under his charge. It's highwaymen and housebreakers, and felony chaps."

"Not a bit of it; he's no more a jailer than I'm a hangman. Besides, what is to prove that this uniform is his own? Why not be a friend's—a relation's? Would a fellow trained to the ways of a prison trust the first man he meets in the street, and hand him over his bundle? Is that like one whose daily life is passed among rogues and vagabonds?"

"That's exactly how it is," said Waters, closing one eye to look more piercingly astute. "Did you ever see anything trust another so much as a

cat does a mouse? She hasn't no dirty suspicions at all, but lets him run here and run there, only with a make-believe of her paw letting him feel that he an't to trespass too far on her patience."

"Pshaw!" said Tony, turning away angrily; and he muttered to himself as he walked off, "How stupid it is to take any view of life from a fellow who has never looked at it from a higher point than a hayloft!"

As the steamer rounded Fair Head, and the tall cliffs of the Causeway came into view, other thoughts soon chased away all memory of the poor country fellow. It was home was now before him—home, that no humility can rob of its hold upon the heart; home, that appeals to the poorest of us by the selfsame sympathies the richest and greatest feel! Yes; yonder was Carrig-a-Rede, and there were the Skerries, so near and yet so far off. How slowly the great mass seemed to move, though it was about an hour ago she seemed to cleave the water like a fish. How unfair to stop her course at Larne to land those two or three passengers, and what tiresome leave-takings they indulge in; and the luggage, too, they'll never get it together! So thought Tony, his impatience mastering both reason and generosity.

"I'll have to take the horses on to Derry, Master Tony," said Waters, in an insinuating tone of voice, for he knew well what able assistance the other could lend him in any difficulty of the landing. "Sir Arthur thought that if the weather was fine we might be able to get them out on a raft and tow them in to shore, but it's too rough for that."

"Far too rough," said Tony, his eyes straining to catch the well-known landmarks of the coast.

"And with blood-horses too, in top condition, there's more danger."

"Far more."

"So, I hope, your honour will tell the master that I didn't ask the captain to stop, for I saw it was no use."

"None whatever. I'll tell him—that is, if I see him," muttered Tony below his breath.

"Maybe, if there was too much sea 'on' for your honour to land——"

"What?" interrupted Tony, eyeing him sternly.

"I was saying, sir, that if your honour was forced to come on to Derry——"

"How should I be forced?"

"By the heavy stirf, no less," said Waters, peevishly, for he foresaw failure to his negotiation.

"The tide will be on the flood till eleven, and if they can't lower a boat I'll swim it, that's all. As to going on to Derry with you, Tom," added he, laughing, "I'd not do it if you were to give me your four thoroughbreds for it."

"Well, the wind's freshening anyhow," grumbled Waters, not very sorry, perhaps, at the turn the weather was taking.

"It will be the rougher for you as you sail up the Lough," said Tony, as he lighted his cigar.

Waters pondered a good deal over what he could not but regard as a great change in character. This young man, so gay, so easy, so careless—so ready to do anything, or do nothing—how earnest he had grown, and how resolute and how stern too. Was this a sign that the world was going well, or the reverse, with him? Here was a knotty problem, and one which, in some form or other, has ere now puzzled wiser heads than Waters's. For as the traveller threw off in the sunshine the cloak which he had gathered round him in the storm, prosperity will as often disclose the secrets of our hearts as that very poverty that has not wealth enough to buy a padlock for them.

"You want to land here, young man," said the captain to Tony; "and there's a shore-boat close along-

side. Be alive, and jump in when she comes near."

"Good-bye, Tom," said Tony, shaking hands with him. "I'll report well of the beasts, and say also how kindly you treated me."

"You'll tell Sir Arthur that the rub on the off shoulder won't signify, sir; and that Emperor's hock is going down every day. And please to say, sir—for he'll mind you more than me—that there's nothing will keep beasts from kicking when a ship takes to rollin'; and that, when the helpers got sea-sick, and couldn't keep on deck, if it hadn't been for yourself—— Oh, he's not minding a word I'm saying," muttered he, disconsolately; and certainly this was the truth, for Tony was now standing on a bulwark, with the end of a rope in his hand, slung whip fashion from the yard, to enable him to swing himself at an opportune moment into the boat, all the efforts of the rowers being directed to keep her from the steamer's side.

"Now's your time, my smart fellow," cried the captain—"off with you!" And as he spoke, Tony swung himself free with a bold spring, and, just as the boat rose on a wave, dropped neatly into her.

"Well done for a landsman!" cried the skipper; "port the helm, and keep away."

"You're forgetting the bundle, Master Tony," cried Waters, and he flung it towards him with all his strength; but it fell short, dropped into the sea, floated for about a second or so, and then sank for ever.

Tony uttered what was not exactly a blessing on his awkwardness, and, turning his back to the steamer, seized the tiller and steered for shore.

THE MIND AND THE BODY.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

ONCE among other tenants at will upon earth,
 Dwelt a Mind of high rank, very proud of his birth,
 With a Body, who, though a good Body enough,
 When his feelings were hurt, was inclined to be rough;
 Now that Mind and that Body, for many a day,
 Lived as what we call friends in a cold sort of way;
 For the very best friends, though the sons of one mother,
 Cool in friendship by seeing too much of each other.
 At length, just as time should have softened their tether,
 And they had not much longer to rub on together,
 Many trifles occurred that they differed about,
 And engendered the rancour which thus they spoke out:—
 Quoth the Mind to the Body, "Attend to me, sir;
 At whate'er I propose, must you always demur?
 Rouse up, and look lively—we want something new—
 Just the weather for travel, let's start for Peru.
 Ha! there you sit, languidly, sipping your sago!"

THE BODY.

I'm forced to remind you I've got the lumbago.

THE MIND.

O ye gods, what a wrench! softly, softly! lie still—
 I abandon Peru; take your anodyne pill.

Somewhat eased by the pill and a warm fomentation,
 The Body vouchsafed to the Mind—meditation.
 Now, the calmness with which sound philosophers scan ills,
 Depends, at such times, very much on hot flannels.
 Mused the Mind:—"How can Matter stretch Me on the rack?
 Why should Mind feel lumbago? has Mind got a back?
 I could write something new on that subject, I think,—
 Would it hurt you, my Body, to give me the ink?"

THE BODY.

At your old tricks again! Let me rest in my bed.
 Metaphysics indeed! pleasant nuts for my head.
 Ah, beware of yourself! If its rage you provoke,
 That head could demolish the Mind with a stroke.

THE MIND.

Grim thought to have scared Mr. Addison's Cato,
 When he sat in his dressing-gown reading his Plato!
 Does Man nurse in his head an electric torpedo,
 Whose stroke could have hurled into rubbish the 'Phædo'?
 Vile Body! thou tyrant! thou worse than a Turk!
 If I must be thy slave—then, at least, let me work,

For in labour we lose the dull sense of our chain ;
 But I cannot even think without leave of thy brain.
 Well, well ! sipee it must be, I tamely submit,
 How now do you feel ? less inclined for a fit ?
 That is well ! come, cheer up ! though you are a vile Body,
 Let me cherish and comfort you !—Ring for the toddy

Then the Body, though not without aid of the Mind,
 Raised himself on his elbow, and gravely rejoined :—

THE BODY.

O my Mind ! it is well said by Sappho—at least
 So she says in Grillparzer*—that you are a beast,
 And the worst of all beasts ; other sins she compares
 To hyenas and wolves, lions, tigers, and bears ;
 But the snake is Ingratitude !—you are ungrateful,
 And are thus of all beasts of the field the most hateful.
 Rememberest thou, wretch, with no pang of remorse,
 How I served thy least whim in the days of my force ?
 When thy thoughts through my ear, touch and taste, scent and
 sight,
 Wandered forth for the food which they found in delight ;
 When my youth crowned thee king of Hope's boundless domains,
 And thy love warmed to life from the glow of my veins.
 And what my return ? overtaken, overborne,
 And alike by thy pains and thy pleasures outworn,
 Thou hast made me one ache from the sole to the crown ;
 Thank thyself, cruel rider, thy steed founders down !

Now, ere the Mind's answer I duly report,
 It becomes me to say that in camp and in court,
 In senate and college, this Body and Mind,
 Clubbed up in one whole, by one title defined,
 Were called " A Great Man."

With excusable pride,
 The Mind, looking down on the Body, replied—

THE MIND.

View thy pains as the taxes exacted by glory,
 What's this passage through life to a passage in story ?
 I have made thee one ache from the head to the crown,
 Be it so !

And the recompense ? Priceless ; Renown.

THE BODY.

Hang renown ! Horrid thing more malign to a Body,
 Than that other strong poison you offered me—toddy.
 By renown in my teens I was snatched from my cricket,
 To be sent to the wars, where I served as a wicket.

* "Die andern Laster, alle
 Hyänen, Löwen, Tiger, Wolfe, sind's
 Der Undank ist die Schlange !"

Grillparzer's 'Sappho.'

And there your first step in renown crippled me,
By the ball you invited to fracture my knee.

THE MIND.

Well, I cannot expect you to sympathise much
With the Mind's noble longings—

THE BODY.

To limp on a crutch?

THE MIND.

But battles and bullets don't come every day—
You owe me some pleasant things more in your way;
For the joys of the sense are by culture refined,
And the Body's a guest in the feasts of the Mind.
Recall'st thou the banquets vouchsafed thee to share,
When the wine was indeed the Unbinder of Care;
In which Genius and Wisdom, invited by Mirth,
Laid aside their grand titles as rulers of earth;
And, contented awhile our familiars to sit,
Genius came but as Humour, and Wisdom as Wit?
Recall'st thou those nights?

THE BODY.

Well recall them I may!
Yes, the nights might be pleasant, but then—their Next Day;
And, as Humour and Wit should have long since found out,
The Unbinder of Care is the Giver of Gout.
Yet you've injured me less with good wine and good cooks,
Than with those horrid banquets you made upon books.
Every hint my poor nerves could convey to you scorning,
Interdicted from sleep till past three in the morning,
While you were devouring the trash of a college,
And my blood was made thin with crude apples of knowledge.
To dry morsels of Kant, undigested, I trace
Through the maze of my ganglions the tic in my face:
And however renowned your new theory on Light is,
Its effect upon me was my chronic gastritis.
Talk of Nature's wise laws, learn from nature's lawgiver,
That the first law to man is—"Take care of your liver!"
But I have not yet done with your boasted renown,
'Tis the nuisance all Bodies of sense should put down.
Where a Mind is renowned, there a Body's dyspeptic—
Even in youth Julius Cæsar made *his* epileptic.
The carbuncular red of renowned Cromwell's nose
Explains his bad nights: what a stomach it shows!
Who more famed than they two? Perhaps great Alexander:
But would I be his body? I'm not such a gander.
When I think on the numberless pains and distresses
His small body endured from his great mind's excesses,
All its short life exposed to heat, cold, wounds, and slaughter,
Its march into Ind—not a drop of good water;

Its enlargement of spleen—shown by rages at table,
Till it fell, easy prey, to malaria at Babel;—
Could his mind come to earth, its old pranks to repeat
Once more, as that plague, Alexander the Great,
And in want of a body propose to take me,
My strength re-bestowed and my option left free,
I should say, as a body of blood, flesh, and bones,
Before I'd be his, I'd be that of John Jones.
Enough! to a mortal no curse like renown!

Here, shifting his flannels, he groaned and sank down.
Now, on hearing the Body complain in this fashion,
The Mind became seized with fraternal compassion;
And although at that moment he felt very keenly
The sting of his pride to be rated so meanly,
So much had been said which he felt to be true
In a common-sense, bodily, plain point of view,
That it seemed not beneath him to meet the complaint
By confessing his sins—in the tone of a saint.

THE MIND.

Yes, I cannot deny that I merit your blame—
I have sinned against you in my ardour for fame;
Yet even such sins you would see, my poor Body,
In a much milder light had you taken that toddy.
But are all of my acts to be traced to one cause?
Have I strained your quick nerves for no end but applause?
Do not all sages say that the Mind cannot hurt you
If it follow the impulse unerring of virtue?
And how oft, when most lazy, I've urged you to step on,
And attain the pure air of the moral to preon!
Let such thoughts send your blood with more warmth through its
channels,
Wrap yourself in my virtues, and spurn those moist flannels!

THE BODY.

Ho! your virtues! I thank you for nothing, my Mentor,
I'd as soon wrap my back in the shirt of the Centaur.
What the Mind calls a virtue too oft is a sin,
To be shunned by a Body that values his skin.
Pray, which of your virtues most tickles your vanity?

THE MIND.

The parent and queen of all virtues—Humanity.

THE BODY.

And of all human virtues I've proved it to be
The vice most inhumanly cruel to me.
Scarcely three weeks ago, when, seduced by fine talk
Of your care for my health, I indulged in a walk
On a sudden you stop me—a house is in flames;
It was nothing to me had it burned up the Thames.

But you hear a shrill cry—"Save the child in the attic!"
 You forget, thanks to you, that I've long been rheumatic,
 And to rescue that brat, who was no child of mine,
 Up the Alp of a ladder you hurry my spine,
 Thus, as Cassio was stabbed from behind by Iago,
 Vile assassin, you plunged in my back—this lumbago.
 That was, I believe, your last impulse of virtue!

THE MIND.

In improving myself must I ever then hurt you?
 Must your wheels for their clockwork be rendered unfit,
 If made slower by wisdom or quicker by wit?
 Is the test of all valour the risk of your bones,
 And the height of philosophy scorn for your groans?
 Must the Mind in its strife give the Body no quarter,
 And where one would be saint must the other be martyr?
 Alas, it is true! and that truth proves, O brother!
 That we two were not meant to live long with each other.
 But forgive me the past what both *now* want is—quiet:
 Henceforth, I'll concentrate my thoughts on your diet;
 And, at least, till the term of companionship ends,
 Let us patch up our quarrels and try to be friends.

Then the Body let fall the two words in men's fate
 And men's language, the fullest of sorrow—"Too late!"
 He paused and shed tears—then resumed: "I *can* see
 Nothing left for myself but revenge upon thee."
 He spake—gout, lumbago, and tic re-began,
 Till both Body and Mind fell asleep—A Great Man!
 Thus the feud once declared, was renewed unrelenting.
 Still the Mind proudly braved the avenger's tormenting;
 And where'er he could coax from his jailer, the gout,
 The loan of two feet to walk stately out,
 The crowd's reverent gaze on his limp and his crutch,
 And the murmur, "There goes the Great Man," soothed him much.
 "Ache, O body!" he said, "from the head to the crown;
 Ever young with the young blooms the life of renown."
 How long this stern struggle continued, who knows?
 'Tis the record of Mind that biography shows;
 Even German professors still leave in dark question
 The most critical dates in a Cæsar's digestion.
 At length a door oped in the valves of the heart,
 Through which the Mind looked and resolved to depart.
 Bending over the Body, he whispered "Good-night!"
 And then, kissing the lids, stole away with the light.
 So at morning the Body lay cold in his bed,
 And the news went through London, "The Great Man is dead."
 Now the Mind—like a young bird, whose wings newly given,
 Though they lift it from earth, soar not yet into heaven—
 Still hovering around the old places he knew,
 Kept this world, like the wreck of a dream, in his view.
 But strange to relate—that which most had consoled,
 Or rejoiced him to think would remain in his hold
 As a part of himself, the Immortal—renown—
 Seemed extinct as the spark when a rocket drops down.

Of senates disputing, of battle-fields gory,
Of story and glory and odes laudatory,
He could not have thought less had he been a John Doree.
Much amazed, he beholds all the pomps they bestow
On that Body so long his most pitiless foe;
With the plate on the coffin, the wreaths on the bier,
And the scholar explaining in Latin severe,
That he lived for all races, and died to lie Here.
Saith the Mind, "What on earth are those boobies about?
That black box but contains my lumbago and gout.
Why such pomps to my vilest tormentor assigned,
And what has that black box to do with this Mind?
Hark! They talk of a statue!—of what? not of me?
Can they think that my likeness in marble can be?
Has the Mind got a nose, and a mouth, and a chin?
Is this Mind the old fright which that Body has been?
Is it civil to make me the marble *imago*
Of the gone incarnation of gout and lumbago?"
Thus the Mind. While the Body, as if for preferment,
Goes in state through the crowd to his place of interment.
Solemn princes and peers head the gorgeous procession.
March the mutes—mourning best, for they mourn by profession;
And so many grand folks, in so many grand carriages,
Were not seen since the last of our royal love-marriages.
A little time more; the black box from men's eyes,
Has sunk under the stone door inscribed "Here he lies!"
And the princes and peers who had borne up the pall—
Undertakers, spectators, dean, chapter, and all—
Leave the church safely locked all alone with its tombs,
And the heir takes the lawyer to lunch in his rooms;
And each lesser great man in the party he'd led,
Thinks, "An opening for me, now the Great Man is dead!"
And the chief of the other wrong half of the nation,
Sheds a tear o'er the notes of a funeral oration;
For the practice of statesmen (and long may it thrive!)
Is to honour their foes—when no longer alive.
In short, every Man—save the Man who knows Town—
Would have said for three days, "This is lasting renown!"
But of lasting renown one so soon becomes weary—
The most lasting I know of is that of Dundreary.

Now the Mind having done with our world's men and things,
High o'er all that know death poised the joy of his wings;
Every moment from light gaining strength more and more,
Every moment more filled with the instinct to soar,
Till he sees, through a new sense of glory, his goal,
And is rapt to the gates which Mind enters as Soul.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WENTWORTH got up very early the next morning. He had his sermon to write, and it was Saturday, and all the events of the week had naturally enough unsettled his mind, and indisposed him for sermon-writing. When the events of life come fast upon a man, it is seldom that he finds much pleasure in abstract literary composition, and the style of the Curate of St. Roque's was not of that hortatory and impassioned character which sometimes gives as much relief to the speaker as excitement to the audience. So he got up in the early sweetness of the summer morning, when nobody but himself was astir in the house, with the sense of entering upon a task, and taking up work which was far from agreeable to him. When he came into the little room which he used as a study, and threw the window open, and breathed the delicious air of the morning, which was all thrilling and trembling with the songs of birds, Mr. Wentworth's thoughts were far from being concentrated upon any one subject. He sat down at his writing-table and arranged his pens and paper, and wrote down the text he had selected; and when he had done so much, and could feel that he had made a beginning, he leaned back in his chair, and poised the idle pen on his finger, and abandoned himself to his thoughts. He had so much to think about. There was Wodehouse under the same roof, with whom he had felt himself constrained to remonstrate very sharply on the previous night. There was Jack so near, and certainly come to Carlingford on no good errand. There was Gerald, in his great perplexity and distress, and the household at home in their anxiety; and last, but worst of all, his fancy would go fluttering about

the doors of the sick-chamber in Grange Lane, longing and wondering. He asked himself what it could be which had raised that impalpable wall between Lucy and himself—that barrier too strong to be overthrown, too ethereal to be complained of; and wondered over and over again what her thoughts were towards him—whether she thought of him at all, whether she was offended, or simply indifferent?—a question which any one else who had observed Lucy as closely could have solved without any difficulty, but which, to the modest and true love of the Perpetual Curate, was at present the grand doubt of all the doubts in the universe. With this matter to settle, and with the consciousness that it was still only five o'clock, and that he was at least one hour beforehand with the world, it is easy to understand why Mr. Wentworth mused and loitered over his work, and how, when it was nearly six o'clock, and Sarah and the cook were beginning to stir from their sleep, there still remained only the text written upon the sermon-paper, which was so nicely arranged before him on the table. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways and doeth that which is lawful and right."—This was the text; but sitting at the open window, looking out into the garden, where the birds exempt, as they seemed to think, for once from the vulgar scrutiny of man, were singing at the pitch of all their voices as they prepared for breakfast; and where the sweet air of the morning breathed into his mind a freshness and hopefulness which youth can never resist, and seduced his thoughts away from all the harder problems of his life to dwell upon the sweeter trouble of that doubt about Lucy,—was not the best means

of getting on with his work. He sat thus leaning back—sometimes dipping his pen in the ink, and hovering over the paper for two or three seconds at a time, sometimes reading over the words, and making a faint effort to recall his own attention to them; for, on the whole, perhaps, it is not of much use getting up very early in the morning when the chief consequence of it is, that a man feels he has an hour to spare, and a little time to play before he begins.

Mr. Wentworth was still lingering in this peaceful pause, when he heard, in the stillness, hasty steps coming down Grange Lane. No doubt it was some workmen going to their work, and he felt it must be nearly six o'clock, and dipped his pen once more in the ink; but the next moment, paused again to listen, feeling in his heart a strange conviction, that the steps would stop at his door, and that something was going to happen. He was sure of it, and yet somehow the sound tingled upon his heart when he heard the bell ring, waking up echoes in the silent house. Cook and Sarah had not yet given any signs of coming down-stairs, and nobody stirred even at the sound of the bell. Mr. Wentworth put down his pen altogether, and listened with an anxiety which he could scarcely account for—knowing, as he said to himself, that it must be the milk, or the baker, or somebody. But neither the milk nor the baker would have dared to knock, and shake, and kick the door as the new arrivals were doing. Mr. Wentworth sat still as long as he could, then he added to the din they were making outside by an indignant ring of his own bell; and, finally getting anxious, as was natural, and bethinking himself of his father's attack and Mr. Wodehouse's illness, the Curate took the matter into his own hands, and hastened down-stairs to open the door. Mrs. Hadwin called to him as he passed her room, thinking it was Sarah, and begging for good-

ness gracious sake to know directly what was the matter; and he felt himself growing agitated as he drew back the complicated bolts, and turned the key in the door, which was elaborately defended, as was natural. When he hurried out into the garden, the songs of the birds and the morning air seemed to have changed their character. He thought he was about to be summoned to the deathbed of one or other of the old men upon whom their sons had brought such misery. He was but little acquainted with the fastenings of the garden door, and stumbled a little over them in his anxiety. "Wait a moment and you shall be admitted," he called out to those outside, who still continued to knock; and he fancied, even in the haste and confusion of the moment, that his voice caused some little commotion among them. Mr. Wentworth opened the door, looking anxiously out for some boy with a telegram, or other such mournful messenger; but to his utter amazement was nearly knocked down by the sudden plunge of Elsworthy, who entered with a spring like that of a wild animal, and whose face looked white and haggard as he rushed in. He came against the Curate so roughly as to drive him a step or two farther into the garden, and naturally aroused somewhat sharply the temper of the young man, who had already begun to regard him with disagreeable sensations as a kind of spy against himself.

"What in the world do you want at such an early hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth—"and what do you mean by making such a noise? Is Mr. Wodehouse worse? or what has happened?" for, to tell the truth, he was a little relieved to find that the two people outside both belonged to Carlingford, and that nowhere was there any visible apparition of a telegraph boy.

"Don't trifle with me, Mr. Wentworth," said Elsworthy. "I'm a poor man; but a worm as is trodden

upon turns. I want my child, sir!—give me my child. I'll find her out if it was at the end of the world. I've only brought down my neighbour with me as I can trust," he continued hoarsely—"to save both your characters. I don't want to make no talk; if you do what is right by Rosa, neither me nor him will ever say a word. I want Rosa? Mr. Wentworth. Where's Rosa? If I had known as it was for this you wanted her home! But I'll take my oath not to make no talk," cried the clerk with passion and earnestness, which confounded Mr. Wentworth—"If you'll promise to do what's right by her, and let me take her home."

"Elsworthy, are you mad?" cried the Curate—"is he out of his senses? Has anything happened to Rosa? For heaven's sake, Hayles, don't stand there like a man of wood, but tell me if the man's crazy, or what he means."

"I'll come in, sir, if you've no objection, and shut the door not to make a talk," said Elsworthy's companion, Peter Hayles the druggist. "If it can be managed without any gossip it'll be best for all parties," said this worthy, shutting the door softly after him. "The thing is, where's Rosa, Mr. Wentworth? I can't think as you've got her here."

"She's all the same as my own child," cried Elsworthy, who was greatly excited. "I've had her and loved her since she was a baby. I don't mean to say as I'd put myself forward to hurt her prospects if she was married in a superior line o' life; but them as harms Rosa has me to reckon with," he said, with a kind of fury which sat strangely on the man. "Mr. Wentworth, where's the child? God forgive you both, you've given me a night o' weeping; but if you'll do what's right by Rosa, and send her home in the mean time——"

"Be silent, sir," cried the Curate. "I know nothing in the world about Rosa. How dare you venture to come on such an errand to me?

I don't understand how it is," said the young man, growing red and angry, "that you try so persistently to connect this child with me. I have never had anything to do with her, and I will not submit to any such impertinent suspicion. Leave my house, sir, immediately, and don't insult me by making such inquiries here."

Mr. Wentworth was very angry in the first flush of his wrath. He did not think what misery was involved in the question which had been addressed to him, nor did he see for the moment the terrible calamity to Rosa which was suggested by this search for her. He thought only of himself, as was natural, at the first shock—of the injurious and insulting suspicion with which he seemed to be pursued, and of the annoyance which she and her friends were causing him. "What do you mean by rousing a whole household at this hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth, as he saw with vexation, Sarah, very startled and sleepy, come stealing round by the kitchen door.

"You don't look as if you had wanted any rousing," said Elsworthy, who was too much in earnest to own the Curate's authority. "She was seen at your door the last thing last night, and you're in your clothes, as bright as day, and a-waiting for us afore six o'clock in the morning. Do you think as I've shut my eyes because it's my clergyman?" cried the injured man, passionately. "I want my little girl—my little Rosa—as is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. If Mr. Wentworth didn't know nothing about it, as he says," cried Elsworthy, with sudden insight, "he has a feelin' heart, and he'd be grieved about the child; but he ain't grieved, nor concerned, nor nothing in the world but angry; and will you tell me there ain't nothing to be drawn from that? But it's far from my intention to raise a talk," said the clerk, drawing closer and touching the arm of the Perpetual Curate; "let her come

back, and if you're a man of your word, and behave honourable by her, there shan't be nothing said in Carlingford. I'll stand up for you, sir, against the world."

Mr Wentworth shook off his assailant's hand with a mingled sense of exasperation and sympathy. "I tell you, upon my honour, I know nothing about her," he said. "But it is true enough I have been thinking only of myself," he continued, addressing the other. "How about the girl? When was she lost? and can't you think of any place she can have gone to? Elsworthy, hear reason," cried the Curate, anxiously. "I assure you on my word, that I have never seen her since I closed this garden gate upon her last night."

"And I would ask you, sir, what had Rosa to do at your garden gate?" cried the clerk of St. Roque's. "He ain't denying it, Hayles; you can see as he ain't a-denying of it. What was it as she came here for but you? Mr Wentworth, I've always had a great respect for you," said Elsworthy. "I've respected you as my clergyman, sir, as well as for other things; but you're a young man, and human nature is frail. I say again as you needn't have no fear for me. I ain't one as likes to make a talk, and no more is Hayles. Give up the girl, and give me your promise, and there ain't a man living as will be the wiser; Mr. Wentworth——"

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried the Curate, furious with indignation and resentment. "Leave this place instantly! If you don't want me to pitch you into the middle of the road, hold your tongue and go away. The man is mad!" said Mr Wentworth, turning towards the spectator, Hayles, and pausing to take breath. But it was evident that this third person was by no means on the Curate's side.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Hayles, with a blank countenance. "It appears to me, sir, as if it's an awkward business for all parties. Here's the girl gone, and

no one knows where. When a girl don't come back to her own 'ome all night, things looks serious, sir; and it has been said as the last place she was seen was at your door."

"Who says so?" cried Mr. Wentworth.

"Well—it was—a party, sir—a highly respectable party—as I have good reason to believe," said Hayles, "being a constant customer—one as there's every confidence to be put in. It's better not to name no names, being at this period of the affair."

And at that moment, unluckily for Mr. Wentworth, there suddenly floated across his mind the clearest recollection of the Miss Hemmings, and the look they gave him in passing. He felt a hot flush rush over his face as he recalled it. They, then, were his accusers in the first place; and for the first time he began to realise how the tide of accusation would surge through Carlingford, and how circumstances would be patched together, and very plausible evidence concocted out of the few facts which were capable of an inference totally opposed to the truth. The blood rushed to his face in an overpowering glow, and then he felt the warm tide going back upon his heart, and realised the position in which he stood for the first time in its true light.

"And if you'll let me say it, sir," said the judicious Hayles, "though a man may be in a bit of a passion, and speak more strong than is called for, it ain't unnatural in the circumstances; things may be better than they appear," said the druggist, mildly; "I don't say nothing against that; it may be as you've took her away, sir (if so be as you have took her away), for to give her a bit of education, or such like, before making her your wife; but folks in general ain't expected to know that; and when a young girl is kep' out of her 'ome for a whole night, it ain't wonderful if her friends take fright. It's a sad thing for Rosa whoever's taken her away, and wherever she is."

Now, Mr. Wentworth, notwithstanding the indignant state of mind which he was in, was emphatically of the tolerant temper which is so curiously characteristic of his generation. He could not be unreasonable even in his own cause; he was not partisan enough, even in his own behalf, to forget that there was another side to the question, and to see how hard and how sad was that other side. He was moved in spite of himself to grieve over Rosa Elsworthy's great misfortune.

"Poor little deluded child," he said sadly; "I acknowledge it is very dreadful for her and for her friends. I can excuse a man who is mad with grief and wretchedness and anxiety, and doesn't know what he is saying. As for any man in his senses imagining," said the Curate again with a flush of sudden colour, "that I could possibly be concerned in anything so base, that is simply absurd. When Elsworthy returns to reason, and acknowledges the folly of what he has said, I will do anything in the world to help him. It is unnecessary for you to wait," said Mr. Wentworth, turning to Sarah, who had stolen up behind, and caught some of the conversation, and who was staring with round eyes of wonder, partly guessing, partly inquiring, what had happened—"these people want me; go in-doors and never mind."

"La, sir! Missis is a-ringing all the bells down to know what 'as 'appened," said Sarah, holding her ground.

This was how it was to be—the name of the Curate of St. Roque's was to be linked to that of Rosa Elsworthy, let the truth be what it might, in the mouths of every maid and every mistress in Carlingford. He was seized with a sudden apprehension of this aspect of the matter, and it was not wonderful if Mr. Wentworth drew his breath hard and set his teeth, as he ordered the woman away, in a tone which could not be disobeyed.

"I don't want to make no talk," said Elsworthy, who during this

time had made many efforts to speak; "I've said it before, and I say it again—it's Mr. Wentworth's fault if there's any talk. She was seen here last night," he went on rapidly, "and afore six o'clock this blessed morning, you, as are never known to be stirring early, meets us at the door, all shaved and dressed; and it ain't very difficult to see to them as watches the clergyman's countenance," said Elsworthy, turning from one to another, "as everything isn't as straight as it ought to be; but I ain't going to make no talk, Mr. Wentworth," he went on, drawing closer, and speaking with conciliatory softness; "me and her aunt, sir, loves her dearly, but we're not the folks to stand in her way, if a gentleman was to take a fancy to Rosa. If you'll give me your word to make her your wife honourable, and tell me where she is, tortures wouldn't draw no complaints from me. One moment, sir; it ain't only that she's pretty, but she's good as well—she won't do you no discredit, Mr. Wentworth. Put her to school, or what you please, sir," said Rosa's uncle; "me and my wife will never interfere, so be as you make her your wife honourable; but I ain't a worm to be trampled on," cried Elsworthy, as the Curate, finding him approach very closely, thrust him away with vehement indignation; "I ain't a slave to be pushed about. Them as brings Rosa to shame shall come to shame by me; I'll ruin the man as ruins that child. You may turn me out," he cried, as the Curate laid his powerful hand upon his shoulder, and forced him towards the door, "but I'll come back, and I'll bring all Carlingford. There shan't be a soul in the town as doesn't know. Oh, you young viper, as I thought was a pious clergyman! you may turn me out, but you ain't got rid of me. My child—where's my child?" cried the infuriated clerk, as he found himself ejected into the road outside, and the door suddenly closed upon him. He turned round to

beat upon it in blind fury, and kept calling upon Rosa, and wasting his threats and arguments upon the calm air outside. Some of the maid-servants in the other houses came out, broom in hand, to the green doors, to see what was the matter, but they were not near enough to hear distinctly, and no early wayfarers had, as yet, invaded the morning quiet of Grange Lane.

Mr. Wentworth, white with excitement, and terribly calm and self-possessed, turned to the amazed and trembling druggist, who still stood inside. "Look here, Hayles," said the Curate; "I have never seen Rosa Elsworthy since I closed this door upon her last night. What had brought her here I don't know—at least, she came with no intention of seeing me—and I reproved her sharply for being out so late. This is all I know about the affair, and all I intend to say to any one. If that idiot outside intends to make a disturbance, he must do it; I shall take no further trouble to clear myself of such an insane accusation. I think it right to say as much to you, because you seem to have your senses about you," said the Curate, pausing, out of breath. He was perfectly calm, but it was impossible to ignore the effect of such a scene upon ordinary flesh and blood. His heart was beating loudly, and his breath came short and quick. He turned away and walked up to the house-door, and

then came back again. "You understand me, I suppose?" he said; "and if Elsworthy is not mad, you had better suggest to him not to lose his only chance of recovering Rosa by this vain bluster to me, who know nothing about her. I shan't be idle in the mean time," said Mr. Wentworth. All this time Elsworthy was beating against the door, and shouting his threats into the quiet of the morning; and Mrs. Hadwin had thrown up her window, and stood there visibly in her nightcap, trying to find out what the noise was about, and trembling for the respectability of her house,—all which the Curate apprehended with that extraordinary swiftness and breadth of perception which comes to men at the eventful moments of life.

"I'll do my best, sir," said Hayles, who felt that his honour was appealed to; "but it's an awkward business for all parties, that's what it is;" and the druggist backed out in a great state of bewilderment, having a little struggle at the door with Elsworthy to prevent his re-entrance. "There ain't nothing to be got out of him," said Mr. Hayles, as he succeeded at last in leading his friend away. Such was the conclusion of Mr. Wentworth's morning studies, and the sermon which was to have been half written before breakfast upon that eventful Saturday. He went back to the house, as was natural, with very different thoughts in his mind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The first thing Mr. Wentworth did was to hasten up-stairs to Wodehouse's room. Sarah had gone before him, and was by this time talking to her mistress, who had left the window, and stood, still in her nightcap, at the door of her own chamber. "It's something about Rosa Elsworthy, ma'am," said Sarah; "she's gone off with some one, which nothing else was to be expected; and her uncle's been

a-raving and a-raging at Mr. Wentworth, which proves as a gentleman should never take no notice of them shop-girls. I always heard as she was a bad lot."

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth—if you would excuse my nightcap"—said Mrs. Hadwin, "I am so shaken and all of a tremble with that noise; I couldn't help thinking it must be a murder at the least," said the little old lady; "but I never could

believe that there was anything between you and—— Sarah, you may go away; I should like to talk to Mr. Wentworth by himself," said Mrs. Hadwin, suddenly remembering that Mr. Wentworth's character must not be discussed in the presence of even her favourite maid.

"Presently," said the unhappy Curate, with mingled impatience and resignation; and, after a hasty knock at the door, he went into Wedehouse's room, which was opposite, so full of a furious anxiety to question him that he had burst into speech before he perceived that the room was empty. "Answer me this instant," he had cried, "where is Rosa Elsworthy?" and then he paused utterly taken aback. It had not occurred to him that the culprit would be gone. He had parted with him late on the previous night, leaving him, according to appearances, in a state of sulky half-penitence; and now the first impulse of his consternation was to look in all the corners for the fugitive. The room had evidently been occupied that night; part of the Curate's own wardrobe, which he had bestowed upon his guest, lay about on the chairs, and on a little table were his tools and the bits of wood with which he did his carving. The window was open, letting in the fresh air, and altogether the apartment looked so exactly like what it might have done had the occupant gone out for a virtuous morning walk, that Mr. Wentworth stopped short in blank amazement. It was a relief to him to hear the curious Sarah still rattling in the passage outside. He came out upon her so hastily that Sarah was startled. Perhaps she had been so far excited out of her usual propriety as to think of the keyhole as a medium of information.

"Where is Wode—— Mr. Smith?" cried the Curate; "he is not in his room—he does not generally get up so early. Where is he? Did he go out last night?"

"Not as I knows of, sir," said

Sarah, who grew a little pale, and gave a second glance at the open door. "Isn't the gentleman in his room? He do take a walk in the morning, now and again," and Sarah cast an alarmed look behind to see if her mistress was still within hearing; but Mrs. Hadwin, intent upon questioning Mr. Wentworth himself, had fortunately retired to put on her cap, and closed her door.

"Where is he?" said the Curate, firmly.

"Oh, please, sir, I don't know," said Sarah, who was very near crying. "He's gone out for a walk, that's all. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, don't look at me so dreadful, and I'll tell you hall," cried the frightened girl, "hall—as true as if I was on my oath. He 'as a taking way with him," said poor Sarah, to whom the sulky and shabby rascal was radiant still with the fascinating though faded glory of a "gentleman" — "and he ain't one as has been used to regular hours; and seeing as he was a friend of yours, I knew as hall was safe, Mr. Wentworth; and oh, sir, if you'll not tell missis, as might be angry. I didn't mean ne harm; and knowing as he was a friend of yours, I let him have the key of the little door."

Here Sarah put her apron to her eyes; she did not cry much into it, or wet it with her tears—but under its cover she peeped at Mr. Wentworth, and, encouraged by his looks, which did not seem to promise any immediate catastrophe, went on with her explanation.

"He's been and took a walk often in the morning," said Sarah, with little gasps which interrupted her voice, "and come in as steady as steady, and nothing happened. He's gone for a walk now, poor gentleman. Them as goes out first thing in the morning, can't mean no harm, Mr. Wentworth. If it was at night, it would be different," said the apologetic Sarah. "He'll be in afore we've done our breakfast in the kitchen; that's his hour, for I always brings him a cup of coffee. If you hadn't been up not till your

hour, sir, you'd never have known nothing about it;" and here even Mrs. Hadwin's housemaid looked sharply in the Curate's face. "I never knew you so early, sir, not since I've been here," said Sarah; and though she was a partisan of Mr. Wentworth, it occurred even to Sarah that perhaps, after all, Elsworthy might be right.

"If he comes in, let me know immediately," said the Curate; and he went to his study and shut himself in, to think it all over with a sense of being baited and baffled on every side. As for Sarah, she went off in great excitement to discuss the whole business with the cook, tossing her head as she went. "Rosa Elsworthy, indeed!" said Sarah to herself, thinking her own claims to admiration quite as well worth considering—and Mr. Wentworth had already lost one humble follower in Grange Lane.

The Curate sat down at his table as before, and gazed with a kind of exasperation at the paper and the text out of which his sermon was to have come. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways"—he began to wonder bitterly whether that ever happened, or if it was any good trying to bring it about. If it were really the case that Wodehouse, whom he had been labouring to save from the consequences of one crime, had, at the very crisis of his fate, perpetrated another of the basest kind, what was the good of wasting strength in behalf of a wretch so abandoned? Why should such a man be permitted to live to bring shame and misery on everybody connected with him? and why, when noxious vermin of every other description were hunted down and exterminated, should the vile human creature be spared to suck the blood of his friends? Mr. Wentworth grew sanguinary in his thoughts as he leaned back in his chair, and tried to return to the train of reflection which Elsworthy's arrival had banished. That was totally impossible, but another train

of ideas came fast enough to fill up the vacant space. The Curate saw himself hemmed in on every side without any way of escape. If he could not extract any information from Wodehouse, or if Wodehouse denied any knowledge of Rosa, what could he do to clear himself from an imputation so terrible? and if, on the other hand, Wodehouse did not come back, and so pleaded guilty, how could he pursue and put the law upon the track of the man whom he had just been labouring to save from justice, and over whose head a criminal prosecution was impending? Mr. Wentworth saw nothing but misery, let him turn where he would—nothing but disgrace, misapprehension, unjust blame. He divined, with the instinct of a man in deadly peril, that Elsworthy, who was a mean enough man in common circumstances, had been inspired by the supposed injury he had sustained into a relentless demon; and he saw distinctly how strong the chain of evidence was against him, and how little he could do to clear himself. As his miseries grew upon him, he got up, as was natural, and began to walk about the room to walk down his impatience, if he could, and acquire sufficient composure to enable him to wait for the time when Wodehouse might be expected to arrive. Mr. Wentworth had forgotten at the moment that Mrs. Hadwin's room was next to his study, and that, as she stood putting on her cap his footsteps vibrated along the flooring, which thrilled under her feet almost as much as under his own. Mrs. Hadwin, as she stood before her glass smoothing her thin little braids of white hair, and putting on her cap, could not but wonder to herself what could make Mr. Wentworth walk about the room in such an agitated way. It was not by any means the custom of the Perpetual Curate, who, up to the time of his aunts' arrival in Carlingford, had known no special disturbances in his individual career. And then the old lady thought of

that report about little Rosa Elsworthy, which she had never believed, and grew troubled, as old ladies are not unapt to do under such circumstances, with all that lively faith in the seductions of "an artful girl," and all that contemptuous pity for a "poor young man," which seems to come natural to a woman. All the old ladies in Carlingford, male and female, were but too likely to entertain the same sentiments, which at least, if they did nothing else, showed a wonderful faith in the power of love and folly common to human nature. It did not occur to Mrs. Hadwin any more than it did to Miss Dora, that Mr. Wentworth's good sense and pride, and superior cultivation, were sufficient defences against little Rosa's dimpled cheeks and bright eyes; and with some few exceptions, such was likely to be the opinion of the little world of Carlingford. Mrs. Hadwin grew more and more anxious about the business as she felt the boards thrill under her feet, and heard the impatient movements in the next room; and as soon as she had settled her cap to her satisfaction, she left her own chamber and went to knock, as was to be expected, at Mr. Wentworth's door.

It was just at this moment that Mr. Wentworth saw Wodehouse's shabby figure entering at the garden gate; he turned round suddenly without hearing Mrs. Hadwin's knock, and all but ran over the old lady in his haste and eagerness—"Pardon me; I am in a great hurry," cried the Curate, darting past her. Just at the moment when she expected her curiosity to be satisfied, it was rather hard upon Mrs. Hadwin to be dismissed so summarily. She went down stairs in a state of great dignity, with her lace mittens on, and her hands crossed before her. She felt she had more and more reason for doubting human nature in general, and for believing that the Curate of St. Roque's in particular could not bear any close examination into his conduct. Mrs. Hadwin sat down

to her breakfast accordingly with a sense of pitying virtue which was sweet to her spirit, notwithstanding that she was, as she would have frankly acknowledged, very fond of Mr. Wentworth; she said "poor young man" to herself, and shook her head over him as she poured out her solitary cup of tea. She had never been a beauty herself, nor had she exercised any overwhelming influence that she could remember over any one in the days of her distant youth: but being a true woman, Mrs. Hadwin believed in Rosa Elsworthy, and pitied, not without a certain half-conscious female disdain, the weakness of the inevitable victim. He did not dare to stop to explain to *her* what it meant. He rushed out of her way as soon as he saw she meant to question him. That designing girl had got him entirely under her sway, the poor young man!

Meanwhile the Curate, without a single thought for his landlady, made a rush to Wodehouse's room. He did not wait for any answer to his knock, but went in, not as a matter of policy, but because his eagerness carried him on in spite of himself. To Mr. Wentworth's great amazement Wodehouse was undressing, intending, apparently, to return to bed. The shabby fugitive, looking broad and brawny in his shirt-sleeves, turned round when he heard the voice with an angry exclamation. His face grew black as he saw the Curate at the door. "What the deuce have you to do in my room at this hour?" he growled into his beard. "Is a man never to have a little peace?" and with that threw down his coat, which he still had in his hand, and faced round towards the intruder with sullen looks. It was his nature to stand always on the defensive, and he had got so much accustomed to being regarded as a culprit, that he naturally took up the part, whether there might be just occasion or not.

"Where have you been?" ex-

claimed the Curate; "answer me truly—I can't submit to any evasion. I know it all, Wodehouse; though I can't tell how you have planned it, nor what was your motive, I see the fact clear enough. Where is she? where have you hid her? If you do not give her up I will give you up to justice. Do you hear me? where is Rosa Elsworthy? This is a matter that touches my honour, and I must know the truth."

Mr. Wentworth was so full of the subject that it did not occur to him how much time he was giving his antagonist to prepare his answer. Wodehouse was not clever, but he had the instinct of a baited animal driven to bay. There was nothing for it but resistance, and to this he gradually collected his faculties, while the Curate poured forth his questions. It was an injudicious proceeding on Mr. Wentworth's part, but he was too much excited and occupied with the matter in question to recollect at the moment which was the more prudent course.

"Rosa Elsworthy?" said the vagabond, "what have I to do with Rosa Elsworthy? A pretty man I should be to run away with a girl; all that I have in the world is a shilling or two, and, by Jove, it's an expensive business, that is. You should ask your brother," he continued, giving a furtive glance at the Curate—"it's more in his way, by Jove, than mine."

Mr. Wentworth was recalled to himself by this reply. "Where is she?" he said, sternly,—"no trifling. I did not ask if you had taken her away. I ask, where is she?" He had shut the door behind him, and stood in the middle of the room, facing Wodehouse, and overawing him by his superior stature, force, and virtue. Before the Curate's look the eyes of the other fell,—he could not meet the keen gaze that was bent upon him. The rest of his sullen countenance did not alter much, but all kinds of shifting sidelong looks came from his

eyes. He tried to catch Mr. Wentworth unawares, and to read what his face meant, without meeting his look; and, failing in that, his furtive eyes made perpetual retreats and escapes, looking everywhere but at his accuser.

"I don't know anything about her," he said at last; "how should I know anything about her? I ain't a fool, by Jove, whatever I may be; a man may talk to a pretty girl without any harm. I mayn't be as good as a parson, but, by Jove, I ain't a fool," he muttered through his beard. He had begun to speak with a kind of sulkily self-confidence; but his voice sank lower as he proceeded. Jack Wentworth's elegant levity was a terrible failure in the hands of the coarser rascal. He fell back by degrees upon the only natural quality which enabled him to offer any resistance. "By Jove, I ain't an idiot," he repeated with dull obstinacy, and upon that statement made a stand in his dogged, argumentative way.

"Would you like it better if I said you were a villain?" asked the exasperated Curate: "where is the girl? I don't want to discuss your character with you. Where is Rosa Elsworthy? She is scarcely more than a child," said Mr. Wentworth, "and a fool, if you like. But where is she? I warn you that unless you tell me you shall have no more assistance from me."

"And I tell you that I don't know," said Wodehouse; and the two men stood facing each other, one glowing with youthful indignation, the other enveloped in a cloud of sullen resistance. Just then there came a soft knock at the door, and Sarah peeped in with a coquettish air, which at no other time in her existence had been visible in the sedate demeanour of Mrs. Hadwin's favourite handmaid. The stranger lodger was "a gentleman," notwithstanding his shabbiness, and he was a very civil-spoken gentleman, without a bit of pride; and Sarah was still a

woman, though she was plain and a housemaid. "Please, sir, I've brought you your coffee," said Sarah, and she carried in her tray, which contained all the materials for a plentiful breakfast. When she saw Mr. Wentworth standing in the room, and Wodehouse in his shirt-sleeves, Sarah said, "La!" and set down her tray hastily and vanished; but the episode, short as it was, had not been without its use to the culprit who was standing on his defence.

"I'm not staying here on my own account," said Wodehouse,—"It's no pleasure to me to be here. I'm staying for your brother's sake and—other people's; it's no pleasure to me, by Jove. I'd go to-morrow if I had my way—but I ain't a fool," continued the sulky defendant: "it's of no use asking me such questions, for I don't know. By Jove, I've other things to think of than girls; and you know pretty well how much money I've got," he continued, taking out an old purse and emptying out the few shillings it contained into his hand. When he had thrown them about, out and in for nearly a minute, he turned once more upon the Curate. "I'd like to have a little more pocket-money before I ran away with any one," said Wodehouse, and tossed the shillings back contemptuously. As for Mr. Wentworth, his reasonableness once more came greatly in his way. He began to ask himself whether this penniless vagabond, who seemed to have no dash or daring in his character, could have been the man to carry little Rosa away; and, perplexed by this idea, Mr. Wentworth began to put himself into the position of his opponent, and in that character to make appeals to his imaginary generosity and truth.

"Wodehouse," he said seriously, "look here. I am likely to be much annoyed about this, and perhaps injured. I entreat you to tell me, in you know, where the girl is? I've been at some little trouble for you, be frank with me for once,"

said the Curate of St. Roque's. Nothing in existence could have prevented himself from responding to such an appeal, and he made it with a kind of noble absurd confidence, that there must be some kindred depths even in the meaner nature with which he had to deal, which would have been to Jack Wentworth, had he seen it, a source of inextinguishable laughter. Even Wodehouse was taken by surprise. He did not understand Mr. Wentworth, but he had been a gentleman once, and a certain vague idea that the Curate was addressing him as if he still were "a gentleman as he used to be"—though it did not alter his resolution in any way—brought a vague flush of shame to his unaccustomed cheek.

"I ain't a fool," he repeated rather hastily, and turned away not to meet the Curate's eyes. "I've got no money—how should I know anything about her? If I had, do you think I should have been here?" he continued, with a side-long look of inquiry: then he paused and put on his coat, and in that garb felt himself more of a match for his opponent. "I'll tell you one thing you'll thank me for," he said,—"the old man is dying, they think. They'll be sending for you presently. That's more important than a talk about a girl. I've been talked to till I'm sick," said Wodehouse, with a little burst of irrepressible nature, "but things may change before you all know where you are." When he had said so much, the fear in his heart awoke again, and he cast another look of inquiry and anxiety at the Curate's face. But Mr. Wentworth was disgusted, and had no more to say.

"Everything changes—except the heart of the churl which can never be made beautiful," said the indignant young priest. It was not a fit sentiment, perhaps, for a preacher who had just written that text about the wicked man turning from the evil of his ways. Mr. Wentworth went away in a glow of passion and indignation and con-

citement, and left his guest to a perfectly good appetite, notwithstanding all the events of the morning, and all the mystery of the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Wentworth retired to his own quarters with enough to think about for one morning. He could not make up his mind about Wodehouse—whether he was guilty or no guilty. It seemed incredible that, penniless as he was, he could have succeeded in carrying off a girl so well known in Carlingford as Rosa Elsworthy; and if he had taken her away, how did it happen that he himself had come back again? The Curate saw clearly enough that his only chance for exculpating himself in the sight of the multitude was by bringing home the guilt to somebody else; and in proportion to the utter scorn with which he had treated Elsworthy's insinuations at first, was his serious apprehension now of the danger which surrounded him. He divined all that slander would make of it with the quickened intelligence of a man whose entire life, and reputation dearer than life, were at stake. If it could not be cleared up—if even any investigation which he might be able to demand was not perfectly successful—Mr. Wentworth was quite well aware that the character of a clergyman was almost as susceptible as that of a woman, and that the vague stigma might haunt and overshadow him all his life. The thought was overwhelming at this moment, when his first hopes of finding a speedy solution of the mystery had come to nothing. If he had but lived a century earlier, the chances are that no doubt of Wodehouse's guilt would have entered his mind; but Mr. Wentworth was a man of the present age—reasonable to a fault, and apt to consider other people as much as possible from their own point of view. He did not see, looking at all

the circumstances, how Wodehouse *could* be guilty; and the Curate would not permit the strong instinctive certainty that he *was* guilty, to move his own mind from what he imagined to be its better judgment. He was thinking it over very gloomily when his breakfast was brought to him and his letters, feeling that he could be sure of nobody in such an emergency, and dreading more the doubt of his friends than the clamour of the general world. He could bear (he imagined) to be hooted at in the streets, if it ever came to that; but to see the faces of those who loved him troubled with a torturing doubt of his truth was a terrible thought to the Perpetual Curate. And Lucy? But here the young man got up indignant, and threw off his fears. He doubted her regard with a doubt which threw darkness over the whole universe; but that she should be able for a moment to doubt his entire devotion to her, seemed a blindness incredible. No; let who would believe ill of him in this respect, to Lucy such an accusation must look as monstrous as it was untrue. *She*, at least, knew otherwise; and, taking this false comfort to his heart, Mr. Wentworth took up his letters, and presently was deep in the anxieties of his brother Gerald, who wrote to him as to a man at leisure, and without any overwhelming perplexities of his own. It requires a very high amount of unselfishness in the person thus addressed to prevent a degree of irritation which is much opposed to sympathy; and Mr. Wentworth, though he was very impartial and reasonable, was not, being still young and meaning to be happy, unselfish to any inhuman degree. He put down Gerald's

letter, after he had read through half of it, with an exclamation of impatience which he could not restrain, and then poured out his coffee, which had got cold in the mean time, and gulped it down with a sense of half-comforting disgust—for there are moments when the mortification of the flesh is a relief to the spirit; and then it occurred to him to remember Wodehouse's tray, which was a kind of love-offering to the shabby vagabond, and the perfect good order in which *he* had his breakfast; and Mr. Wentworth laughed at himself with a whimsical perception of all that was absurd in his own position which did him good, and broke the spell of his solitary musings. When he took up Gerald's letter again, he read it through. A man more sympathetic, open-hearted, and unselfish than Gerald Wentworth did not exist in the world, as his brother well knew; but nevertheless, Gerald's mind was so entirely preoccupied that he passed over the Curate's cares with the lightest reference imaginable. "I hope you found all right when you got back, and nothing seriously amiss with Jack," the elder brother wrote, and then went on to his own affairs. All right! nothing seriously amiss! To a man who felt himself standing on the edge of possible ruin, such expressions seemed strange indeed.

The Rector of Wentworth, however, had enough in his mind to excuse him for a momentary forgetfulness of others. Things had taken a different turn with him since his brother left. He had been so busy with his change of faith and sentiment, that the practical possibilities of the step which he contemplated had not disturbed Gerald. He had taken it calmly for granted that he *could* do what he wanted to do. But a new light had burst upon him in that respect, and changed the character of his thoughts. Notwithstanding the conviction into which he had reasoned himself, that peace was to be found in Rome and nowhere else, the Rector of

Wentworth had not contemplated the idea of becoming simply a Catholic layman. He was nothing if not a priest, he had said, passionately. He could have made a martyr of himself—have suffered tortures and death with the steadiest endurance; but he could not face the idea of taking all meaning and significance out of his life, by giving up the profession which he felt to be laid upon him by orders indelible, beyond the power of circumstances to revoke. Such was the new complication to which Gerald had come. He was terribly staggered in his previous resolution by this new doubt, and he wrote to pour his difficulties into the ear of his brother. It had been one of Louisa's relations, appealed to by her in the next access of terror after that in which she had summoned Frank, who, being a practical man, and not moved by much sentiment on the subject, had brought this aspect of the matter before the Rector of Wentworth. Gerald had been studying Canon law, but his English intelligence did not make very much of it; and the bare idea of a dispensation making that right which in itself was wrong, touched the high-minded gentleman to the quick, and brought him to a sudden standstill. He who was nothing if not a priest, stood sorrowfully looking at his contemplated martyrdom—like Brother Domenico of St. Mark's sighing on the edge of the fiery ordeal into which the Church herself would not let him plunge. If it was so, he no longer knew what to do. He would have wrapped the vestment of the new priesthood about him, though it was a garment of fire; but to stand aside in irksome leisure was a harder trial, at which he trembled. This was the new complication in which Gerald asked his brother's sympathy and counsel. It was a long letter, curiously introspective, and full of self-argument; and it was hard work, with a mind so occupied as was that of the Perpetual Curate, to give it due attention. He put it away

when he had done with his cold breakfast, and deferred the consideration of the subject, with a kind of vague hope that the family firmament might possibly brighten in that quarter at least; but the far-off and indistinct interest with which he viewed, across his own gloomy surroundings, this matter which had engrossed him so completely a few days before was wonderful to see.

And then he paused, to think what he was to do. To go out and face the slander which already must have crept forth on its way—to see Elsworthy and ascertain whether he had come to his senses, and try if anything could be done for Rosa's discovery—to exert himself somehow, in short, and get rid of the feverish activity which he felt consuming him—that was what he longed to do. But, on the other hand, it was Saturday, and Mr. Wentworth was conscious that it would be more dignified, and in better taste altogether, if he went on writing his sermon and took no notice of this occurrence, with which, in reality, he had nothing to do. It was difficult, but no doubt it was best; and he tried it accordingly—putting down a great many sentences which had to be scratched out again, and spoiling altogether the appearance of his sermon-paper. When a message came from Mr. Wodehouse's about eleven o'clock, bringing the news that he was much worse and not expected to live, and begging Mr. Wentworth's immediate presence, the Curate was as nearly glad as it was possible for a man to be under the circumstances. He had "a feeling heart," as even Elsworthy allowed, but in such a moment of excitement any kind of great and terrible event seemed to come natural. He hastened out into the fresh morning sunshine, which still seemed thrilling with life and joy, and went up Grange Lane with a certain sense of curiosity, wondering whether everybody was already aware of what had happened. A long way off a figure

which much resembled that of the Rector was visible crossing over to Dr. Marjoribanks's door; and it occurred to the Curate that Mr. Morgan was crossing to avoid him, which brought a smile of anger and involuntary dislike to his face, and nerved him for any other encounter. The green door at Mr. Wodehouse's—a homely sign of the trouble in the house—had been left unlatched, and was swinging ajar with the wind when the Curate came up; and as he went in (closing it carefully after him, for that forlorn little touch of carelessness went to his heart), he encountered in the garden Dr. Marjoribanks and Dr. Rider, who were coming out together with very grave looks. They did not stop for much conversation, only pausing to tell him that the case was hopeless, and that the patient could not possibly live beyond a day or two at most; but even in the few words that were spoken Mr. Wentworth perceived, or thought he perceived, that something had occurred to lessen him in the esteem of the shrewd old Scotch doctor, who contemplated him and his prayer-book with critical eyes. "I confess, after all, that there are cases in which written prayers are a kind of security," Mr. Marjoribanks said in an irrelevant manner to Dr. Rider when Mr. Wentworth had passed them—an observation at which, in ordinary cases, the Curate would have smiled; but to-day the color rose to his face, and he understood that Dr. Marjoribanks did not think him qualified to carry comfort or instruction to a sick-bed. Perhaps the old doctor had no such idea in his mind—perhaps it was simply a relic of his national Presbyterianism, to which the old Scotchman kept up a kind of visionary allegiance. But whether he meant it or not, Mr. Wentworth understood it as a reproach to himself, and went on with a bitter feeling of mortification to the sick-room. He had gone with his whole heart into his priestly office, and had been noted for his ministrations to the sick

and poor; but now his feelings were much too personal for the atmosphere into which he was just about to enter. He stopped at the door to tell John that he would take a stroll round the garden before he came in, as he had a headache, and went on through the walks which were sacred to Lucy, not thinking of her, but wondering bitterly whether anybody would stand by him, or whether an utterly baseless slander would outweigh all the five years of his life which he had spent among the people of Carlingford. Meanwhile John stood at the door and watched him, and of course thought it was very "queer." "It ain't as if he'd a-bin sitting up all night, like our young ladies," said John to himself, and unconsciously noted the circumstance down in his memory against the Curate.

When Mr. Wentworth entered the sick-room, he found all very silent and still in that darkened chamber. Lucy was seated by the bedside, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and looking as if she had not slept for several nights; while Miss Wodehouse, who, notwithstanding all her anxiety to be of use, was far more helpless than Lucy, stood on the side next the door, with her eyes fixed on her sister, watching with pathetic unserviceableness the moment when she could be of some use. As for the patient himself, he lay in a kind of stupor, from which he scarcely ever could be roused, and showed no tokens at the moment of hearing or seeing anybody. The scene was doubly sad, but it was without the excitement which so often breathes in the atmosphere of death. There was no eager listening for the last word, no last outbursts of tenderness. The daughters were both hushed into utter silence; and Lucy, who was more reasonable than her sister, had even given up those wistful beseeching looks at the patient, with which Miss Wodehouse still regarded him, as if he perhaps might be thus persuaded to speak. The nurse whom

Dr. Majorbanks had sent to assist them was visible through an open door, sleeping very comfortably in the adjoining room. Mr. Wentworth came into the silent chamber with all his anxieties throbbing in his heart, bringing life at its very height of agitation and tumult into the presence of death. He went forward to the bed, and tried for an instant to call up any spark of intelligence that might yet exist within the mind of the dying man; but Mr. Wodehouse was beyond the voice of any priest. The Curate said the prayers for the dying at the bedside, suddenly filled with a great pity for the man who was thus taking leave unawares of all this mournful-splendid world. Though the young man knew many an ordinary sentiment about the vanity of life, and had given utterance to that effect freely in the way of his duty, he was still too fresh in his heart to conceive actually that any one could leave the world without poignant regrets; and when his prayer was finished, he stood looking at the patient with inexpressible compassion. Mr. Wodehouse had scarcely reached old age; he was well-off, and only a week ago, seemed to have so much to enjoy; now, here he lay stupefied, on the edge of the grave, unable to respond even by a look to the love that surrounded him. Once more there rose in the heart of the young priest a natural impulse of resentment and indignation; and when he thought of the cause of this change, he remembered Wodehouse's threat, and roused himself from his contemplation of the dying to think of the probable fate of those who must live.

"Has he made his will?" said Mr. Wentworth, suddenly. He forgot that it was Lucy who was standing by him; and it was only when he caught a glance of reproach and horror from her eyes that he recollected how abrupt his question was. "Pardon me," he said; "you think me heartless to speak of it at such a time; but tell me, if you

know: Miss Wodehouse, has he made his will?"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, I don't know anything about business," said the elder sister. "He said he would; but we have had other things to think of—more important things," said poor Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands, and looking at Mr. Wentworth with eyes full of warning and meaning, beseeching him not to betray her secret. She came nearer to the side of the bed, on which Lucy and the Curate were standing, and plucked at his sleeve in her anxiety. "We have had very different things to think of. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, what does it matter?" said the poor lady, interposing her anxious looks, which suggested every kind of misfortune, between the two.

"It matters everything in the world," said Mr. Wentworth. "Pardon me if I wound you—I must speak; if it is possible to rouse him, an effort must be made. Send for Mr. Waters. He must not be allowed to go out of the world and leave your interests in the hands of —"

"Oh, hush, Mr. Wentworth, hush! — oh, hush, hush! Don't say any more," cried Miss Wodehouse, grasping his arm in her terror.

Lucy rose from where she had been sitting at the bedside. She had grown paler than before, and looked almost stern in her youthful gravity. "I will not permit my father to be disturbed," she said. "I don't know what you mean, or what you are talking of; but he is not to be disturbed. Do you think I will let him be vexed in his last hours about money or anybody's interest?" she said, turning upon the Curate a momentary glance of scorn. Then she sat down again, with a pang of disappointment added to her grief. She could not keep her heart so much apart from him, as not to expect a little comfort from his presence. And there had been comfort in his prayers and his looks; but to hear him speak of ills and worldly affairs by her

father's deathbed, as any other man might have done, went to Lucy's heart. She sat down again, putting her hand softly upon the edge of the pillow, to guard the peace of those last moments which were ebbing away so rapidly. What if all the comfort in the world hung upon it? Could she let her kind father be troubled in his end for anything so miserable? Lucy turned her indignant eyes upon the others with silent resolution. It was she who was *his* protector now.

"But it must be done," said Mr. Wentworth. "You will understand me hereafter. Miss Wodehouse, you must send for Mr. Waters, and in the mean time I will do what I can to rouse him. It is no such cruelty as you think," said the Curate, with humility; "it is not for money or interest only—it concerns all the comfort of your life."

This he said to Lucy, who sat defending her father. She, for her part, looked up at him with eyes that broke his heart. At that moment of all others, the unfortunate Curate perceived, by a sudden flash of insight, that nothing less than love could look at him with such force of disappointment and reproach and wounded feeling. He replied to the look by a gesture of mingled entreaty and despair.

"What can I do?" he cried — "you have no one else to care for you. I cannot even explain to you all that is at stake. I must act as I ought, even though you hate me for it. Let us send for Mr. Waters; —if there is a will —"

Mr. Wentworth had raised his voice a little in the excitement of the moment, and the word caught the dull ear of the dying man. The Curate saw instantly that there was comprehension in the flicker of the eyelash and the tremulous movement of the hand upon the bed. It was a new and unaccustomed part which he had now to play; he went hurriedly to the other side and leaned over the pillow to make out the stammering

words which began to be audible. Lucy had risen up also and stood looking at her father still with her look of defence. As the feeble lips babbled forth unintelligible words, Lucy's pale face grew sterner and sterner. As for Miss Wodehouse, she stood behind, crying and trembling. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth, do you think it is returning life—do you think he is better?" she cried, looking wistfully at the Curate; and between the two young people, who were leaning with looks and feelings so different over his bed, the patient lay struggling with those terrible bonds of weakness, labouring to find expression for something which wrought him into a fever of excitement. While Mr. Wentworth bent his ear closer and closer, trying to make some sense of the inarticulate torrent of sound, Lucy, inspired by grief and horror and indignation, leaned over her father on the other side, doing everything possible to calm him. "Oh, papa, don't say any more—don't say any more; we understand you," she cried, and put her soft hands upon his flushed forehead, and her cheek to his. "No more, no more," cried the girl in the dulled ear which could not hear. "We will do everything you wish—we understand all," said Lucy. Mr. Wentworth withdrew vanquished in that strange struggle—he stood looking on while she caressed and calmed and subdued into silence the dying passion which he would have given anything in the world to stimulate into clearer utterance. She had baffled his efforts, made him helpless to serve her, perhaps injured herself cruelly; but all the more the Curate loved her for it, as she expanded over her dying father, with the white sleeves hanging loose about her arms like the white wings of an angel, as he thought. Gradually the agony of utterance got subdued, and then Lucy resumed her position by the bed. "He shall not be disturbed," she said again, through lips that were parched with emotion; and so sat watchful over him, a guard-

dian immovable, ready to the world in defence of his peace.

Mr. Wentworth turned away with his heart full. He would have liked to go and kiss her hand or her sleeve or anything belonging to her; and yet he was impatient beyond expression, and felt that she had baffled and vanquished him. Miss Wodehouse stood behind, still looking on with a half perception of what had happened; but the mind of the elder sister was occupied with vain hopes and fears, such as inexperienced people are subject to in the presence of death.

"He heard what you said," said Miss Wodehouse; "don't you think that was a good sign? Oh, Mr. Wentworth, sometimes I think he looks a little better," said the poor lady, looking wistfully into the Curate's face. Mr. Wentworth could only shake his head as he hurried away.

"I must go and consult Mr. Waters," he said as he passed her. "I shall come back presently;" and then Miss Wodehouse followed him to the door, to beg him not to speak to Mr. Waters of *anything particular*—"For papa has no confidence in him," she said, anxiously. The Curate was nearly driven to his wits' end as he hastened out. He forgot the clouds that surrounded him in his anxiety about this sad household; for it seemed but too evident that Mr. Wodehouse had made no special provision for his daughters; and to think of Lucy under the power of her unknown brother, made Mr. Wentworth's blood boil.

The shutters were all put up that afternoon in the prettiest house in Grange Lane. The event took Carlingford altogether by surprise; but other events just then were moving the town into the wildest excitement; for nothing could be heard, far or near, of poor little Rosa Elsworthy, and everybody was aware that the last time she was seen in Carlingford, she was standing by herself in the dark, at Mr. Wentworth's garden-door.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE AND COMMONERS.

THE constant ebb and flow of our national life has worked such change in most of our old towns, that the modern English pilgrim (say a gentleman travelling in the hardware line) who visits Winchester, and spares an hour for the Cathedral and the College, has need to look at his guide-book to remember that he stands in what was, for something like four centuries, the capital of England; where Egbert, and the Conqueror, and the Red King, and Henry the Scholar, held their courts, and which, even so late as the reign of Henry III., disputed precedence with the citizens of London. In the old minster there the most famous of the West-Saxon kings were buried; nay, though disturbed by the Danes, their very bones are at this day reputed to lie (somewhat confused indeed, and of doubtful authenticity) in those wooden arks of quaint workmanship — comparatively modern, yet ancient enough to be often taken for the original receptacles — which rest in the chancel of the present Cathedral. But a local antiquarian, of any zeal for the honour of his city, would have far more than this to tell. Did not the great Arthur himself — "*flos regum*" — build him a castle here, in days when the Saxon was not yet in the land? Was not this Camelot? Does not the wondrous Round Table itself, a great fact (only that nothing is so deceptive as facts), hang to this day over the heads of her Majesty's judges, like Damocles's sword, in the Nisi Prius Court there? Again, was it not here that Guy of Warwick slew Odbrand the Dane, that "Goliath of the pagans," and, like a second David, laid the huge head and casque at the feet of Athelstan in the Danemark? The giant's very axe might have been seen and touched, as a relic of the combat, but that it was stolen, with other

treasures, during the Great Rebellion. But if we listen to the store of legends which are written in Winchester chronicles, we shall never get to the College at all, within the compass of these pages; and it is to the College, good reader, that our special pilgrimage is to be made.

Leave the city streets, then, and pass across the Cathedral Close — stopping for one instant, if you please, to look in through the open door of the noble vista of the nave, and make a short turn to your left into the lane which is called College Street, and which, excepting an undue proportion of pastry-cooks' and fruiterers' shops, has little to betoken the approach to so ancient and illustrious a seat of learning. We pass a long and somewhat blank wall, and stand before the gateway tower of St. Mary's College. If your mind is preoccupied with the architectural fame of its great founder, and his princely munificence, you may possibly be disappointed at first sight. Built on the very outskirts of the city, in the warlike days of the Plantagenets, the exterior of the college was designed with at least as much regard to security as ornament. The windows, few and narrow, and closely barred — two or three quaint little oriels which appear in old prints have long been blocked up — give a somewhat blind and prison-like look to the street-front, which is not altogether inviting. You have to remember what the good old times of Richard II. were, and what sort of visitors were apt occasionally to knock at your gates and look in at your drawing-room windows in those days, before you can fully appreciate the suitableness of the design to the circumstances.

"In those days," says the chronicler Froissart, "there reigned in England a priest called William of Wykeham; this William of Wyke-

ham was so much in favour with the King of England that everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him." He did "reign," indeed, for some years, almost as really as Dunstan; and might have been almost pardoned if he had written of Edward Longshanks as Wolsey is said to have done of his royal patron—"Ego et res mea." He did something of the kind, which wellnigh got him into trouble early in his life; for, having been appointed royal surveyor and architect, and in that capacity having rebuilt Windsor Castle for his majesty, he had the vanity to set up in some conspicuous part of his new works the legend, ~~egres sume ex pueris~~—an assumption which his enemies at court rebuked as little short of treason. His friends made an excuse for him which it is to be hoped he was much too honest to make for himself, but which enthusiastic Wykehamists, in biographies and otherwise, profess to believe to this day—that he intended to express that the castle was the making of him; a prophetic foresight of future royal favours scarcely less presumptuous. However, Wykeham—or William Long, for if he had any real patronymic, it was that—weathered that storm, and others more perilous afterwards; became twice Lord Chancellor, and Bishop of Winchester. He was perhaps the greatest pluralist in an age of pluralities, holding something like seventeen canonries in different dioceses, Welsh and English, besides a deanery and an archdeaconry; to which accumulation of good things, if any stout church-reformer made objection, it might be answered that he applied the proceeds to better purpose than any ordinary seventeen canons, dean, and archdeacon put together. He did many munificent acts besides, as his diocese and cathedral bear witness; but more especially he founded and endowed, of his

own sole charges, the two great colleges of St. Mary of Winchester in Oxford (commonly known as New College), and St. Mary College in Winchester; this latter as a nursery for the former.

Long before this, Winchester had been known as "a school of kings." There Egbert had placed his son Ethelwulf under the teaching of Bishop Helmstan, and there the great Alfred had sat at the feet of St. Swithun. The Saxon Athelwold, whose praise was in all the churches, a true saint and scholar, was in all likelihood educated there; and his biographer, Archbishop Alfric, has an evident pride, near nine hundred years ago, in writing himself down "*Wintonensis alumnus*."* There had been a "High School" there from time that had become almost immemorial even in Wykeham's days; and even that, tradition would have said, was a mere modern institution—a temple of Apollo had preceded the monk's cloister. But later and more personal memories influenced Wykeham's choice. If that High School he had himself been educated by a rich friend's liberality; he saw it now falling into decay; he saw young scholars, poor but deserving, much in need of the same help which he had found; and his first idea seems to have been to re-establish and endow his old school for this purpose. He was not a man to do things by halves; and in 1378 he appears to have reopened it at once with seventy scholars, for whose charges he undertook to provide. They were lodged on St. Giles's Hill, just outside the city; and there, under Richard de Herton and other masters, the infant community remained for twenty years. Meanwhile, Wykeham was gradually carrying out the rest of his plan; purchasing "Otterbourne Mead" and other lands in Winchester, for the site of his college there, and gradually establishing in Oxford the mother institution—the "new Col-

* 'Chren. de Abingden,' ii. 255.

lege" of St. Mary—which was to receive his Winchester scholars in due course for the completion of their education. Not until that noble foundation, with its warden and seventy fellows, chaplains, and choristers, was launched into full life, within those stately walls which are still the pride of Oxford, did he begin to build at Winchester.

Wykeham drew up for each of his new colleges a carefully-digested body of statutes. Long as they are, they are worth reading through by any one who still cherishes the idle notion that the monkish teaching and discipline of the fourteenth century were necessarily narrow and superstitious. Wykeham's ordinances, at any rate, are full of sound and liberal wisdom. The nearer our modern public schools can conform themselves to the spirit of old Winchester—for, of course, in many details the letter has become obsolete—the more likely will they be to fulfil their high profession of being seats of sound learning and religious education. He willed that his boys should grow up as Christians, as scholars, and as gentlemen; and he held these qualifications to be intimately connected. He would have them intelligent students of Holy Scripture, that they might be able to teach others; agreeing in this with a man of a very different age, and in many respects very dissimilar spirit—the reformer Melancthon—that Scripture is little likely to be understood theologically by those who have never been at the pains to understand it grammatically. Therefore he enjoins upon his scholars, above all things, the study of GRAMMAR—"the foundation-stone, the gateway, the source of all other liberal arts and sciences," as he emphatically calls it. They were to be careful to maintain amongst themselves kindness, concord, and brotherly love; "to

esteem no man's person," and to hold all distinctions of birth or wealth amongst themselves to be merged in the grand fraternity of letters. To all within the walls of St. Mary's College the admission itself was to be a patent of peerage; reverence was to be paid solely to the masters and the "prefects" of their own body. But outside the gates they were to give to the rank and station of such as they met the honour that was its due. So far was the founder from encouraging the notion that the scholar was like to be the unpolished, absorbed, unsocial being which he has been sometimes represented, that he specially recommends to the Winchester boys the observance of the "*curialis modus*"—that graceful and courtly bearing which they had opportunity of studying in the nobles who formed the King's personal retinue. He had taken as his own motto, "Manners makyth man."

The foundation, as the Bishop devised it, and as it still remains, was for a warden and ten fellows, three chaplains and three clerks in orders, a head-master (*informator*), an under-master (*hostiarius*), seventy scholars, "poor and in need of help," and sixteen choristers. It has been always held that there was a religious symbolism in the numbers, though Wykeham himself gives no hint of it. The warden and fellows represent the eleven apostles, Judas's place being vacant; the six chaplains and clerks are the six orthodox deacons—Nicolas, by tradition, being a heretic; the masters and scholars are the body of disciples who were sent forth two by two—the Vulgate text giving the number at seventy-two; while in the sixteen choristers are set forth the prophets of the old dispensation, four "greater" and twelve "less."*

The founder was seventy-four

* Perhaps it is with some notion of carrying out this scriptural symbolism, that the college-boys (who have a very curious and copious argot of their own) have from time immemorial called the under-porters by the name of one of the minor prophets. The present official is *Joel*; the next is to be *Amos*, in regular succession.

years old when he saw the great design of his life completed. On the 28th of March 1893—seven years after the opening of New College in Oxford—the warden and scholars of “St. Mary College of Winchester” left their temporary location on St. Giles’s Hill, and took possession of the new buildings. The good Bishop himself, with his cross borne before him, his warden, John Morris, his “informator,” John Milton, and the scholars under their charge, entered in solemn procession, with chant and litany, at nine o’clock in the forenoon. No fellows appear to have been appointed until the following year, and then only five out of the ten proposed.

King Richard granted a liberal charter of privileges to the new foundation, which was confirmed by all his successors, except Queen Mary. The frequent sojourn of the Court at Winchester could not fail to bring a certain amount of royal favour and patronage. Henry VI. was a frequent visitor at St. Mary’s College, attending their chapel services, and making liberal offerings; and there he found his model for his own foundation at Eton. Whether Etonians will readily confess it or not, now that the daughter has outgrown the mother, it is undeniably true that the Royal College was but a colony from Winchester. The first head-master was William of Waynflete, who migrated from the elder college (where he had taught for thirteen years) with five fellows and thirty-five scholars, in 1443. The bond of connection between the two societies continued to be close and intimate for many generations, although the migration of head-masters took a reverse direction; three at least—Clement Smyth, William Horeman, and Thomas Erlysmann—in the course of the following half century, resigning their office at Eton for the more honourable and lucrative position of informator at Winchester. Mutual visits and hospitalities between their wardens and provosts kept up the kindly feeling of a common ori-

gin; and in 1445 there was drawn up and signed between them an instrument styled an “Amicable Concord,” in which after reciting the identity of object and common interest of both colleges, they undertake to support and protect each other in all lawful causes, ecclesiastical and civil, against all other persons or interests whatever. The use of a common grammar for some years contributed to maintain a feeling of fellowship among the scholars. King Henry is not recorded to have dined in Hall at Winchester, although several of his Court were entertained there on one occasion, when the society laid in “a pipe of red wine,” which cost them eight pounds. It does not appear that his successor, Edward IV., ever paid them a visit in person; but in January 1471 he sent one of his men to the college with a lion, whom perhaps the boys were quite as glad to see.

When Prince Arthur was born at Winchester, Henry VII. visited the college in state, and was entertained in the warden’s lodging. Henry VIII. paid the society two visits—the first time accompanied by the Emperor Charles V. But the Wykehamists regard him as anything but a patron or a benefactor. Not content with forcing upon them the exchange of some of their best manors and advowsons, he did his best to suppress them altogether by the terms of his new statute for the dissolution of colleges. John White, then warden (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), has the credit of having prevented the application of this statute to his own college; and three years afterwards it was repealed by Edward’s Statute of Exceptions. King Edward’s commissioners insisted, however, on certain reforms; that in future the Scriptures should be read in hall in English, instead of Latin; that each scholar should possess a New Testament; that they should omit from that time forth the singing or saying of *Stella Cæli* or *Suave Regina*, “or any such-like untrue or superstitious anthem;” and, amongst other regula-

tions, that there should be "no excessive correction;" which latter proviso, at any rate, was likely to make the new injunctions popular with the college-boys.

But the Reformation was a time of trouble and disturbance at Winchester as elsewhere. The old and new opinions had their active partisans within the walls of the college. About 1587 (Strype dates it earlier, but he must be wrong), when Dr. White was head-master, before his elevation to the wardenship, he had for his *hostiarius* or usher one William Ford. White was a staunch Catholic, as he afterwards proved: his subordinate was amongst the most violent of the Reformers.

"There were many golden images then in that church" (the college chapel), "the door whereof was directly against the usher's chamber. One day Mr. Ford tied a long cord to the images, linking them all in one cord, and being in his chamber after midnight, he plucked the cord's end, and at one pull all the golden gods came down. It wakened all men with the rush; they were amazed at the terrible noise, and also dismayed at the grievous sight. The cord, being plucked hard and cut with a twitch, lay at the church door. At last they fell to searching; but Mr. Ford, most suspected, was found in his bed.

"Mr. Ford afterwards had a dog's life among them; Mr. White, the school-master, the fellows of the house, and the scholars, crying out and railing at him, by supportation of their master. Violent men lay in wait for him many times; and one night, going into the town, he must needs come home to the college by the town walls, the gates of Trinity college being shut. This was espied: he was watched, and when he came to a blind dark corner by King's Gate, then they laid on him with staves. He clapped his gown-collar, furred with fox-fur, round his head and neck. They laid on him some strokes; but, by God's providence, the most part, in that great darkness, did light upon the ground. So they ran away, and left Mr. Ford for dead. But he tumbled and rolled himself to the gates (for they made him past going), and then cried for help; and people came in, who took him up and bare him to his lodging."—Strype's 'Eccles. Mem.,' I. Pt. iii. 174.

It is impossible to sympathise so entirely with the unfortunate usher as Strype would have us; and one is not altogether surprised to learn that his fanaticism turned afterwards into melancholy, and that he "was tempted of Satan to kill himself upon small occasion." The future career of White equally shows the extreme to which both carried their opinions and feelings. Deprived of his wardenship by the Protector Somerset, White was restored, and subsequently made Bishop of Winchester, by Queen Mary. He was selected to preach at her funeral in Westminster Abbey, on which occasion, says one of his biographers, Bishop White "made a very *black* sermon," taking for his text Ecclesiastes iv. 2, *Laudavi mortuos*, &c., "I have praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." If there was any difficulty in the application, the preacher took care that his hearers should understand it; for, after speaking of Queen Mary as one who was so much given to prayer that "her knees were hard with kneeling," he proceeded to discourse of her sister and successor as "a lady of great worth also, whom they were now bound to obey, 'for,' saith he [quoting the Latin Vulgate], 'a living dog is better than a dead lion,' and I hope so shall reign well over us; but I must still say with my text, *Laudavi mortuos*, &c." Queen Elizabeth thought this was something more than fidelity to the departed, and deprived him of his bishopric; "some would have had her do more." He died in retirement, and, though buried in his own cathedral, there is no memorial of him there.

Two fellow-papists in the same reign, but under a preceding master (Tuchiner), were John Harsfield and John Philpot; they were school-friends, went off to New College in the same year, and graduated together. The first became Bonner's chaplain, and imbibed unhappily much of his persecuting spirit, and was one of the seven disputants on

the Popish side at the Winchester Conference in 1549. The second sealed his fidelity to his Protestant convictions at the stake in Smithfield. Their school-controversies were of a different kind; Harpsfield once laid a wager with his friend that he would compose in one night two hundred Latin verses with not more than three faults; and, on reference to the master, was adjudged to have won it. One wonders whether the bishop's chaplain had forgotten those school-days; whether he lacked the heart, or the influence, to save his old friend in that day of fearful trial.

To return, however, to the times of the early Reformers. The young King Edward, during his short reign, paid Winchester a visit, on which occasion the scholars of the college presented him with no less than forty-two copies of Latin verses. Thomas Hyde, the head-master at the time, was "a person of great gravity and severity, and a lover of virtuous men," says John Pitt; himself an eminent Wykehamist; "very stiff and perverse," Strype calls him—testimonies which are not quite so contradictory as they seem, when the bias of the witnesses is taken into account. On the accession of Elizabeth, not being inclined to adopt the Reformed faith, he retired to Douai. The feelings of Wykeham's society, as of all collegiate bodies founded under the old discipline, were naturally hostile to the Church reformers, and there was little inclination on the part of the latter to deal in the least tenderly with what many of them looked upon as nests of monkery. The very name of the "College of St Mary" was odious to their ears. In the year following King Edward's visit, Queen Mary was married in the cathedral to Philip of Spain, and the bride and bridegroom attended service in the college cha-

pel; but only twenty-five of the scholars were able to produce congratulatory verses on the occasion; although the restored Warden White, it may be supposed, was not backward in encouraging these loyal effusions—adding, indeed, a copy of elegiacs of his own, more loyal than scholarlike.

Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to the college in 1570. Her scholarly tastes were well known, and the Wykehamists, of course, improved the occasion. George Coryatt and William Rainolds, fellows of New College, met her at the gates with an oration; and she had to listen to no less than forty complimentary effusions, in Latin and Greek verse, by the scholars. There is a copy of them all to be seen amongst Ashmole's manuscripts at Oxford; all are in the prevalent vein of flattery, and few have any merit besides brevity. But, if the traditional story be true, there was one young scholar whose wit and readiness deserved a purse of gold better than Master Coryatt's oration. Her Majesty pleasantly asked him whether he had ever made acquaintance with that celebrated rod whose fame had reached even her royal ears. Both the question and the questioner would have embarrassed most schoolboys; but he replied by an admirable quotation from Virgil—a familiar line, which the Queen was like enough to have understood—

"Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

It is very ungrateful of the Wykehamists not to have preserved his name. It was possibly the same youthful genius, or at least a very worthy successor, who depicted upon the wall of "sixth chamber"—where it may still be traced—a representation of that same renowned implement of discipline, with the grimly facetious motto underneath

* Virg. *Æn.* ii. 3:—

"Great Queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate."—DAYDEN.

—“*Animus pictura pascit inani.*” The Winton rod, in fact, deserves a more special notice than might be thought appropriate in the case of the ordinary birch, whose modest worth (though undeniable) is usually held to be best veiled in obscurity, especially since Mr. Tupper's proverbs have superseded Solomon's. It is not a birch at all; it is four slender apple-twigs set into a wooden handle; immemorial custom rules that the twigs should be provided by two juniors, who hold the responsible office of rod-maker, under the orders of the prefect of hall. It is by no means a severe-looking implement; but possibly it must be felt to be fully appreciated. It need hardly be said that it is applied in the ordinary fashion: six cuts forming what is technically called a “bibbling”—on which occasions the Bible-clerk (prefect of school) introduces the victim; and four being the sum of a less terrible operation called a “scrubbing.” The invention of this very peculiar instrument is ascribed to Dr. John Baker, who was thirty-three years warden (1454–87), but of whose acts and deeds little more is on record than the Latin distich in which this contribution to college discipline is immortalised—

“*Si laus est, inventa quidem Custode
Bakero
Ex quadripartito vimine flagra ferunt.*”

It is very probable that on the occasion of this visit her Majesty was also entertained, as she was by other collegiate bodies, with a masque or stage-play, acted by the scholars. They were certainly in the habit of giving such performances occasionally at this date, as appears from the college accounts, and went to considerable trouble and expense in arranging the stage and other appliances—even to the length of removing

the “organs” out of the chapel to furnish the orchestra. The theatrical taste appears to have revived from time to time; for, in 1742, Dr. Burton had the tragedy of ‘Cato’ acted, in which Whitehead, the future poet-laureate, performed *Marcia* with great applause; and Tom Warton, under his brother's mastership, wrote prologues for the pieces performed by the boys in the “old Winchester playhouse over the butchers' shambles.”

If we wish to know something of the internal economy and general working of the college at the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit, it so happens that there exists a record of it, drawn up by the very best authority, and which enters pretty fully into detail. The head-master at that time was one Christopher Johnson—a man of very elegant scholarship, of varied accomplishments, and probably somewhat eccentric character. He describes himself, in verse, which is admirably Horatian, with a sort of pathetic honesty, in an imaginary appeal to one of his scholars not to misrepresent him, in case he should be asked “at home” what sort of a man the master was—

“*Corporis perenni me dices invalidoque:
Dormire in lucem, ne ledar frigore; Musi
Gaudere, assiduum tamen esse negabis:
amare,
Et varias servare vias; quod pertinet ad
te,
Irasci celerem, si quid peccaveris; Inde
Placari facilem, multis ignoscere multa:
Quanto perditior quis est, tanto acrius illi
Insistere; hæc de me, quæ sunt verissima
dices.”**

He was a student of medicine as well as a Master of Arts, and occasionally practised in the town of Winchester. After a rule of eleven years as head-master, he took his M.D. degree, and retired to London, where he followed his profession with success for twenty-six years afterwards. Although a very

* From a MS. copy-book, kept by a boy named Badger, a scholar of Johnson's. The themes and verses it contains are said to be “*dictata* Christ. Johnson;” some of them at least (as that above quoted) must be his composition.—[Ayscough MSS. 712, Brit. Mus.]

successful teacher in the judgment of his contemporaries, he speaks more than once of the cares of his office as being distasteful to him; and in a series of Latin distichs which he wrote upon his predecessors, he thus expresses his astonishment that one of them, Thomas Alwyne, having once resigned, should, after an interval of twelve years, have allowed himself to have been involved in such a "Charybdis" of troubles again:—

"Ergo resorberis tam dira, Alwyne, Charybdi,
Nec poteris fracto liber abire jugo?"

But Latin verse appears to have been his delight; and he wrote not only the set of epigrams just mentioned, but a life of the founder, and a long poem in hexameters, describing the arrangement of the several chambers, the hours of work and recreation, and the peculiar customs of the college as they then existed.

The scholars at this time were expected to rise at the sound of "first peal" at five o'clock, and were recommended to say privately a short Latin selection from the Psalms as soon as they were dressed. They then swept out their chambers and made their beds (consisting in those days of nothing better than bundles of straw † with a coverlet), and "second peal" at half-past five summoned them to chapel. But these early hours appear to have been as distasteful to some of the young Wykehamists of that day as they

are to modern schoolboys; for in a copy of verses, either of Mr. Johnson's composition or correction, Melpomene is represented as going round the scholars' beds in the morning, and finding some of them snoring at unlawful hours, to that indefatigable virgin's extreme disgust. At six they went into school, and came out at nine to a breakfast of bread and beer, for which they must by that time have had a pretty vigorous appetite. At eleven they went into school again, and at twelve came dinner. Under the superintendence of the *præfectus ollæ* (prefect of tub), portions of beef, called *dispara*, ‡ were served out to the boys in messes of four, with a sufficiency of bread, and beer in large black jacks; the Bible-clerk meanwhile reading aloud a chapter from the Old Testament. The choristers waited at table. An antiphonal grace and psalm were sung, after which the choristers and college servants took their dinner. Between the two doors inside the hall stood, as it stands now, the *olla* or tub—a strong chest bound with iron hoops—into which all the fragments of the meal were put, and afterwards distributed amongst the poor. Until the last few years the "prefect of tub" (whose duty it was to examine the quality of the meat sent in by the college butcher, and after dinner to see to the proper collection and distribution of the remains) retained his title, though the office had become almost nominal. School opened again

* Others of these distichs (in which each of the wardens and head-masters is commemorated) are very cleverly turned, and would well deserve quotation, if it were not for a dislike to overburden these pages with Latin. Those judicious readers who make a point of skipping notes and prefaces may escape the following:—

On Clement Smith, Head-master, 1464–1466.

"Si Clemens fueras, debes longior esse;
Turpe per estates non docuisses duos."

Subsequent masters, it would seem, were not remarkable for clemency; witness his tribute to the memory of Mr. Edward More (1508–17):—

"Qui legit hic Morum, qui non et sensit eundem,
Gaudeat, et secum molliter esse putet."

And of his own master, William Evered, he writes:—

"Qui fueras, Evered, meo sensi ipse periclo."

† Hence in college, to this day, clean sheets are spoken of as *clean straw*.

‡ i. e., portions (*dispartio*).

at two o'clock' at half-past three came an interval called "bever-time," when the boys had again bread and beer allowed them. At five the school was dismissed, and the whole resident society—warden, fellows, masters, and scholars—went in procession round the cloisters and the whole interior circuit of the college, which was called going *circum*. Thus they passed into the hall, where a supper of mutton was served—one *dispar* to every three boys. Even-song in chapel was at eight, after which, in those primitive days, the young Wykehamists thought it full time to go to bed.

The schoolroom was still "seventh chamber"—*Magna illa domus*, as the founder's directions call it—though as some of the commoners must have been taught together with the scholars, it is difficult to understand how so many could have found room there without great confusion. Johnson remarks, indeed, that they had no fire in this room, for that the warm sunbeams and the warm *breaths** were quite sufficient; and certainly, if anything like a hundred boys were there collected, that sort of natural heating apparatus must have been very powerful. But the younger commoners probably seldom came into school, and in summer-time the whole of the scholars usually adjourned for lessons into the adjacent cloisters: a delightful arrangement, from which the latter portion of the "long half" is still called "cloister-time." The tiers of stone seats, which may still be noticed in the deep recesses of the windows, were the places in which the prefects sat when the boys were arranged in their respective *books*—the term still used at Winchester for what in other schools would be called "forms" or "classes." There were then, as now, four books only, though the highest was and is numbered as the "sixth." Then followed the fifth, fourth, and second-

fourth. The work of the sixth book comprised Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Cicero, Martial, and Robinson's Rhetoric. There were twelve college prefects "in full power," of whom one was of "hall," one of "cloisters," one of "school" (called also *ostiarium*, whose duties seem to have been, in fact, those of a porter, to open the door for the masters), two of "chapel," and one of "tub." There were also six of lower authority. Of the amusements of the scholars in those days we only get one or two incidental notices from Master Badger's copy-book above quoted, from which it seems that they robbed the city orchards occasionally, and that the public bull-baits were a great attraction. Tuesdays and Thursdays were partial holidays, on which the boys went out to "hills" twice; once in the morning, returning at nine to breakfast, and again in the afternoon, coming off at three. Friday was the day of doom, when all arrears of flogging incurred during the week were punctually cleared off.

The upper rooms in the buildings were occupied by the fellows, three in each. The warden had his private lodging "above the inner northern gate," with some rooms east and west of it; the present election-chamber was probably his hall; and from this there is a continuous communication by doors and passages throughout the whole upper story, which would enable him at any time to visit and overlook the members of his collegiate body. The head-master and his subordinate were lodged together, and the three chaplains had a room in common near the kitchen. Of the chambers below, the scholars occupied six and the choristers one; and it was considerably enjoined, that no occupant of the rooms above was to throw anything down upon their heads to the detriment of themselves or their goods and chattels. In each of the scholars' rooms

* "Nec schola nostra focum complectitur, attamen omnes Phœbeis radiis, habituque calescimus oris."—CHR. JOHNSON.

were to be three of the eighteen prefects, as enjoined by the founder's statutes; boys "more advanced than the rest in years, discretion, and learning," who were to exercise a supervision over their fellows; so ancient is the system, which, adopted by Eton from Winchester, has long become a recognised feature in all our public schools—the intrusting more or less of the discipline to an aristocracy of the scholars themselves, whether under the name of prefects, monitors, or prepositors. One part of their duty was to instruct the juniors; and this early employment of the monitorial system must have been a very necessary part of the constitution of the school, if, as seems likely, the head-master had only one regular assistant. It is still continued in the college under a modified form; each of the junior boys has still his tutor amongst the prefects, the ten seniors having six or seven pupils each allotted to them, whom they are expected to assist in school difficulties generally, and especially in preparation for "standing-up" time, as the junior examinations at the end of the summer half are called. In earlier times it would appear that this kind of deputy-teaching was extended to the younger commoners as well, and led to some degree of abuse and neglect. In 1655, during the head-mastership of Dr. Burte, a little boy of six years old was placed at Winchester as a "commoner in college," with other young boys, under the care of one of the fellows named May. These appear to have had no kind of teaching except from the college prefects in turn, who attended at certain hours, and made a periodical report to the master as to how their little pupils conducted themselves, and what progress they were making in their studies. At eight years old this boy was admitted into college. Probably many boys were thus sent as commoners at a very early age, with a view to their subsequent election

on the foundation; for, in 1660, one Thomas Middleton petitions King Charles, on his restoration, to grant his royal letters to the Winchester electors in favour of his son's admittance, "as a child in Winchester College, where he has now spent three years as fellow-commoner." Of these fellow-commoners, or "commoners," as they are now termed, who have come to form a supplementary body of scholars doubling in number the college-boys themselves, it will be necessary to give some account.

Provision had been made in the original statutes for the reception and instruction of independent students to the number of ten, sons of noblemen or of "special friends" of the college, who, though not claiming the other advantages of the foundation, might yet wish to avail themselves of its sound teaching; with a proviso that these should not be in any way burdensome to the revenues. Some of these earlier "commoners" were lodged within the walls, and some in a separate establishment, the old College of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, standing in St. Stephen's Mead. This building, after serving for some years as a kind of hostel to Wykeham's college, was surrendered by the last of its provosts in 1544, and pulled down. The present boundary wall at the bottom of "Meads" was built partly out of the materials; and corbel-heads and carved stones have been worked in here and there, standing out from the rest of the stone-work in a fashion somewhat puzzling to a curious stranger.

On the suppression of St. Elizabeth's, and probably also before, some of these commoners were lodged with the warden, some in other parts of the college, probably under the immediate charge of one of the fellows, and some in houses in the city. Those who lodged with the warden were usually of higher rank; and during some years, in the rolls which have been preserved, there is a distinction between ordinary

commensales or commoners, and *generosi commensales*, such as is still admitted between commoners and gentleman-commoners at Oxford. In the roll of 1688 the warden's boarders appear as "Nob: Com:" Lord Guildford, Hon. Nathanael Fiennes, Lord Ashley, Sir Thos. Putt, and Sir Thos. Wroth. But this distinction soon disappears, though some of the commoners still continue to be lodged within the walls. The last entry of a "*commensalis in collegio*" occurs in the roll for 1747, during Dr. Burton's head-mastership. In his time the college rose rapidly as a place of education for many of the young nobility, and the accommodations were found insufficient. He built what is now remembered by the Wykehamists of the past generation as "Old Commoners," a very much more picturesque-looking building, though probably not so convenient as the present, containing hall, dormitories, tutors' rooms, and prefects' studies. The number of commoners gradually increased, though with some fluctuations, until in 1820 they reached 135. "Old Commoners" was pulled down in 1839-41 to make way for the present building, which was the result of a general Wykehamist subscription; and of which, architecturally and æsthetically, the less that is said the better, as also of certain other modern improvements which successive wardens have made in the college buildings themselves.

The commoners are, in point of fact, little more than the private boarders of the head-master, attending the regular lessons of the school in company with the boys on the foundation, and amalgamated with them so far as school classification and school work are concerned. At other times they are necessarily a good deal separated, partly by locality, and partly also by a distinct *esprit de corps*. From the time that they began to rival the college-boys in numbers, a certain amount of jealousy has always existed between the two

bodies, though both proud of their common designation as Wykehamists. There is, of course, some little assumption of superiority in rank on the part of the commoners, who look upon "College" as in some sort an eleemosynary foundation. The college-boys still wear the gown of black cloth, with a full sleeve looped up at the elbow, and a sort of cassock waistcoat; but the square academic cap so much affected by provincial "colleges" has been discontinued. This costume, in older times, was worn by the commoners as well—at all events by those who were lodged within the college walls; and the *nobiles* amongst Dr. Burton's old pupils appear to have consulted their own fancy as to the colour; some of them, as represented in the series of half-length portraits which he left as a legacy to his successors, appearing in blue and others in red silk gowns. At present the commoners wear no gown at all. They have also somewhat more liberty with respect to bounds, have their own separate ground for football, and in some other respects are not closely associated with the college out of school hours. These things necessarily prevent, in some degree, that thorough amalgamation into one body which is so desirable in members of the same school; but the line of distinction is gradually wearing out, and the recent changes, which have made election into college entirely a matter of competitive scholarship, will do very much to dissipate any foolish notions of the foundationers' position being the inferior one.

The election of boys into college, however it might have been managed in Wykeham's own days, had from time immemorial, until the late reforms, been a mere matter of patronage on the part of the electors. These were, according to the statutes, the warden and two of the fellows of New College, Oxford, and the warden, sub-warden, and head-master of St. Mary's, Winchester. They were charged to

elect, in the first place, those of the founder's kindred who should be eligible; and, after all such claims should have been satisfied, they were to fill the vacancies with such as were "poor and in need of help, of good character and condition, towardly in learning, of honest conversation, and competently instructed in reading, plain-song, and in *Donatus*"—the Eton Grammar of Wykeham's day.

Much stress has been laid in past days upon the diversion of Wykeham's provision for "poor" scholars to the benefit of the rich. But the best and fairest reading of any man's intentions is what can be gathered from his own practice; and the next best, perhaps, is that in which they were understood and carried out by his immediate successors. Chichele (the Archbishop) was one of Wykeham's earliest "poor" scholars on St. Giles's Hill; and he was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, certainly not *poor* in the common acceptation of the word. William of Waynflete, again, was nominated into the college during the founder's life; and he came of a good family, whatever his pecuniary resources might be. Archbishop Warham—"a gentleman of an ancient house in Hampshire,"—was a scholar some fifty years after. But it is plain that the kind of education which Wykeham contemplated was unsuitable for any boys except those intended for liberal callings, and to such it seems always to have been very properly confined.

The preference assigned to "founder's kin" in the election soon brought into the field, as may be supposed, young Wykehams and Williamses from all quarters, with others who proved more or less satisfactorily their connection with the founder's family; and gradually the custom obtained of electing two only of these favoured candidates at the head of the roll for admission, and filling up the remaining vacancies by a process of successive nomination by each of

the six electors, the warden of New College having the first turn, until the number of vacancies was supplied. In Warton's time, the candidates were merely required "to repeat a few lines from some author suited to their age and capacity;" and the examination under the system which has just passed away continued to the last of much the same character. The successive royal patrons of Winchester were not above asking occasionally, on behalf of some of their dependants, for a "child's" place in college, or a fellowship at Oxford. The Stuart kings, as may be seen from the state papers of those reigns, were very much given to this kind of patronage. James I., on the strength of his somewhat pedantic reputation, interferes so far as to recommend Richard Fitzherbert as schoolmaster; but one is glad to find that he was never appointed. To be sure, there was no vacancy at the time, nor for years afterwards; but possibly the King expected the college to make one. Charles II., in one of these royal letters of request, has the coolness to plead the loftiest motives, recommending one Master Matt. Preston solely as "being wishful to supply that happy nursery with deserving youths." Secretary Windebank got a son elected there by royal favour; and one of the boy's letters home has the honour of accidental preservation amongst the state papers. It is a very stiff and formal little production, becoming a young Secretary of State. He is sorry that "he cannot write a letter worthy of his father's perusal," but "sends him hearty wishes for his welfare," with six lines of Latin verse. The verse is but indifferent; but there are less creditable documents amongst the Secretary's correspondence. Queen Elizabeth herself once endeavours to get a Mr. Cotton elected fellow, with an immediate view to the wardenship, then vacant; but the house successfully stood out against so very palpable a job.

In the year 1579, under the mastership of Thomas Bilson (Bishop of Worcester), there was something like an insurrection on the part of the boys. They must have had, or thought they had, grave causes of complaint, for they carried their petition before the Queen, and two of the fellows had to journey to court to answer it. Some of them ran away, and it cost Mr. Booles and Mr. Budd some hard riding (and 10s. 10d. horse-hire) to catch them and bring them back. How the matter was settled does not appear; but it might have had something to do with Bilson's resignation in that year or the following.

The return of Drake from sailing round the world in his good ship *Dragon*, in 1580, set all the poets in England versifying to celebrate the happy event. The most successful of these effusions were hung at the mast-head when the Queen went down to sup with him on board his vessel at Deptford. It is said that the Latin verses sent in by the Winchester scholars were generally acknowledged to be the best; but as they are certainly not to be compared with any of Johnson's, they may be content to remain in the limbo of prize-poems generally.

A school-bill of 1620, for a son of Archbishop Hutton, gives some notion of the Winchester of the Stuarts' days. Master Hutton cost his father "for his dyet at Mr. Philips" (the fellow with whom he lodged as a commoner), £1, 10s., from August 16th to September 31st, when he seems to have been elected into college. His "scobb, to hold his books," cost 8s. 6d. The boys went once to the royal hunt in the New Forest in a waggon (hired for 4s.), under charge of one "Willes" and two other college servants; they took their dinner and wine with them into the Forest, and had *cacubum* (mulled wine of some sort) with their supper when they came home. This picnic party cost Master Hutton 6d. extra. But

his studies were not neglected: there is a wholesome item in the bill of 4d. "*for birche*."

The civil wars came, and the city of Winchester was held alternately for the King and the Commons. Sir William Waller, unable to reduce the castle, vented his rage upon the cathedral, where his troopers hewed down carved work and images with pious ferocity. The college would have suffered equally, but that it chanced to have a friend amongst the rebel authorities. Nathanael Fiennes, fellow of New College and colonel of horse, was a sour Independent, but a good Wykehamist. He occupied his school quarters with his men, putting in a sort of friendly execution, and thus saved it from wreck and pillage. The college authorities did not grudge the £29, 5s. 6d. which (as appears from their accounts) they distributed amongst the guard, though it was a large sum in those days. Another Wykehamist—Nicholas Love, son of a former warden—is said also to have had a share in protecting the college from outrage. Cromwell afterwards appeared before the castle in person, and planted his guns on a hill to the south-west, near St. Cross Hospital, still bearing the name of "Oliver's Battery." The great oak doors of "Non-liet" gate, standing at the corner of "Meads," still bear marks which are shown as the traces of the rebel grape-shot. How the college carried on its work in these troubled times, and whether any temporary suspension took place, are points of great interest, but on which no information seems now recoverable, further than that John Potenger, the headmaster, resigned in 1653, in disgust at certain Puritanical innovations; whilst Warden Harris appears to have held on through all changes, political and religious, for eight-and-twenty of the darkest years of England's history, dying only a month before the Protector, in 1658. One of his eulogists calls

him, for his eloquence, the "modern Chrysostom;" but one would think he must also have had a capacity for silence, to have offended none of the various powers that then were.

In 1687, on the eve of another great Revolution, the present school-room was finished and opened, which must have been an immense relief to the crowded numbers of college and commoners. From that time Seventh Chamber was converted into what it still remains—the principal Dormitory. The new school is lofty and spacious, but the Jacobean architecture is sadly out of keeping with Wykeham's original buildings. It cost £2600; of which Dr. John Nicholas, then warden, contributed no less than £1477. Ninety feet long and thirty-six in breadth, it is sufficiently spacious to allow all the "books" to be assembled there without more confusion than is inseparable from the system of teaching so many distinct classes in a single room—an arrangement peculiar to Winchester alone amongst our large public schools. Three tiers of fixed seats rise against the wainscoted walls on the east and west, where the boys are arranged when "up to books," the chairs of the different masters being in front of each. The middle of the room is occupied by blocks of oak benches, with gangways between, upon which are fixed the college-boys' boxes (called in the peculiar school tongue *scots*—"box" spelt backwards), where the lessons are prepared; each scob having an outer lid, which, when raised, forms a kind of screen, while the inner lid serves as a desk; the books and writing materials being kept below. Against the west wall is fixed a large wooden tablet, on which is painted the well-known Wykehamist device—a mitre and a crozier at the top—as the prizes of diligence (it must be remembered that all Wykeham's scholars were originally intended for the Church, and all above the age of sixteen were to receive the first tonsure); next,

a sword and an inkhorn, pointing to civil and military service for less hopeful students; and the quadripartite rod below, as the last alternative. Under each emblem successively stand, in bold capitals, the warning words, "AUT DISCE—AUT DISCEDE—MARET SOBES TERTIA, CÆDI." Underneath is the place of execution, where delinquents are "bibled;" and near it is a socket for a candle-socket, known as the "nail," under which any boy who has been detected in any disgraceful fault—lying, &c.—is placed as in a sort of pillory to wait his punishment; a piece of ancient discipline for which happily there is seldom occasion. On the opposite wall is a similar tablet, containing a code of school regulations in Latin. This schoolroom is almost the only addition to Wykeham's original plan, with the exception of the present warden's house, built by Warden Harmar in 1579 on the site of some old storehouses and other offices, and refronted in 1882 in very questionable taste.

The Revolution of 1688 brought into prominence the names of at last two Wykehamists, whose steadfastness to the allegiance they had sworn, "though to their own hindrance," has won them praise from all honest men of both parties. Two of the nonjuring bishops, Ken and Turner, had been schoolmates in the college before they were fellow-prisoners in the Tower (with a third Winchester scholar of almost a generation earlier—Lloyd of St. Asaph), and fellow-sufferers in their deprivation under William. The youngest Wykehamist will point out with a reverent pride the letters THO: KEN carved on one of the pillars in cloisters; and underneath B. T., with the date 1656 above, which tradition says connects Turner's name with that of his schoolfellow. No profane knife has encroached upon the sacred characters; and though Ken lies buried far from the scenes, which he loved with an enduring

affection, those few rude letters are inemorial enough; and no saint who was ever canonised better deserved the title than he who wrote his 'Manual of Prayers for the Winchester Scholars.'

The head-masters who followed were Drs. Harris, Olney, and Burton. The latter, as has been said, gave to "commoners" a permanent establishment, owing to which their numbers increased, and the school bade fair at one time to rival Eton in aristocratic pupils, especially from the young Scottish nobility. To him succeeded Dr. Joseph Warton, the best known of all who have borne rule at Winchester, though by no means the most able or successful of head-masters. He was a man of elegant tastes and accomplishments, of amiable character, dignified, and courteous manners; but he was an inefficient disciplinarian, and an inaccurate scholar. He is said to have been deficient in moral courage; which could hardly have been true if what is told of his collision with Dr. Johnson be correct. Warton had ventured on some occasion to express an opinion differing from that of the conversational autocrat. "Sir," said Johnson, "I am not accustomed to be contradicted." "Better for you, sir, if you were; our respect for you could not be increased, but our love might." It need hardly be said that the love between the two doctors was never very cordial afterwards. It might have been supposed that a man who could so rebuke Johnson could at least govern schoolboys. Probably it was his defective scholarship, which boys are sharp at detecting in a master, which first weakened his authority. When the boys came to a stiff Greek chorus, he always complained of a noise in school; and while he was shouting to the prefect to maintain silence, the passage was allowed to be shuffled over in any way that might relieve him from criticism. For the same reason he was fond of requiring from the boys written

translations, in which difficulties could be loosely paraphrased, and which he could at least examine and correct at his leisure; and he is said to have liberally rewarded, instead of rebuking, as he should have done, a boy who, when called up to construe a passage in Horace, shut his book and recited Pope's 'Imitation.' His weak though popular administration paved the way for the most formidable rebellion on record in any public school, although the then warden, Dr. Huntingford, was the immediate object of the outbreak. It took place on the 8d of April 1793. Strict orders had been issued by the warden that the boys should not attend the parade of the Bucks Militia; that in the event of disobedience on the part of any individual boy, he should be individually punished; but that if any numbers were seen there, the whole school should have their "leave-out" stopped for the following Easter Sunday, when many had invitations to dine with friends. One boy only—a prefect—was detected and reported by Mr. Goddard, the second-master. The warden not only severely punished the individual, but stopped the leave of the whole school, accompanying this with a quotation more irritating than appropriate, "*Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*." The boys resented this as a breach of faith; and after holding a meeting, in which they bound themselves by an oath (in which, however, the younger boys were not allowed to join) to stand by each other in their resistance to the last, they drew up a series of resolutions, of which they proceeded to put the first into execution at once. A Latin note was sent to the warden, submitting to the present punishment, but expressing a hope that in future he would not punish all for the fault of one. To this note Dr. Huntingford returned no answer. After three days a second note was forwarded to him, very respectfully worded, but requesting a reply. It

was returned with an endorsement charging the writers with "consummate arrogance" and forgetfulness of their position and their duties. Then the storm broke out. The keys of the college gate were seized. Warning was sent both to the head and second masters not to make their appearance in school. The warning to Dr. Warton was accompanied by professions of esteem; he was weak enough to comply, and kept away. Goddard (though aware of his unpopularity as the delator of the actual culprit) had a better appreciation of his duty. He was received on entering the school with groans and hisses, and with a shower of marbles from the younger boys—an act censured by the prefects. A summons issued by the warden and masters to the eighteen prefects to appear before them met with no attention: the communication between the warden's lodgings and the rest of the college was blocked up, and the college gates guarded night and day by patrols of the scholars. The cry of "Liberty and Equality" was raised (so contagious were French revolutionary principles), the "red cap" was assumed by all the boys who could procure or contrive one, the bakers' and butchers' shops ransacked for provisions, and bludgeons and swords provided, in preparation for a siege. The warden, having gone out of his own house early next morning to convene a meeting of the fellows at Dr. Warton's house (in commoners), was not allowed readmission; and by confining one of the fellows within the college walls the rebels effectually prevented a *quorum* of four being formed, which is required for any official act of their body. A message was then sent from the warden, to the effect that all the boys might go home; but in that case they were well aware that expulsion of the ringleaders would follow. The warden then applied to the magistrates (who happened to be then assembled to present an address to the King) to put him in possession

of his house, from which he was still excluded by the insurgents, by the aid of the civil power. The outer gates of the college had by this time been barricaded, the quadrangle unpaved, and the stones carried up to the top of the tower above, part of the parapet of which they also loosened, to supply them with missiles to resist attack from without. When summoned to surrender by the Sheriff in person, their reply was a threat to burn the college if any attempt was made to force an entrance. Sir Thomas Miller, Mr. Brereton, and Canon Poulter, severally did their best to negotiate; but there was such excitement in the town generally, and so much fear of the "roughs" taking part with the boys, that three companies of militia were drawn up under arms in College Street. At last, Dr. Warton, with one or two of the above named gentlemen, were admitted within the gates; and on their representations the boys agreed to submit the whole question to the arbitration of the magistrates. The matter ended for the time in an entire amnesty, or even more; the warden conceding the original point of dispute by an engagement not in future to punish the community for the sake of an individual. But these terms—plainly far more favourable than ever should have been offered—appear not to have been strictly kept on either side. The authority which failed to assert itself against open violence, sought to take advantage of quieter times, and the result was a most unhappy one. More than one parent at once received a private request to take his son away from the college, at least for a time; and a few days after one of the prefects was required by his father—it was supposed at the warden's instance—either to beg pardon of the latter, or resign his scholarship. He stoutly chose the latter; and his late companions (a portion of whose mutual engagement had been that no boy should take advantage

of another's loss of college advantages in consequence of his share in these proceedings) thought themselves bound in honour to support him. All but one who had signed the oath sent up their resignations to the warden. Nineteen repented the next morning, and asked leave in another note to withdraw them. The only reply was—"The warden and fellows cannot return any answer." A college meeting was held, and twenty-six boys were formally expelled, and others desired to leave. Possibly no other course was now left; no government is so bound to severities as a weak one; but the respect which every public school-man must feel for school discipline cannot prevent him from feeling some sympathy with the victims. It is not surprising that Dr. Warton resigned his head-mastership at the close of the half-year.

One of Warton's pupils was Sidney Smith, who, with his younger brother Courtenay, entered the college about 1781. If his evidence as to the internal discipline and morals were entirely to be trusted, it would leave on record a very black picture indeed of the Winchester of his day. Even in his old age, says his daughter and biographer, he "used to shudder at the recollection" of it, and speak with horror of the wretchedness of the years he spent there: "The whole system," he used to say, "was one of abuse, neglect, and vice. There never was enough provided even of the coarsest food, and the little boys were of course left to fare as they could." He declares that his brother Courtenay, who ran away twice, did so because he was unable to bear the hardship. But there are two or three little incidental passages in the biography which make one doubt whether the witty divine's record is altogether an honest one. Master Courtenay Smith,

it appears, owed a little bill of £80 in the town the last time he ran away, so that one of his hardships might have been the difficulty of paying it. And when we hear Sidney's own testimony that both he and his brothers were, before they went to Winchester, "the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined," it is easy to conceive that they would not find a public school exactly a bed of roses. Sidney, too, must have enjoyed himself there occasionally, after his own fashion; for Dr. Warton found him one day exercising that rough-and-ready mechanical genius which produced the celebrated "patent Tantalus" of his after-days, in constructing a catapult in chambers by lamp-light; and commended him highly for his ingenuity, little dreaming that it was intended to bring down a neighbour's turkey, on which the boys had fixed devouring eyes with a view to supper. Both brothers held their own there at any rate, in point of ability; for the boys, it is said, at last signed a round-robin, refusing to compete for the college prizes if the Smiths were any longer allowed to enter the list, as they were always sure to win them; and Sidney left the school as Captain.

On the other hand, William Lisle Bowles, who left Winchester just as the Smiths were entering, speaks with delight of his school-days, and has no morbid reminiscences of his hardships, even as a junior; and yet Bowles's poetic and somewhat delicate temperament was at least as little fitted for the roughness of public-school life as the more vigorous nature of the Canon of St. Paul's. But, no doubt, a Winchester education in those days did imply a considerable amount of this rough training. Independently of very early hours and somewhat coarse fare, it was not pleasant to have to wash at the old "Moab,"* as it was

* The "wash-pot." Here all the college-boys within living memory, had to wash in the open air, except that there was originally a sort of penthouse over it, replaced afterwards by a wretched Ionic portico, of which a print appears in Ball's 'Walks

called—an open conduit in the quadrangle, where it was necessary, on severe winter mornings, for a junior to melt the ice on the stop-cock with a lighted faggot before any water could be got to flow at all; or for the same unfortunate junior to have to watch out in the cold quadrangle before early lesson (without a hat, for in that sacred enclosure no junior is allowed to wear one), to give notice of the exact moment when the master went into school, that the seniors might waste none of their more precious time, but make their rush at the last available moment.

William Stanley Goddard succeeded Dr. Warton, certainly under very difficult circumstances; but an abler or better ruler never was at Winchester. There was no rebellion in his reign; yet his old pupils know that he governed at least as much by appeals to their better feelings as by fear of punishment. He acted constantly on that assumption of a boy's truthfulness and honour, which has always been found a successful principle of government in judicious hands, and which has been somewhat unfairly claimed as an entirely modern notion so far as public education is concerned. But he did not hold his office very long; he resigned in 1810, comparatively a young man, living thirty-seven years afterwards, and always retaining the strongest attachment to the college. He showed it by a remarkable act of munificence, ten years before his death, when he invested £25,000 of his private property in order to provide stipends for the under-masters in the college, on condition of their giving up their claim to "gratuities" from the boys, which had hitherto formed their chief remuneration. In fact, up to this time the expenses of a college-boy at Winchester, far from being gratuitous, as Wykeham had intended,

amounted, including bills and extras of one kind and another, to something like £80 per annum. Now, it does not exceed £17 or £18. The "Goddard" scholarship for proficiency in classics, the blue ribbon of Winchester, was founded in honour of this liberal benefactor in 1846, the year before his death, superseding the prize which had for some years been given by Sir William Heathcote.

The Rev. Henry Gabell, who had been appointed second-master on Dr. Goddard's promotion, succeeded him again in the head-mastership. He insisted strongly upon accurate scholarship, for which Winchester has never lost its reputation. But his administration was marked by a second rebellion, nearly as formidable as the first, of which it seems to have been a sort of copy. The boys, taking offence at some breach, or fancied breach, of their privileges, wrote up in the school as their adopted motto, "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*"—scarcely a less inappropriate quotation of Horace than Warden Huntingford's on the former occasion. Again the keys of the college were seized, the court unpaved, and the stones carried up to the tower as ammunition for an expected siege; but this time, the senior prefect and five of his fellow officers, not choosing to risk the certain loss of their prospects at New College, refused to join in the insurrection. Nevertheless, matters proceeded so far that the Fusilier Guards, then quartered in the barracks, were called out to keep the peace in College Street, where the mob had assembled in formidable numbers. The result was, of course, the discomfiture and punishment of the ring-leaders; twelve college-boys, most of them prefects, were expelled, many others degraded from their places in the school, and forty com-

in Winchester, p. 164. In the same Winton tongue the shoe-cleaning place was known as *Edom*. Other local designations are classical; there is an *Arcadia*, an Upper and Lower *Dalmatia*, and a ditch on the way to "Hills" called *Tampa*.

moners were not allowed to return after the vacation.

It had become almost the rule at Winchester for the second-master to succeed to the head-mastership, and Dr. Williams was so appointed in 1824. His reign was quiet, and on the whole successful. There was indeed a trifling disturbance amongst the junior commoners, owing to an alleged abuse of the privilege of fagging by the prefects, which caused some excitement at the time. It was the rule in those days both in college and in commoners, that no junior should presume to get his own breakfast until the prefects had finished, which usually necessitated a very hurried affair of mere bread-and-butter and cold milk on the part of the former. In commoners they had to sit on a cross bench in hall to be in waiting during both the prefects' breakfast and supper; and certainly those young gentlemen must have been curious in the matter of toast, for each of them (there were only eight at that time) regularly employed two juniors as toasters. It is difficult at this date to discuss the important rights of the junior fifth, on which the whole question hinged; but they claimed, by custom, exemption from the duties of breakfast-waiters. However, as boys came to school better scholars, fourth-form fags grew scarce, and the junior fifth were ordered, as the phrase was, to "go on hall." One champion stood upon his rights, and refused; the indignant prefect proposed to thrash him publicly; the juniors rose in a body and pinioned the prefects. Fond mammas, and other declaimers against school tyranny, will regret to hear that this spirited resistance was not appreciated by Dr. Williams; after a patient hearing of the pleas on both sides, he supported the prefects' authority (it may be concluded that they had not really exceeded it), and six of the ringleaders were expelled. One of them was the brother of a baronet, himself a Wykehamist. Dr. Williams was much pressed to reconsider his decision, but steadily refused.

He resigned in 1886, and was subsequently elected Warden of New College, Oxford. George Moberly, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College (the present head-master) succeeded at Winchester. Of his long and successful mastership this is not the time or place to speak. Highly successful it has been on the whole, although at one period (1856), from one of those periodical ebb-tides to which all public schools seem liable, and of which the real causes are not easy to discover, the numbers in commoners had declined from 180, at which point he found them, to as few as 65. But from that time they rose rapidly; in 1859, for the first time, one of the tutors opened a house for the reception of boarders—commoners itself not holding more than a hundred boys conveniently; and there are now as many as 155 commoners on the roll, the odd 55 being lodged in tutors' houses, of which there are now three. It will be understood that the numbers in college are never more or less than the original 70.

It has been already said that the original plan of Wykeham's college has undergone little alteration. Almost a copy on a smaller scale of the elder sister in Oxford, it is still, in its arrangements, half a fortress. The visitor who enters the massive gateway feels that he has stepped back at once, as far as all surrounding objects go, into the fourteenth century. Even the college-boy whom he meets with his hands thrust into the depths of modern pockets, hardly interferes with the illusion; his gown, at least, is medieval. You pass through the small outer court, which, though now occupied in part by the warden's lodgings, contained formerly little more than the extensive offices required to make so large a society independent,—through the middle gate-tower (whence St. Mary of Winton herself, a very graceful figure, with the Angel of the Salutation and the Founder on either side, looks down upon you), into the main quadrangle of the college. Turn

to the right up that flight of stone steps, and you reach the hall, a noble room, near sixty-three feet long, with a dais at the upper end, which supposes the presence of the warden and his fellows, as under the original system, which neither Bancroft's nor Laud's injunctions were able to restore. They only dine there now on special festivals. There are the old louvres still to be seen in the roof, whence the smoke used to escape from the charcoal fire in the middle. If you regret, for a passing moment, that it has been superseded by a stove, and that the smoke now finds its way underground, remember that for those who dine there such modern appliances are not altogether unsatisfactory. Look in at the ample kitchen at the foot of the steps as you return, and be sure that as good fare comes forth from its ranges now as when they cooked "a pair of porpoises" there (of all imaginable delicacies, to feast their visitor the Bishop in 1410. Taste the beer—the college still brews its own—and you will find it excellent. You will not be allowed to pass without being called upon to note the picture on the wall by the kitchen entrance, which you know well enough already from woodcuts and all kinds of illustrations, the "Trusty Servant"—*Probus Famulus*—in his blue-and-red livery; that strange figure, a compound of all the virtues, such as these degenerate days have never seen. He has the pig's snout, to signify that he cares not what he eats; a padlock on his lips, for silence; ass's ears, for patience; hind's feet, for swiftness; a right hand open, for honesty; a left hand grasping all manner of implements, to show that he can turn his hand to anything; and a sword and shield, to fight his master's battles. What wages would such a treasure expect? But in modern service you are as like to meet the literal monster as the paragon whom he symbolises. The origin and date of the figure are obscure; and (as may be seen from old prints) it has undergone alterations in the

details in the process of repainting from time to time; but it is not peculiar to Winchester; a similar figure was not uncommonly painted in dining-halls in France during the sixteenth century.

Through a low ambulatory under a portion of the hall is the entrance to Wykeham's beautiful chapel, with its vaulted wooden roof of Irish oak and exquisite stained windows. Let us not utter, in such a place, an anathema against Warden Nicholas, though he did take up the brasses in the chancel, and cut away the beautiful stonework of the stalls and reredos (of which just enough remains to show you what it was), in order to set up his Ionic wainscoting of oak; besides, the work is good of its kind, and has had no expense spared on it: he was only acting according to his lights, and was a liberal benefactor of his college in many ways. Nor let our enthusiasm for the past make us forget that there are devotion and heroism even in our own utilitarian age; do not criticise too, strictly that arcade of floriated work in the ante-chapel, or pass unread that touching inscription underneath, the tribute of Wykehamists to their thirteenth brethren whose names are there recorded as having died "in their harness" in the Crimea:—

"Think upon them, thou who art passing by to-day, child of the same family, bought by the same Lord: keep thy foot when thou goest into the house of God; there watch thine armour, and make thyself ready by prayer to fight and die the faithful soldier and servant of Christ and of thy country."

"Child," it should be remarked, is the kindly term used by Wykeham for his scholars, and long retained in use by the Wykehamists of early days: Ken always employs it in his 'Manual.'

The new stained window in Warden Tharburn's chantry is also interesting, not for its beauty, but as the tribute of gratitude from scholars and commoners to Charles Wordsworth (now Bishop of St. Andrews) on his resigning office as second-mas-

ter. Adjoining the chapel are the cloisters, surrounding the "garth" or burying-ground, in the middle of which stands the beautiful chantry built by John Fromond, priest, steward to the founder. There was to be sung a mass for ever for the souls of himself and his wife, who were interred within. Suppressed, so far as its original purpose went, at the Reformation, it has been since used as the College Library, and contains some curious and valuable MSS. The small room above was probably at first used as a *scriptorium*; it had been converted into a granary in 1570. In the quiet square within, and under the pavement of the cloisters, many a Wykehamist, old and young, sleeps his last sleep. During the last few years fever has been exceptionally fatal in the place—as many as eleven recent tablets may be counted on the cloister walls, bearing the names of young scholars thus early removed—in many cases, where the hope of future excellence was brightest. Yet Winchester has never been reckoned unhealthy; Warton, in his notice of the college, speaks of there having been "scarce an instance of death there once in twenty years." The infirmary, or "Bethesda," as it was termed by its builder, Warden Harris, stands in a piece of ground adjoining Meads, and thither every case of illness is at once removed.

Years have worked fewer changes at Winchester than at any other of our public schools. Until the last few years it maintained some curious primitive arrangements which many an old Wykehamist will regret now to miss. The black jacks (still to be seen in the cellar and kitchen) have not long disappeared from hall, and tea has quite lately taken the place of beer. The hour of rising (5 at all seasons) had never altered from the founder's day until, in 1708, Sir John Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester, in his capacity of visitor, suggested and obtained from the college authorities

the modification that from Michaelmas to Lady-day it should be 6, and that the scholars should be "relieved from the servile and foul office of making their own beds, and keeping their chambers clean." There are still the original number of eighteen prefects in college. The first ten are "in full power," as it is termed; the Latin form of admission to their office being—"*Est praefectus cum plenâ potestate*." Besides the responsibility of maintaining discipline, these have a general privilege of fagging all below them, with some few privileged exceptions, both in chambers and out. The five seniors—not invariably appointed from their standing in the school, but "with reference to their character and influence for good"—are "officers:" 1. Prefect of hall, who has a general superintendence over the school, and is the recognised organ of communication between boys and master; 2. Prefect of library; 3. of school; 4 and 5. of chapel. These ten have also power over commoners so far as discipline is concerned, but not to fag them; that being the right of the commoner prefects only, of whom there are at present thirteen—the number being always proportioned to the number of boys in commoners. The remaining eight college prefects (called in Winchester tongue *Bluchers*) have a more limited authority, confined to chambers and the quadrangle; the form of making these is—"*Praeficio te sociis concameratibus*." At least two prefects are located in each of the seven chambers,—one from the first seven in rank, and one from the next seven; the juniors are also divided into ranks of seven, and out of each rank the prefects, according to their seniority, choose one each to fill up the numbers in their own chamber; so that each chamber has, to a certain extent, ties and associations of its own.

At present the hour for chapel is 6.45 in summer, and 7 in winter (sometimes, in very cold weather,

7.30 by special license); "first peal" always ringing three-quarters of an hour beforehand, when the junior in each chamber has to get up at once; but seldom does a senior turn out before "second peal," which leaves him some fifteen minutes for a hurried toilet. The chapel service lasts half an hour, and first school begins at 7.30; after which comes breakfast, served in hall. Middle school is from 9 to 12, comprising two distinct lessons, one in classics, the other in mathematics or modern languages. Third school is from 3 o'clock until 6—also for two lessons, as before. Tuesdays and Thursdays are half-holidays, or, as the Winchester term is, "half-remedies,"* when there is no third school; but an hour in summer and two hours in winter (from 4 till 6), called "books-chamber-time," is expected to be employed in working under the superintendence of the "Bible-clerk,"† as the prefect in daily "course" is termed, who is responsible for a decent amount of order and silence at these hours. Whole "remedies" are occasionally given on a Tuesday or Thursday, at the request of the prefect of hall; when, in accordance with ancient custom, the headmaster intrusts him with a ring, which he keeps for the day, and the motto on which—*commendat rarior usus*—is a hint that such request is not to be made too often. On these days four hours are employed at "books-chambers." Saturday, by a singular exception to the practice of almost all schools, is not a half-remedy; but the afternoon school ends at five, at which hour there is chapel. On Sundays there is morning chapel at 8, breakfast at 9, and at 10 the whole school attends the service (litany and a sermon) at the Cathedral, where place is allotted them in the choir, two oaken arm-chairs forming seats of honour for the two senior prefects. There is a Scripture or Greek Testa-

ment lesson at 4, and evening chapel at 5. On the afternoons of half-remedies, when the weather allows, the whole school, in pairs, each boy with his *socius* (according to the founder's rule—*sociati omnes incedunt*) under the command of the prefect of hall, start from college at 2 P.M. for "Hills;" the breezy downs about a mile south-east of the college, called St. Catherine's Hill, which has always formed the supplementary playground for Wykehamists. Here Whitehead used to lie and read his favourite 'Atlantis,' and compose abundant poetry perhaps not much worse than in his laureated days. Here also, in days within the memory of many, a badger-bait was the great excitement provided for less poetic spirits, on extraordinary occasions; but now the time (an hour and a half) is usually spent in walks in the adjoining country within certain bounds, with an occasional paper-chase or game at football. At other times a college-boy is more strictly confined to bounds than is the case at any other public school; the gates being kept strictly locked, and no exit allowed except into "Meads"—the playground at the back of the college, containing about two acres, with good football and cricket-ground, and five-courts—or into College Street as far as the bookseller's. The present warden has given a degree of liberty which is much valued—"leave out" to the whole school from 12 to 1, within certain bounds which do not include the city; for any business which a boy may have in the streets, special leave has to be obtained. Supper—consisting of bread and cheese, or beef (on alternate nights); and beer, for prefects; bread and butter and tea for inferiors,—is served out at 6; which leaves the services of the juniors at liberty if required for toasting, &c., at the "prefect's mess" at 6.30; those official personages enjoying the pri-

* i. e. *Remissionis dies*. Saints' days only are called "holidays."

† He has a scab appropriated to him in school, near the door, with the inscription, *TS AEI ANA PNDTH*. His original office was to read the Bible at meals.

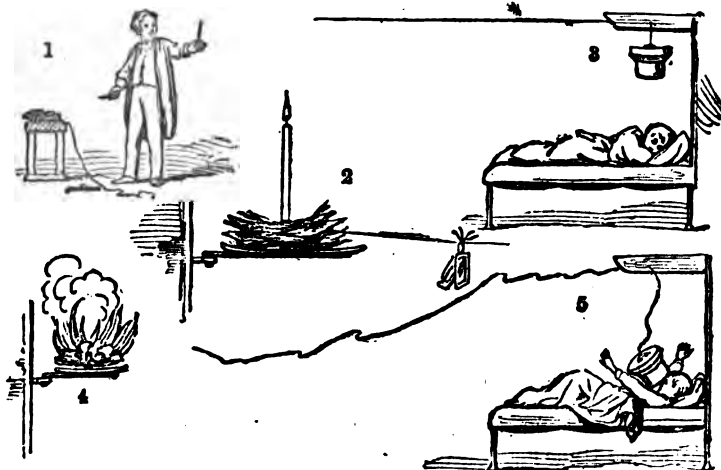
privileges of having tea, coffee, &c., made for them by their "valets" in chambers from that hour until 7.30. From then until prayers at 8.45 is "toy-time"—supposed to be occupied in preparing the work for the next day, but when it may be easily concluded a good deal besides goes on, not provided for by any college statutes, however comprehensive. All the chambers are supposed to be locked and quiet by 9 o'clock. A certain quantity of bread is given out in hall at 6.30 for use in chambers, but there is no regular meal after the 6 o'clock tea or supper; though there are often surreptitious cookings of tea and coffee, and other accessories, on the "half-fag-got" on the hearth; not less enjoyed, because liable to sudden interruption and punishment by the second-master, if he makes, as he is sup-

posed occasionally to do, a round of inspection. It was at such little suppers that Tom Warton (who *ought* to have been a Wykehamist) when living with his brother the Doctor, delighted to assist; hiding himself, like a great boy, when Dr. Warton happened to come round; and doing the "impositions" of Latin verse inflicted upon his young fellow-culprits. Bed-time is 9.15 for the juniors; for the prefects, 10. In commoners the hours are much the same. It will be found on calculation that the average day's work expected from a boy at Winchester is rather more than seven hours; quite sufficient, if fairly employed. But when working for "standing up time," or election-day, a zealous boy will give up a good deal more time than this.*

Dinner is now at 1.15, for which

* At these times a good deal of extra reading is done, and strange devices are adopted to secure early waking in the morning. One very original alarm—known as a "scheme"—is of venerable antiquity, and deserves notice, though not very easy to describe. A hat-box (or some such article) is hung by a string over a boy's

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ALARM.



1. Cutting the hours (an inch of candle is allowed per hour). 2. The *funcitor*, or candle-sconce, to which the string is tied. The rushlight burns down to the bundle of loose paper, which burns the string. 3. The "scheme" arranged. 4. The paper alight. 5. The "scheme" calls.

head as he lies in bed, the string being fastened to the wall, and a rushlight so arranged as to burn it through at a certain hour; when down comes the hat-box on the sleeper's head. The boy who wishes to be called may probably be a prefect; but it need hardly be said that the head upon which the hat-box descends is a junior's.

only half an hour is allowed. It is rather singular that, in this respect, a step has been backwards, so far as modern habits are concerned. In the last generation, Wykeham's scholars dined more fashionably; the old "supper" at 6, consisting of roast mutton and bread (no vegetables), had become virtually their dinner—the original dinner of hot boiled beef at 12.45 being looked upon in the light of an early lunch; and since they then breakfasted so late as 10 o'clock, the appetite was not keen enough to relish a dish which is always found to be distasteful on constant repetition, so that commonly the plates of boiled beef went into the "tub" before-mentioned, and served to mend the fare of the prisoners in the county jail, while the boys made their luncheon on bread and cheese. Now, meat is only served once in the day, at the early dinner; beef on Mondays and Thursdays, and mutton on the other days, with the ordinary vegetables, bread, and cheese; and pudding twice in the week. The choristers still wait at table—the only representatives of that class of poor scholars, "servitors," whom our schools and universities formerly maintained. They are now usually the sons of tradesmen in the city, and have a separate school of their own in College Street, though they still stand on the college roll as "third book;" but formerly they seem to have been of somewhat higher grade, were eligible to scholarships, and in the roll of 1688 several of them appear in fifth and fourth book. Their little gray dresses are furnished them from a legacy of good John Fromond aforesaid.

The Election-day, both for Winchester and New College, is on the Tuesday next after the 7th of July (St. Thomas A'Beckett), when the Warden of New College, Oxford,

with two of his fellows, called the "posers" (or at one time "super-visors"), arrive at the college, when they are received with an oration "*ad portas*" by the senior scholar.*

In old times, they always rode down from Oxford with their servants behind them, making Newbury their half-way house, where they seem to have supped upon a very liberal scale. A regulation of the founder provided that they shall not bring with them more than six horses. They had presents given them by the Winchester society; for instance, in 1417, a scarlet cape for the warden, and a "burry" (or cap) for each of the posers; and they in their turn, complimented "the warden and Mrs. Harris," and "Mr. and Mrs. Schoolmaster" (in 1683) with Oxford gloves. In the year of the plague, when Winchester was infected, the Election was held at Newbury; the electors from the two colleges meeting there. The practice of riding down on horseback was continued by Dr. Gauntlett, Warden of New College, until 1822, when he was in his 70th year; he also slept at Newbury by the way, and gave a dinner there to all Wykehamists who chose to attend.

The Oxford visitors, on their arrival, proceed at once to "Election chamber," to hear any complaints which the boys may have to prefer. This is called the "scrutiny;" the seven senior prefects, and the seven juniors in chambers (one from each chamber), are separately questioned; but complaints are seldom made. Next morning the examination for election of scholars to New College begins—no longer in the renowned "Election Chamber" itself, but in the long "Warden's Gallery," as more convenient for the purpose; all prefects who are of standing to leave the school are examined, with any others who choose. As a rule,

* Two other speeches are spoken in school just before their arrival: 1, '*Fundatoris laudes*,' by the senior "Founder's kin" scholar; 2, '*Elizabethæ et Jacobi laudes*' (commonly known as 'Elizabeth and Jacob') by the second scholar on the roll.

none can be elected who are over eighteen on the day of election; all others are supernumerary. Boys, however, who bear a good character, and have passed a creditable examination at the election before their eighteenth birthday, can stand again next year. The vacancies used to be about nine in two years, but the uncertainty attending this was the cause of many severe disappointments; now, six scholars are elected every year, and the competition is opened to the commoners. This examination usually ends on Saturday evening, and on Monday the "roll" comes out with the names of those elected to Oxford; on Tuesday the election to fill vacancies on the Winchester roll begins. This is now entirely a matter of competitive scholarship; all boys from ten to fourteen are eligible, the candidates being subjected to two gradations of examination, according to age. There are, on an average, about fourteen vacancies in college in the course of the year; and a more than sufficient number of boys are placed "on the roll," in the order of merit, to succeed to these vacancies as they occur.

Election-day is the great college festival—both wardens, the posers, and resident fellows, all dine on the dais in hall, the boys sitting at their tables below, with somewhat better fare than ordinary, especially one ancient dish—a kind of mincemeat—highly popular under the name of "stuckling." One table, by a curious traditional custom, is called the "children's table"—the wardens and fellows present each choosing one of the junior scholars for their "child," and presenting him with a guinea and a luxurious dinner at this privileged board.

The games at Winchester, as at most public schools, are almost entirely confined to cricket, football, and fives. The annual matches with Eton and Harrow, formerly played at Lord's, have made cricket the most popular and historical. The first match on record, as played against any other school, was their

victory over Harrow in 1825, on Lord's ground, when the two brothers Wordsworth were captains of their respective Elevens. Next year they beat Harrow and Eton successively at Lord's; on the whole, the laurels have been pretty evenly divided amongst all three schools, Eton having rather the best of it, as, from their great superiority in numbers, it would be only reasonable to expect. College and commoners join, of course, to form the Winchester eleven. Of late the authorities have thought it undesirable, for many reasons, that these matches should be played in London, but the Eton and Winchester elevens have been allowed to meet alternately on each other's ground and keep up the friendly contest. The largest innings on record in any Public Schools match is that of E. B. Trevilian, who played in the eleven four years running, and finished with 126 to his name, against Eton, in 1862. None showed more enthusiastic interest in these matches than the late excellent warden, Robert Speckott Barter—loved and respected by all who knew him, from the time that he was a boy in college (whence he was elected to Oxford, over the heads of many seniors, at 16), and whose death in 1860 was a public loss to Winchester. He had seldom missed a match at Lord's from the time he played in the school eleven himself. He was a tremendous hitter in his day; and the remarkable punishment which he dealt out to the ball, when he was lucky enough to catch it on the "half-volley," has given to a long list of his character at Winchester (and even elsewhere) the name of "a Barter." His hospitality to the stranger eleven, when they came down to Winchester to play, endeared him to many Etonians in only a less degree than his own Wykehamists. Kindly and gentle as his nature was, beaming out from every line of his joyous face, he could be rather terrible upon just occasion. Travelling outside

the coach to Oxford when quite a young man, a fellow-passenger, persisted in using language of gross profanity, undeterred by his quiet remonstrance. At last that powerful arm seized the ribald by the collar, and, holding him out over the coach-wheel, Barter vowed to *drop him* if he did not promise to be silent. Such maintenance of order and decency by the strong hand falls in exactly with the humour of all honest-hearted school-boys; and the story did as much for their warden's popularity with the successive generations of Wykehamists as the hardest "drive" he ever made on the cricket-ground. A memorial of him, such as he would most have desired, has not long been completed in the taking down and rebuilding, with the most scrupulous care and good taste, the beautiful tower adjoining the chapel, built by Warden Thurburn about 1480, which had long become so ruinous that the fine peal of bells contained in it were never suffered to be rung. It is to be known in future as "The Tower of the Two Wardens."

The Winchester football game is peculiar. It is played "in canvass," as it is called. A portion of Meads, some 80 feet by 25, is marked off by screens of canvass on each side, within which the game is played, the two other ends forming the lines of goal, across which the ball is to be kicked. It is placed in the middle of the ground to begin with, and a "hot" formed round it, by the players stooping down all close together, with their heads down, and at a given signal trying to force the ball or each other away. The canvass screens answer to the Rugby "line of touch." When the ball escapes over these, it is returned into play by juniors stationed for the purpose, and a *hot* is formed afresh. But no verbal description could give an adequate notion of the game. Matches are usually played with six only on each side: and in this respect the Winchester game differs entirely from the exciting

scene of the Rugby matches, where a hundred players, in their parti-coloured caps and jerseys, may be seen carrying on the struggle at once. But the game is fierce enough after its own fashion, there having been two broken legs during the present season. The great annual match is that between the "first sixes" of commoners and college, played on "egg-flip day," as the founder's commemoration day (the first Thursday in December) is popularly called. But the more attractive match (at any rate to a stranger) is between twenty-two of each, on the 5th of November. Owing to the increased numbers of commoners, the college has had enough to do of late to hold its own in these matches. Great exertions are being made just at present, to effect some kind of adjustment of football rules in general, so as to adopt one universal code, under which matches between the different schools may be played, as in the case of cricket. The success of any such movement, however, is very doubtful.

The breaking-up ceremonies at Winchester are peculiar and interesting, though some of their picturesque medievalism has disappeared of late years. Some, of intermediate date, are perhaps less to be regretted. The scholars no longer rush out of gates after early chapel on the last dark morning of the winter half-year, each with a blazing birch broom, up College Street and along the wall of the close up to the old White Hart Inn, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared, before the chaises started for their respective destination. This curious torch-race (in which the burning birch must have had a symbolical meaning), long the terror of old ladies who lived on the line of the course, gave place subsequently to a race of the senior boys in sedan chairs. Top-boots are now no longer considered by young gentlemen of twelve; "your only wear" to go home in; although the term for them—*yomers*

(i.e., *ge-homers*)—still survives in the Winchester dictionary. Great were the struggles of the happy possessors, with the aid of soap and other lubricators, to get into them: and the bootmakers were always in attendance on that morning to assist in the operation. Still greater must have been the difficulty in some instances, when boys from a distance had travelled two days and a night on the top of a coach, to get them off again. Railway stations and cabs have destroyed much of the poetry of "going-home." But the beautiful old hymn, "*Jam lucis orto sidere*," is still sung in procession, round the "sands" of chamber-court, on the last morning of the summer half-year, on coming out of chapel, by the whole body; the head and second masters, followed by the grace-singers, leading the way. On the six last Saturdays, just before going to Hills, the old Wykehamist melody, which all schools have borrowed from them in some form or other, "*Dulce Domum*," is poured forth lustily in hall, the old "*Domum tree*" having long disappeared. It was on the bark of that tree, according to the old legend, which one can only trust was a fiction, that an unhappy boy

confined in college during the holidays—or forgotten by cruel parents, for both versions are given—carved those longing words, and composed in his solitary hours the melody to which they are still sung; dying, says the story, of a broken heart, just as the holidays were ending. Wykehamists must have a taste for the sensational, for they have a "haunted" place in commoners, and a "bloody hand," very distinctly visible on the wall of seventh chamber (probably the cognisance of some young baronet), about which little college-boys are told a terrible tale; how, in days gone by, a tyrant prefect in that chamber made the lives of two young brothers so miserable, that the elder resolved to deliver himself by taking the oppressor's life. Armed with a sharp knife, he stole one night to his bed-side, and, feeling for the sleeper's breast, plunged in his weapon to the heart; and found, to his horror, that he had killed his brother, who for some reason had been made to take the prefect's place. But we are getting back again into the boundless domain of legend, and it is time for us, too to "break-up."

LETTER FROM POLAND.—NO. IV.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN VOLHYNIA.

THE protracted resistance offered by the Poles to the forces which the Russian Government have employed to quell the national movement, and the complicated diplomatic action to which it has given rise, have invested the insurrection with a deeper interest than we were disposed to accord to it when hostilities first broke out in January last. Even among the Poles themselves there were not many at that time who were sanguine enough to believe that a few scattered bands of ill-armed insurgents could keep at bay the armies of the Czar, except for a month or six weeks; and the Cabinets of Europe, unwilling to commit themselves to the solution of the most difficult question which the nationality problem presents, showed considerable hesitation before they recognised either the necessity or the duty of diplomatic interference. Had it been otherwise, it is probable that the question would ere this have been set at rest, in one sense or the other: unfortunately, the course which the great Powers have pursued throughout has operated in a manner calculated to produce the very result they most wished to avoid; and if the task which must now inevitably sooner or later devolve upon Europe be more encompassed with difficulties than it would have been at the outset, it is to the timid and vacillating policy of the intervening Cabinets that this is due. The insurrection was not three months old when it first fell to my lot to visit Galicia and the kingdom of Poland, and I embodied in the pages of this Magazine* the result of my experiences upon that occasion. It was then evident to the most casual observer that the forces at work were under-estimated

abroad, and that while the Poles could never hope to drive the Russians out of Poland, they could keep the question open, if they met with sufficient applause and encouragement from the great Powers, until the great Powers could not consistently with their dignity refrain from interference. Had that applause and encouragement been withheld, it is probable that long ere this the insurrection in Poland would have collapsed; had, on the other hand, a more threatening attitude been maintained towards Russia, it is no less likely that that Power would have yielded. The middle course taken kept the insurrection upon its legs, and rendered Galicia as interesting a country to visit in September as I had already found it in March. I therefore determined to go over the old ground again, with the view of judging what change six months had worked upon the prospects of the movement, upon the temper of the people, and upon the policy of the Austrian Government.

In the first instance, however, I was anxious to cross the frontier, and traverse the Russian province of Volhynia as far as Kamienetz Podolsky, as the accounts which were published with reference to the condition of that part of the country, were most conflicting, the Poles maintaining that the elements of insurrection existed abundantly, and only required encouragement to blaze forth; the Russians, on the other hand, declaring that the province was profoundly tranquil, and that, with the exception of a few landed proprietors, the loyalty of the population was to be thoroughly counted upon. That the Poles were sincere in believing in the possibility of spreading the revolt into

* See Numbers for June, July, and August.

this part of the Russian dominions, is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that they organised a large band under Wysocki for the purpose of invading it; while the disaster which overwhelmed the expedition at its outset strengthened the public conviction in favour of the correctness of the Russian statements on the subject. In this latter case, however, it would scarcely seem that the internal condition of the province warranted the extreme measures resorted to by the Russians to maintain a tranquillity which, according to their own assertions, was not in danger; and I was anxious to judge for myself whether the charges of cruelty brought against the Russian administration were true so far as they applied to Volhynia, and to what extent the population sympathised in the national movement. As the scene of my projected expedition was beyond railways, or even the appliances of posting in civilised countries, it became necessary to invest in a carriage at Lemberg; and I employed two mornings, in company with a friend, in investigating the mysterious workings of the Jewish mind in the matter of bargain and sale. Were it not that the greasy fraternity are as ready to prey upon each other as upon the unsophisticated stranger, the case of the latter would be indeed deplorable; fortunately, however, in fighting over his carcass, they devour each other to such an extent, that in the end they become themselves utterly enfeebled and prostrate, and he has only to seize the propitious moment when they are exhausted by the fierceness of their competition and overthrown by mutual treachery, to find them completely at his mercy. There is an exhilarating excitement in secretly conspiring with a Jew in a dark archway as to the best mode of "doing" his brother, which probably arises from the suspicion which haunts you throughout that you are yourself the victim. In this case the best plan is again to conspire against

your late co-conspirator, and so on, until you have a string of traitors. There is no difficulty in effecting this, as they infest the streets; and these ringleted Hebrews, with their big boots, tall hats, and long coats, in every stage of grease, are constantly proffering their services to be employed against each other: indeed, there is something supernatural in their cognisance, not merely of your wants, but of the steps you have already taken to satisfy them, and of the various members of the tribe you have already consulted in the matter. Two qualities only are necessary to enable you to triumph victoriously in the keen and exciting struggle—patience and decision: show the slightest anxiety to conclude the bargain, or the slightest hesitation as to whether or not you ought to accept it, and you are irretrievably lost. On the whole, though occasionally victimised, I am decidedly grateful to that section of the race which overruns this corner of Europe. Their powers of performing every description of service, provided they are paid for it, are unlimited; without them the traveller would be without a compass on a stormy ocean; with them he has a compass that never deceives him, so long as he has the magnetic pole, in the form of his purse, in his pocket. Thus it was that, after two days of patient, and I may say conscientious, intrigue, and after having explored the recesses of almost every coach-house in Lemberg, we ultimately purchased, for the sum of £9, an excellent, roomy conveyance, with C springs and strong axles, in which we journeyed for more than a month—traversing upwards of a thousand miles, and never once having to do more than tighten the screws. The Jew who ultimately effected this bargain for us received a tenth of the sum as his commission. It took us a night to post from Lemberg to Brody, a Jewish-inhabited town, containing the usual square, with arcades all round, and arcades forming a marketplace

in the centre, where only this one class of the population buzz and swarm, and almost forcibly drag you into odoriferous corners to buy things you don't want, and where the women, with greasy plaits of false hair, which last them a lifetime, twined round their heads, try to persuade you, with soft glances, to leave some of your riches on their counter. As we were both ignorant of Russian, we had procured a servant at Lemberg, a snub-nosed individual, who gave a somewhat indistinct account of his former life, was vague as to his nationality, and incoherent in his general conversation. However, we were obliged to close with him at the last moment for want of a better; and with this questionable addition to our party we started about ten o'clock one fine autumn morning for the Russian frontier; four little rats of ponies dragged us painfully across the sandy plain, which extends eastward, and which near the frontier is covered with a dense pine-forest. Here the deep sand forces us to walk, and our coachman explains to us that in these extensive woods the ill-fated expedition of Wysocki collected prior to their attack upon Radziviloff. Emerging from their dark recesses, we debouch upon a plain which was the scene of the disaster. But first we are detained at the Austrian frontier, and go through the necessary passport formalities; a mile beyond it is the first Russian picket, where an ill-looking Mongol is keeping guard over a sentry-box made of the boughs of trees: in the distance a group of Cossacks, with long lances and shaggy ponies, are straggling over the plain towards the town of Radziviloff, now visible in the distance. In crossing this piece of country the Poles suffered severely from the Russian artillery, but they were not finally checked as we were at the barrier. This is placed on a narrow strip of land which divides a marshy pond from a reedy lake—a dismal swamp extending indefinitely round the po-

sition, and rendering it, in every respect, one most undesirable to attack, and easy to defend.

We were detained for some time outside the high gate which, flanked by stiff palisades and guarded by a couple of sentries, barred our further progress; and if we could only have foreseen the annoyance to which we were to be exposed upon the other side, we should not have been so anxious to pass through: however, we waited patiently, until, at the expiration of an hour, we received permission to drive on, when the gates were instantly closed behind us, and we found ourselves impounded in an enclosure, the exit from which was also a guarded gate, while there was just room on the causeway for a custom-house and guard-room. We were instantly surrounded by half-a-dozen officials, and our luggage was soon ranged in the verandah for inspection, and became a centre of attraction for other wayfarers, impounded like ourselves, waiting for their passports, and who were glad of the distraction which the examination of our effects afforded. These were, for the most part, Jews or peasants—the former especially swarmed here as elsewhere. Meanwhile the carriage was being minutely examined, the pockets and lining were carefully inspected, and then the attention of the authorities was concentrated upon ourselves. Just as the operation was beginning, however, our feelings received a sudden shock by the announcement that our servant was found to be a compromised person, if not an actual insurgent—that his name was down in the police records, that he was a Russian subject, and that we should, in all probability, be deprived of his services, after having enjoyed them only a few hours. In vain did he protest that they must have mistaken him for somebody else; his forbidding countenance seemed to give the lie to his assertions; and we felt that his connection with us threw a serious doubt over the

respectability of his masters. All this time our clothes were being taken out of our portmanteaus, and, after being separately examined, thrown in a pile in the yard. The shirts were carefully shaken out, the lining of the coats was felt; a piece of old newspaper, in which boots had been wrapped up, was laid on one side for further inspection; a very harmless map of the country, a 'Bradshaw's Railway Guide,' a French novel, and half a sheet of note-paper, which was written over, and which I had accidentally left in my blotting-book, were all placed together as objects of suspicion. Still we were sanguine as to the ultimate result, when suddenly a breast-pin—which I had bought some months previously, on account of its antique form, at Cracow—was seized upon triumphantly. I could not deny that the device was a Polish eagle; and when I offered to present it to the inspector as a proof of the little value I placed upon it, he shrank back with horror. From this moment the chain of evidence against us was complete; a rebel servant, a map, a breast-pin, and a 'Bradshaw.' Our treacherous intentions were indeed made so clear by these last three articles that the servant was no longer necessary, and the head official frankly told us that it was all a mistake, and that he was not known to them at all. It was evident that they had begun with securing something fatal against us, in case they should fail in seizing anything really dangerous; but having got the breast-pin, it was no longer necessary to assert that we had an insurgent for a domestic. Our fate was already sealed; still our ordeal was not ended. Leaving our raiment piled outside, we were now each ushered separately into a small room, and accompanied by an inspector and a searcher, were submitted to a close personal examination. Every pocket was turned out, our arms and legs carefully felt, strange hands dexterously explored hidden recesses under our waistcoats and between our shoulders; but the only objects found in my pocket were a metallic note-book, and a note containing a few simple lines of introduction to a gentleman in Volhynia who has never taken part in the movement, and is still residing at large on his property. With these trophies added to the list, the inspector took his final leave, and we returned to sit in our carriage and await the result. The process above described had already lasted three hours, and time wore on without any prospect of release. Our only amusement was watching the inspection of fresh passengers, as others had done to us. We saw sacks of produce prodded with iron rods, and an admonitory prod given to the owner as a finish; we saw one male stripped after another, for the common herd were not treated as we were to a private room, but made to undress unceremoniously in the road; and we saw females subjected to examination in public—not, indeed, to the extent of undressing, but of a personal inspection too minute to be pleasant, while every article of their wearing apparel was shaken out as ours had been for the benefit of the bystanders. And we saw Jews kicked and cuffed more heartily than usually falls even to their lot; but they drive a thriving traffic on these frontiers in times too trying for any other merchant; and if they receive abundance of kicks, they make half-pence to an extent which fully compensates them, and thus reverse the old proverb. But even these scenes after a time become monotonous, and the feeling of indignation they occasionally roused was not calculated to allay our growing impatience. We had arrived at the frontier at mid-day, and had now been just eight hours confined to our carriage. We could hear nothing as to our fate; the evening was rapidly closing in; it was twelve hours since we had eaten a light breakfast; and what with hunger, vexation, and uncertainty, the stock of phi-

lesophy which had supported us through the trials of the day was beginning to be exhausted. Then we were objects of, derision, curiosity, or compassion to the crowd, according to the temperament of the individuals who composed it. The soldiers grinned at us in evident amusement at our predicament, until we came to hate them separately and collectively. I can even now recall to my recollection the repulsive lineaments of their respective Tartar physiognomies. The *employés* looked at us with curiosity, wondering what on earth induced two Englishmen to place themselves voluntarily in their clutches, a sentiment in which I began equally to share: the Christian passengers felt for us probably as much compassion as we did for them; while the Jews vainly strove to hit upon some device by which we might be turned to pecuniary account.

At last came a message from the general commanding in chief, to the effect that he would be glad to see us. The long closed portals opened wide to let us through, and we found ourselves in the broad muddy streets of the straggling Russian town. Upon reaching the General's residence, we were given to understand by an aide-de-camp that the eight hours' delay had been caused by a deliberation on the part of General Kreuter as to whether, considering our evidently dangerous character, he could permit us to enter the country, and that he had reluctantly been compelled to decide against our admission. As this seemed scarcely warranted by the objects found in our luggage, we asked permission to see his Excellency, who shortly afterwards appeared himself, and informed us that the only concession he could make in our favour was to send us to Kief, the seat of government, to which city the breast-pin, the piece of old newspaper, the 'Bradshaw,' the sheet of note-paper, the map, the French novel, and the metallic note-book, would be safely forwarded, and there delivered to us,

if, in the opinion of General Annenkoff, the Governor, we deserved to have them back. We now began to suspect the real cause of the delay. It was evident that General Kreuter and General Annenkoff had been in hot telegraphic communication on our account, and that the result was the alternative now presented to us, of proceeding to Kief or returning to Austria. As Kief was distant about four days' journey in exactly the opposite direction to that in which we wished to go, we declined the opportunity afforded to us of seeing this part of Russia, and requested to know exactly the reason of our not being allowed to go to Kamienetz. Even the General could hardly venture to find in the confiscated articles alone a sufficient cause for our prohibition, so he added to it a paternal solicitude for our safety. The country, he said, was in such a disturbed condition that he could not answer for our safety. As at this time the St. Petersburg journals were insisting that Volhynia was profoundly tranquil, we were rather surprised to find the assertions of the Poles to the contrary thus strongly corroborated by so good an authority—at the same time, we expressed our willingness to incur the risk. It did indeed seem curious, if, as was assumed, we were dangerous Polish emissaries, that our safety should be a matter of much concern to the Russians; while it was evident that in that character the only thing we had to fear was from their own soldiery, who, if they murdered two unarmed travellers, would fully justify the reports which were current of their cruelty. However, we did not think it expedient to submit these arguments; probably the order, and not the logic, had been transmitted by telegraph, and both we and the General had to obey it: indeed, we had no reason to complain of the latter, who had treated us with much civility, and most likely exceeded his instructions when he good-naturedly gave us permission

to pass the night in the village. It was now late, and we were famishing; as usual, we had recourse to a Jew in our extremity, who possessed a miserable cottage, which he called an inn, and where at least we found tough meat and dirty mattresses. Our Brody driver, who had been in a state of revolt all day, was soothed by a large gratuity; and the wretched nags which had shared our misery were at last detached from the carriage in which they had spent twelve hours without food. Finally, under the benign influence of a Russian somovar and tobacco, we consoled ourselves for the fatigues and disappointments of the day.

We employed our first hour of the following morning in strolling about the village. There was not much to be seen—low houses in ragged gardens, or rather waste plots of ground, detached from each other and surrounded by walls from the streets, which are overshadowed by avenues of trees, and in winter are knee-deep in mud, that is exchanged for dust in summer. The principal element in the population seemed to be military; soldiers were loitering in every direction, as it was rumoured that another expedition was destined to cross the frontier in the neighbourhood; troops were massed here in large quantities, and all the necessary dispositions made to give the insurgents a warm reception. I afterwards heard that an attempt was subsequently made to cross the frontier higher up, which had resulted in failure. The streets of Radziviloff had been the scene of bloody fighting, a few weeks prior to our visit, in consequence of the ill-judged attempts on the part of Wysocki and the leaders of the expedition to take possession of the town. Not warned by the fatal disaster of Miechow, which cost the lives of so many brave men, the Poles seem to think that the capture of a town is a profitable military operation. As the Russians are nearly always superior in numbers, they only require the advan-

tageous position afforded by the streets of a town to render the chances of their assailants hopeless; and it did not require a military eye to see that Radziviloff might be successfully defended against a much larger force than the Poles could possibly bring against it. On our return to our humble abode, we found a Polish gentleman who had arrived for the purpose of paying his contribution into the coffers of the Russian Government, for the suppression of the rebellion in which he sympathised. He was afraid to be seen speaking to us; indeed, we had already found, on the previous evening, that we were spurned by one or two of the "respectable" inhabitants; but this poor man would have been only too glad to pour out his woes to us had he dared, for he soon saw that we were to be trusted; but he hurried away after giving vent to a curse and a groan, saying he had already lingered in our company too long.

We were by this time more anxious to leave Russia than we had been to enter it; indeed, in the course of several visits to that country, I have invariably found this to be the case. The only inconvenience is, that instead of being glad to get rid of one, the officials make as many difficulties in letting you out as they do in letting you in. We had given up our passports on the previous morning, and had never seen them since, and of course we could not leave the country until they had been returned to us. So we found ourselves again sitting disconsolately in our carriage between the wooden gates. The real object of this detention was to extort a heavy bribe, without which, we were assured, we should never get our passports: indeed, one of the minor *employés*, taking compassion upon us, informed us in an under-tone that if we wished to get our passports back we must make it worth the Director's while to give them up. If our informant



expected a fee for this piece of intelligence, he was disappointed; and the rapid transition from silkiness to sulkiness which his manner underwent when he found we were obdurate warranted the suspicion. If we were to be treated to twenty-four hours of worry in Russia, we determined not to pay for the luxury as well. The only melancholy satisfaction remaining to us was the reflection that we had caused a great deal of trouble to everybody, and been a source of profit to no one. So we sat obstinately in our carriage, and the crowd of the day before stared and laughed and wondered. It was a mystery to the whole world of Radziviloff, *employés* included, that we should be too dangerous to be admitted into the country, and yet not dangerous enough to be imprisoned. It did not seem that the middle course of turning people back had ever yet been adopted at Radziviloff, and the speculations of the night before as to our character and purpose reached a much higher pitch in the morning. At last our patience was exhausted, and before either the guard or the officials suspected our design, we jumped out of the carriage, ran back through the wicket which led into the town, and hurried straight to the General's house, with the view of laying our complaints before him. Just as we reached the gate, the shout of a breathless official reached our ears; the sulky had again become the silky one. "Our passports were ready;" "what a hurry we were in!" "the Director was waiting to offer us every facility," &c. We found on our return that our rush towards the General's had produced quite a magical effect; there was *empressement* everywhere. One man handed us our passports covered with Russian writing, another presented me with my breast-pin and letter of introduction, together with the metallic note-book. The map had been altogether confiscated, and forwarded to Kief as a glaring evidence of the deep-laid plot in

which we had been implicated. As this map has been bought by my friend at Artaria's in Vienna, and chosen expressly because it was devoid of every political character, we may hope that the official mind of Kief is still intently absorbed in the futile attempt to discover the hidden significance which it may contain. But the most singular instance of aberration of intellect on the part of frontier functionaries which ever came under my notice, was to be found in the importance which they attached to the 'Bradshaw,' the French novel, and the piece of dirty old newspaper: these were carefully made into a packet, and intrusted to the charge of a mounted Cossack, who was to accompany us to the Austrian frontier. On no account would they trust these dangerous books in the carriage with us. We even offered to leave 'Bradshaw' behind us as a token of our friendship, on condition that they would read it; but, seeing that we had determined not to corrupt them with money, they became incorruptible when it came to taking a literary present, and conscientiously insisted upon returning us that valuable work. Thus, after having spent exactly twenty-four hours in Volhynia, the greater part of the time between two gates, we bade a final farewell to the provinces of Russian Poland, and careered over the plain towards Brody, preceded always by a ferocious-looking Cossack carrying 'Bradshaw.' On arriving at the Austrian frontier, he presented it to us with great form and ceremony, as if he was restoring us our swords, of which, after an unsuccessful combat with an honourable enemy, we had been temporarily deprived; while we, once more armed with our Railway Guide, bade him a reckless and defiant adieu, and hugged to our grateful bosoms that true evidence of an enlightened country in an advanced state of civilisation. In the mean time we had a month's journey with post-horses to look forward to, before we were again

likely to hear the familiar scream of the locomotive.

It is a long day's journey from Brody to Tarnopol; the road first ascends a range of wooded hills, on the summit of which stands the old castle of Podhorsce, commanding a magnificent view, and full of old armour and relics of the middle ages. Then, winding down through romantic glens, it debouches on the undulating corn-country which extends in uniform monotony all the way to the Black Sea. There is nothing, in the picturesque point of view, to interest the traveller as he journeys over these boundless steppes; but he will be struck with amazement at their vast cereal resources, and speculate on the probable future of a country so highly gifted by nature, when these resources are properly developed. At present the grain is transported by road to Lemberg; before long, it is to be hoped that the Lemberg and Czernovitch Railroad will be commenced in earnest. Not long since I was present at a discussion in the Vienna Reichsrath on the subject, when the negotiations with the company seemed involved in hopeless difficulty. It would be well for Europe if Continental governments were as expert in the art of aiding as they now are of thwarting private enterprise. Tarnopol is a dull dirty town, with a large central square, and a population of about 20,000 inhabitants; of which 8000 are Poles, 2000 foreigners, and the rest Jews. It was only interesting in a political point of view, from the fact that a large expedition was supposed to be collecting in the neighbourhood for the purpose of crossing the Russian frontier, distant about twenty miles. As, however, this rumour was in everybody's mouth, and even the waiter of the hotel gave us confidential information on the subject, we did not think that a project, if it really existed, which was already so public, was ever likely to be put into execution; and, in fact, we have never since heard of the operations of any band from this

quarter. It is possible that, had we tried, we should have been more fortunate in an attempt to penetrate into Volhynia from this point; but we were satisfied with the experiences I have already recounted, and contented ourselves with obtaining information with reference to the state of the province from Poles who had just left it, or who owned property in it. It would seem that the danger to which, probably, General Kreuter alluded, and which we had to fear in travelling through the country, consisted in the chance of meeting with armed bands of peasants, invested by the Russian Government with the functions of police, which they exercise much to the benefit of their own pockets and the detriment of peaceable wayfarers. While all the landed proprietary of the province are Poles, the peasantry are for the most part Ruthenian, who have no sympathy with the movement; and who, although by no means attached to the Russian Government, have been easily bribed by the latter, by the prospect of plunder, to side with it. It is only due to the peasantry to say that in many instances they have resisted every temptation, and remained faithful to their masters. One of our motives for visiting the country just at this period was a desire to be present at some of the sales of sequestered property, which were taking place daily. These sales were expressly arranged for the benefit of the peasantry; one of my friends, for instance, who is a Galician, as well as Volhynian proprietor, was called upon to pay to the Russian Government a sum equal to £3000 for the suppression of the rebellion. As he has carefully abstained from taking part in the movement, the amount of this tax in itself was sufficiently onerous; but lest he should be in a condition to procure that sum at short notice, he was only allowed three days to raise it; and as he was not resident in Volhynia, it was manifestly impossible for him to make the necessary arrangements. In default of prompt

payment, the live stock of the proprietor is put up to auction among the peasants, who are thus enabled to purchase their masters' horses at a shilling apiece; and merino sheep have been known to sell for as little as three-halfpence each. In other words, the peasantry receive a present of their masters' stock, while he is deprived of the means of getting in his crop or working his land, and is still obliged to pay the difference between the trifling amount which his property has realised, and the sum originally demanded by the Government. It would seem, however, from late accounts, that the peasantry are becoming unmanageable and independent in their bearing towards the Government which has thus spoiled them, and complain of being obliged to pay to the Government the tax properly due to the proprietor, in compensation for the land which was originally his, and has by a recent arrangement been transferred to the peasant. Having paid only a nominal sum for their cattle, they now want to get the land for nothing as well; and it is some consolation to the proprietor, who has been robbed of both, to see the thieves fall out. The position of a country gentleman in these provinces is in fact becoming intolerable: not allowed to leave the country, he is constantly subjected to the suspicion of the Government while he remains in it, and too often finds himself at last an unwilling occupant of a dismal cell, or one of a melancholy *certage* on its way to Siberia. Those who were fortunate enough to procure passports at the commencement of the movement have fled the country; those who were left were in most instances arrested, so that scarcely a property remains tenanted. Any who have been disreputable or lucky enough to be left at liberty have been called upon, on the one hand by the Russian, and on the other by the Polish National Government, to pay heavy contributions. In both instances the payment is compulsory, while the constant presence of armed bands of disorderly pea-

sants, or of Cossacks, renders daily life unsafe. One gentleman, who has been most fortunately circumstanced throughout in comparison with many of his compatriots, assured me that the movement had already been a clear loss to him of £25,000; and that, in the event of its lasting through another year, he would be a sufferer to a still greater amount.

From Tarnopol I crossed over into the Bukovine, and two months elapsed before I again returned to Galicia. I was struck at every turn with the marked change which had taken place in the policy pursued by the Austrian Government in its administration of the province during that short interval; and when I compared the position of affairs in the end of November with what I had found it on the occasion of my first visit at the end of March, the contrast was still more striking. Then people had been flocking across the frontier unmolested to join the camp of Łańgiewiez; the transmission of arms and ammunition, though difficult, was not impossible; refugee insurgents who escaped into Galicia found themselves comparatively safe; and the organisation of bands, though conducted with secrecy, was managed in a much less stealthy manner than at present. Arrests were rare, and it seemed the intention of the Austrian Government to wink at the support given to the movement by its Polish subjects, while it was ostensibly engaged in checking the operations of those who furnished it. Now there was no doubt whatever as to the sincerity with which the police of Lemberg and Cracow co-operated with those of Wilna and Warsaw. Galicia swarmed with Russian spies, who were far more efficient than the Austrian police, because they were much better paid, and all persons denounced by them were arrested in the night-time. The prisons were in consequence filling rapidly, and nearly all the younger men whose acquaintance I had made in the spring were either in captivity or

in hiding. In the railways I encountered handcuffed men in the custody of soldiers being led to prison, and in the streets patrols were as numerous as I had found them in Warsaw in April. In every village near the frontier Austrian troops were posted; and it was impossible to go out for an afternoon ride without running the risk of being asked for your passport, and ordered to give a satisfactory account of yourself. These military were engaged not merely in guarding the frontier, but in hunting concealed insurgents in farms and woods; and from the rigour of their search and the severity of the measures they resort to with their prisoners, one would suppose that Austria, and not Russia, was in revolt. In considering this state of affairs, the problem forcibly presents itself: If this treatment is judged necessary where the population is loyal and tranquil, what would it be if they revolted? The history of the Hungarian rebellion unfortunately affords the solution. To us who are not accustomed to visit our acquaintances in prison, there is something inexpressibly painful in suddenly being confronted with an old friend whom you met last ruddy and healthy, but in whose now pale and haggard countenance you see the ravages of prison life already stamped. He must indeed be strong-hearted who can subdue all trace of feeling at such a moment, or witness unmoved the passionate greetings of wife and mother and little ones: but there is no time for wailing or lamentation; it seems wasting the few precious moments to give way to grief now; the object is to gratify, and not to unman, the captive—to try and rouse him from that air of weary, listless indifference so foreign to his real nature, and which is so painful a symptom of the effect of solitary confinement on the mind. How difficult is it for us to realise that feeling of utter desolation which must crush him, when, after one last convulsive embrace, his relations and friends are obliged to abandon him once more

to the gloomy solitude of his cell and the tender morcies of his jailers. Unhappily it is no imaginary scene which I have depicted, but one at which I was myself present, the prisoner one of the most distinguished noblemen in Galicia—the crime unknown; for it is the peculiar characteristic of Austrian justice to punish the prisoner first and try him afterwards, lest haply he might be found innocent in the first instance, when in all probability he would be punished equally, only the logic would be less apparent to the German mind. In this instance, so conscious was Prince S—— of the impossibility of anything being proved against him, that the thing he most ardently desired was a trial; but he has now pined near six months in vain for that act of justice, and he will in all probability be kept a prisoner till the Powers settle the Polish question in one sense or the other, when he will be set at liberty without either a trial or an apology for the injustice perpetrated against him. If, however, the Austrian Government think it necessary to shut up the most distinguished and moderate members of the Galician aristocracy on suspicion, it might at least instruct its agents to treat them with humanity. At Cracow there is a certain General Biedermann, who would not allow even the family physician to visit a poor sick young Count, as I was present when permission was refused, not only to the doctor, but to every member of his family, to visit him. The fact is one I can vouch for. I went through the form of asking permission for myself, but only to meet with a rebuff for my presumption. There does not seem the slightest chance of this young man being tried—indeed, one scarcely understands what the use of civil tribunals is at all; it would be far better that they did not exist, than that they should be only employed to the perversion of justice. Not long since I spent an evening in the society of six ladies, every one of whom had a brother, a husband, or a son in prison. If any

convention similar to that which exists between Prussia and Russia was in force between Austria and Russia, the severity of the latter might in some measure be accounted for; but an old agreement, which was drawn up between the countries, is expressly denied to have any validity by the Austrians, and never appealed to by them in justification of these harsh measures, or relied upon in the tribunals; indeed, the latter, when they do occasionally favour a prisoner with a trial, only do so when the term of his imprisonment is completed, and, to save appearances, sentence him to another week. The trials of the military tribunals for offences against the Foreign Enlistment Act are comprehensible enough; it is the action of the Austrian secret police in concert with Russian spies which is utterly indefensible; and so long as Austria is in friendly alliance with this country, it is the duty of every Englishman to protest against measures calculated to bring contempt and disgrace not merely upon the Government which perpetrates them, but upon those Powers which sit by and countenance it in so doing.

Meantime the population of Galicia, which I found in March loyal and well-affected, is being driven rapidly into a state of exasperation. Indications of violent popular feeling have been manifested in the streets of Lemberg, where several assassinations have already taken place; and in spite of the most stringent orders issued by the Galician-Polish Committee, rendering the perpetrators of any such acts of violence liable to the most severe punishment, it is impossible altogether to prevent them, when the passions of the lowest class of the people become excited. Not long since the head of the Austrian police at Lemberg was murdered in the street. The assassin was sought for in vain by the Austrians; but he was ultimately arrested by the agents of the Polish National Government. He was in the first instance sentenced to death; but as the punishment of death, whether against

Russians or Poles, has been abolished by an edict lately issued at Warsaw by the National Government, he is now expiating his crime in the kingdom of Poland in a manner which will put it out of his power ever again to molest those whom he may consider his enemies. All the endeavours, however, of the moderate or aristocratic party in Poland to curb the passions of the masses, and repress the revolutionary element, which is increasing in strength, owing to the harshness of the administration, are being neutralised by the fresh imprisonments which are daily taking place of the very men who have the tranquillity of the country most at heart. To the impartial spectator, if he is tolerably well informed, it would seem as though a judicial blindness had fallen upon the authorities, which is leading them to precipitate by their own acts the very catastrophe they most wish to avert. In order, however, thoroughly to comprehend why this is so, it is necessary to examine into the nature of the assistance which the Galician Poles determined to afford to their brethren in Russian Poland, into the organisation which they formed for the purpose of rendering that assistance, and into the policy which it was their interest to pursue under the circumstances. The contrast between the policy pursued by Prussia in the province of Posen and that adopted by Austrian Galicia on the outbreak of the insurrection, encouraged the Polish subjects of Austria to believe that the Imperial Government regarded the outbreak in the kingdom of Poland with a favourable eye; and they were confirmed in this view by the decided tone adopted by Count Rechberg in his communications to Prince Gortschakoff, in which, in concert with England and France, he committed the Austrian Government to professions of sympathy with Poland, and led not merely the Poles, but Europe in general, to suppose that the Cabinet of Vienna was actuated by the same motives which influenced those of London

and Paris. Deceived by the complacent attitude of the authorities in Galicia in the early spring, and by the openly-avowed sympathies of the Government in their favour, the Poles of Galicia did not disguise their efforts to assist their brethren in the kingdom. Averse to secret action where it was possible to carry out their designs openly, the aristocracy of the province, who at an early stage took the direction of the movement, only endeavoured to conceal their designs from the agents of Russia; and it was well known to the police, who did not interfere, that committees existed for the purpose of collecting money and forwarding military supplies of all kinds across the frontier, as well as for the organisation and equipment of bands. In return for this policy of indulgence on the part of the Government, the Galician Poles pledged themselves, in the Reichsrath of Vienna, to abandon all claim to Galicia as a province of Poland, and have even prepared to secure it to Austria under a European guarantee. It was indeed evidently the interest of the Poles in their extremity to make this sacrifice. The ultimate success of the movement depended upon their being able to secure Galicia as the base of their operations: and they did not conceal from Austria their hope that the inducement they held out might tempt her to stretch her duties as a neutral to their utmost limits in their favour. But while the conservative party in Galicia were desirous to conciliate the Austrian Government by every means in their power, and to deprive the authorities of any ground of complaint with reference to their action in the province, the democratic party took an entirely opposite view of the situation. They did not trust the Austrian professions of sympathy at the outset—they could not believe that the Austrian police were suddenly changed in character; and maintained that the attitude of forbearance on the part of the authorities was only adopted in order that a blind confidence

might be inspired, which should lead the Poles on to their certain destruction. Innate conspirators, they had no idea of treating openly with any constituted government, and they declaimed against the aristocratic party for betraying the nation to the Austrians. They rejected the idea of making any bargain with the cabinet at Vienna, or any promise touching the ultimate abandonment of Galicia to Austria: their principle here, as elsewhere in Europe, was, extended combined action against all constituted authority. Every concession, therefore, made by the Austrian Government in favour of the moderates was a blow to their antagonists. Every act of severity on the part of the Government was a triumph to the democrats, whose exultation knew no bounds when the authorities began imprisoning those leaders of the conservative party who had most decidedly resisted the revolutionary policy which they advocated. Not only did the party of faction thus get rid of an opposition which crushed them, but they were able to justify in the eyes of the nation their constant assertions that the policy of the moderates was the betrayal of the cause to the Austrians. In vain does a leading moderate preach patience, and trust in the good intentions of the Government—in vain does he point to those despatches which so severely condemned the policy of Russia with regard to Poland, and ask the people to believe in the good faith of the Government; his discourse, breathing loyalty and moderation, is abruptly interrupted by the agents of the police, who incarcerate him then and there, and render him powerless to influence either for good or evil till the agitation shall be over. Instantly the thread of his discourse is taken up by a "Red," who "points the moral;" and all who were hesitating between moderate and extreme views of course become extreme. If it is any satisfaction to the bureaucracy of Austria to know it, they may

rest assured that they are the most perfectly-devised machine which now exists in Europe for the wholesale and rapid manufacture of revolutionists. The praiseworthy efforts of the most enlightened Austrian statesmen to introduce reform and constitutional government into the country will be vain, so long as a powerful and a close corporate body exists, more arbitrary in their united action than the Emperor could be, holding the whole country in their official clutch as in a vice, endowed with the prestige of irresponsibility, imbued with the traditions of absolutism, with ramifications extending through every grade of society, bound together by a common interest and animated by a common policy. Not until the day comes when the *employés* of the State in Austria understand that they are the paid servants and not the despotic rulers of the people, will the Reichsrath at Vienna be of the slightest avail. It is clear, then, that the moderate of Galicia had two enemies to contend against—the party of action and the Austrian bureaucrats; and between the two he has been well-nigh altogether extinguished. While, on the one hand, he is being hunted down by the Austrian official, he is, on the other, being intrigued against by the "Ultras," who bring their influence to bear upon the National Government at Warsaw. The result has been that the National Government, dissatisfied with the temporising policy which has been pursued in Galicia, have wished to take the management of affairs in that province into their own hands, and administer Galicia, as the rest of Poland is administered, from Warsaw. Such a consummation was scarcely to be desired at Vienna, and yet it is one which is now imminent. The moderates refusing to be dictated to from Warsaw, and declining to adopt the hostile policy which was desired of them, resigned, in the first instance, and for some time affairs in Galicia were in the hands of the National Government: this

was, however, at the moment when a crisis had occurred in the constitution of that body at Warsaw; and in order to understand it we must enter as fully as circumstances will permit into the nature of that organisation which has defied in so remarkable a manner the Russian authority. I have already shown in a former article how the movement in Poland originated, and how, during its earlier stages, it was under the direction of the European "party of action." It soon became evident to these extreme politicians that they could only hope for ultimate success if they could induce their old antagonists, the aristocracy, to combine with them upon some common ground in their resistance to the Russian Government. The aristocracy and moderate party, though disapproving of the moment chosen, and of the methods employed to offer resistance, found that matters had gone too far to admit of hesitation on their part, and consented to take a share in the direction of affairs, in the hope that sooner or later they might neutralise the pernicious influence of the "Reds." They rested their right of resistance on the principle of nationality, while their opponents depended for support upon the revolutionary elements of Europe. Notwithstanding this fundamental difference in principle, the two parties were driven to unite by the extremity of the emergency; and the real power soon fell into the hands of the moderates, whose superior advantages of birth, position, and education, gave them an influence throughout the country which the others could not hope to attain. For five or six months they directed the movement from Warsaw; but, afraid of altogether alienating the "Reds," they made continual concessions to that party, which was always represented in the National Government at Warsaw by a certain number of its members. These, as may be supposed, were in constant opposition to the Government; but as all measures are settled by the majority, they were generally out-

voted. Impatient of a condition of subordination which deprived them of influence, the more violent members of the party organised an intrigue against the National Government by means of its own secret police, some of whom were suborned; and determined to precipitate matters in the extreme sense they persistently advocated, they commenced operations by the attempt to murder General Berg. This was the first notice which the National Government received of the existence of this conspiracy; and it was followed by a warning from those of their own police who had remained faithful, to the effect that a *coup d'état* was meditated against themselves, which could only be met by the prompt execution of the ring-leaders, or by the resignation of the National Government in a body. To us, unaccustomed to any description of secret action, there is something almost incomprehensible in this intrigue within intrigue. While the National Government was administering civilly and militarily the whole kingdom of Poland under the noses of the Russian Government, and was considered by the world an impalpable myth, it was in reality substantial enough to be threatened with political destruction by secret enemies, who had been for months undermining its foundations, and who, in fact, exploded the mine with the bomb which they threw at General Berg. What better proof can we desire of the talents for conspiracy of the party of action, than that it should be able to carry on a successful intrigue against a body itself so secret, mysterious, and intangible, that it had defied all the ingenuity which the Russian police have expended to discover it? Those who contend that the Poles, even if they succeeded in obtaining their liberty, would be unable to govern themselves, may find in this episode some justification for their theory. On the other hand, the absolute power which

the National Government has exercised over the nation throughout a whole year, the dexterous manner in which it has met internal combinations and resisted external persecution, the obedience of the nation to its commands, and the perfection of its organisation, may warrant the Poles in maintaining that it has furnished the best proof which could be desired of their powers of self-government. It will be a point upon which there will always be two opinions until the experiment is tried, and one, therefore, which it is useless to discuss. Meantime the National Government, averse to the adoption of harsh measures, and convinced that their opponents did not really possess the confidence of the country, resigned in a body, and the *personnel* of the direction became entirely changed. In order, however, to understand the effect which this change of government produced, it is necessary to describe within limits dictated by prudence the composition of the National Government at Warsaw. Since my visit to that town in April, the mystery which was then a secret has become so universally known among Poles, that I am guilty of no indiscretion in stating in general terms, and without going into details, the leading features of the organisation. The supreme authority is vested in a Directory, which differs from an ordinary Cabinet in this respect, that the various departments which are represented in it are each under the control of a chief, who is not a member of the Directory, but the intermediary between the department he controls and the Secretary of the Directory, who is again the intermediary between the head of each department and the Directory. Thus, for instance, when a measure is brought forward, it is put to the vote in the department to which it belongs, and, if carried by a majority, it passes upwards to the Directory, who discuss and vote upon it. If it is there also carried by a majority, it passes down again

to the original department, where it is countersigned by the head of the department and becomes law. It is clear from this that it would be quite possible for the whole direction to be changed without the departments knowing anything about it, unless the Secretary chose to tell; and such, in fact, took place when the "Reds" ejected the moderates from power two months since. They took the place of the latter in the Directory; but no sooner did the departments hear of the change than they not only refused to act, but issued a circular to the provinces stating what had taken place. It is unnecessary to describe the organization of the province; suffice it to say, that from one end of the kingdom to the other the agents of the National Government sent in their resignations *en masse*. It was at this crisis that the policy of the Austrian Government in Galicia strengthened the hands of the "Reds," who determined to replace the moderate party in that province by agents of their own; and then it was that in Galicia the whole of the moderate party retired for a fortnight from all participation in the movement—a fact which did not prevent them from being arrested and imprisoned, to the great comfort and consolation of their extreme opponents. Meantime the new Government at Warsaw found itself paralysed by the resistance offered to their authority by the whole organization. After spending what money there was in the coffers of the National treasury, and issuing two proclamations to Europe in general, they were at a loss what next to do. The subordinate departments continued to exercise their respective functions, but ignored altogether the existence of the Directory. They ordered the usual payment of the taxes throughout the country, but only to be held in reserve until a change of Government should take place. The efforts of the Directory to procure funds or to enforce a single decree

falling, they got tired of sitting round a table doing nothing; and after having enjoyed the barren dignity for a fortnight, they suddenly decamped one fine morning, leaving the field to be reoccupied by the old Government, who came back triumphantly into office, relieved for ever from the *déte noir* of the "party of action." They had been tried and found wanting; the whole country had testified in an unmistakable way its distrust and dislike of their principles, and of the men who advocated them. There was now no longer any necessity to coquette with "Reds." Mieroslawski and Co. might henceforward intrigue to their hearts' content—they were powerless for mischief; they had the sting taken out of them by a fortnight of office, and were politically "killed," after the manner of Americans. But things did not revert to their old channel in Galicia; the independence of action which the Galician Poles had always endeavoured to retain, so as to enable them to act loyally towards their own Government, was to be allowed them no longer; and it was, in the first instance, sought to have a Gallician committee entirely subordinate to the National Government at Warsaw. This was, however, firmly resisted by the Galicians, and in the end a compromise was arrived at, which, while it should allow the National Government a certain influence, should not deprive the Galicians of all liberty of action. Still a strong tendency now exists in Warsaw to take the entire management of the affairs in this province into their own hands; and there can be no doubt that, should they do so, it will be wholly owing to the policy which the Austrian Government has pursued in dealing with this question. The moderate Poles are quite ready to make allowances for the difficult position in which Austria finds herself as a friendly Power to Russia, and if she would confine herself to her duties as a neutral they would not complain. There can be

no doubt that the open equipment of armed bands for the invasion of the territory of a friendly nation is against international law, though we did not in England adhere scrupulously to our obligations in this respect when we permitted a Garibaldian legion to leave our shores to assist in ejecting the King of Naples. The arrest and trial of persons found recruiting, or actually leaving the country in an organised band, would be perfectly legitimate on the part of Austria; but nothing can justify the imprisonment of persons without trial, the suppression of the 'Ozas' newspaper, the patrolling of the streets of quiet towns, the midnight domiciliary visits—the change, in fact, from the attitude of the Government in the spring to the attitude it has assumed now. If, at the outbreak of the movement, it was fulfilling its international obligations towards Russia, there was no necessity for the change. Nothing has happened in Galicia to warrant it; for, as I have already said, the acts of violence which have been perpetrated there have been the effects, and not the cause, of harsh measures

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AIR—"Push about the jorum."

In ancient days, tradition says,
 When knowledge much was stinted—
 When few could teach and fewer preach,
 And books were not yet printed—
 What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
 They pithily expounded;
 And proverbs sage, from age to age,
 In every mouth abounded.
 O blessings on the men of yore,
 Who wisdom thus augmented,
 And left a store of easy lore
 For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
 Do very ill agree, sir;
 A beggar hates at rich men's gates
 A beggar's face to see, sir.
 Yet trades there are, though rather rare,
 Where men are not so jealous;
 Two lawyers know the coal to blow,
 Just like a pair of bellows.
 O blessings, &c.

Birds of a feather flock together,
 Like fain with like would dwell, sir;
 Yet things unlike the fancy strike,
 And answer pretty well, sir.
 You know Jack Sprat: he eats no fat,
 His wife can eat no lean, sir;
 So 'twixt the two, with small ado,
 They lick the platter clean, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

The man who would Charybdis shun
 Must make a cautious movement,
 Or else he'll into Seylla run—
 Which would be no improvement.
 The fish that left the frying-pan,
 On feeling that desire, sir,
 Took little by their change of plan,
 When floundering in the fire, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

A man of nous from a glass house
 Will not be throwing stones, sir;
 A mountain may bring forth a mouse,
 With many throes and groans, sir.
 A friend in need's a friend indeed,
 And prized as such should be, sir;
 But summer friends, when summer ends,
 Are off and o'er the sea, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,
 Which gives our pride relief, sir;
 Between two stools the bones of fools
 Are apt to come to grief, sir.
 Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,
 Though why I ne'er could see, sir,
 But some opine 'tis found in wine,
 Which better pleases me, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

Your toil and pain will all be vain,
 To try to milk the bull, sir;
 If forth you jog to shear the hog,
 You'll get more cry than wool, sir.
 'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,
 Or shave a chin that's bare, sir;
 You cannot strip a Highland hip
 Of what it does not wear, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

Of proverbs in the common style
 If now you're growing weary,
 I'll try again to raise a smile
 With two by Lord Dundreary.
 You cannot brew good Burgundy
 Out of an old sow's ear, sir;
 Nor can you make a silken purse
 From very sour small beer, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

Now he who listens to my song,
 And heeds what I indite, sir,
 Will seldom very far go wrong,
 And often will go right, sir.
 But whoso hears with idle ears,
 And is no wiser made, sir,
 A fool is he, and still would be,
 Though in a mortar brayed, sir.
 O blessings, &c.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

No longer slowly, but rapidly, Europe is moving onwards into the vortex—into a series of convulsions which will shake the Continent throughout its length and breadth. The old landmarks have been disappearing,—the old treaties are being forced into abeyance; and through new wars Europe is about to grope her way towards a new settlement. The prospect is to be deplored, but it must be faced. Five years ago today, a few words spoken in the reception-room of the Tuileries gave warning to statesmen that the sword was to be employed to solve the Gordian knot of the most urgent of the international grievances. Ever since the outbreak of the Italian war, which followed those words, the feeling of disquiet or alarm has spread among nations as well as among Governments. Every leading country in Europe has been strengthening its fortresses, reorganising or equipping anew its armies, and reconstructing its fleets. The budgets of a time of peace have been burdened with expenses only natural in a time of war. Governments and peoples alike have been forecasting the future, and each in its own way, clumsily or efficiently, has been preparing for it. The crisis is now visibly approaching. The armaments which have arisen during the past five years of apprehension constitute, in one point of view, the best bulwark for the maintenance of peace. No State can now be assailed defenceless and surprised. Its own blunders may lay it open to the blow of an adversary, but it cannot be taken unawares. This, in truth, constitutes the chief obstacle to the outbreak of a Continental war. But if we look at the other side of the shield, the insufficiency of the protection may well be doubted. Nations now feel that they can do no more; and that since the difficulties of the

position only continue to multiply, it is as well to face them at once as seek to postpone them by a continuance of irksome sacrifice. They are growing weary of a peace which seems to be only a truce—of a peace that is fraught with the burdens and poisoned with the apprehensions of war. We believe we only state a fact when we say that the period of alarm has passed, and that the intermittent panics, in most countries of Europe, which commenced with the outbreak of the Italian war, have given place to a dogged and somewhat angry feeling of defiance. Men have been forced to count the costs and contemplate the contingencies of a war; the prospect has been growing familiar to them; and, so far as regards the Continental States, it is the Governments, more than the peoples, which shrink from the crisis that seems daily drawing nearer.

Menacing as is the position of affairs, no step has yet been taken which in any way necessitates an appeal to arms. On various occasions, since 1815, the attitude of the Great Powers to one another has been quite as antagonistic and menacing as it is now,—and yet peace was maintained. The peculiarly serious aspect of the present crisis is owing to the existence of many separate causes of quarrel, which are being brought to a head at once. Difficult of solution as the Polish question is, we doubt not it would have been solved ere this, by moral or military force, but for the other embarrassments which distract Europe—but for the difficulties which fetter some Powers, and the ambitions which are known to inspire others. It is the tide of circumstance, the broad current of events, which is the most disquieting feature of the present position. In no quarter is the crisis self-made. Some Powers, indeed, will endeavour to turn to

their own advantage the general embroilment; but it exists independently of them. Europe has been sown with dragon's teeth, and if care be not taken we shall have to reap the crop at once. Poland struggles for life against Russia, while Russia is resolved to resist dismemberment to the death. Austria is threatened by the Poles in Galicia and by the Hungarians on the Danube; while Italy longs for an opportunity to drive the Austrians out of Venetia. Servia and the Danubian Principalities are ripe for revolt against the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Germans, although threatened in the event of war alike on the east and on the west—alike in Posen and on the Rhine—are eager to engage in hostilities with Denmark on behalf of the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig. The Imperial Government of France is constrained, for dynastic reasons, to interfere on behalf of the Poles, and sees the probability of compensating the costs of a war by annexing the provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. Sweden will naturally ally herself with Denmark against Germany, and, moreover, would not be loth should the events of the war and an extension of her alliances afford her an opportunity of reclaiming from Russia her old province of Finland. The final settlement of all these questions could only be achieved by a more gigantic war than any which Europe has yet witnessed. And no such war is at present to be expected. Should war come, it will be closed by compromises, in which the Great Powers will deal very summarily with the pretensions of the smaller ones. It is only the Revolutionary party that desire a widespread and prolonged war; and the Emperor of the French himself will be foremost in opposing their wish. If we enumerate these various causes of conflict, it is not in the belief that they either will be, or could be, fought out and settled at once, but simply as a formidable array of

agencies tending to war, which will render the maintenance of peace more difficult than it has ever been since the time of the first French Revolution.

In truth, the difficulties are greater now than they were then. It is easier to deal with the interests of Courts than with the ambition of peoples. One cannot take a nation into a closet, and in secret arrange with it the destinies of Europe. In old times, Governments could be compensated for the loss of one province by receiving another which did not formerly belong to them: so that the extent of their dominions was maintained or increased, they cared little from what quarter the accession to their territories was derived. The rise of the new principle of nationality has changed all that. Europe has grown wiser, the Governments more forbearing, during the last seventy years, and in this change we have a stronger guarantee for peace; but the difficulties are increased in at least equal proportion, for the headstrong feeling of nations now bears directly upon their Governments, and compels the latter to prosecute unflinchingly the object of the national desires. The wars of kings are being succeeded by a war of peoples.

From the first outburst of the Polish revolt it became evident to reflecting minds that, if the revolt could maintain itself for a considerable time, a European crisis would ensue. All eyes turned immediately to France, to see what course would be adopted by the Imperial Government. The heir of Napoleon could not remain a passive spectator of the struggle. In reviving the Empire, Louis Napoleon served himself heir to its traditions. He created for himself a task of transcendent difficulty—a career full of the gravest risks. He aspired to found a dynasty; and every founder of a dynasty must dare and do beyond the measure of ordinary monarchs. His great Uncle had aspired to "close the gulf of

revolution," and leave a stable dynasty behind him. He failed—for he came too soon. But in every country, by a moral necessity, the period of revolution must come to a close; and on this account Napoleon III. has a far greater chance of ultimate success than Napoleon I. He has come later, and therefore has more chances in his favour. Still, his task is one of transcendent difficulty; and the Polish revolt at length brought him face to face with a great European crisis, which must also be the crisis of his dynasty. He must do something on behalf of Poland,—and that something must be very much more than was done by Louis Philippe in 1830. He had been on the best of terms with the Russian Government since 1856; and doubtless he has endeavoured, by private representations, to obtain from the Court of St. Petersburg concessions to Poland which would redound to his credit and obviate any necessity for war. But the Russian Government was not disposed to lessen its own prestige, or to let the Emperor of the French appear to the Poles in the light of a champion, whose influence had won for them the concessions of the Czar. Cautious not to isolate himself—resolved not to be drawn single-handed into a war, nor to expose himself to a diplomatic rebuff, which would be fatally humiliating if he bore it alone—the Emperor looked around him for allies in diplomatic action, and found one ready-made in England.

The British nation, although it does not aspire, like the French, to redress the wrongs of the world, has a profound sympathy for the cause of national freedom, and often gives way to passionate indignation at sufferings inflicted by the strong upon the weak. True, during the Polish rebellion in 1830, the British Government declined to co-operate with France in a war on behalf of Poland; but at that time "Peace and Retrenchment" were the watchwords of the newly-installed Liberal Ministry, and they

could not then be expected so flagrantly to repudiate their principles. Moreover, Lord Palmerston has now become political dictator in England—and Lord Palmerston is the Minister with whom the French Emperor loves best to deal. "Palmerston is not friendly to me now," said the Emperor to an English statesman some two years ago; "but, for all that, I like him—for with him *on peut faire des grandes choses*." He is the last surviving statesman of the school of Wellington and Castlereagh. During the first fifteen years of his official life he was familiar with the great political combinations which were necessitated by the war with France, and by the troubled period which intervened between the Congress of Vienna and that of Verona; and he is considered less averse than English statesmen generally to forecast the future, and attempt to provide against its menacing contingencies by arranging with other Powers a programme of combined action. At the outset, the Ministry seemed not indisposed to adopt a warlike attitude on the Polish question. Lords Palmerston and Russell denounced the conduct of Russia in the strongest terms, as like an outrage on humanity and an infraction of treaties; and declared that the Treaty of Vienna, which gave Poland to Russia, gave the other Powers a right to demand that the conditions of that Treaty in regard to Poland should be observed. At the same time, the newspaper which is believed peculiarly to express the sentiments of Lord Palmerston indulged in several warlike articles, and even discussed the mode in which a military and naval intervention on behalf of Poland could be best effected. Ever anxious to guard itself against isolation, the French Government proposed that the European Powers should unite in addressing a collective note to Russia, remonstrating against the policy which she was pursuing towards Poland. The British Government declined to adopt this proposal. They resolved

to keep free of all entanglements, and preserve their own liberty of action. A community of diplomatic action might be a very harmless thing, but it might be made to lead insensibly to a community of action of a much more serious description. Besides, unless the "collective note" were to be a mere form, it was certain that many of the Powers would refuse to adopt it; and obviously the sentiments of the Powers could be quite as well expressed if each sent a note of its own. The reply of Russia to these notes was what might have been expected; the Emperor was willing to observe to the full the Treaty rights of the Poles, but plainly it was impossible to do anything in the matter until the revolt was at an end. In reply to this, other notes were despatched by England, France, and Austria; but the interest in this paper war was soon at an end, for Lord Russell took more than one occasion of stating in Parliament that, however much the Government condemned the conduct of Russia, it had no intention of going to war. The Treaty of Vienna, said Lord Palmerston, gives us a right to interfere on behalf of Poland, but it is not a duty incumbent upon us to exercise that right. In short, it was at length plainly announced, and repeated so as to leave no room for misapprehension, that, come what might, the British Government had no intention of drawing the sword in this quarrel.

The British Government was quite justified in acting as it did; and probably in any circumstances its conduct would not have been different. Nevertheless it must doubtless have been well aware that the course which it took was the one best calculated to make an end of the "understanding" which had existed between Napoleon and the Czar since the Peace of Paris. The bases of that understanding may possibly remain undivulged during the present generation; but we doubt not they were substantially the same as those secretly arranged

between Charles X. and the Emperor Nicholas in 1829, in virtue of which France was to acquire the Rhine provinces, and Russia to extend her dominion at the expense of Turkey. The mission of the Duke de Morny to St. Petersburg in 1856 inaugurated this understanding, and the meeting of the Czar and the Emperor at Stuttgart in the following year completed it. That the secret conditions of the "understanding" contained a great bribe to Russia, is evidenced by the decided partiality which has been shown, and the important services rendered, to France by the Court of St. Petersburg on various occasions since 1857. In the end of 1858 Napoleon privately obtained the consent of the Czar to his contemplated war in Italy; and in the spring of 1859, Russia came opportunely to the rescue when the Emperor's plans were all but knocked on the head by the success of Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna. Lord Malmesbury, aware that Napoleon III. was bent upon having an Italian war, instructed our Ambassador at Paris to ascertain categorically from the Emperor what were the demands which he had to make upon Austria,—knowing well that, unless he chose to unmask his designs, the Emperor must confine himself to demands which Austria might well afford to concede. The anticipation was justified; and Lord Cowley, despatched to Vienna, easily obtained the assent of the Austrian Government to all that Napoleon professed to require. But the instant that intelligence reached Paris, a telegram from the Tuileries requested the Russian Government to propose a Congress; and no sooner was this proposal made by Russia (as Prince Gortschakoff afterwards stated, "in order to meet the wishes of the French Government"), than the Emperor refused to be bound by Lord Cowley's mission, alleging that since a Congress had been proposed, to a Congress the question must go! Again, in 1860, the Court of St. Petersburg still

more decidedly lent its support to the policy of the French Emperor. When the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France was announced, our Minister for Foreign Affairs declared in Parliament that "England must look out for new alliances;" and as many of the Continental Powers were equally opposed to this flagrant violation of the Treaties of Vienna, it seemed not improbable that a conjoint protest against the annexation would be addressed to the French Government. But the Russian Government came to the rescue, and by at once recognising the annexation, induced the other Powers to abstain from a protest which, after this act of the Russian Government, would obviously be void of result. So thorough an understanding as this, between the two leading Powers of the Continent, could not be a matter of indifference to the other Powers; and doubtless the British Government was not sorry that the course which it was right for them to adopt in the Polish question, was calculated to test this mysterious alliance between Napoleon and the Czar, by compelling the former of these potentates to take a decided course one way or the other. It has always been the policy of the French Emperor to have two strings to his bow—to oscillate between England, on the one hand, and Russia on the other, making use of either as occasion might demand. If the Polish question had been postponed, the concert of France and Russia might have continued in force, and the influence of these two Powers would have been supreme in the affairs of Europe at a time when important changes were obviously impending. That the French Emperor really meant to let Russia have her own way in the Eastern question, we cannot believe. It is more probable that as soon as, by her help, he had obtained the crowning object of his ambition, the frontier of the Rhine, he would have changed his basis of alliances, and would willingly have joined in restraining the

territorial ambition of his former ally. But as England neither desires to see the French in Antwerp nor the Russians in Constantinople, she cannot regret should the "secret understanding," which aimed at the accomplishment of both of these ends, be ruptured by the occurrence of the Polish revolt.

Every Government has objects and interests peculiar to itself, and as long as it pursues these objects in a legitimate fashion there can be no ground for censure. The policy of the French Government in the Polish question has hitherto been entirely justifiable. The Emperor has found himself in a most embarrassing position, and the community of action which he sought to establish with the other Powers would have had for him many advantages. If his suggestion of "collective notes" had been adopted, his opposition to Russia would have been less direct; he would have appeared only as one of many, bound to accept the resolutions of the majority. And if these collective notes failed to attain their object, and the Emperor saw no good prospect of engaging successfully in a war, he would have the means of excusing his inaction to his own subjects by representing himself as bound by the common opinion of Europe. On the other hand, if advantageous for him in the event of failure, such a community of action might have been equally useful in procuring for him allies in the event of his finding it advantageous to resort to war. Every one in this country now knows how Governments may "drift" into war in consequence of diplomatic entanglements, even though at the outset they were firmly resolved to remain at peace. And if the British Government in the present case had once adopted a conjoint action with France, it would have been difficult to have afterwards dissociated our action from that of the Imperial Government.

In September last diplomacy seemed to tire of its efforts on

behalf of Poland. The second reply of the Russian Government to the notes of the remonstrating Powers was as courteous but as unfavourable as the first.* The French Emperor, enlightened by the tardy declaration of the British Government, that it had no intention to engage in a war, wisely resolved not to prolong the discussion. At the same time he proclaimed himself ready to act along with the other Powers, whenever they should be willing to adopt any course which promised to be efficacious. But this lull in the Polish question did not last long. Lord Russell, when enjoying an ovation at Aberdeen, declared that Russia by her conduct had forfeited her right to the kingdom of Poland, as secured to her by the Treaties of Vienna; but his colleagues would not agree to his proposal that a despatch to that effect should be forwarded to St. Petersburg. Then followed the speech of the Emperor Napoleon on the opening of the French Chambers (Nov. 5), in which he stated that the Treaties of 1815 were no longer in force, and that a Congress of all the Powers was necessary to regulate and rearrange the affairs of Europe. Simultaneously autograph letters from the Emperor were forwarded to all the sovereign authorities, inviting them to attend a Congress at Paris, at which the Treaties of Vienna might be revised, and a new foundation laid for the political edifice of Europe. The following are the leading sentences in this memorable document, which is dated 4th November:—

"On all occasions when great convulsions have shaken the foundations and deranged the limits of states, solemn compacts have followed to reduce to order the new elements, and to recognise, while revising them, the changes that have been effected.

"Such was the object of the Treaty of Westphalia in the seventeenth century, and of the negotiations of Vienna in 1815. It is on this last foundation that the political edifice of Europe now rests; and, nevertheless, your Majesty is not ignorant it is crumbling to pieces on all sides.

"If one considers attentively the situation of the different countries it is impossible not to admit that on almost all points the Treaties of Vienna are destroyed, modified, disregarded, or menaced. Hence there are duties without rule, rights without title, pretensions without restraint; a peril the more formidable, since the improvements produced by civilisation, which has united peoples together by an identity of material interests, would render war still more destructive.

"This is a matter for serious reflection. Let us not delay taking a decision until sudden and irresistible events disturb our judgment, and draw us in spite of ourselves in opposite directions. I now, therefore, propose to your Majesty to regulate the present, and to secure the future, by means of a Congress."

In their reply (dated November 11), her Majesty's Government stated their "conviction that the main provisions of the Treaty of 1815 are in full force; that the greater number of those provisions have not been in any way disturbed; and, that on these foundations rests the balance of power in Europe."

* In this final despatch (dated Sept. 7) Prince Gortschakoff thus clearly defines the position taken up by the Russian Government:—"It is not the principles of the general act of Vienna that are in question—as, on the one hand, the three Powers who have offered representations concerning Poland have taken the stipulations of 1815 as a basis—and as, on the other hand, the Russian Cabinet has declared its intention to respect those stipulations. The only question relates to their application; but this involves confidential questions which the three boundary states have ever considered as a sovereign prerogative, and within their exclusive competence. The Russian Government is of opinion that, after the experience that it has had, those measures [those recommended by the three Powers] cannot be applied whilst the insurrection is up in arms; that they must be preceded by the re-establishment of order; and that, in order to be efficacious, they must proceed directly from the sovereign power, in the fulness of its strength and its liberty, and without any foreign diplomatic pressure."

And they made the special inquiry—"What is the nature of the proposals to be made by the Emperor Napoleon? and, above all, are they, if agreed to by a majority of the Powers, to be enforced by arms?" To this M. Drouyn de Lhuys replied, in brief, that the subjects most likely to be discussed in the Congress were, the Polish question, the Italian question, the Danish question, and "the anarchy which prevails on the Lower Danube," which threatens to reopen the Eastern question; also the means of "lightening the burden imposed on the nations by the disproportionate armaments occasioned by mutual distrust." With respect to the important inquiries of the British Government as to the nature of the proposals on these subjects to be made by the Emperor, and whether the decision of the majority of the Powers was to be enforced by arms, the French Minister merely said—"Lord Russell surely does not expect us to specify here the mode of solution applicable to each of these problems, nor the kind of sanction which might be given by the decisions of the Congress. To the Powers there represented would pertain the right of pronouncing upon these various points." After maturely considering the matter, the British Government decided that the project of a Congress was impracticable—that if such an assembly were to meet, instead of conducing to peace, it would leave many of the Powers on worse terms than before—and that the probable result "to those Powers who are not ready to incur the cost and hazard of war" would be to leave them no alternative between submitting to a public humiliation, or being forced into a war which they desired to avoid. The following are the leading sentences of this despatch, which is dated November 25:—

"In the first place, with regard to Poland, . . . would there be any advantage in repeating, in the name of a Congress, representations already made with so little effect? Is it probable that a Congress would be able to secure better terms for Poland, *unless by a combined employment of force?* . . . Is it

likely that Russia will grant, in the pride of her strength, what she refused in the early days of her discouragement? Would she create an independent Poland at the mere request of a Congress? But if she would not, the prospect becomes one of humiliation for Europe, or of war against Russia; and those Powers who are not ready to incur the cost and hazard of war, may well desire to avoid the other alternative. . . .

"Passing to the question of Italy, fresh difficulties occur. In the first place, is it intended to sanction by a new treaty the present state of possession in Italy? The Pope, and the Sovereigns related to the dispossessed Princes, might, on the one side, object to give a title they have hitherto refused to the King of Italy; and the King of Italy, on the other, would probably object to a settlement which would appear to exclude him, by inference at least, from the acquisition of Rome and Venetia.

"But is it intended to ask Austria, in Congress, to renounce the possession of Venetia? Her Majesty's Government have good grounds to believe that no Austrian representative would attend a Congress where such a proposition was to be discussed. They are informed that if such an intention were announced beforehand, Austria would decline to attend the Congress; and that if the question were introduced without notice, the Austrian Minister would quit the assembly. Here, again, therefore, the deliberations of the Congress would soon be brought in sight of the alternative of nullity or war. . . .

"But is it possible to assemble a Congress, and to summon an Italian representative to sit in it, without discussing the state of Venetia? The Emperor of the French would be the first person to feel and to admit that such a course would not be possible.

"With regard to Germany and Denmark, it is true that several of the Powers of Europe have interested themselves in that question; but the addition of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey to the deliberation, would scarcely improve the prospect of a satisfactory solution. And if with regard to Poland and Italy no beneficial result is likely to be attained, is it expedient to call together a general Congress of all the states of Europe to find a remedy for the anarchy of Moldo-Wallachia?

"Were all these questions—those of Poland, Italy, Denmark, and the Danubian Provinces—to be decided by the mere utterance of opinions, the views of her Majesty's Government upon most of them might perhaps be found not materially to differ from those of the Emperor of the French. But if the mere expression of opinions and wishes would accomplish no positive results, it appears certain that the deliberations of a Congress would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others; and, there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decisions of the majority, the Congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met.

"But if this would be the probable result, it follows that no decrease of armaments is likely to be effected by the proposed Congress. . . . Not being able, therefore, to discern the likelihood of those beneficial consequences which the Emperor of the French promised himself when proposing a Congress, her Majesty's Government, following their own strong convictions, after mature deliberation, feel themselves unable to accept his Imperial Majesty's invitation."

The King of Italy, as was to be expected, accepted Napoleon's project of a Congress unreservedly; but the replies of the other Powers for the most part constituted only a conditional acceptance of the project. Almost all of them took one or other of the following courses: they either (like England) requested to be informed of the questions to be submitted to the Congress; or they professed their willingness to take part in it along with "the other Powers." The lesser Powers, for the most part, adopted the latter form of reply, the greater Powers the former. If "the other Powers" attended the Congress, the lesser ones would have nothing to gain by staying away; but as it was pretty certain that the great majority of the Powers would not attend, the form of acceptance adopted by the lesser potentates really bound them to nothing. The reply of the Emperor of Russia (Nov. 18), while warmly approving, in the abstract, of the idea of congresses for set-

tling the affairs of Europe (a point upon which, as irrelevant, the British Cabinet pronounced no opinion), was substantially in accord with the first reply of the British Government. "In order that your Majesty's proposition may be *practical*," said the Czar, "it can only proceed from the consent of the other Powers; and to obtain this result, I believe it *indispensable* for your Majesty to define clearly the questions which, in your opinion, should become the subject of an understanding, and the bases upon which this understanding would have to be established." This is precisely Lord Russell's reply of 11th November in other words. The utmost courtesy was due to the French Emperor in the first reply; to his proposal, but frankness could not long be delayed. Austria had already intimated to the British Government that she would take no part in the Congress if the Venetian question were to be discussed; and Russia unquestionably would equally refuse to attend, when informed that her relations with Poland were to be subjected to the decision of the same tribunal. The rejection of the project by the British Government, therefore, merely anticipated in substance the replies that would have been made by the other great Powers—Russia, Prussia, and Austria—when, apprised of the questions which, in the opinion of the French Government, would be submitted to the decision of the Congress.

The impracticability of the Emperor's proposal was obvious on the face of it. After the greatest and most exhausting war that ever desolated Europe, it was with the utmost difficulty that the great Powers could agree among themselves to a settlement of affairs at the Congress of Vienna. Although each had measured his strength with that of the others—although the costs of the war had been enormous, and compromise on all sides had become obviously indispensable—the Congress would only have

been the starting point for a new war, if the return of Napoleon from Elba had not terrified the assembled Powers into sudden moderation. What, then, could be expected of a Congress, each member of which had a grievance or an ambition, and none of which had been taught the measure of its strength or weakness by actual hostilities? Had such a Congress met, the only result of its discussions would have been to formulate war. Its only use—if use it can be called—would have been to organise war-alliances, and to array the Powers of Europe, with terrible precision, into two or more hostile camps. The project was impracticable, and not unmixed with absurdity. It was a proposal to smoke the pipe of peace over a barrel of gunpowder. So sagacious a monarch as Napoleon III., however, would not have made the proposal if it had not been advantageous for himself to make it. A Congress to remodel and pacify Europe is one of those "grand ideas" which captivate the imagination of the French people. In the future and under other circumstances, such an institution, we doubt not, will be adopted with advantage; and the Emperor, who is resolved to have a page of history for himself, desires to have the glory of originating the scheme. Moreover, he knows and acknowledges that he is "the Sovereign to whom ambitious projects have been the most attributed;" and by proposing a scheme which ostensibly aims at the pacification of Europe, he prepares a justification for the warlike policy which he may ultimately adopt, and, when drawing the sword, will appeal to his present proposal as a proof that the war is not of his seeking, but has been forced upon him by the perversity of the other Powers. Adhering, also, with characteristic steadiness to his leading ideas, he sought in the Congress a means of establishing, in a more decisive form, that community of action

with other Powers which he had previously endeavoured to create by his proposal for "collective notes," and of which we have already spoken.

The project of a Congress has sunk in the waters, and ostensibly it is England that has dealt the *coup-de-grace*. It was a heavy responsibility which the British Government took upon itself by so doing, but no other course was open to it. And public opinion in this country, with an unprecedented unanimity, has ratified the act of the Government. Even the leaders of the Peace Party, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, have disapproved the project of a Congress as wholly illusory—and they have done so in language savouring of contempt. If the project of the French Emperor had afforded the least prospect of attaining the object which it proposed to accomplish, England would have been only too glad to support it. England has nothing to gain by a European war, and much to lose. The convulsions and sufferings of the Continent would only be a great loss to her, and a profound regret. We trust that such convulsions may be averted, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that no such result could have been accomplished by the Congress. It would probably have precipitated a general war—it would have been impotent to preserve peace.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the rejection of the proposed Congress by England is no mark of apathy on her part in regard to the condition of Poland. She has already given proof of her earnest desire to preserve the nationality and establish the independence of the Poles. There was a time when these objects could have been achieved, with far less difficulty than now, and with greater completeness. That was in 1815. And what was the conduct of her Government then? It is well to recall the facts, for the instruction of those Governments or peoples who now exclaim against what they call our apathy. It is well

to see who were the real friends of Poland, at a time when support could have been rendered to her with most effect. It is a fact beyond dispute, that of all the potentates and plenipotentiaries who took part in the Congress of Vienna, the representative of England—Tory as he was—displayed the most liberal sentiments, and demanded the most radical reforms. Lord Castlereagh was then the champion of Poland, the fearless and energetic supporter of the reunion of her provinces and the restoration of her independence. France had been compelled by force of arms to relinquish her conquests; Russia, Austria, and Prussia, he maintained, ought likewise to abandon the territories which they had acquired by the destruction of Poland. He proposed, therefore, that the dismemberment of Poland should be annulled—that the three Powers which had taken part in the final partition of that kingdom should give up the provinces which they had thereby acquired,—and that a united Poland should be re-erected as an independent kingdom. The proposal met with strong opposition. The Czar had no objection to the reunion of the Polish provinces of Austria and Prussia to the Grand-duchy of Warsaw, and to the re-creation of a Polish kingdom; but he strenuously resisted Lord Castlereagh's proposal that Poland should be independent,—maintaining, on the contrary, that it must exist as an integral part of his empire, with himself for king, and his successors after him. Russia was willing that Posen and Galicia should be taken from Prussia and Austria, but only in order that they should become a part of her own empire. Prussia was willing to give up Posen (Saxony being promised to her in exchange), but, strangely enough, supported the Czar's plan of retaining the reconstituted Poland as an integral part of the Russian empire. Austria (who had been a reluctant agent in the partition of Poland) was ready to restore Galicia to Poland without compensa-

tion of any kind,—supported Lord Castlereagh's plan for a united and independent Poland, and as resolutely opposed the project of the Czar; but she resisted (what both projects involved) the cession of Saxony to her Germanic rival, Prussia. If Austria gave up Galicia without compensation, why should not Prussia do the same? During this important conflict, it is only truth to say that France was utterly indifferent about Poland,—she cared little about the aggrandisement of the power of distant Russia; but she was violently opposed to the annexation of Saxony, as that would strengthen her own immediate neighbour, Prussia. War was on the point of breaking out. Russia and Prussia were in perfect accord,—France and the German States cared only to prevent the union of Saxony with Prussia,—England and Austria alone were in earnest in opposing the Czar's scheme of reuniting all the Polish provinces under the Russian crown; and even these two Powers were at variance on the question of Saxony. In this emergency, Lord Castlereagh, in order to escape the difficulty about Saxony, had to give up his plan for a united and independent Poland; and at the last moment the Czar also gave way, and abandoned his project of reuniting all the Polish provinces into a kingdom of which he was to be the head. The restoration of Poland in any shape fell to the ground. Galicia remained with Austria, who was ready to part with it,—Posen with Prussia, who was ready to yield it up in exchange for Saxony. In the final settlement, therefore, all that was done for the Poles was, that the Grand-duchy of Warsaw had its title changed into the "Kingdom of Poland," and was endowed with a constitution of its own, but with the Czar for king.

Looking back upon these events, and at the convulsion which the unsolved Polish question is occasioning now, we have every reason to be satisfied with the part which England took on that question in 1815;

and we think all Europe may now regret that the attitude of the other Powers did not permit Lord Castlereagh to accomplish his bold, statesmanlike, and liberal project of restoring Poland to a united and independent position among the Powers of Europe. To do justice to the claims of Poland now, is a far more difficult matter than it was at the Congress of Vienna. The partitioning Powers have held their unjustly acquired provinces for half a century longer, and have come to regard them as integral parts of their dominions. If Russia would not acquiesce in the restoration of an independent Poland in 1815, she will still more resolutely oppose such a project now. Austria might still be willing to give up Galicia to an independent Poland, but such a cession could only be accomplished by committing Austria to a war *à outrance* with Russia. And as Posen has now become half German in its population, Prussia cannot be expected to cede it even in the conditional manner in which she was willing to do so in 1815. Apart from the system of extermination which Russia is now pursuing towards the Poles—which Europe ought not, and we believe will not, acquiesce in—there are only two ways of solving the Polish question: and it is hard to say which of these two presents the greater difficulties. Let us examine these two solutions of the question separately.

I. One of these solutions proceeds on the idea that the Poles and Russians may come to a friendly agreement, and Poland with an autonomy be united to Russia, as Hungary has long been to Austria. This is the scheme which the Marquis Wielopolski has long pressed for adoption upon his Polish fellow-countrymen. But there are many obstacles, of the gravest character, to the accomplishment of such a solution of the Polish question. The first, and perhaps the most serious of these obstacles, consists in the utter divergence of opinion between

the Poles and the Russians as to what is to be considered the legitimate extent of "Poland." The Russians readily admit that the present "Kingdom of Poland" is Polish, and that the Austrian and Prussian provinces of Galicia and Posen are likewise Polish. But the Poles claim far more than that. At one time the Polish frontier extended to within 150 miles of Moscow; at another, the Poles were actually in possession of the old capital of Russia. The Poles of the present day make no claim to the territory embraced by this exceptional extension of their kingdom. Nor do they say anything at present of their right to Posen and Galicia. But they emphatically assert their claim to all the Russian provinces which belonged to Poland at the time of the first partition in 1772. If Russia will agree to reunite these provinces to the present Kingdom of Poland, and guarantee the autonomy of this restored Poland, then the Poles will become fellow-subjects with the Russians, and cheerfully accept the *Ozar* for their king. These, at least, were the terms of reconciliation announced by the leaders of the Poles a year ago.

Historically the claim of the Poles to these provinces of Russia is indisputable, but on the modern principle of nationality it is doubtful whether it can be maintained. In Lithuania, Podolia, and Volhynia, the Poles are confessedly a minority; but, on the other hand, this minority comprises the influential classes, the landowners, and, we may almost say, the whole intelligence of the provinces. Whether, then, is Influence or Numbers to determine this question of nationality? A population may become so thoroughly imbued with the ideas and customs, and so associated with the history and fortunes of a dominant race settled among them, that the original distinction between the peoples gradually disappears. Ethnology, in fact, holds a much more subordinate

place in practical politics than idealists imagine. The Russian empire itself owes its origin and extension to a foreign race. It was the Scandinavian chief Rurik, and the two hundred thousand immigrants who followed him from Sweden, that founded the Russian empire—a dominant caste of Normans ruling over the native Slavonian population. It is said that nearly all the leading families of Russia trace their pedigree to these Scandinavian immigrants; and it was to their genius for government and for military organisation that the Russian empire has owed its remarkable extension. The only practical question, then, is, whether the old Polish provinces, now incorporated with Russia, however Slavonian in the bulk of their population, incline more to Russia or to Poland? Some of these provinces, we should say, incline more to Russia; but the case is certainly otherwise with the extensive and important province of Lithuania. The conduct of Lithuania during the present insurrection indubitably shows that it prefers to be associated with Poland. The language and sympathies of the people are mainly Polish, and the Polish dress is regarded as the national costume. Nor is this to be wondered at. Previous to the Tartar invasion of Russia, Lithuania was never an integral part of the Russian empire—for there was no such empire—but only one of the separate grand-duchies into which Slavonia was divided under the successors of Rurik; and when the Tartar invasion took place, Lithuania successfully resisted the invaders, and established itself as an independent state, which subsequently formed a union with the kingdom of Poland. The Poles might be induced to give up their claim to some of their old provinces now belonging to Russia, but as long as they exist as a nation they will never abandon their claim to Lithuania.

Since this is the case—since the

Poles will not relinquish their claim to Lithuania, and Russia will not assent to it—the plan of a reconciliation becomes impracticable, and a cordial union of Poland (with an autonomy) and Russia under the sceptre of the Czar seems to be hopeless. This was the case a year ago: how much the gulf of separation between Pole and Russian has widened since then we need not say.

II. The other solution of the Polish question appears to be surrounded with at least equal difficulties. No Power in Europe has a political interest in seeing the Poles and Russians united in one empire, but almost all the Powers desire the accomplishment of the other solution, which consists in the establishment of a strong and independent kingdom of Poland. The difficulty is, How is it to be done? If the kingdom of Poland—we do not say the Poland of 1772, but Poland as it stood at the time of the partition in 1795, *plus* the territory seized by Prussia in 1798 as far westward as Posen—could be reconstituted by a wish, every Englishman would approve the project. Unfortunately the case is far otherwise. The project of Castlereagh still lives in the heart of his countrymen as a desire; but we feel bewildered when we come to choose a way to the attainment of our object. Unless the concurrence of Prussia and Austria, or at least of the latter Power, could be secured, the realisation of the project would only be possible, if possible at all, by means of a revolutionary war, producing evils worse than the one which we desire to remedy.

That Austria has no abiding objection to giving up Galicia to the Poles, we are disposed to believe; but there are serious difficulties in the way of her doing so at present. Would not the abandonment of Galicia, in order that Poland might be re-constituted as an independent kingdom, be a direct encouragement to the Hungarians to claim

a similar independence for themselves? And the same may be said in regard to Venetia. Nevertheless, logic does not go for much in national politics; and if, by the cession to them of Galicia, the Poles became good friends of Austria, her possession of Hungary and Venetia would be at least as secure as it is at present. But the grand difficulty in the position of Austria is this, that the mere proposal on her part to give up Galicia to the Poles would call down upon her the wrath and hostility of Russia. It would be the signal for a mortal combat between her and the northern Colossus. Failure in such a contest would be ruin to Austria. Either the power of Russia must be decisively broken, and a strong Poland established as a rival to Russia, and as an ally to Austria, or else the empire of the Kaiser must crumble into the dust, through the loss of her Slavonian provinces. Austria cannot move on behalf of Poland, unless the Western Powers pledge themselves to support her with their whole force; whereas we know that France would join in such an enterprise with the design of seizing and retaining the Rhenish provinces—a project to which both Austria and England are strongly opposed. The difficulty in the way of securing the co-operation of Prussia on behalf of the Poles is still greater. She has more fear of France than of Russia, and considers that it is better for her that Poland should remain incorporated with Russia, than erected into a separate and rival state, which would naturally be in alliance with France. Moreover, Prussia is resolutely opposed to the cession of Posen. Nor is this greatly to be wondered at. Half the population of the province of Posen are now Germans. From the very dawn of European history, the Germans have been steadily gaining ground upon the Slavonians; and the process is going on still. The landowners and peasantry of Posen are nearly all Poles,

but the Germans preponderate in the towns, the centres of influence, and carry on the trade of the province. How, then, can Prussia abandon Posen? or how can a compromise be effected? Roughly, indeed, the thing might be done, by giving the eastern half of the province to Poland, and keeping the western half for Prussia; and after a severe war such rough compromises become possible. Nevertheless, as such a division of Posen would not correspond with the divided state of the population—Poles and Germans being intermingled all over the province—it would not voluntarily be accepted by either party.

The Polish question, in truth, is the despair of statesmen. The consequences of a great political wrong committed during last century exist as a legacy of discord and perplexity at the present time. Russia, indeed, foiled in all her efforts to conciliate the Poles, must now seek to solve the question by waging a war of extermination; she is ready to "make a solitude and call it peace." But even the Russian Government must be painfully perplexed with the thought that such a war may end disastrously for herself. The Polish movement is so widespread, the hatred of the "Muscovites" is so deep-seated, that badly armed, or even wholly unarmed, as is the greater part of the rebellious population, the Russian battalions produce little effect in trampling out the fire of revolt. If it no longer spreads, it everywhere smoulders. Where the iron heel of the Muscovite comes down, the flame disappears, but the embers remain; and the course of the solid Russian battalions seems to resemble that of a man who cleaves his way through a conflagration, without being able to extinguish it as he goes. Confident as the Russian Government may be in its power to suppress this revolt in the long-run, it must be disquieted with the apprehension that it will

not have to deal with the Poles alone, and that the prolonged resistance of the insurgent people will suffice to bring to its aid the intervention of other Powers and other armies. Nearly a year has passed, and still the Poles fight on; and if the foreign Powers no longer send notes to St. Petersburg, it is only because other measures are on the tapis. It is only a lull before the question assumes a graver form. How is it to end? Is Russia to make an end of Poland in fact, and not as a mere figure of speech? Or is Europe to intervene on behalf of the Poles? And if so, how and when?

Fortunately for Russia, the other Powers of Europe, though less endangered by the Polish insurrection, are more perplexed than herself as to what course to adopt in regard to it. Russia's course is simple. She must put down the insurrection at all costs. She cannot submit to a dismemberment which would leave her but a shadow of her present greatness. But the other Powers are distracted in purpose, because divergent in their interests. They agree in memorialising Russia on the subject of the revolt; but there their action in common has, for the present, at least, terminated. Even in the despatches which they forwarded to St. Petersburg, England, France, and Austria assumed different attitudes. England based her remonstrances on the Treaties of 1815; France, ignoring those treaties, founded her remonstrance on the danger to which the peace of Europe is exposed by the repeated insurrections in Poland; Austria, taking a narrower ground, contented herself with pointing out the danger to which her own province of Galicia was exposed by these insurrections in the Polish provinces of Russia. The Court of Berlin, on the other hand, has leant strongly to the side of Russia, and at the outset made overtures to Austria to unite with Russia and Prussia in a league for

the suppression of the revolt, and for resisting any Powers which might attempt to intervene in support of the Poles. The Cabinet of Vienna rejected the proposal: nevertheless it seems only too probable that the force of circumstances may yet drive Austria into a Russo-Prussian league, from which hitherto she has shrunk with genuine aversion.

In England, sympathy with the cause of Poland is universal, and the conduct of Russia towards the Polish people is condemned in the strongest terms. The condemnation, in the main, is perfectly just, but it is too sweeping and indiscriminate. Russia's policy towards the Poles has failed, because she has been striving to accomplish an impossibility. It is not concessions that the Poles want; it is independence. The Emperor Alexander did his best to conciliate the Poles. He gave them a Viceroy, a national legislature, and a national army; but the system would not work. The legislature was but seldom convoked, because it was found to cherish designs, and to excite feelings, incompatible with the maintenance of the Russian rule. Finally, when the people, goaded by the conduct of the Viceroy, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and excited with hope by the French Revolution, rose in revolt in 1830, the Polish army gave a formidable consistency to the insurrection, and the strength of Russia was tasked to reduce the kingdom to subjection. The iron despotism of the Emperor Nicholas was a natural consequence of this revolt. We may condemn that iron rule, but what other course could he follow? Was it to be expected that he should reorganise a Polish army, and give back the fortresses of the country to its keeping; and that he should establish anew a Polish Diet, and consolidate a nationality which had shown itself hostile to his rule? Again, when the present Czar came to the throne, there cannot be a doubt

that he was sincerely desirous of conciliating the Poles, and that he would have re-established their national institutions if he could have trusted their loyalty. The concessions which he actually did make were slight,—but they were tentative, and were meant to be followed by others of real value. But Nemesis again interposed, and cut short the scheme of conciliation. The Italian war of 1859, and the championship of oppressed nationalities assumed by the Emperor of the French, excited in renewed force the hopes and aspirations of the Poles. The Russian Government naturally took alarm at the sign of reviving nationality; and the Poles, on their part, assumed an attitude of what is called passive hostility, but which was sufficiently active in the matter of processions and patriotic demonstrations. Blood at length was shed; and, deplorable as the catastrophe was, and undesired as we believe it to have been by the Russian authorities, it is not easy to see how it could have been avoided. Finally, at the beginning of last year, the Russian Government became aware of the existence of an extensive conspiracy—if it may be so called—which had its headquarters in Warsaw, for the purpose of throwing off the Russian yoke whenever a favourable opportunity should occur. In order to disconcert the project and break up the conspiracy, the Russian Government—by the advice of the Marquis Wielopolski, himself a Pole—resolved to draft off its leading members into the army by means of the conscription. Instead of regulating the conscription by lot as usual, the Russian authorities drew up a list of all the men whom they knew or suspected to be hostile to the Government, and on a certain night had them seized and dragged from their homes, and shut up in the citadel. Lord Palmerston rightly termed this not a conscription, but a “proscription.” It was a most cruel and tyrannous act; but again we ask, what was the Russian Gov-

ernment to do? What else would another government have done in the same circumstances? It would be unjust to the Russian Government to compare its conduct in this matter with that of the present Emperor of the French in 1852. The *coup d'état* was an act of individual ambition on the part of Louis Napoleon, and was accomplished by bloodshed and deportations unparalleled during the severities at Warsaw which led to the present revolt.

As a question of international law, the right of foreign Powers at the present day to intervene between Russia and the insurgent Poles is doubtful. But that is of little consequence. Despite all the prate we have had of late years about the “principle of non-intervention,” Governments and nations act now as they have acted from the beginning. The question of intervention or non-intervention is simply one of self-interest. If a State have an interest in intervening, and thinks itself sufficiently powerful to intervene with success, it will intervene. If it have no adequate interest in the matter, or if it lack the power to intervene with success, it will not intervene. The feelings or even the interests of a nation may be deeply engaged in a foreign question, but it does not follow that it should take up arms to intervene in the conflict. When the Holy Alliance (Russia, Austria, and Prussia) in 1821 resolved to put down by force of arms the revolution in the Neapolitan dominions, it would have been an act of absurdity for England to have engaged in a contest, evidently hopeless, in order to oppose the military intervention of these Powers. But she did what she could: she opposed the intervention diplomatically; and the circular which Lord Castlereagh addressed to the European Powers, formally expressing the dissent of the British Government, produced a great sensation on the Continent. In like manner we are not bound

to intervene in the Polish question otherwise than by diplomacy. We may go farther if we please, and we may ultimately be drawn into the conflict whether we please or not; but there is no international obligation upon us to do more than we are doing. The cost of an armed intervention would be exceedingly great, and it is hard to see at present what object is attainable by such an intervention which would compensate the danger and the expense. Besides, in redressing one wrong, it becomes us to take care that we do not produce others equally serious. And we fear that, if a war be engaged in on behalf of Poland, this will be the result.

Sir Archibald Alison has expressed himself strongly in favour of restoring the Poles to their place among the nations. Such a restoration he regards as a great political necessity. Writing in 1854, he says:—"In the very front rank of the great league of the Western Powers, which can alone preserve Europe from Russian subjugation, must be placed the *restoration of Poland*. The extension of Austria to the mouth of the Danube, and her acquisition of Moldavia and Wallachia, under the burden of the stipulated payment to the Porte, is the obvious mode, without doing injustice to any one, of winning her consent to the cession of Galicia. If Prussia casts in her lot with the Muscovites, she cannot complain if she undergoes the fate which she herself imposed on Saxony when its sovereign adhered to Napoleon in 1814." The importance of restoring Poland to independence is as great now as it was when these words were written: but the position of Europe has changed since then, and the task of restoring Poland has become surrounded by new difficulties. Italy claims Venetia from Austria more vehemently than the Poles desire Galicia; the Hungarians refuse to unite with the other populations of Austria; and more embarrassing than all, it is

now notorious that the Emperor of the French is bent upon destroying the Treaties of 1815, and extending the frontiers of France. England cannot afford to overlook the fact that Prussia's extremity is France's opportunity; and that Napoleon will never join in a war for the restoration of Poland except for the purpose of weakening Germany and seizing the provinces of the Rhine. The most that a successful intervention is likely to accomplish, would be to establish an independent kingdom of Poland, which would include part of the Prussian province of Posen, and the Austrian province of Galicia—France paying herself for her exertions by advancing her frontier to the Rhine. What would then be the position? Would not the ascendancy of France be immensely increased, at the expense of those Powers which at present keep her in check? Germany would lose provinces on both her eastern and western frontiers; while France would receive new power from the frontier and fortresses of the Rhine, and would find in the restored kingdom of Poland a new ally. To defeated Russia France would at the same time offer aid in pushing her conquests in Asia, where she comes into contact with England. These are considerations which may well make us pause before we give way to our natural sympathies in favour of Poland. We wish well to the Poles. We cannot regard with indifference the threatened extinction of a nationality. We cannot be spectators of their gallant and desperate struggles for independence without believing that they deserve to be successful. With Sir Archibald Alison, also, we believe that, if Poland become fairly merged in Russia, the power of that colossal empire will ere long overshadow the Continent. But of what use these sympathies and opinions if circumstances deny to us the opportunity to act upon them?

The grand difficulty in the Polish

question is neither Russia, Prussia, nor Austria. Let us say it plainly—it is the Emperor Napoleon. If he were the upholder of treaties, as he represented himself when he assumed the purple,* or the disinterested champion of national rights, as he announced when commencing the Italian war—the Polish question would be easily settled. Austria, we believe, would be as ready to cede Galicia now as she was in 1815, simply for the sake of getting rid of an internal difficulty, and of erecting in an independent Poland an external shield against the power of her colossal neighbour, Russia. England would have nothing to seek, because nothing to gain, but the restoration of Poland. And if Napoleon were equally disinterested, an alliance between England, France, and Austria would ere this have been concluded, and the restoration of Poland would have become a matter of certainty. But Napoleon, as both Austria and England now know, is not disinterested. Neither as an ally is he reliable. England knows how he closed the Crimean war—Italy knows how he acted at Villafranca. And so does Austria—for in that interview he offered to give back Lombardy if the Austrian Emperor would permit him to attack Prussia on the Rhine. He has got Savoy and Nice; but in order to complete his “mission,” he must extend the boundaries of France to the Rhine. If he can accomplish this, his dynasty is secure. Internal freedom may be safely granted to his subjects, when their external ambition has been satisfied; and France would then cease from her revolutions, and settle down into the normal condition of nations, under the dynasty of Napoleon. These are great ob-

jects, so far as regards France and himself. But if tried at the bar of Europe, they must be condemned. He cannot expect other nations to sacrifice their rights in order that the ambition of France may be satisfied and his dynasty secured. It is these objects—it is this ambition of Napoleon—we repeat, that forms the grand obstacle to the settlement of the Polish question. It forces Austria and England to mistrust and keep aloof from him, and threatens to divide Governments which ought to ally themselves on this question into opposite camps.

We have no desire to judge harshly of the Emperor Napoleon. He is a great and sagacious monarch, who has benefited France, and in whose policy towards the rest of Europe evil and good are intermingled. Like every one else, he has his own game to play, and he must play it to the best advantage. His policy requires that he shall aggrandise France at the expense of other states; but even as a matter of expediency, he must seek to minimise the hostility which such an aggrandisement must create by rendering to Europe all the benefits which he possibly can compatibly with the prosecution of his own ends. He is an enlightened monarch, who would fain be a benefactor of Europe as well as of his own country. But he is the Emperor of the French, and must attend to their interests and aspirations first; and with the realisation of these are bound up the success of his dynasty. He is now in a position alike of difficulty and of hope. If the present European crisis places him in the gravest embarrassment, he knows also—he has known all along—that without the occurrence of such a crisis his most brilliant hopes would remain unful-

* When re-establishing the Empire, Louis Napoleon proclaimed to Europe, in his address to the French Legislature—“The age of conquests is past. . . . I accept all which history for the last forty years transmits to us with its inflexible authority.” In the beginning of 1859 he proclaimed himself the champion of “justice and civilisation everywhere;” and at Milan, a few months afterwards, he made his equally famous and false declaration that he made war only for “an idea.”

filled. He has foreseen some such crisis as this from the first; he has framed his policy upon the wants of France and the exigencies of Europe. Availing himself of these exigencies, he has already won laurels for himself and aggrandisement for France. But the crisis with which he is now face to face is far grander and graver—presents alike more risks and more advantages—than any with which he has grappled in the past. It is the crisis of his dynasty. It is the crucial test of his ability to carry out his policy. He must now gather up his full strength to cope with the enterprise.

The intervention in Mexico has been called the greatest blunder which Napoleon III. has committed. We see no reason so to regard it. It may prove a failure; but it has not done so yet. If it succeed, it will prove a glory and an advantage to France, and promises only benefit to the rest of the world. It would redeem the rich and beautiful country of Mexico from chronic anarchy and suffering—from the political and commercial annihilation which has for a generation rendered it a blank spot in the world. It would give an outlet for the redundant portion of the energies and population of France; and by so doing would lessen the political restlessness at home, and, by allowing the now stagnant population to increase in numbers, would produce a healthier social condition among the people. Despite the present crisis in Europe, which requires the Emperor to concentrate his forces, this Mexican enterprise may yet be carried to a successful end. But already it has not been without its advantages for the Emperor. It has cost a few millions, indeed, but these may be repaid; and, meanwhile, it has distracted the thoughts of the restless French from the affairs of their own Continent at a time when these affairs presented no favourable opportunity for the prosecution of the Napoleonic ideas. The Mexican expedition, therefore,

—whatever be its ultimate fate—has shielded the Emperor from impatient pressure on the part of his people and has enabled him to bide his time. But it is easy to see that this shield will not be much longer available; nor can the Emperor desire that it should be. It is upon the affairs of Europe that the thoughts and ambitious aspirations of the French people are fixed. "Perish ten Mexicos," would be their words, "rather than Poland should perish." With this Polish affair is bound up this hope of winning the frontier of the Rhine. And the Emperor knows that, if he can attain this latter object, his people will be quite content that their "grand idea" on behalf of Poland be sadly shorn of its fair proportions.

The probable issue for the Emperor, we believe, from his present difficulty—a difficulty not altogether unwelcome—is through the portals of war. War, short if possible, and closed by compromises; but still war. One ally at least is already at his bidding. The Italian Government is eager for the fray. It cannot get Venetia, no more than Napoleon can get the Rhine frontier, without a war; and a favourable opportunity for such a war can only be found during the turmoil of a great crisis. In 1859 the King of Sardinia had an army which was "eating its head off." The King of Italy is in the same position now. He has been elaborating the military strength of his kingdom with a view to the conquest of Venetia; and if the struggle do not come soon, Italy must collapse under the weight of her preparations. Like a pugilist who has gone into training, Italy knows that if the fight for the prize do not come off at once, the splendour of her condition will lead to a break-down. Diplomatic "missions" have recommenced between Turin and Paris; and in the movements of Italian statesmen we can read the auguries fully better than in the flight of birds. But we are persuaded, if the Italian

Government does not take special care in the contest which it desires, it will be sold by its Imperial ally more serion-ly even than it has been already. Italy is too eager to count the risks. Napoleon is eminently cautious. He only fights when he has seventy-five chances out of a hundred in his favour. At present the odds are by no means so propitious; but will any one venture to say that they will not become so within three months? The Emperor cannot continue in his present position—nor can he recede. In France the Opposition have gained ground immensely: in the election, this year they have polled 2,000,000 votes, instead of the 500,000 recorded in their favour in 1857; and the old alternative is more and more pressed upon the Emperor—Liberty at home or war abroad. The Emperor, on his part, cannot as yet confer political liberty upon his subjects, and his recent acts prove that he does not intend to do so. He must do something abroad, and the state of Europe is becoming favourable to such an enterprise. Both the Notes and the Congress have failed; but the proposal of a Congress gives him time to mature his plans, and will be kept dangling in public view until the hour for decision strikes.

As if Europe had not already enough on her hands—as if there were not difficulties and embarrassments more than sufficient to tax the amplest skill of statesmen, and ere long, probably, to exhaust the strength of nations—the Germans are creating one embarrassment more, heedless though it should prove the spark which is to set all Europe in a blaze of war. With all our love for the Germans, there is no nation that more tries one's patience, and needlessly exhausts our sympathy. They have no *splendida vitia*, like their Gallic neighbours; but they are so maladroit and unpractical, that their faults do as much harm as the more criminal ambition of able monarchs. In the present case their policy is unjust and dis-

honest, as well as embarrassing for Europe. The legal part of their claim is advanced merely as a stepping-stone to an act of high-handed injustices. And even the legal basis of their claim is a curious one. At a time when the most solemn treaties which Europe ever ratified are thought to have become nullified by the lapse of less than fifty years, the Germans go back to the middle ages, and to facts which Europe had forgotten—if indeed Europe ever took cognisance of them. In the remote times to which this German claim goes back, the modern principle of nationality was unknown, and populations readily united or parted according to any changes in the persons or fortunes of their rulers. So it happened that the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg, peopled by Germans, and the duchy of Schleswig inhabited by Danes, at one time had the same duke for ruler, although each had an autonomy of its own. But about four centuries ago, the duchies became part of the kingdom of Denmark: their new sovereign becoming a duke of the German empire in virtue of his possession of Holstein. When the present Germanic Confederation was formed, the King of Denmark became a member of it upon the same title. Meanwhile the Danish kings had allowed the provinces of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg to maintain their old "Estates." But as this administrative arrangement was exceedingly cumbrous, embarrassing, and antiquated, the Danish Government of late years has desired to replace it (as Austria has recently done with her provinces, and as our nation did long ago) by one national parliament, in which all parts of the kingdom should be fairly represented. At the same time the old Estates of the duchies were to be maintained as local institutions. But when this measure was proposed, the Germanic Confederation interposed. They maintained that this was not a domestic question which the population of

the kingdom of Denmark could settle for themselves, inasmuch as Holstein and Lauenburg, though part of Denmark, were also members of the Germanic Confederacy. They insisted that these provinces should not only maintain their separate "Estates," whatever might be the inconvenience and danger of such an arrangement for the kingdom of Denmark, but also that their governing power should not be merged in a national parliament, but that they should be allowed to exercise a veto on the imperial legislation. They demand, in fact, that Holstein, Lauenburg, Schleswig, and Denmark Proper, should each have an independent parliament of its own, and as *equal votes* in the administration, of the kingdom. It is needless to show that such an arrangement would never work; but the injustice of the demand is evidenced by the fact that, under such a constitution, the petty province of Lauenburg, with a population of only 50,000, would have an equal vote with Denmark Proper, which has a population fully thirty times greater. Holstein, with a population of 500,000, and Schleswig, with 400,000, would likewise each possess a veto upon the imperial legislation of the Danish kingdom. Under such a constitution, accordingly, Denmark would become a dependency of the Germanic Confederation.

For the sake of peace, and as "a sacrifice extorted by the force of circumstances," the Danish Government a year ago cancelled the act by which Holstein was to be represented in the Danish Parliament, and allowed the Estates of

that province to exercise a legislative and supply-granting power, in conformity with the decrees of the Germanic Diet of 4th March 1860, and 7th February 1861. But this would not content the Diet. Several centuries ago (in 1460!), a declaration was made by a king of Denmark to the effect that the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig should never be separated;* and the Diet now maintains that this means they shall never be differently treated—and that as Holstein must have an independent parliament, Schleswig must also have one? The Diet, be it observed, has no pretext of any kind to interfere directly with Schleswig, which never, either with the old Germanic empire, or with the present Germanic Confederacy, was connected; but, say they, "we have a right to interfere in the affairs of Holstein, and as Schleswig and Holstein were never to be separated, we deny that any change can be made in the constitution of the one more than of the other." This is obviously an attempt "to paralyse the Danish monarchy." This was the language of Lord Russell himself when writing to Lord Cowley in February 1861, before his lordship lost his wits a year ago, and to which happily he is returning again now.† The object of this attempt on the part of the Germans is transparent. They desire to wrench Holstein from Denmark, for the double reason that the Holsteiners are Germans, and that the Confederacy wants the splendid harbour of Kiel as a station for the German fleet that is to be. Moreover, as

* Besides the antiquity of this royal declaration, it is affirmed that it was never ratified by the Danish Estates, and that it has never been regularly observed. Moreover, it was made to the Schleswig-Holsteiners only, and not to the Germanic Empire.

† In his despatch of Sept. 29, 1868, to Sir Alexander Malet, our representative at Frankfort, Lord Russell says:—"It cannot be required that the constitution of the entire Danish monarchy should be subjected to the jurisdiction of the Germanic Confederation. If the Estates of the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg were permitted to veto the proceedings of the Danish Parliament and Danish Government, it is evident that the measures necessary for the defence of Denmark against a foreign enemy might be prevented, the entire activity of the monarchy be paralysed, and the integrity and independence of Denmark be seriously threatened."

German settlers have immigrated into Schleswig in such numbers that they now constitute one-half of the population, the Confederacy desires to keep Schleswig also apart from Denmark, in order that they may likewise get possession of it.

This, in brief, was the Danish question. But since the death of the late King of Denmark, a new element has been imported into it. The late King had no offspring or near relatives to succeed to his throne; and in order to obviate a war of succession, and also to maintain the integrity of the Danish kingdom, the great Powers, with the concurrence of the late King, concluded the Treaty of London in 1852, settling the succession upon Prince Christian of Holstein-Sonderburg (now Christian IX.), subject to the approval of the Danish people. Austria and Prussia were among the contracting parties to this Act, and therefore are bound by it. But the Germans now repudiate the Act. They say that Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg is the heir to the dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein, and that therefore these provinces ought to be separated from Denmark, and made an independent dukedom under Prince Frederick. "We do not care who is to be King of Denmark," they say, "but Christian IX. is not to be ruler over Schleswig and Holstein; these provinces must be assigned to Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, and consequently become integral parts of the Germanic Confederation." On this plea (which is in direct opposition to the Treaty of 1852), the Germans now think they have a good pretext for accomplishing their long-cherished ambition of wresting these provinces from Denmark. At a meeting at Nuremberg, on the 6th December, of representatives from the various Diets of Germany, it was unanimously resolved—"To declare that Schleswig and Holstein are inseparable; that the Duchies are independent, and must be separated

from Denmark; and that Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg is the lawful Duke of Schleswig-Holstein." Such is the popular programme. In justice to the two leading Governments of Germany, we are bound to say that they do not adopt it. On the contrary, they oppose it as far as they find it safe to do so. But they are in a difficult position. The Prussian Government—not entirely by its own fault, for the Chamber of Deputies is still more to blame—has of late become unpopular at home, and it is naturally reluctant to make itself still more unpopular by opposing the general ferment on the Danish question. It also knows that the best means of regaining its popularity, and of diverting the thoughts of its people from the recent discord between the Chamber of Deputies and the Government, would be by taking the lead in this aggressive movement against Denmark. Nevertheless it holds back as much as it prudently can. Better than its own subjects, the Prussian Government discerns the danger to which Germany will expose herself by commencing at the present juncture an indefensible war. The Austrian Government is in a position not less embarrassing. It has difficulties enough of its own, irrespective of the new quarrel into which the excitement of the Germans now threatens to drag it. But the popular programme finds favour with the Austrian Reichsrath as well as in the Chambers at Berlin. The Austrian and Prussian Governments, therefore, have to look to both sides of the question. Both Governments would give great offence to their subjects if they were wholly to oppose the clamour for intervention on behalf (or on pretext) of the Duchies; and moreover such an opposition on their part would create a general dissension throughout Germany, hardly less menacing to the safety of the Fatherland than the consequences of the crusade which they desire to prevent. Ac-

cordingly they have taken a middle course. By exerting to the utmost their influence in the Germanic Diet, they have induced that body, by a majority of one (several of the members refusing to vote rather than support the Austro-Prussian proposal), to decree only a Federal "execution" in Holstein (instead of the "occupation" which they meant to order), and to postpone any decision on the question of succession.* In their circumstances, we believe the Austrian and Prussian Governments could do no more. To have held back altogether, would only have been to put the leadership of the movement into the hands of the ultra party; and unquestionably the Austrian and Prussian Governments regard the "execution" as a means of interposing the regular troops between the Danes and the "free corps" who are eager to attack Denmark in the name of the Pretender to the sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein.

The Germans are in a fair way to get themselves into a trap. It is natural that they should desire to have the province of Holstein, with its purely German population, united to the territories of the Confederation, but to seize it would be a violation of international rights. As to Schleswig, it was never in connection with Germany, and even on the principle of nationality they have no claim to it. Denmark is a small State, quite unable of itself to cope with the Confederation; but if the Germans think they shall have to deal with Denmark alone, they are wholly mistaken; and the mistake is likely to be a fatal one for themselves. At the close of last ses-

sion, in reply to a question put to him by Mr. Fitzgerald, Lord Palmerston declared "that it is the bounden duty of this country to uphold the independence of Denmark; and that if the German Powers persevered in the course which he was sorry to see they were adopting, they would find that they would not have to deal with Denmark alone, but that there were other and greater Powers than Denmark with which the question was to be settled." But it is not the intervention of England that the Germans have to fear; for that intervention, were it to take place, would have for its object simply to shield Denmark. The danger to which they expose themselves lies in another quarter; and it is to be hoped that the influence of diplomacy, and the moderation of the Prussian and Austrian Governments, will yet suffice to avert it. The sudden announcement, on 11th December, that Sweden had withdrawn from the alliance with Denmark, instead of being an encouragement to the Germans to proceed in their aggression, ought to put them on their guard. In homely phrase, they ought to smell a rat. The Swedish Government cannot really separate itself from the cause of Denmark in this question. Depend upon it, the withdrawal is merely a show, designed to postpone a crisis, by inducing Denmark not to cross swords at once with the invaders,—perhaps, also, to tempt the Germans onwards, and commit them irretrievably to a conflict in which, King Charles XV. has been apprised, a certain potentate with whom he is in confidential terms is desirous to take part. Would not,

* Austria and Prussia, although admitting that they are bound by the Treaty of 1852, refuse to recognise the new King of Denmark until he shall have fulfilled certain engagements entered into by the Danish Government in 1851. The Treaty of 1852, regulating the succession, had nothing to do with these engagements, which related to the internal administration of the Danish kingdom; but, by taking the opposite view, Austria and Prussia obtain a pretext for partially falling in with the popular programme of the Germans. They admit, however, that King Christian is heir to the duchy of Lauenburg, even without the Treaty of London. The Lauenburgers, also, are well pleased to have Christian IX. as their ruler, and have forwarded addresses to Copenhagen declaring that they do not wish to be withdrawn from beneath his sceptre

a war with Germany in defence of Denmark, with Italy and Sweden for allies, and England favourable to the cause, be just such an opportunity as the Emperor of the French is waiting for? If Russia can be kept off by friendly overtures, and by the task of pacifying Poland,—such a game might be neatly played by Napoleon, and the Rhine frontier won with less risk than by any other way.

Meanwhile the Poles fight on. They make no progress—the insurrection even wanes; but still they fight on. They knew from the first that they could not cope single-handed with the colossal power of Russia. From the first they have placed their hopes in foreign aid. And that aid may yet come. They have nothing to hope for from Russia now. This is the second time they have risen in fierce revolt. They know the iron despotism that followed the suppression of their first rebellion; they can be at no loss to understand their fate after a failure of the second. Russia will not allow herself to be embarrassed by the continued existence of so rebellious a nationality. Humane as the Russian Emperor unquestionably is, he cannot allow his empire to be placed in jeopardy by a repetition of such revolts. If the Poles find that movements are on foot which will bring them the expected aid

by-and-bye, the insurrection may sink into its embers, and await the breath that is to arouse them again into fire. But if they have no such hope, they may be expected to play the part of desperate men more desperately than ever, and to court a struggle with their oppressors of so sanguinary a character as to compel the active intervention of other Powers. We are a staid people,—and all the good sense of England is arrayed in favour of non-intervention in the quarrels of the Continent. But, even with us, there are gusts of national excitement which bear down everything before them. The affair of Sinope decided the question of the late war with Russia. And among the contingencies of the future, there are some which would gravely affect our interests, and others which would passionately excite our sympathies. Despite the decisive No with which our Government has met his proposals for co-operation, the Emperor Napoleon does not yet despair of winning our support,—even though he knows that to some of the objects of his policy, if revealed, England will be unanimously opposed. The European crisis seems only to deepen, and it is not without anxiety, though without alarm, that we look forward to the events of the year.

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PART V.

CHAPTER XVI.—AT THE ABBEY.

"Who said that Tony Butler had come back?" said Sir Arthur, as they sat at breakfast on the day after his arrival.

"The gardener saw him last night, papa," said Mrs. Trafford; "he was sitting with his mother on the rocks below the cottage; and when Gregg saluted him, he called out, 'All well at the Abbey, I hope?'"

"It would have been more suitable if he had taken the trouble to assure himself of that fact by a visit here," said Lady Lyle. "Don't you think so, Mr. Maitland?"

"I am disposed to agree with you," said he, gravely.

"Besides," added Sir Arthur, "he must have come over in the Foyle, and ought to be able to bring me some news of my horses. Those two rough nights have made me very uneasy about them."

"Another reason for a little attention on his part," said her ladyship, bridling, and then, as if anxious to show that so insignificant a theme could not weigh on her thoughts, she asked her daughter

when Mark and Isabella proposed coming home.

"They spoke of Saturday, mamma; but it seems now that Mrs. Maxwell has got up—or somebody has for her—an archery meeting for Tuesday, and she writes a most pressing entreaty for me to drive over, and, if possible, persuade Mr. Maitland to accompany me."

"Which I sincerely trust he will not think of."

"And why, dearest mamma?"

"Can you ask me, Alice? Have we not pushed Mr. Maitland's powers of patience far enough by our own dulness, without subjecting him to the stupidities of Tilney Park?—the dreariest old mansion of a dreary neighbourhood."

"But he might like it. As a matter of experimental research, he told us how he passed an autumn with the Mandans, and ate nothing but eels and wood-squirrels."

"You are forgetting the prairie rats, which are really delicacies."

"Nor did I include the charms of the fair Chachinhontas, who was the object of your then affections,"

said she laughingly, but in a lower tone.

"So, then," said he, "Master Mark has been playing traitor, and divulging my confidence. The girl was a marvellous horsewoman, which is a rare gift with Indian women. I've seen her sit a drop-leap—I'll not venture to say the depth, but certainly more than the height of a man—with her arms extended wide, and the bridle loose and flowing."

"And you followed in the same fashion?" asked Alice, with a roguish twinkle of the eye.

"I see that Mark has betrayed me all through," said he, laughing. "I own I tried it, but not with the success that such ardour deserved. I came head-foremost to the ground before my horse."

"After all, Mr. Maitland, one is not obliged to ride like a savage," said Lady Lyle.

"Except when one aspires to the hand of a savage princess, mamma. Mr. Maitland was ambitious in those days."

"Very true," said he, with a deep sigh; "but it was the only time in my life in which I could say that I suffered my affections to be influenced by mere worldly advantages. She was a great heiress; she had a most powerful family connection."

"How absurd you are!" said Lady Lyle, good-humouredly.

"Let him explain himself, mamma; it is so very seldom he will condescend to let us learn any of his sentiments on any subject. Let us hear him about marriage."

"It is an institution I sincerely venerate. If I have not entered into the holy estate myself, it is simply from feeling I am not good enough. I stand without the temple, and only strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of the sanctuary."

"Does it appear to you so very awful and appalling, then?" said my lady.

"Certainly it does. All the efforts of our present civilisation seem directed to that end. We

surround it with whatever can inspire terror. We call in the Law as well as the Church—we add the Statutes to the Liturgy; and we close the whole with the most depressing of all festivities—a wedding-breakfast."

"And the Mandans, do they take a more cheerful view of matters?" asked Alice.

"How can you be so silly, Alice?" cried Lady Lyle.

"My dear mamma, are you forgetting what a marvellous opportunity we enjoy of learning the geography of an unknown sea, from one of the only voyagers who has ever traversed it?"

"Do you mean to go to Tilney, Alice?" asked her mother, curtly.

"If Mr. Maitland would like to add Mrs. Maxwell to his curiosities of acquaintance."

"I have met her already. I think her charming. She told me, of some port, or a pair of coach-horses, I can't be certain which, her late husband purchased forty-two years ago; and she so mingled the subjects together, that I fancied the horses were growing yellow, and the wine actually frisky."

"I see that you *have* really listened to her," said Mrs. Trafford.

"Well, do you consent to this visit?"

"Delighted. Tell me, by way of parenthesis, is she a near neighbour of the worthy Commodore with the charming daughters? Gambier Graham I think his name is."

"Yes; she lives about twelve miles from his cottage: but why do you ask?"

"I have either promised, or he fancies I have promised, to pay him a flying visit."

"Another case of a savage princess," whispered Mrs. Trafford, and he laughed heartily at the conceit. "If we take the low road—it's very little longer and much prettier—we pass the cottage; and if your visit be not of great length—more than a morning call, in fact—I'll go there with you."

"You overwhelm me with obligations," said he, bowing low, to

which she replied by a curtsy so profound as to throw an air of ridicule over his courtly politeness.

"Shall we say to-morrow for our departure, Mr. Maitland?"

"I am at your orders, madam."

"Well, then, I'll write to dear old aunt Maxwell—I suppose she'll be your aunt too before you leave Timney (for we all adopt a relation so very rich, and without an heir)—and delight her by saying that I have secured Mr. Maitland, an announcement which will create a flutter in the neighbourhood by no means conducive to good archery."

"Tell her we only give him up till Wednesday," said Lady Lyle, "for I hope to have the Crayshaws here by that time, and I shall need you all back to receive them."

"More beauties, Mr. Maitland," exclaimed Mrs. Trafford. "What are you looking so grave about?"

"I was thinking it was just possible that I might be called away suddenly, and that there are some letters I ought to write; and last of all, whether I shouldn't go and make a hurried visit to Mrs. Butler; for in talking over old friends in Scotland, we have grown already intimate."

"What a mysterious face for such small concerns!" said Mrs. Trafford. "Didn't you say something, papa, about driving me over to look at the two-year-olds?"

"Yes; I am going to inspect the paddock, and told Giles to meet me there."

"What's the use of our going without Tony?" said she disconsolately; "he's the only one of us knows anything about a colt."

"I really did hope you were beginning to learn that this young gentleman was not an essential of our daily life here," said Lady Lyle, haughtily. "I am sorry that I should have deceived myself."

"My dear mamma, please to remember your own ponies that have become undrivable, and Selim, that can't even be saddled. Gregg will tell you that he doesn't know what has come over the melon-bed—the plants look all scorched and withered; and it was only yesterday papa said that he'd have the schooner drawn up till Tony came back to decide on the new keel and the balloon jib!"

"What a picture of us to present to Mr. Maitland! but I trust, sir, that you know something of my daughter's talent for exaggerated description by this time, and you will not set us down for the incapables she would exhibit us." Lady Lyle moved haughtily away as she spoke, and Sir Arthur, drawing Mrs. Trafford's arm within his own, said, "You're in a fighting mood to-day. Come over and torment Giles."

"There's nothing I like better," said she. "Let me go for my hat and a shawl."

"And I'm off to my letter-writing," said Maitland.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT THE COTTAGE

What a calm, still, mellow evening it was, as Tony sat with his mother in the doorway of the cottage, their hands clasped, and in silence, each very full of thought indeed, but still fuller of that sweet luxury, the sense of being together after an absence—the feeling that home was once more home, in all that can make it a centre of love and affection.

"I began to think you weren't

coming back at all, Tony," said she, "when first you said Tuesday, and then it was Friday, and then it came to be the middle of another week. 'Ah, me!' said I to the Doctor, 'he'll not like the little cottage down amongst the tall ferns and the heather, after all that grand town and its fine people.'"

"If you knew how glad I am to be back here," said he, with a something like choking about the throat

—“if you knew what a different happiness I feel under this old porch, and with you beside me.”

“My dear, dear Tony, let us hope we are to have many such evenings as this together. Let me now hear all about your journey, for as yet you have only told me about that good-hearted country fellow whose bundle has been lost. Begin at the beginning, and try and remember everything.”

“Here goes, then, for a regular report. See, mother, you’d not believe it of me, but I jotted all down in a memorandum-book, so that there’s no trusting to bad memory—all’s in black and white.”

“That *was* prudent, Tony. I’m really glad that you have such forethought. Let me see it.”

“No, no. It’s clean and clear beyond your reading. I shall be lucky enough if I can decipher it myself. Here we begin: ‘Albion, Liverpool. Capital breakfast, but dear. Wanted change for my crown-piece, but chaffed out of it by pretty bar-maid, who said’—Oh, that’s all stuff and nonsense,” said he, reddening. ‘Mail train to London: not allowed to smoke first class; travelled third, and had my ‘baccy.’ I needn’t read all this balderdash, mother; I’ll go on to business matters. Skeffy, a trump, told me where he buys ‘bird’s eye’ for one and nine the pound; and, mixed with cavendish, it makes grand smoking. Skeffy says he’ll get me the first thing vacant.”

“Who is Skeffy? I never heard of him before.”

“Of course you’ve heard. He’s private secretary to Sir Harry, and gives away all the office patronage. I don’t think he’s five feet five high, but he’s made like a Hercules. Tom Sayers says Skeffy’s deltoid—that’s the muscle up here—is finer than any in the ring, and he’s such an active devil. I must tell you of the day I held up the ‘Times’ for him to jump through; but I see you are impatient for the serious things—well, now for it.

“Sir Harry cruel enough, in a

grand sort of overbearing way, told me my father was called Watty. I don’t believe it; at least the fellow who took the liberty must have earned the right by a long apprenticeship.”

“You are right there, Tony, there were not many would venture on it.”

“Did any one ever call him Wat Tartar, mother?”

“If they had, they’d have caught one, Tony, I promise you.”

“I thought so. Well, he went on to say that he had nothing he could give me. It was to the purport that I was fit for nothing, and I agreed with him.”

“That *was* not just prudent, Tony; the world is prone enough to disparage without helping them to the road to it.”

“Possibly—but he read me like a book, and said that I only came to him because I was hopeless. He asked me if I knew a score of things he was well aware that I must be ignorant of, and groaned every time I said No! When he said, ‘Go home and brush up your French and Italian,’ I felt as if he said, ‘Look over your rent-roll and thin your young timber.’ He’s a humbug, mother.”

“Oh, Tony, you must not say that.”

“I will say it; he’s a humbug, and so is the other.”

“Who is the other you speak of?”

“Lord Ledgerton, a smartish old fellow, with a pair of grey eyes that look through you, and a mouth that you can’t guess whether he’s going to eat you up or to quiz you. It was he that said, ‘Make Butler a messenger.’ They didn’t like it. The office fellows looked as sulky as night; but they had to bow and snigger, and say, ‘Certainly, my Lord;’ but I know what they intend, for all that. They mean to pluck me; that’s the way they’ll do it; for when I said I was nothing to boast of in English, and something worse in French, they grinned and exchanged smiles, as much as

to say, 'There's a raspet he'll never get over.'

"And what is a messenger, Tony?"

"He's a fellow that carries the despatches over the whole world—at least wherever there is civilisation enough to have a Minister or an Envoy. He starts off from Downing Street with half-a-dozen great bags as tall as me, and he drops one at Paris, another at Munich, another at Turin, and perhaps the next at Timbuctoo. He goes full speed—regular steeplechase pace—and punches the head of the first postmaster that delays him; and as he is well paid, and has nothing to think of but the road, the life isn't such a bad one."

"And does it lead to anything—is there any promotion from it?"

"Not that I know, except to a pension; but who wants anything better? Who asks for a jollier life than rattling over Europe in all directions at the Queen's expense? Once on a time they were all snobs or the same thing; now they are regular swells, who dine with the Minister, and walk into the *Attachés* at billiards or blind hooky; for the Dons saw it was a grand thing to keep the line for younger sons, and have a career where learning might be left out, and brains were only a burden!"

"I never heard of such a line of life," said she, gravely.

"I had it from the fellows themselves. There were five of them in the waiting-room, tossing for sovereigns and cursing the first clerk, whoever he is; and they told me they'd not change with the First Secretaries of any Legation in Europe. But who is this, mother, that I see coming down the hill?—he's no acquaintance of ours, I think?"

"Oh, it's Mr. Maitland, Tony," said she, in some confusion; for she was not always sure in what temper Tony would receive a stranger.

"And who may Mr. Maitland be?"

"A very charming and a very kind

person too, whose acquaintance I made since you left this: he brought me books and flowers, and some geranium slips; and, better than all, his own genial company."

"He's not much of a sportsman, I see—that short gun he carries is more like a walking-stick than a fowling-piece." And Tony turned his gaze seaward, as though the stranger was not worth a further scrutiny.

"They told me I should find you here, madam," said Maitland as he came forward, with his hat raised, and a pleasant smile on his face.

"My son, sir," said the old lady, proudly—"my son Tony, of whom I have talked to you."

"I shall be charmed if Mr. Butler will allow me to take that place in his acquaintance which a sincere interest in him gives me some claim to," said Maitland, approaching Tony, intending to shake his hand, but too cautious to risk a repulse, if it should be meditated.

Tony drew himself up haughtily, and said, "I am much honoured, sir; but I don't see any reason for such an interest in me."

"Oh, Tony," broke in the widow; but Maitland interrupted and said "It's easy enough to explain. Your mother and myself have grown, in talking over a number of common friends, to fancy that we knew each other long ago. It was, I assure you, a very fascinating delusion for me. I learned to recall some of the most cherished of my early friends, and remember traits in them which had been the delight of my childhood. Pray forgive me, then, if in such a company your figure got mixed up, and I thought or fancied that I knew you."

There was a rapid eagerness in the manner he said these words that seemed to vouch for their sincerity, but their only immediate effect was to make Tony very ill at ease and awkward.

"Mr. Maitland has not told you, as he might have told you, Tony, that he came here with the offer of a substantial service. He had heard

that you were in search of some pursuit or occupation."

"Pray, madam, I entreat of you to say nothing of this now; wait at least until Mr. Butler and I shall know more of each other."

"A strange sort of a piece you have there," said Tony, in his confusion, for his cheek was scarlet with shame—"something between an old duelling-pistol and a carbine."

"It's a short Tyrol rifle, a peasant's weapon. It's not a very comely piece of ordnance, but it is very true and easy to carry. I bought it from an old chamois-hunter at Maltz; and I carried it with me this morning with the hope that you would accept it."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it; I beg you to excuse me. I'm much obliged; in fact, I never do—never did—take a present."

"That's true, sir. Tony and I bear our narrow means only because there's a sort of rugged independence in our natures that saves us from craving for whatever we can do without."

"A pretty wide catalogue too, I assure you," said Tony, laughing, and at once recovering his wonted good-humour. "We have made what the officials call the extraordinary fill a very small column. There!" cried he suddenly; "is the sea-gull on that point of rock yonder out of range for your rifle?"

"Nothing near it. Will you try?" asked Maitland, offering the gun.

"I'd rather see you."

"I'm something out of practice latterly. I have been leading a town life," said Maitland, as he drew a small eye-glass from his pocket and fixed it in his eye. "Is it that fellow there you mean? There's a far better shot to the left, that large diver that is sitting so calmly on the rolling sea. There he is again."

"He's gone now—he has dived," said Tony; "there's nothing harder to hit than one of these birds—what between the motion of the

sea and their own wariness. Some people say that they scent gun-powder."

"That fellow shall!" said Maitland as he fired; for just as the bird emerged from the depth he sighted him, and with one flutter the creature fell dead on the wave.

"A splendid shot—I never saw a finer!" cried Tony, in ecstasy, and with a look of honest admiration at the marksman. "I'd have bet ten—ay, twenty—to one you'd have missed. I'm not sure I'd not wager against your doing the same trick over again."

"You'd lose your money then," said Maitland; "at least, if I was rogue enough to take you up."

"You must be one of the best shots in Europe then!"

"No; they call me the second in the Tyrol. Hans Godrel is the first. We have had many matches together, and he has always beaten me."

The presence of a royal prince would not have inspired Tony with the same amount of respect as these few words, uttered negligently and carelessly; and he measured the speaker from head to foot, recognising for the first time his lithe and well-knit, well-proportioned figure.

"I'll be bound you are a horse-man too!" cried Tony.

"If you hadn't praised my shooting, I'd tell you that I ride better than I shoot."

"How I'd like to have a brush across country with you!" exclaimed Tony, warmly.

"What easier?—what so easy? Our friend Sir Arthur has an excellent stable; at least, there is more than one mount for men of our weight. I suspect Mark Lyle will not join us; but we'll arrange a match—a sort of home steeple-chase."

"I'd like it well," broke in Tony; "but I have no horses of my own, and I'll not ride Sir Arthur's."

"This same independence of ours has a something about it that won't let us seem very amiable, Mr.

Maitland," said the old lady, smiling.

"Pardon me, madam; it has an especial attraction for *me*. I have all my life long been a disciple of that school; but I must say that in the present case it is not applicable. I have been for the last couple of weeks a guest at Lyle Abbey, and if I were asked whose name came most often uppermost, and always in terms of praise, I should say—your son's."

"I have met with great kindness from Sir Arthur and his family," said Tony, half sternly, half sorrowfully. "I am not likely ever to forget it."

"You have not seen them since your return, I think," said Maitland, carelessly.

"No, sir," broke in the old lady; "my son has been so full of his travels, and all the great people he met, that we have not got through more than half of his adventures. Indeed, when you came up, he was just telling me of an audience he had with a Cabinet Minister——"

"Pooh, pooh, mother! don't bore Mr. Maitland with these personal details."

"I know it is the privilege of friendship to listen to these," said Maitland, "and I am sincerely sorry that I have not such a claim."

"Well, sir, you ought to have that claim, were it only in consideration of your own kind offer to Tony."

"Oh, pray, madam, do not speak of it," said Maitland, with something nearer confusion than so self-possessed a gentleman was likely to exhibit. "When I spoke of such a project, I was in utter ignorance that Mr. Butler was as much a man of the world as myself, and far and away beyond the reach of any guidance of mine."

"What, then, were your intentions regarding me?" asked Tony, in some curiosity.

"I entreat of you, madam," said Maitland, eagerly, "to forget all that we said on that subject."

"I cannot be so ungrateful, sir. It is but fair and just that Tony

should hear of your generous plan. Mr. Maitland thought he'd just take you abroad—to travel with him—to go about and see the world. He'd call you his secretary."

"His what!" exclaimed Tony, with a burst of laughter. "His what, mother?" *b.*

"Let me try and explain away, if I can, the presumption of such a project. Not now, however," said Maitland, looking at his watch, "for I have already overstayed my time; and I have an appointment for this evening—without you will kindly give me your company for half a mile up the road, and we can talk the matter over together."

Tony looked hesitatingly for a moment at his mother, but she said—"To be sure, Tony. I'll give Mr. Maitland a loan of you for half an hour. Go with him, by all means."

With all that courtesy of which he was a master, Maitland thanked her for the sacrifice she was making, and took his leave.

"You have no objection to walk fast, I hope," said Maitland; "for I find I am a little behind my time."

Tony assented with a nod, and they stepped out briskly—the device of the speed being merely assumed to give Maitland an opportunity of seeing a little more of his companion before entering upon any serious converse. Tony, however, was as impenetrable in his simplicity as some others are in their depth; and after two or three attempts to draw him on to talk of commonplaces, Maitland said, abruptly: "You must have thought it a great impertinence on my part to make such a proposal to your mother as she has just told you of; but the fact was, I had no other way of approaching a very difficult subject, and opening a question which to her, certainly, I could not explain myself fully upon. I heard a good deal about you up at the Abbey, and all that I heard confirmed me in the notion that you were just the man for an en-

terprise in which I am myself deeply interested. However, as I well knew, even if I succeeded in inducing you to become my comrade, it would be necessary to have a sort of narrative which would conceal the project from your mother, it occurred to me to get up this silly idea of a secretaryship, which I own freely may have offended you."

"Not offended; it only amused me," said Tony, good-humouredly. "I can't imagine a man less fitted for such an office than myself."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Maitland, "though I'm quite certain it would be a very unprofitable use to make of you. You are, like myself, a man of action—one to execute and do, and not merely to note and record. The fellows who write history very seldom make it; isn't that true?"

"I don't know. I can only say, I don't think I'm very likely to do one or the other."

"We shall see that. I don't concur in the opinion, but we shall see. It would be rather a tedious process to explain myself fully as to my project, but I'll give you two or three little volumes."

"No, no; don't give me anything to read; if you want me to understand you, tell it out plainly, whatever it is."

"Here goes then, and it is not my fault if you don't fully comprehend me; but mind what I am about to reveal to you is strictly on honour, and never to be divulged to any one. I have your word for this?" They pressed hands, and he continued. "There is a Government on the Continent so undermined by secret treachery that it can no longer rely upon its own arms for defence, but is driven to enlist in its cause the brave and adventurous spirits of other countries—men who, averse to ignoble callings or monotonous labour, would rather risk life than reduce it to the mere condition of daily drudgery. To this Government, which in principle has all my sympathies, I have

devoted all that I have of fortune, hope, or personal energy. I have, in a word, thrown my whole future into its cause. I have its confidence in return; and I am enabled not only to offer a high career and a noble sphere of action, but all that the world calls great rewards, to those whom I may select to join me in its defence."

"Is it France?" asked Tony; and Maitland had to bite his lip to repress a smile at such a question.

"No, it is not France," said he, calmly; "for France, under any rule, I'd not shed one drop of my blood."

"Nor I neither!" cried Tony. "I hate Frenchmen; my father hated them, and taught me to do the same."

"So far from enlisting you to serve France, it is more than probable that in the cause I speak of you'll find yourself arrayed against Frenchmen."

"All right; I'd do that with a heart and a half; but what is the State? Is it Austria?—is it Russia?"

"Neither. If you only give me to believe that you listen favourably to my plan, you shall hear everything; and I'll tell you, besides, what I shall offer to you personally—the command of a company in an Irish regiment, with the certainty of rapid advancement, and ample means to supply yourself with all that your position requires. Is that sufficient?"

"Quite so, if I like the cause I'm to fight for."

"I'll engage to satisfy you on that head. You need but read the names of those of our own countrymen who adopt it, to be convinced that it is a high and a holy cause. I don't suppose you have studied very deeply that great issue which our century is about to try—the cause of order *versus* anarchy—the right to rule of the good, the virtuous, and the enlightened, against the tyranny of the unlettered, the degraded, and the base."

"I know nothing about it."

"Well, I'll tax your patience some day to listen to it all from me; for the present, what say you to my plan?"

"I rather like it. If it had only come last week, I don't think I could have refused it."

"And why last week?"

"Because I have got a promise of an appointment since that."

"Of what nature?—a commission in the army?"

"No," said he, shaking his head.

"They're not going to make a clerk of a fellow like you, I trust?"

"They'd be sorely disappointed if they did."

"Well, what *are* they going to do with you?"

"Oh, it's nothing very high and mighty. I'm to be what they call a Queen's Messenger."

"Under the Foreign Office?"

"Yes."

"Not bad things these appointments—that is to say, gentlemen hold them, and contrive to live on them. How they do so, it's not very easy to say; but the fact is there, and not to be questioned."

This speech, a random shot as it was, hit the mark, and Maitland saw that Tony winced under it, and he went on.

"The worst is, however, that these things lead to nothing. If a man takes to the law, he dreams of the Great Seal, or at least of the Bench. If he be a soldier, he is sure to scribble his name with Lieutenant-General before it. One always has an eye to the upper branches, whatever be the tree; but this messenger affair is a mere bush, which does not admit of climbing. Last of all, it would never do for you."

"And why not do for me?" asked Tony, half fiercely.

"Simply because you could not reduce yourself to the mere level of a piece of mechanism—a thing

wound up at Downing Street, to go 'down' as it reached Vienna. To you life should present, with its changes of fortune, its variety, its adventures, and its rewards. Men like you confront dangers, but are always conquered by mere drudgery. Am I right?"

"Perhaps there is something in that."

"Don't fancy that I am talking at hazard; I have myself felt the very thing I am telling you of; and I could no more have begun life as a Cabinet postboy, than I could have taken to stone-breaking."

"You seem to forget that there is a class of people in this world whom a wise proverb declares are not to be choosers."

"There never was a sillier adage. It assumes that because a man is poor he must remain poor. It presumes to affirm that no one can alter his condition. And who are the successful in life? the men who have energy to will it—the fellows who choose their place, and insist upon taking it. Let me assure you, Butler, you are one of these, if you could only throw off your humility and believe it. Only resolve to join us, and I'll give you any odds you like that I am a true prophet; at all events, turn it over in your mind—give it a fair consideration; of course, I mean your own consideration, for it is one of those things a man cannot consult his mother upon; and when we meet again, which will not be for a few days, as I leave for a short absence to-morrow, you'll give me your answer."

"What day do you expect to be back here?"

"I hope by Saturday; indeed, I can safely say by Saturday."

"By that time I shall have made up my mind. Good-bye."

"The mind is made up already," muttered Maitland, as he moved away—"I have him."

CHAPTER XVIII.—ON THE ROAD.

A great moralist and a profound thinker has left it on record that there were few pleasanter sensations than those of being whirled rapidly along a good road at the top speed of a pair of posters. Whether, had he lived in our age of express-trains, the "rail" might not have qualified the judgment, is not so sure. One thing is, however, certain—the charm of a brisk drive on a fine breezy morning, along a bold coast, with a very beautiful woman for a companion, is one that belongs to all eras, independent of broad gauges and narrow, and deriving none of its enjoyment from steam or science.

Maitland was to know this now in all its ecstasy, as he drove off from Lyle Abbey with Mrs. Trafford. There was something of gala in the equipage—the four dappled greys with pink roses at their heads, the smartly-dressed servants, and more than all, the lovely widow herself, most becomingly dressed in a costume which, by favour of the climate, could combine furs with lace—that forcibly struck him as resembling the accompaniments of a wedding; and he smiled at the pleasant conceit.

"What is it amuses you, Mr. Maitland?" said she, unable to repress her curiosity.

"I am afraid to tell you—that is, I might have told you a moment ago, but I can't now."

"Perhaps I guess it?"

"I don't think so."

"No matter; let us talk of something else. Isn't that a very beautiful little bay? It was a fancy of mine once to build a cottage there. You can see the spot from here, to the left of those three rocks."

"Yes; but there are walls there—ruins, I think."

"No, not exactly ruins. They were the outer walls of my intended villa, which I abandoned after I had begun it; and there they stand,

accusers of a change of mind, sad reminders of other days and their projects."

"Were they very pleasant days, that you sigh over them, or are they sad reminiscences?"

"Both one and the other. I thought it would be such a nice thing to retire from the world and all its vanities, and live there very secluded and forgotten."

"And how long ago was this?"

"Oh, very long ago—fully a year and a half."

"Indeed!" cried he, with a well-feigned astonishment.

"Yes," said she, resuming. "I was very tired of being flattered and fêted, and what the people call 'spoiled;' for it is by no means remembered how much amusement is afforded to those who play the part of 'spoilers' in the wilfulness and caprice they excite; and so I thought, 'I'll show you all how very easy it is to live without you. I'll let you see that I can exist without your homage.'"

"And you really fancied this?"

"You ask as if you thought the thing incredible."

"Only difficult—not impossible."

"I never intended total isolation, mind. I'd have had my intimates, say two or three—certainly not more—dear friends, to come and go and stay as they pleased."

"And do you know how you'd have passed your time, or shall I tell you?"

"Yes. Let me hear your version of it."

"In talking incessantly of that very world you had quitted, in greedily devouring all its scandals, and canvassing all its sins, criticising, very possibly, its shortcomings and condemning its frivolities, but still following with a wistful eye all its doings, and secretly longing to be in the thick of them."

"Oh, how wrong you are, how totally wrong! You know very

little about him who would have been my chief adviser and Grand Vizier."

"And who, pray, would have been so fortunate as to fill that post?"

"The son of that old lady to whom you devoted so many mornings—the playfellow of long ago, Tony Butler?"

"Indeed! I only made his acquaintance yesterday, and it would be rash to speak on such a short experience, but I may be permitted to ask, Has he that store of resources which enliven solitude? is he so full of life's experiences that he can afford to retire from the world and live on the interest of his knowledge of mankind?"

"He knows nothing whatever of what is called life—at least what Mr. Maitland would call life. He is the most simple-hearted young fellow in the world, with the finest nature, and the most generous."

"What would I not give for a friend who would grow so enthusiastic about me!"

"Are you so sure you'd deserve it?"

"If I did, there would be no merit in the praise. Credit means trust for what one may or may not have."

"Well, I am speaking of Tony as I know him; and, true to the adage, there he is, coming down the hill. Pull up, George."

"Mr. Butler's making me a sign, ma'am, not to stop till I reach the top of the hill."

The moment after the spanking team stood champing their bits and tossing their manes on the crest of the ridge.

"Come here, Tony, and be scolded!" cried Mrs. Trafford, while the young fellow, instead of approaching the carriage, busied himself about the horses.

"Wait a moment till I let down their heads. How could you have suffered them to come up the long hill with the bearing-reins on, Alice?" cried he.

"So, then, it is I that am to have the scolding," said she in a whisper;

then added aloud, "Come here and beg pardon. I'm not sure you'll get it, for your shameful desertion of us. Where have you been, sir? and why have not you reported yourself on your return?"

Tony came up to the side of the carriage with an attempt at swagger that only increased his own confusion, and made him blush deeply. No sooner, however, had he seen Maitland, of whose presence up to that he had been ignorant, than he grew pale, and had to steady himself by catching hold of the door.

"I see you are ashamed," said she, "but I'll keep you over for sentence. Meanwhile, let me present you to Mr. Maitland."

"I know him," said Tony, gulping out the words.

"Yes," chimed in Maitland, "we made acquaintance yesterday; and if Mr. Butler be but of my mind, it will not be a mere passing knowledge we shall have of each other."

"Get in, Tony, and come a mile or two with us. You know all the short cuts in the mountains, and can get back easily."

"There's the short cut I mean to take now," said Tony, sternly, as he pointed to a path that led down to the sea-shore. "I am going home."

"Yes, sir," resumed she with a well-feigned air of severity—"but mine is a command."

"I have left the service—I have taken my discharge," said he, with a forced laugh.

"At least, you ought to quit with honour—not as a deserter," said she, softly, but sadly.

"Perhaps he could not trust his resolution, if he were to see again the old flag he had served under," said Maitland.

"Who made you the exponent of what I felt, sir?" said he, savagely—"I don't remember that in our one single conversation we touched on these things."

"Tony!" cried Alice, in a low voice, full of deep feeling and sorrow—"Tony!"

"Good-bye, Alice; I'm sorry to have detained you, but I thought—I don't know what I thought. Remember me to Bella—good-bye!" He turned away—then suddenly, as if remembering himself, wheeled round and said, "Good morning, sir," with a short quick nod of his head. The moment after he had sprung over the low wall at the road-side, and was soon lost to view in the tall ferns.

"How changed he is! I declare I can scarcely recognise him," said Mrs. Trafford, as they resumed their journey. "He used to be the gentlest, easiest, softest of all natures. Never put out—never crossed by anything."

"And so I've no doubt you'd have found him to-day if I had not been here."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely you remarked the sudden change that came over his face when he saw me. He thought you were alone. At all events, he never speculated on finding me at your side."

"Indeed!" said she, with an air of half-offended pride; "and are you reputed to be such a very dangerous person, that to drive out with you should inspire all this terror?"

"I don't believe I am," said Maitland, laughing; "but perhaps your rustic friend might be pardoned if he thought so."

"How very subtle that is! Even in your humility you contrive to shoot a bolt at poor Tony."

"And why poor? Is he poor who is so rich in defenders? Is it a sign of poverty when a man can afford to dispense with all the restraints that attach to others, and say and do what he likes, with the certainty that it will all be submitted to? I call that wealth unbounded, at least. It is the one prize that money confers, and if one can have it without the dross, I'd say, Give me the privilege and keep the title-deeds."

"Mr. Maitland," said she, gravely, "Tony Butler is not in the least

like what you would represent him. In my life I never knew any one so full of consideration for others."

"Go on," said he, laughing. "It's only another gold mine of his you are displaying before me. Has he any other gifts or graces?"

"He has a store of good qualities, Mr. Maitland; they are not, perhaps, very showy ones."

"Like those of some other of our acquaintance," added he, as if finishing her speech for her. "My dear Mrs. Trafford, I would not disparage your early friend—your once playfellow—for the world. Indeed, I feel, if life could be like a half-holiday from school, he'd be an admirable companion to pass it with: the misfortune is, that these men must take their places in the common tournament with the rest of us, and then they are not so certain of making a distinguished figure as when seen in the old playground with bat and ball, and wicket."

"You mean that such a man as Tony Butler will not be likely to make a great career in life?"

His reply was a shrug of the shoulders.

"And why not, pray?" asked she, defiantly.

"What if you were to ask Mark this question? Let him give you his impressions on this theme."

"I see what it is," cried she, warmly. "You two fine gentlemen have conspired against this poor simple boy; for really, in all dealings with the world, he is a boy; and you would like us to believe, that if we saw him under other circumstances, and with other surroundings, we should be actually ashamed of him. Now, Mr. Maitland, I resent this supposition at once, and I tell you frankly I am very proud of his friendship."

"You are pushing me to the verge of a great indiscretion; in fact, you have made it impossible for me to avoid it," said he, seriously. "I must now trust you with a secret, or what I meant to be one. Here it is. Of course, what I am

about to tell you is strictly to go no further; never, never to be divulged. It is partly on this young man's account—chiefly so—that I am in Ireland. A friend of mine—that same Caffarelli of whom you heard—was commissioned by a very eccentric old Englishman who lives abroad, to learn if he could hear some tidings of this young Butler; what sort of a person he was; how brought up; how educated; how disciplined. The inquiry came from the desire of a person very able indeed to befriend him materially. The old man I speak of is the elder brother of Butler's father; very rich and very influential. This old man I suppose, repenting of some harshness or other to his brother in former days, wants to see Tony—wants to judge of him for himself—wants, in fact, without disclosing the relationship between them, to pronounce whether this young fellow is one to whom he could rightfully bequeath a considerable fortune, and place before the world as the head of an honoured house; but he wants to do this without exciting hopes or expectations, or risking perhaps disappointments. Now I know very well by repulse something of this eccentric old man, whose long life in the diplomatic service has made him fifty times more lenient to a moral delinquency than to a solecism in manners, and who could forgive the one and never the other. If he were to see your diamond in the rough, he'd never contemplate the task of polishing—he'd simply say, 'This is not what I looked for; I don't want a gamekeeper, or a boatman, or a horse-breaker.'

"Oh! Mr. Maitland."

"Hear me out. I am representing, and very faithfully representing, another; he'd say this more strongly to me than I have, and he'd leave him there. Now I'm not very certain that he'd be wrong; permit me to finish. I mean to say, that in all that regards what the old minister-plenipotentiary... acknowledges to be life, Master Tony would not shine. The solid qua-

lities you dwell on so favourably are like rough carvings; they are not meant for gilding. Now, seeing the deep interest you and all your family take in this youth, and feeling as I do a sincere regard for the old lady his mother, in whose society I have passed two or three delightful mornings, I conceived a sort of project which might possibly give the young fellow a good chance of success. I thought of taking him abroad—on the continent—showing him something of life and the world in a sphere in which he had not yet seen it; letting him see for himself the value men set upon tact and address, and making him feel that these are the common coinage daily intercourse requires, while higher qualities are title-deeds that the world only calls for on emergencies."

"But you could never have persuaded him to such a position of dependence."

"I'd have called him my private secretary; I'd have treated him as my equal."

"It was very generous; it was nobly generous."

"When I thought I had made him presentable anywhere—and it would not take long to do so—I'd have contrived to bring him under his uncle's notice,—as a stranger, of course; if the effect were favourable, well and good; if it proved a failure, there was neither disappointment nor chagrin. Mrs. Butler gave me a half assent, and I was on the good road with her son till this morning, when that unlucky meeting has, I suspect, spoiled everything."

"But, why should it?"

"Why should any thing happen as men's passions or impulses decide it? Why should one man be jealous of the good fortune that another man has not won?"

She turned away her head and was silent.

"I'd not have told you one word of this, Mrs. Trafford, if I had not been so sore pressed that I couldn't afford to let you, while defending your friend, accuse me of

want of generosity and unfairness. Let me own it frankly.—I was piqued by all your praises of this young man; they sounded so like insidious criticisms on others less fortunate in your favour."

"As if the great Mr. Maitland could care for any judgments of mine," said she; and there was in her voice and manner a strange blending of levity and seriousness.

"They are the judgments that he cares most for in all the world," said he, eagerly. "To have heard from your lips one-half the praise—one-tenth part of the interest you so lately betowed on that young man——"

"Where are we going, George? What river is this?" exclaimed she, suddenly.

"To Tilney Park, ma'am; this is the Larne."

"But it's the upper road, and I told you to take the lower road, by Captain Graham's."

"No, ma'am; you only said Tilney."

"Is it possible? and didn't you tell him, Mr. Maitland?"

"I? I knew nothing of the road. To tell you the truth," added he, in a whisper, "I cared very little where it led, so long as I sat at your side."

"Very flattering, indeed! Have we passed the turn to the lower road very far, George?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's a good five miles behind us, and a bad bit of road too—all fresh stones."

"And you were so anxious to call at the cottage?" said she, addressing Maitland with a smile of some significance.

"Nothing of the kind. I made some sort of silly promise to make a visit as I passed. I'm sure I don't know why, or to gratify whom."

"Oh, cruel Mr. Maitland—false Mr. Maitland! how can you say this? But are we to go back—that is the question; for I see George is very impatient, and trying to make the horses the same?"

"Of course not. Go back! it was all the coachman's fault—took

the wrong turning, and never discovered his blunder till we were—I don't know where."

"Tilney, George—go on," said she; then turning to Maitland, "And do you imagine that the charming Sally Graham or the fascinating Rebecca will understand such flimsy excuses as these, or that the sturdy old Commodore will put up with them?"

"I hope so, for their sakes at least; for it will save them a world of trouble to do so."

"Ungrateful as well as perfidious. You were a great favourite with the Grahams. Beck told me, the night before they left the Abbey, that you were the only 'élégant'—exquisite she called it—she ever met that wasn't a fool."

"The praise was not extravagant. I don't feel my cheek growing hot under it."

"And Sally said that if she had not seen with her own eyes, she'd never have believed that a man with such a diamond ring, and such wonderful pendants to his watch, could hook an eight-pound salmon and bring him to land."

"That indeed touches me," said he, laying his hand over his heart.

"And old Graham himself declared to my father that if one of his girls had a fancy that way, though you weren't exactly his style of man, nor precisely what he'd choose——"

"Do spare me. I beseech you, have *some* pity on me."

"That he'd not set himself against it; and that, in fact, with a good certificate as to character, and the approved guarantee of respectable people, who had known you some years——"

"I implore you to stop."

"Of course I'll stop when you tell me the theme is one too delicate to follow up; but, like all the world, you let one run into every sort of indiscretion, and only cry halt when it is too late to retire. The Grahams, however, are excellent people—old G. G., as they call him, a distinguished officer. He cut out some

body or something from under the guns of a Spanish fort, and the girls have refused—let me see whom they have not refused; but I'll make them tell you, for we'll certainly call there on our way back."

The malicious drollery with which she poured out all this had heightened her colour and given increased brilliancy to her eyes. Instead of the languid delicacy which usually marked her features, they shone now with animation and excitement, and became in consequence far more beautiful. So striking was the change, that Maitland paid little attention to the words, while he gazed with rapture at the speaker.

It must have been a very palpable admiration he bestowed, for she drew down her veil with an impatient jerk of the hand, and said, "Well, sir, doesn't this arrangement suit you, or would you rather make your visit to Port Graham alone?"

"I almost think I would," said he, laughing. "I suspect it would be safer."

"Oh, now that I know your intentions—that you have made me your confidant—you'll see that I can be a marvel of discretion."

"Put up your veil again, and you may be as *maligne* as you please."

"There! yonder is Tilney," said she, hastily, "where you see those fine trees. Are the horses distressed, George?"

"Well, ma'am, they've had enough of it."

"I mean, are they too tired to go round by the river-side and the old gate?"

"It's a good two miles round, ma'am."

"Oh, I know what that means," said she, in a whisper. "If there should be anything amiss for the next three months, it will be that cruel day's work down at Tilney will be charged with it. Go in by the new lodge," added she aloud; "and as they have innumerable carriages here, Mr. Maitland, I'll take you a drive over there to-morrow. It's a very nice thing, isn't it, to be as rich as old Mrs. Maxwell, and to be always playing the part of 'Good Fairy,' giving splendid banquets, delicious little country parties to all the world; offering horses to ride, boats to sail in? What *are* you looking at so fixedly?"

"I think I recognise a conveyance I once had the happiness to travel in. Isn't that the Graham equipage before us?"

"I declare it is!" cried she, joyfully. "Oh, lucky Mr. Maitland; they are going to Tilney."

As she spoke, George, indignant at being dusted by a shambling old mare with long fetlocks, gathered up his team in hand, and sent them "spinning" past the lumbering jaunting-car, giving the Grahams only time to recognise the carriage and its two occupants.

CHAPTER XIX.—TONY'S TROUBLES.

When Tony Butler met Mrs. Trafford's carriage he was on his road, by a cross path to the back entrance of Lyle Abbey. It was not his intention to pay a visit there at that moment, though he was resolved to do so later. His present errand was to convey a letter he had written to Maitland, accepting the proposal of the day before.

He had not closed his eyes all night thinking of it. There was a captivation in its promise of ad-

venture that he felt to be irresistible. He knew too well the defects of his nature and of his intelligence not to be aware that, in any of the ordinary and recognised paths in life, he must see himself overtaken and left behind by almost all. What were called the learned professions were strictly debarred to him. Had he even the means for the study, he would not have the qualities to pursue them. He did not feel that he could take willingly to a trade;

as little could he be a clerk. To be sure, he had obtained this appointment as messenger, but how disparagingly Maitland had spoken of it? He said, it is true, they "weren't bad things"—that "gentlemen somehow or other managed to live on them;" but he hinted that these were gentlemen whose knowledge of life had taught them a variety of little accomplishments—such as whist, billiards, and écarté—which form the traffic of society, and a very profitable traffic too, to him who knows a little more of them than his neighbours. Worst of all, it was a career, Maitland said, that led to nothing. You can become an "old messenger," if you live long enough, but nothing more; and he pictured the life of a traveller who had lost every interest in the road he journeyed—who, in fact, only thought of it with reference to the time it occupied—as one of the dreariest of all imaginable things. "This monotony," added he, "will do for the fellow who has seen everything and done everything—not for the fresh spirit of youth, eager to taste, to learn, and to enjoy. A man of your stamp ought to have a wider and better field—a sphere wherein his very vitality will have fair-play. Try it; follow it if you can, Butler," said he: "but I'm much mistaken in you, if you'll be satisfied to sit down with a station that only makes you a penny-postman magnified." Very few of us have courage to bear such a test as this—to hear the line we are about to take, the service we are about to enter, the colony we are about to sail for, disparaged, unmoved. The unknown has always enough of terror about it without the dark forebodings of an evil prophet.

"I like Maitland's project better," said Tony, after a long night's reflection. "At all events, it's the sort of thing to suit me. If I should come to grief, it will be a sad day for poor mother; but the same might happen me when carrying a despatch-bag! I think he ought to

have been more explicit, and let me hear for whom I am to fight, though perhaps it doesn't much signify. I could fight for any one but Yankees! I think I'll say 'done.' This Maitland is a great 'Don'—has apparently fortune and station. It can't be a mistake to sail in the same boat with him. I'll certainly say 'done.'"
With this resolve he jumped out of bed, and wrote the following brief note:—

"BURNSIDE, Tuesday morning.

"DEAR SIR,—I'll not take the three days you gave me to consider your offer; I accept it at once.—Yours truly, TONY BUTLER.

"NORMAN MAITLAND, Esq.,
Lyle Abbey."

"I'll have to write to Skeffy," said he to himself. "and say, You may tell my noble patron that I don't want the messengership, and that when next I call at the office I'll kick Willis for nothing. I don't suppose that this is the formal way of resigning, but I take it they'll not be sorry to be quit of me, and it will spare the two old coves in white cravats all the trouble of having me plucked at the examination. Poor Skeffy won't be pleased, though; he was to have 'coached me' in foreign tongues and the Rule of Three. Well, I'm glad I'm in for a line of life where nobody asks about Colenso's Arithmetic, nor has so much as heard of Ollendorff's Method. Oh dear! how much happier the world must have been when people weren't so confoundedly well-informed!—so awfully brimful of all knowledge as they now are! In those pleasant days, instead of being a black sheep, I'd have been pretty much like the rest of the flock."

The speculations on this topic—this golden age of ignorance and bliss—occupied him all the way, as he walked over the hills to leave his letter at the gate-lodge for Mr. Maitland.

Resisting all the lodge-keeper's inducements to talk—for he was

an old friend of Tony's, and wanted much to know where he had been and what doing of late, and why he wasn't up at the Abbey every day as of yore—Tony refused to hear of all the sad consequences that had followed on his absence; how the "two three-year-olds had gone back in their training;" how "Piper wouldn't let a saddle be put on his back;" how the carp were all dying in the new pond, nobody knew why—there was even something gone wrong with the sun-dial over the stable, as though the sun himself had taken his departure in dudgeon, and wouldn't look straight on the spot since. These were, with many more, shouted after him as he turned away, while he, laughing, called out, "It will be all right in a day or two, Mat. I'll see to every thing soon."

"That I'll not," muttered he to himself when alone. "The smart busser—the brave captain—may try his hand now. I'd like to see him on Piper. I only wish that he may mount him with the saddle tightly girthed; and if he doesn't cut a somerset over his head, my name isn't Tony! Let us see, too, what he'll do with those young dogs; they're wild enough by this time! I take it he's too great a swell to know anything about gardening or grafting—so much the worse for my lady's flower-pot! There's one thing I'd like to be able to do every morning of my life," thought he in sadder mood—"just to give Alice's chestnut mare one canter, to make her neck flexible and her mouth light, and to throw her back on her haunches! And then, if I could only see Alice on her! just to see her as she bends down over the mane and pats the mare's shoulder to coax her not to buck-leap! There never was a picture that equalled it! the mare snorting, and with eyes flashing, and Alice all the while caressing her, and saying, "How silly you are, Maida! come, now, do be gentle!"

These thoughts set others in

motion—the happy, happy days of long ago; the wild, half-reckless gallops over the fern-clad hills in the clear bright days of winter—or the still more delightful saunterings of a summer's eve on the sea-shore!—none of them—not one—ever to come back again. It was just as his reveries had reached so far that he caught sight of the four dappled greys—they were Alice's own—swinging smoothly along in that long easy stride, by which thoroughbreds persuade you that work is no distress to them. It was only as they breasted the hill that he saw that the bearing-reins were not let down—a violation of a precept on which he was inexorable; and he hastened with all the speed he could, to catch them ere they gained the crest of the ridge.

To say the truth, Tony was somewhat ashamed of himself for his long absence from the Abbey. If it was not ingratitude, it had a look of it. *They* knew nothing of what had passed between Mark and himself, and could only pronounce upon his conduct as fickleness, or worse; and he was glad of an opportunity to meet them less formally than by a regular morning visit. Either Alice and her sister, or Alice alone, were certain to be in the carriage; for Lady Lyle was too timid to trust herself with those "greys;" and so he bounded forward, his heart full of expectancy, and burning once more to hear that voice whose very chidings were as music to him.

He was close to the carriage before he saw Maitland; indeed, the sight of Alice as he drew near, had so entranced him that he saw nothing else; but when his eyes did fall on her companion, a pang shot through him as though he had been stabbed. In the raging jealousy of the moment everything was forgotten but his passion—his hatred of that man. He'd have given his right hand to be able to hurl at him a mortal defiance—to have dared him to the death.

Indeed, so far as the insolence of his stare could convey his meaning, it declared an open war between them. Nor did Maitland's attitude assuage this anger; he lay back with a cool assumption of superiority—an air of triumphant satisfaction—that seemed to say, "Each of us is in the place that befits him."

So overcome was he by passion, that even Alice's invitation to get into the carriage sounded like an outrage to his ears. It was bitter enough to cast him off without making him witness the success of another. Maitland's daring to apologise for him—to explain away why he had or had not done this, that, or t'other—was more than his endurance could brook; and as he hurried away from the spot, dashing recklessly down cliff and crag, and sprang from rock to rock without a thought of the peril, he almost accused himself of cowardice and cold-bloodedness for not having insulted him on the instant, and, by some open outrage, forced upon him a quarrel from which there could be no retreating. "If I'd insulted him before her," cried he, "he never could have evaded me by calling me an angry boy."

"I'll have no companionship with him, at all events," said he, suddenly checking himself in his speed; "he shall neither be leader nor comrade of mine. I'll get my letter back before it reach him." With this resolve he turned his steps back again to the Abbey. Although he knew well that he must reach the lodge before they could return from their drive, he hurried along as though his life depended on it.

The keeper was out, but Tony dashed into the lodge, and found, as he expected, the letter on the chimney; he tore it into fragments, and turned away.

The day was already drawing to a close as he descended the little path to the Burnside, and saw his mother awaiting him in the porch. As he came nearer, he perceived that she held up a letter in her hand. "Something important, Tony

dear," cried she. "It is printed at top, 'On. H. M.'s Service,' and marked 'Immediate,' underneath. I have been very impatient all the day for your return."

Although Tony's mood at the moment did not dispose him to be on the very best terms with the world at large, nor even with himself, he felt a strange sort of vainglorious glow through him at being addressed on a great square-shaped envelope, "On Her Majesty's Service," and with a huge seal, the royal arms, affixed. It imparted a sense of self-importance that was very welcome at such a moment. It was a spoonful of brandy to a man not far from fainting.

With all this, he didn't like his mother to see how much this gratified or interested him; and he tossed the letter to one side, and said, "I hope the dinner isn't far off; I'm very hungry."

"It will be on the table in a few minutes, Tony; but let us hear what Her Majesty wants with you."

"It's nothing that won't keep till I have eaten my dinner, mother; at all events, I don't mean to inquire."

"I suppose I may break the seal myself, then," said she, in a half-pique.

"If you like—if you have any curiosity in the matter."

"That I have," said she, tearing open the envelope.

"Why it's nothing, after all, Tony. It's not from Her Majesty at all. It begins 'Dear Butler.'"

"It's from Skeffy," cried he, taking it from her hands, "and is far more interesting to me than if it came from the Premier."

Mrs. Butler sat down, disappointed and sad. It was a reminiscence of long ago, that formally-shaped document, with its big seal reminding her of days when the Colonel—her Colonel—used to receive despatches from the War Office—grave documents of which he seldom spoke, but whose importance

she could read in the thoughtful lines of his face, and which always impressed her with his consequence.

"Ah, dear!" sighed she, drearily,—
"who would have thought it?"

So is it very often in this same world of ours, that the outsides of things are only solemn cheats. The orderly who terrifies the village as he dashes past at speed, is but the bearer of an invitation to dine. The ambassador's bag is filled not with protocols and treaties, but with fish-sauce or pickled walnuts; the little sack—marked 'most important'—being choke-full of Russian cigarettes. Even lawn and lawyers' wigs are occasionally the external coverings to qualities that fall short of absolute wisdom; so that though Mrs. Butler exclaimed, "Who would have thought it?" one more conversant with life would have felt less surprise and less disappointment.

A laugh from Tony—almost a hearty laugh—startled her from her musings. "What is it, Tony dear?" asked she—"what is it that amuses you?"

"I'll read it all for you, mother. It's from Skeffy, and you'd think you heard him talking, it's so like him.

"F. O., *Sunday Morning*.

"DEAR BUTLER,—What a fright you have given us all, old fellow, to have levanted so suddenly, leaving your traps with the waiter, as we first thought, but as we afterwards discovered exchanging them with one Rory Quin, who, apparently sorry for his bargain, came for three successive mornings to the hotel to find out your present whereabouts."

"Do you understand him, mother?" asked Tony at this.

"Partly—go on."

He resumed—"Rory, however, would seem to have a private scrape of his own to occupy him now, for I found to-day that a policeman was waiting all the morning to arrest him, of which he seems to have had timely notice, for he did not appear, and 'R. 960' says, with

much solemnity, he won't come no more."

"What does that mean, Tony?"

"I can make nothing of it. I hope and trust that I am not the cause of the poor fellow's troubles. I'll write about this at once. 'More of all this, however, when we meet, which I rejoice to say will be soon. I have got fourteen days' leave, and am going over to your immediate neighbourhood, to visit an aunt, or a cousin, or a grandmother—if she likes—a certain Mrs. Maxwell of Tilney, who has lots of cash and no one to leave it to—five thousand a-year in estate; I don't know what in the Threes; and is, they tell me, weighing all her relatives, real or imaginary, in the balance of her esteem, to decide who is to be the lord of Tilney, and which of us would most worthily represent her name and house. Preaching for a call is nothing to this—and a C. S. examination is cakes and gingerbread to it. Just fancy a grand competitive dinner of both sexes, and the old lady watching who ate of her favourite dish, or who passed the decanter she 'affectioned.' Imagine yourself talking, moving, sneezing, smiling, or blowing your nose, with five thousand a-year on the issue. Picture to your mind the tortures of a scrutiny that may take in anything from your complexion to your character, and which, though satisfied with your morals, might discover 'something displeasing about your mouth.'"

"Worst news of all, I hear that the great Norman Maitland is somewhere in your vicinity, and of course will be invited wherever anything is going on. If he cares to do it, I suppose he'll cut us all out, and that the old lady would rather fancy she made a graceful exit from life if this illustrious swell were to play chief mourner to her. By the way, do you know the man I'm talking of? He's a monstrous clever fellow, and a great mystery to boot. I know him very slightly; indeed, so slightly that I'm not sure he knows me.

"As it would be invaluable to me to have a word of counsel from you, knowing nothing, or next to nothing, of my dear relative, I mean to start directly for you at once, and have one day with you before I go on to Tilney. Will this bore you, or inconvenience you? Is your house full? Most houses are at this time o' year."

At this Tony laid down the letter and laughed immoderately; not so, however, his mother. She turned her head away, and sat, with her hands closely locked, in silence.

"Isn't it good?—isn't it downright droll, mother, to ask if our house 'be so full of guests, we have no room for another? I declare, though it has a sore side to it, the question overcomes me with its absurdity."

"That's not the way I'm looking at it, Tony," said she, sadly.

"But there's no other way to look at it. If one can't take that view of it, one would——" He stopped suddenly, for he saw the old lady lift her handkerchief to her eyes, and hold it there. "But you are right, mother," said he, quickly. "To bear it well, one needn't laugh at it. At all events, what answer are we to make him?"

"Finish the letter first."

"Ah, this is all about putting him up—anywhere—in a dressing-room or a closet. 'At Carls court last year they had nothing to give me but a bath-room. They used to quiz me about sleeping in "marble halls," for I lay in the bath.'"

"He seems a good-tempered creature," said the old lady, who could not repress a laugh this time.

"The best in the world; and such spirits! I wish you saw him do the back-somersets over a chair, or the frog's leap across a table. For all that, mother," said he, with a change of tone, "he's a perfect gentleman; and though he's very short—only so high!—he looks a gentleman, too."

"I am not likely to forget all his kindness to you, Tony," said she, feelingly. "If we could only receive him suitably, I'd be happy and proud to do it; as it is, however, the man, being a gentleman, will put up all the better with our humble entertainment: so, just tell him to come, Tony; but tell him also what he's coming to. His room will be pretty much like the bath-room, and the company he'll meet afterwards very unlike what he saw at the fine house."

"He'll take all in good part, or I'm much mistaken in him. So here goes for the answer:—

"DEAR SKEFF,—We live in a cottage with five rooms. We have one maid-servant, and we dine at two. If you have courage to face all this, you'll have the heartiest of welcomes from my mother and your sincere friend,

"TONY BUTLER.

"The mail will drop you at Coleraine, and I'll be on the look-out for you every morning from this forward."

"Won't that do, mother?" asked he.

"I think you might have done it better; but I suppose you young folk understand each other best in your own fashion, so let it be.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY REFORMED.

THE Royal Academy was last year arraigned before a commission to take its trial, and in the approaching session of Parliament it awaits the verdict of the country, and must submit to the reforms which the Legislature shall deem conducive to the welfare of our national arts. This Commission, bearing the sign-manual of Her Majesty, was issued "to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts, and into the circumstances and conditions under which it occupies a portion of the National Gallery, and to suggest such measures as may be required to render it more useful in promoting art, and in improving and developing public tastes." The report now before us, the result of a calm and extended investigation, bears the signatures and seals of "Stanhope (Chairman), Hardinge, Elcho, Edmund W. Head, William Stirling, Henry Danby Seymour, Henry Reeve," the Commissioners appointed for the conduct of this arduous inquiry. No less than six-and-forty witnesses were called to give evidence for or against the constitution and administration of the Academy, among whom we mark the names of Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edmund Landseer, D. Maclise, J. E. Millais, Baron Marchetti, W. Tite, Holman Hunt, A. H. Layard, Beresford Hope, Lord Taunton, and the present Solicitor-General. The Commissioners held their opening meeting on the 18th February 1863, and the inquiry ended on the 8th June, at the twenty-fourth sitting, with the examination of Mr. Ruskin. The number of questions asked exceeds five thousand, and the printed evidence fills 557 closely-printed pages of a parliamentary "blue book." On the 10th July last the Report was issued, passing a deliberate judgment on the following specific heads—"A, Constitu-

tion of the Academy;" "B, Funds;" "C, Exhibition;" "D, Teaching;" "E, Charities;" "F, Buildings." These dry but not wholly uninteresting statistics we place as an introduction to our present article, to indicate in fewest words the scope and import of this Imperial scrutiny. They show that the abuses and the dereliction of duty laid to the charge of the Academy have had full and fair opportunity of proof. Guided by this mass of evidence, aided by the deliberate judgment of Commissioners expressly appointed by reason of competency, the time has now at length arrived when the Government may satisfactorily settle a long-pending and hotly-debated question. We trust that in the ensuing session of Parliament the Royal Academy, by a decisive act of the Legislature, will be reformed in its constitution, that it will receive powers and prerogatives commensurate with the advanced condition of the arts, and adequate to the growing requirements of a people to whom painting, sculpture, and architecture have become not only the luxuries but almost the necessities of life.

We are happy to say that a spirit of even-handed justice has moderated the proceedings of this Commission. The Academy has enemies, but they have abstained from virulence. She has friends who have showed their candour by admitting defects wherever found, and their wisdom in welcoming reforms which the general voice has pronounced inevitable and salutary. Reconstruction is certainly needed; but at the outset we would desire to pay the tribute due to the Academy for the services she has already, for the space of nearly one hundred years, conferred upon the arts of this country. In other nations, it is well known, crowned heads have taken the arts under their patronage, and governments

have granted to Academies handsome subsidies. In England, on the contrary, where reliance is placed on voluntary effort, the arts have had to struggle in their own strength for honourable position and adequate reward; and the Academy, left without pecuniary aid, has been doomed to scrape together its fortunes as best it might out of shillings collected at the doors of the annual exhibition. Considering how precarious and apparently inadequate is this mode of gaining a livelihood, we have reason to be all the more astonished at the power and resources which the Academy has acquired, and the amount of good works that she has been enabled to perform. Lectures have been delivered session after session, a library has been formed, scholarships have been established, and salaries are yearly paid to a Keeper, Secretary, and Visitors. In the year 1862, the expenses of maintaining the schools, including the giving of gratuitous instruction and the awarding of premiums and scholarships, are set down at £2495, 18s. 6d. In the same year the sum expended upon pensions and donations to decayed members and necessitous artists amounted to £1667, 8s. Yet notwithstanding these heavy drains upon the annual income, the Academy has, by a wise husbandry of resources, been enabled to lay in store the sum of £140,000, invested in three-per-cent consols. The Academy has thus since 1768, the year of its foundation, not only paid its way, not only distributed large amounts in teaching and in charity, but now at the end of well-nigh one century, it is found in a strong position, with a wealth, prestige, and power which incite envy and provoke opposition.

Still more, by common consent, testified by many witnesses, in the presence of the Commission, our English school of painting, as fostered by the Academy, is in the face of Europe, if not absolutely great and grand, at least honourable and praiseworthy. The present

state of Art in this country, said Mr. Tite, shows that the Academy has done its duty, and done that duty well. And in the same sense Sir Edwin Landseer bore testimony that the Royal Academy has made the British school what it is; which, taken in comparison with other schools, he added, holds a very creditable station. "Most of the eminent artists of this country," said Mr. Richard Westmacott, pursuing the same line of defence, "have been, students of the Academy, and received their education there." Lastly, Mr. Mulready, whose words have now gathered around them the solemnity of the grave, thus speaks emphatically, "I have a strong sense of obligation to the Academy, having received my education there; and having the Academy alone almost to thank for my education in art, the obligation which I have signed to support the honour of the academy as long as I remain a member of it is never to be forgotten by me; and I think the proper place for suggesting improvements in the Academy is, as an Academician, in my place there." Thus, as a graceful prelude to the reiteration of long-standing grievances, to the detailed statement of inefficiency and abuse, let the concession be unreservedly made, that we owe to the Academy a debt of gratitude—that this voluntary, self-elected, and self-governed institution—or, to borrow the harder words of its foes, this so-called tyranny and monopoly—has, in the main, ruled wisely and justly; and that thus, in the true interest of art, we should not plot its overthrow, but rather plan and promote its extension on a wider basis—its elevation to higher functions.

On all hands, indeed, by friends and by foes alike, it is admitted that the time has now arrived for reform. We have stated the case in favour of the Academy. We will now turn to the other side, and give the reasons which urge towards change. The inveterate

enemies of the Academy, let it be admitted, are generally men who have been embittered by disappointment—artists who have suffered in the hanging of their pictures, or who have failed in their attempts to secure election. Opponents of this quality generally indulge in vague charges, or wax warm in violent abuse, and so in any calm inquiry they are fairly put out of court. But the men who raised the voice of opposition in the hearing of the Commissioners—Mr. Watts, Mr. Armitage, Holman Hunt, and others—were of a wholly different temper. The evidence given by these witnesses is calm, well considered, and weighty. They have watched the working of the Academy with an eye made keen by experience, and, without entertaining the charge of grievous sins, they are able to narrate facts which distinctly prove that the Institution is no longer adequate to meet the demands of the profession, or the reasonable expectations of the public. It was admitted, even by an Academician as high in the ranks as Mr. David Roberts, that the Academy is in such a sleepy state that it would be desirable to have recourse to anything which might awaken life. Mr. J. Ferguson, the well-known author of the 'Handbook of Architecture,' and the 'History of Modern Styles of Architecture,' gave expression to the general opinion of the profession and of the public when he said, that though the Royal Academy may have perfectly represented the state of art at the time when it was established, yet the development which has since taken place in all the arts has been so great that the Academy can no longer meet the requirements of the country. Therefore some extension of its sphere of usefulness has become highly desirable. Mr. G. F. Watts, the painter of the fresco in Lincoln's Inn, one of the very few artists with vision to see the supreme nobility of historic and ideal compositions, and to comprehend the

manifold relations between the arts and modern society, desires, in common with Mr. Beresford Hope and others, to constitute the Academy both a public Committee of Taste and an Art University. Mr. Watts, not without reason, complains that the Academy has displayed very great apathy. He tells us that he has failed to trace its influence in our street architecture, on our dress and fashions, or in the direction and development of the public taste. Our exclusively national school—that of English water-colour painting—has grown up outside the Academy; the revival of fresco and other mural decorations, which might be considered to fall within the peculiar province of a College of Arts, owed its origin to the zeal and the knowledge of the late Prince-Consort; and in its progress became indebted, not to the Academy in Trafalgar Square, but to the Royal Commission at Westminster.

Yet while recounting these matters in which the Academy has doubtless been found wanting, again would we call to mind, as a set-off, the good deeds and the generous acts of which she has been the minister. The enterprise, however, upon which she is embarked extends year by year so greatly in its magnitude and responsibility, that at last the conviction for all who have realised the difficulties of the position becomes irresistible, that no merely voluntary self-constituted and self-contained institution is equal to the task; that aid from without must be called in; that education and influence and position—which are not always the gift of artists, however distinguished by genius—should be brought to add to the Academy of our country national prestige and power. The action of the Academy, extending over nearly one century, when contrasted with the art-nonentity which left the anterior history of England in disgraceful blank, may, as we have

already indicated, be cause for congratulation. But the past must be no measure for our future. We should rather gather together our resources, and calculate to how noble an institution it is possible to aspire. Instead of limiting our view to the horizon of our own land, we should leave for a moment the white cliffs and the wooden walls of England, and see what great things have been done across the Channel. While, for example, we have considered it no mean achievement to convert the black hole or cellar of the Academy into a receptacle somewhat more spacious, or a cistern a little less damp and chilly, where British statues may be placed in exhibition, the French Government in Paris has completed the Louvre! Though, then, we should be duly thankful for the small mercies that art may have received in this wealthy, but on all matters of taste penurious, country, there seems no reason

why, in utter resignation, we should, for all coming time, starve upon the same niggard's pittance. In our schemes for the future, the "pepper-boxes" and fountains of Trafalgar Square should scarcely serve as the limits to our ambition. Rather let us build castles in the air to the scale of the Académie des Beaux Arts, the Institut de France, the Louvre, and the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées.

It being admitted then on all sides that reform has become imperative, the next question which arises is, What are the measures which shall be adopted? Upon this practical issue the recommendations of the Commissioners are express and positive. The conclusions in the Report being supported by the weight of evidence, we cannot do better than follow in the steps of the Commissioners, and take one by one the successive topics handled in this ponderous inquiry.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY.

The first division, the Constitution of the Academy, comprises several distinct yet cognate propositions, which, hotly debated, now press for immediate adjustment. The Academy, say the Commissioners, should "rest on a wider and more liberal basis;" and as a first measure towards this liberation, the office, duties, and privileges of all members, professional and possibly non-professional, must be considered and readjusted. Some witnesses have expressed the opinion that the present number of forty-two Academicians and twenty Associates is more than sufficient to include or rather to exhaust all the distinguished talent of the country. On the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that every association is doomed to retain a large percentage of drones, a considerable number of men inveterate in mediocrity or incipient in dotage. In the Academy, in fact, as at present consti-

tuted, as many as twenty of its members are sometimes absent from an annual exhibition. Furthermore, it is manifest that if a total of sixty Academicians and Associates was a century ago an adequate representation of the artists of England, the recent addition of an extra two must be a totally inadequate expression of the amazing growth in the ranks of the profession, and of the wonderful development which of late years has taken place in the taste of the people and the arts of our country. Still more, the Academy should scarcely be content even when it shall boast among its members all the matured talent and established fame of the profession; it should further strive to ally unto itself every artist of promise: it should be ready to give the hand of encouragement to men still struggling hopefully and earnestly; it should secure, by timely generosity, the abiding sympathy

and support of the young men who in the lapse of a few years will repay to the Academy the debt of gratitude, and confer additional lustre on the arts of the nation. These, we think, are cogent reasons why, in the words of the Commissioners, the Academy should rest on a wider and more liberal basis. Yet let it not be forgotten that just in proportion as the number of prizes is increased does the individual value of each honour become diminished. Add to the existing sixty-two Academicians and Associates an extra thirty-eight, and the vested estate of the existing members is so far depreciated in value. It seems to us, however, that while this result cannot be questioned, the mere personal considerations therein involved should in no way impede a line of action which the welfare of the profession at large and the best interests of art may seem to dictate. There cannot, we think, be a doubt but that the present circumscribed area of the Academy should be extended. The only question which remains open to debate is the precise details of any suggested measure—whether, for example, as advocated by some, the number of Associates shall be greatly augmented; or whether, as proposed by others, this subordinate rank shall be wholly abolished. These conflicting alternatives we shall now proceed to discuss.

Associates.—It is admitted that an Associate is in an anomalous and invidious position, and it appears that in none of the Continental Academies does this inferior rank exist. Any objection, however, which may be raised on such grounds to the maintenance of this probationary class in our English Academy we at once overrule. Absolute equality is not in the ordination of the world in general, or of the world of art in particular, and would probably prove prejudicial, even were it practicable. In many if not in most of our institutions, lower grades leading on to

higher honours have obtained the approval of all parties. It has been objected that the condition of an Associate is a kind of *hades* or purgatory, that he is racked by tortures of contending hopes and fears, and that often, after a life of vain ambition, he dies in disappointment short of the desired goal. To this we reply that such is the lot of thousands and tens of thousands in other professions; that it is impossible in a crowd for every individual to climb to the top of the tree, or to stand on the highest rung of the ladder. If success were so easy, where were the glory of achievement? If life is to be rescued from stagnation, competition must bring agitation and conflict; and when the battle rages, some few at least among the combatants must submit to defeat. In the case now before us, to remain an Associate cannot be wholly a hardship, because in itself the position is an honour. Many a youth at the outset of his career would indeed be thankful could he see this reward as the crown of his labours. That he does not advance to the summit of his ambition is a lot, as we have said, common to humanity. We repeat, then, that the abstract considerations do not appear of sufficient weight to lead to the abolition of this probationary rank, which, after due deliberation, was made part of the constitution of our Academy.

The specific reasons why the probationary position of an Associate should be maintained are cogent. An artist often starts well, and then abruptly stops in his progress, and even sometimes commences a retrograde movement. To be able to put a man upon his trial, not only professionally but socially, is no slight advantage. Infirmities of temper or blemishes of character may crop out sufficient in themselves to prove that an Associate would make a disagreeable companion at the council-board, or an unworthy recipient of the royal diploma. If in his works or in himself there should be these

shortcomings, he must, in the interests of the larger public, abide by his individual loss. To mourn expressly over his lot were waste of misplaced sympathy. But though the inevitable disappointment which must in the nature of things befall many an Associate may admit of no absolute remedy, the evil is yet subject to partial mitigation. We have shown that it is advisable to increase the number of artists within the pale of the Academy; and if by a bold stroke the Associates could, for example, be multiplied from twenty to fifty, the lack of universal promotion, from its becoming an impossibility, would cease to be felt as an individual grievance or stigma. This is the sweeping reform which the Commissioners in their Report propound. These fifty Associates, especially when endowed, as proposed, in common with the Academicians, with restricted governing authority, would constitute a compact and yet a large body possessed of acknowledged power and position. The honour thus conferred by election into this class would of itself be sufficient and abiding reward to the large majority of artists, excepting indeed only the distinguished few marked out by signal genius for crowning eminence. As a satisfactory conclusion to this section of our subject, we will quote the decisive words of the Commissioners themselves:—

“On careful consideration we have arrived at the conclusion, that the Associate class, so far from being either abolished or reduced, might be far more advantageously extended. We think that its extension, under such rules and provisions as we shall now proceed to explain, would be most valuable as introducing a large amount of youthful talent into the Academy, and as connecting that Institution more thoroughly than is the case at present with the whole body of artists beyond its walls. We would therefore propose that the number of the Associates of the Royal Academy should be increased at once to fifty, with power to fix at any time hereafter a larger number, with the assent of the Crown. We think, however, that this Associate

class should not, as the one now existing, be debarred from any control or jurisdiction in the affairs of the Academy. We propose, on the contrary, that the Associates should be members of the corporate body, and, jointly with the Academicians, should constitute the General Assembly.”

This General Assembly, a court of paramount jurisdiction, the Commissioners are of opinion, shall comprise Royal Academicians and Associates, who shall jointly have the power at ordinary or special meetings to approve of the Council, to confirm the rules, and to determine the elections. The Council, or administrative body, shall consist exclusively of the Royal Academicians.

Academiciana.—The Report recommends that the Academicians shall be increased from the present number of forty-two to fifty. This proposal is certainly within the limits of moderation. It involves no new principle, and therefore calls for no lengthened discussion. Let the concession be but made, that both classes in the Academy—that of Academicians and Associates—should be augmented, and it only remains a matter of detail to decide what precise additions may prove most expedient. A few members more or less will not invalidate a scheme of reconstruction which in its broad basis, may be sound. One detail, not numerical but administrative, we will, however, in passing, just touch on. Candidates for election as Associates, it is well known, are required to enter their names year by year in a book. This requisition has rightly been deemed to involve humiliation. The late J. D. Harding—who, since giving evidence which is free from all feeling of resentment, though in his case such animus would have been almost justifiable, has been called away to his final account—speaks on this point with peculiar emphasis. Yet another grievance he had suffered from the Academy, which, for thir-

teen or fourteen years, held closed doors against his entrance. He had been a member of the Water-Colour Society; but before he could become even a candidate for admission to the Academy, he was compelled to cut himself off from this Society, and thus was doomed to surrender the only adequate means of exhibiting his works—a condition which he designated as “unnecessary,” “arbitrary,” and “very injurious.” Yet this was not all. For more than a dozen years, as the month of May came round, was Mr. Harding expected to knock at the door of the Academy, and humbly sue for admission. He related to the Commissioners how, year by year, he had been called upon to inscribe his name afresh; how he was on each occasion sent into “a dark, dismal hole, where he found a deaf man,” the Clerk of the Academy; “and each year,” he adds in words which now speak from his grave with peculiar pathos, — “and each year, as I was becoming grey-headed, I was compelled to do the same.” Comment upon all this, which is little else than an outrage, were unnecessary. The Academy, by such acts of gratuitous discourtesy, makes itself deservedly unpopular. Men of proved talent and acknowledged position—such, for example, as Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Watts, each a desirable acquisition to the Academy—can scarcely be expected to submit to conditions against which even a schoolboy would rebel. Assuredly a candidate, until actually elected into the Academy—for which he may, after all, have, as in this case of Mr. Harding, to wait in vain for thirteen years—should be allowed to retain any professional position he may have won in another society. When elected, it is time enough to determine whether his acquired position be incompatible or not with any office before held. As to the annoyance of inscribing the name, that, of course, must be done away with. It should be required that each candidate shall, as in other societies, be

proposed and seconded by members, who shall hold themselves responsible for the performance of all essential conditions. This is sufficient guarantee.

The Academy to embrace all the Arts.—Whether the Academy shall continue to include the three arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, or whether Sculpture and Architecture shall not be consigned to the guardianship of distinct Societies, are alternatives on which much difference of opinion exists. Certainly the Academy, by its original constitution, was designed to embrace the three sister arts; but in the course of years it has, say its enemies, degenerated into a mere “painters’ club.” The Academy, however, let us not forget, is dependent upon the attraction of its exhibitions for an income; and pictures, no doubt, draw the greatest number of shillings. Sculpture in this country is comparatively ill understood and insufficiently appreciated, and architectural drawings are treated by the general public with absolute neglect. Reasons, therefore, are cogent why painters are in the preponderance. Yet this partiality for one profession did not fail to provoke dissatisfaction among the others. An independent Society of sculptors has been established; the Institute of Architects keeps watch over the interests of the building art; and two, distinct societies confer upon painters in water-colour the advantages denied by the Academy itself.

Some witnesses, including Sir Charles Eastlake, are of opinion that this division of duties is not so much an evil to be checked as an advantage to be extended. Now, without stopping to argue the point in the abstract, it is sufficient to know that these several associations already subsist, and that there is not the slightest ground to suppose that any one among them will consent to surrender its vested interests or acquired authority. The Academy will therefore have to

maintain a dominant position in the face of these rival institutions; and this there is no reason to fear it can find a difficulty in doing. That it should in any degree succumb to opposition, or circumscribe the area of its operations, would certainly be unwise. Rather let its members nerve every energy to increased activity, strain every power to make the exhibitions better, the schools more efficient, and to render the Academy what it ought to be, the fostering parent and the welcome home to the collective arts. To sever sculpture or architecture from painting would be to break a union which, dating from the first birth of art, has been uniformly maintained among all peoples. In their reciprocity of relations is mutual aid and imparted vitality; and the Academy that extends its sway over the three primary arts, wears a triple crown, yet wields a united sceptre.

The three master arts, then, of painting, sculpture, and architecture, will, by general consent, hold, as heretofore, a divided, yet united, rule in the reformed Academy of the future. Moreover, some authorities there are, worthy of every consideration, who contend for a still wider jurisdiction. Mr. Gilbert Scott, for example, is of opinion that the Academy should give to students instruction, not so much in architecture proper as in those allied arts which confer on a building its accessory adornings. Mr. Tite, again, favours a connection, through the medium of the Academy, between the professors of the so-called fine arts and the practitioners of the somewhat grosser arts of decoration. And Mr. Beresford Hope, it is well known, has by lectures, and means more practical, endeavoured to elevate "the art-workman," or "the working artist," from the low estate of a mere mechanic. "A class," says Mr. Hope in his evidence before this Commission, "of subordinate artists is gradually rising from the class of superior work-

men. Men who were mere workmen a few years ago are getting more and more artistic with the growth of public taste." It is the opinion, then, of Mr. Hope, that these art-workmen should be brought, in some way, within the influence and pale of the Academy; and accordingly the Commissioners recommend that artisans of extraordinary excellence in the working of metal, wood, stone, and other materials, shall receive a bronze medal, with the appellation of "Royal Academy Medallist." To such simple recognition of very exceptional attainments we see no objection. Still we cannot countenance, on the part of the Academy, any *coup-d'état* designed to swallow up all other powers in the empire. The Department of Science and Art has been intrusted with the formation and conduct of the schools of practical art throughout the country. Of such schools ninety have been already established; and it is not for the public interest that the Academy should thwart this national movement, for which it has shown no vocation or aptitude. We speak advisedly when we say that the Academy had better not intrude upon duties which, for a century, it was content to ignore, and which it is now wanting in the needful agencies efficiently to perform. Still that it should come in to crown with *eclat* — that it should do homage to talent and skill, however diversified in modes of manifestation — we can, we repeat, see no objection. Surely to debar an English Cellini, whenever he may be found, from finding a place in an Academy originally constituted to promote "the Arts of Design," is no slight anomaly. Scarcely less wrongful is such exclusion than the curt and scornful response of Malthus to the guest soliciting a seat at Nature's banquet: "The table," said Sir Oracle, "is already full, and no cover has been laid for you." The Academy, as the dispenser of the providence of art, has too long played the part of Malthus. At

the feast of the gods there might be, at any rate, a side-table.

Honorary Academicians. — The proposed admission of foreign artists of eminence to the rank of Honorary Academicians, and to the privilege of exhibition, obtains the approval of most witnesses. The chief, indeed the only, objection to the granting as of right the power of exhibition to foreign painters, lies in the already too crowded condition of the present cribbed and cabined rooms. When greater space shall have been obtained, this impediment will be removed. The advantages likely to accrue from more intimate intercourse with neighbouring artists, and through more direct competition with foreign works, are sufficiently exemplified in the lessons taught by the late International Exhibition. The isolation of our English school may have preserved its independence; at the same time, the exclusiveness of the Academy has hedged in within narrowest limits the development of our national art. It is time that a little air and daylight should be let in upon a corporation which, if not corrupt, is certainly close and circumscribed. We trust, then, that the time is not distant when illustrious artists, such as Ingres, Gérôme, Meissonnier, Frère, and others among the French; Cornelius, Overbeck, Kaulbach, and Piloty, as representing the Germans; Gallait, the bold historic painter of Belgium, and Tidemand the vigorous Norwegian, shall each and all be enrolled as honorary members of the English Academy, and receive each year express invitation to contribute by one or more works to the attraction of the British Exhibition.

Lay Members. — In the contemplated reconstruction of the Academy one most important measure — the introduction of a lay or non-professional element — divided the opinions of artists, patrons, and amateurs. It has been given in evidence that when the institution of the Aca-

demy was first discussed in 1755, the intermixture of artists with non-professional men was entertained. The painters, it appears, consulted the Dilettanti Society, with the intent of introducing into the new Academy a lay element, and even of securing a lay President. Although this project must have been abandoned, still we find in the laws of the Academy the following provision under the head of "Honorary Members:" — "There shall be a Chaplain of high rank in the Church; there shall be a Professor of Ancient History, a Professor of Ancient Literature, an Antiquary, and a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence — men of distinguished reputation." Of these five honorary dignitaries — the Bishop of Oxford, Chaplain; the Very Rev. Dean Milman, Professor of Ancient Literature; George Grote, Esq., Professor of Ancient History; Sir Henry Holland, Baronet, Secretary for Foreign Correspondence; and Earl Stanhope, Antiquary — the Bishop of Oxford is the only member upon whom any duty whatever has devolved, and that the not very onerous one of saying grace at the annual dinners. Thus, though lay membership is a sinecure, it cannot be said to be wholly a solecism. And the idea — which, as we have seen, is as old as the Academy itself — might, we think, be turned to better account. All professions are apt to become cliquish, not to say shabby; and the introduction of non-professional men tends to enlarged vision and greater nobility of aim. Artists, even the most illustrious, such as Turner, are frequently deficient in education. Their early training has frequently been scanty, and their subsequent lives and energies have been so earnestly devoted to the mastery of the mechanism of their art as to leave insufficient time for laying in ample stores of knowledge. An alliance, then, with men of learning, a close association with minds made large by the survey of the world's history, men strong in the

government of empire, profound in search for the truths of science, bold in speculation or creative in imagination—intercourse and co-operation, we say, between practical artists and men of this pre-eminent position and advanced culture could scarcely fail to bring to our national arts a much-needed expanse and nobility." "Assuming," said Mr. Blaine, "as I do, that the lay members would be noblemen and gentlemen well acquainted with art, and taking an interest in art, I think that the influence of ten such lay members would be invaluable for the progress of art in this country; I think it would impart a tone to the whole constitution of the Royal Academy, and that it would give the greatest confidence to the Associates and to the non-members."

Yet is it admitted that this intrusion of a non-professional element into the pocket borough of Trafalgar Square would be unpopular among the artists themselves. There may indeed be something invidious in the surmise that the Academicians are incompetent to manage their own affairs—that their mental or social status is such that men of intellect and rank must be called in to their aid. Yet, however unpalatable be the projected innovation, of the prestige and additional weight which its adoption is calculated to bring to the Academy as a great and powerful institution, we cannot entertain a question. The lay members would infuse, as we have seen, a new and vital element into the Academy itself—out of doors they could scarcely fail to become leaders of the public taste, and serve as connecting links between the Academy and the world at large. Furthermore, chosen, as we have said, from among the gentry and nobility of the land, these laymen would probably be qualified to represent the Academy in both Houses of Parliament, and might supply to those august but too often, in matters pertaining to the arts, benighted assemblies, that

knowledge for lack of which the Legislature and the country at large are so generally prejudiced and misled. On these urgent grounds, then, we heartily concur in the recommendation of the Commissioners, "that to the fifty professional Academicians there should be added ten members not being artists."

The Academy a Committee of Taste.

—The Academy, thus recruited, would constitute, it is rightly thought, a fitting tribunal before which questions touching national monuments and æsthetic considerations involved in city improvements might be brought for adjudication. This idea is not new. Three of our public monuments, it seems—those to Lords Rodney, Cornwallis, and Nelson—were submitted in times past to the judgment of the Academy. It appears, however, that, in the absence of the lay counterpoise, the exclusiveness of a professional clique and the too sordid interests of a trade-shop prevailed over nobler considerations. The Academy endeavoured, it is stated, to exclude certain artists from these competitions, and thereby to secure the patronage to its own members. It thus proved itself unworthy of public confidence, and consequently lost the functions of a high court of appeal, and is now little else than a private but prosperous club of painters. This, certainly, is a melancholy downcoming; and the arts of the country have shared in the fall. Mr. Tite states in his opinion—a judgment in which every qualified authority will concur—that "our statues of public men" are "eminently unsuccessful." "I scarcely," continues Mr. Tite, "know one that can at all compare with those one sees abroad. The statues at Munich and at Berlin are very fine works of art—very far beyond what one sees in this country." "I think myself," concludes the same witness, "that the public statues have deteriorated—they do not seem to me to advance at all." Now, foreign Academies

—the *Beaux Arts*, for example, in France—design an important part of their function to consist in giving enlightened guidance to the public taste. And as a consequence, in part at least, of such wise direction, do we find in the rebuilding of the city of Paris the practical application of those art-principles the want of which mars our English renovations—an order, a system, and symmetry which stand in marked contrast to the chaos of *façades*, ground plans, and sky outlines, which disgrace our public buildings, and disfigure our so-called metropolitan and provincial improvements. A ready and efficient remedy for these crying evils is at once to install the Royal Academy as a Committee of Taste. “It seems to us,” write the

Commissioners, “that the Royal Academy, constituted in the manner we have proposed, and comprising within it some men of approved ability, not themselves artists, but entitled to pass a judgment upon art, would form a valuable permanent council of advice and reference in all matters relating to the fine arts, public monuments, and buildings. We think that the successive advisers of the Crown, far from feeling any jealousy of such advice, would welcome it with pleasure, as relieving themselves from questions of great embarrassment, and as likely to be conducive to a more satisfactory result in architecture and in art than has at present been found attainable.”

EXHIBITION.

The points we have hitherto discussed relate to the constitution of the Academy. We must next take under consideration questions no less vital touching the Exhibition. It is out of the management or mismanagement of the exhibition, indeed, that arise a large majority of the complaints made against the Academy itself. These grievances, whether imaginary or real, take their origin either in causes beyond remedy, or from evils for which antidotes may be found. Of the former are the complaints which, on the annual recurrence of every exhibition, are certain to be heard from painters, who, by the rejection or unfavourable hanging of their pictures, are sure to be wounded in pride or disappointed in hope. Artists, as a class, are proverbially sensitive. A young painter may have spent weeks or months in the making of preliminary studies; for a whole year his picture has been his only thought; he has risen early, laboured late, struggled against poverty, but at length the work is complete. His fortune depends upon the reception which the painting may find at the Academy. It

is sent in—and rejected! Or else, a worse, inasmuch as a more protracted, torture awaits him; the darling of his fondest hopes is gibbeted at the ceiling, and there publicly condemned before the eyes of all the world. The artist either falls crushed or rises in indignation. As for the picture itself, in all probability it is a bad one, and deserves its fate. This, however, matters little. The painter, of course, is at once raised into a martyr by his friends, the Academy is pronounced a tyranny, and the unfortunate hangers become ostracised as knaves or fools. This case serves as one example among many of the disappointment and consequent bitterness which must inevitably be engendered just as often as an exhibition comes round. Exactly, moreover, in proportion to the prestige enjoyed by the Academy—to the honor and reward which a powerful body is in a position to confer upon the aspirant—will be the feeling of revenge aroused by the imputed affront. And these catastrophes, which, in greater or smaller magnitude, must ever befall ambition, sometimes laudable, often mis-

taken, are so inherent in the nature of things, that absolute remedy, as we have said, is beyond reach. The Academy, we do not say in all cases of inflicted suffering, is to be held blameless. Casual mistakes it does, and as a mere erring human institution, it of course ever will, commit; but flagrant faults in judgment, or failings in uprightness, we believe to be very exceptional. The Academy has no other interest, in fact, than to secure to its exhibitions and to enrol upon its staff the highest talent of the land. And this same interest compels the Council to close the door upon unworthy applicants. We therefore take it for granted that each coming year we shall hear just about the same amount of grumbling and growling among aspirants knocking for admission. A listening need only be given when exceptional circumstances point to special causes of complaint.

But, as we have said, there are real and crying grievances in the management of the exhibition which do admit of remedy. Be it remembered that every Academician and Associate enjoys the prescriptive privilege of sending to the exhibition eight pictures as of right. Furthermore, these eight pictures are allowed to monopolise the best places on the walls, to the exclusion of the works, however excellent, sent by outsiders. Upon the evils attendant on these vested rights, Mr. Frith, the leading member on the Hanging Committee of last year, gave the following testimony before the Royal Commission. "As to the places," inquired Earl Stanhope, the Chairman, "which you assign to the works of Academicians or Associates, do you feel yourselves bound to place them upon the line?" "Yes; we have certain laws by which we have to abide." "In that respect," continued the noble Chairman, "you consider yourselves to have no latitude, but you are bound to assign those places to the Academicians and Associates." "Yes," replied Mr. Frith, and mark the answer

well — "Yes, irrespective of any notion we may have of the relative talent displayed in the pictures. We have nothing to do with that; we must place them, good, bad, or indifferent." Such being the imperative law, can it be longer matter of astonishment that, in the exhibition arranged by Mr. Frith, many praiseworthy pictures were crowded out or wretchedly hung; that the line was monopolised by works of mediocrity; that, in short, some of the very worst paintings in the whole Academy were contributed by time-worn members, and were paraded as master-works to the total or partial eclipse of modest merit denied its due? For this monster abuse of power, remedies fortunately, as we have said, may be devised. For example, Academicians grown old in the service of art should be encouraged to retire into an honorary class at a pension of £100 a-year. The privilege at present enjoyed by each Academician of sending eight pictures must be limited to four, and these four should have no prescriptive right to a place on the line, but be required to share, and share alike, according to merit, with the other accepted works. It has even been proposed that no picture of an Academician shall be admitted as of right irrespective of desert. To this somewhat too radical measure, however, we would object that an Academician has established, as it were, once for all, his position on election, and that tests fitting to an unproved man are not appropriate to him. Still further, it is desirable that the dignity of Royal Academician shall be maintained as a crowning reward, and not be stripped wholly of its privileges and profits. As for the Associates, they are but probationers and expectants. It is proposed, as we have seen, that they shall be augmented in number from twenty to fifty—a number which, if attended with rights of exhibition, would swamp the rooms. The Commissioners, therefore, wisely decide that all future Associates shall be without any vested rights

upon the walls, and that they, in common with artists outside the Academy, are not to be permitted to send for exhibition more than four works. By these restrictions it is evident much space will be gained.

That still more room, however, is wanted, has been long admitted on all hands. The totally inadequate accommodation afforded by the present exhibition galleries is each year more painfully apparent. Indeed, the duty which by rotation devolves upon the Academicians of hanging the pictures, has now become to the last degree invidious—a labour, in fact, which, merely from the scanty space at command, must necessarily inflict upon many most deserving artists distress, injury, and even injustice. “It is,” says Mr. Grant, “always a most painful thing to those who have the duty of selecting pictures, to reject respectable works because they cannot find room for them.” “It appears to me,” continues Mr. Grant, “that the Academy will never be a popular body till we have more space to hang pictures, because the space we now occupy is not greater than existed in the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and I believe the number of men at the present time following the profession of art are fifty to one what they were in those days. It is every year a most painful and distressing duty to those on the Council or on the arranging committee to be absolutely obliged to send away a great number of works of considerable excellence. So long as we go on accumulating enemies by that painful necessity, I feel that we shall never stand well with artists generally. My earnest hope is that we shall have more space, so as to be able to give a great deal more satisfaction to the general body of artists.” Without this additional space for which Mr. Grant contends, any scheme for reform is delusive and absolutely nugatory. We shall shortly proceed to state in what way the Commissioners propose to meet this urgent necessity.

Before closing the present section relating to the exhibition, we may just add one or two minor propositions not without significance. It has been suggested, for example, that, profiting by the experiment or experience of the French Fine Arts Exhibition of 1855, and of the International Exhibition of 1862, it might be desirable to place some of the best groups of sculpture in the midst of the picture-galleries. The general effect thus attained would certainly tell to the advantage of the Exhibition. To the proposed arrangement, indeed, there can be no objection, whenever greater standing and moving room shall have been secured for the crushing crowd of visitors. The Commissioners proceed to recommend a change in the present uniform charge of admission. On four days let the existing fee of one shilling be retained, but on Mondays, it is thought, a higher sum might with advantage be taken. Such a distinction, it will be remembered, between the days of the week was made in Manchester at the Art Treasures, and has likewise obtained favour in Paris and in the International Exhibitions of London. The advantage of a higher rate is manifest. The company is made more select; the true lovers of art could thus escape the jostling of a gaping crowd, and persons of advanced years, or in delicate health, would obtain much desired immunities. We trust that this obvious improvement may be adopted. On the other hand, the Commissioners hold out the hope that the Exhibition may be thrown freely open upon Saturdays. Such a step, for which France has given the precedent, would be a generous concession to the labouring classes, and could not fail to extend the knowledge of art, with its concomitant culture, among masses now shut out from such privileges and enjoyments. We need scarcely remark, that this measure can be safely adopted only when enlarged space shall secure against the dangers of a crush.

SCHOOLS.

The outcry from time to time raised to the prejudice of the Academy is all but exclusively directed either, first, against an assumed or actual injustice in the elections; or, secondly, against the real or presumed abuses in the conduct of the exhibitions. A third department—that of the schools—though scarcely of less importance, is brought comparatively but seldom into discussion. Yet of the inefficiency of the teaching in these schools there cannot be a shadow of a doubt. The charge of such inefficiency, however, is to be laid at the door of the Academy less as a fault than as a misfortune. The same want of space which cabins the exhibition, cribs the schools. The rooms, moreover, which for four months are hung with our modern pictures, have to be taken for that purpose from the antique class, which thus is closed during the best months and the longest days in the year. It is, too, of the nature of a misfortune—certainly not as a fault—that the English Academy, unlike similar institutions on the Continent, being left without State subsidy, has had to sustain, out of its own hard earnings, the entire cost of art-education. If we were not discussing the means by which the schools might be raised to greatest usefulness, but merely adjudicating on the measure of gratitude due to the Academy for past services, many like considerations must be cast in the scale. We should have to recount that the Academy has expended on education, from the year 1769 to the year 1862, a sum of not less than £142,716, 16s. 10d.; that in its classes for drawing from the antique, from the life, and for painting, absolutely gratuitous instruction has been given; and that, in the course of the ninety-five years during which this teaching has been maintained, the Academy has had

the honour of aiding in the education of most of our artists who have since risen to renown. These services ought not to be forgotten. They constitute, indeed, for the Academy a kind of prescriptive right—the right and the privilege of directing the art-education of the country. This grave responsibility, then, it is not proposed to transfer to other hands; the sole anxiety is how best the existing establishment may be reorganized so as to rear, in the future a race of thoroughly-trained painters, sculptors, and architects, competent, if needs be, to the execution of great national works—artists who may create for our English school a nobler position than it has hitherto attained.

That the education given in the schools of the Academy is wholly inadequate to the demands of a great nation, vast in wealth and in power—of a country which has made in science, if not in art, amazing progression—there can be no question. Moreover, this admitted inefficiency in art-education is, in its manifest ill consequences, reflected, as indeed it must be, into our national works. English painting and sculpture are pretty and painstaking, pre-eminently decorous and right-minded. Yet, compared with foreign works, they are wanting in largeness of manner, in elevation of motive, and in ready mastery over difficulties. Mr. C. T. Newton, the Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, speaking to this point, gives the following testimony:—“I think there is evidence, from the annual exhibition for a great many years past, that the drawing of our school is bad. I think there is in these exhibitions an amount of slovenly and meretricious drawing which is in itself a proof that we do not teach drawing so well as the French. My impression is,

comparing the exhibitions of the two school, that drawing is taught in France on sounder principles, and that, consequently, they have a nobler school of historic painting."

The causes to which these shortcomings may be ascribed are various. Some witnesses, for example, complain that the teaching of anatomy is not sufficiently thorough. Then, as to the lectures, they, too, might be rendered more instructive and attractive. Certain discourses, for instance, never perhaps very lively, have, it is said, been repeated, with little or no variation, session after session, over a period of twenty years; so that at length the Professor speaks to empty benches. "The attendance," states Mr. Holman Hunt, recurring to the days when a student in the Academy—"the attendance at some of the lectures was very small; at the lecture on sculpture, for instance, there was no more than one student attending besides myself, and the lectures were delivered to empty benches night after night." Thus it cannot be questioned that the arts, as taught in the schools of Trafalgar Square, are solemn, slow, and stagnant. It is certainly unfortunate that the Academy has failed to link art to the rapid chariot of the progressive sciences; and so she lags far in the rear, and is beaten in the race. Our English students are in fact denied the advantages secured to more lucky probationers in Paris and other Continental capitals, and accordingly, when put to the test, they are found incompetent to arduous effort. Thus our young artists too often beat a retreat from the high walks of the profession, and give themselves over to the painting of small pictures of trifling incident—a class of works pleasing to purchasers, and profitable to the painters themselves. The inability of our young men to cope, even as assistants, with the difficulties involved in great national historic works, is attested by the experience of Mr. Dyce. This artist, honoured

for his mature and academic style, when undertaking to execute historic frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, hoped to call to his aid a troop of adequately-trained pupils as assistants. He tried three or four youths, but found they could render him no help. Thus he has been reduced to the needless drudgery of executing even the most subordinate passages with his own hands.

Contrast the efficient assistance which the late Paul Delaroche was able to obtain from pupils in his own *atelier*, when painting his arduous work in the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts. To four pupils—of whom Mr. Edward Armitage was one—this great master could safely delegate the labour of drawing in charcoal on the wall, from a small cartoon, the full-sized outline of the entire composition. These disciples were proud of the honour thus conferred upon them; they divided the subject into four parts, and "tossed up for choice," and at the end of a month or six weeks, the outline completed, Delaroche paid them a visit, expressed himself well satisfied with their work, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave them two or three napoleons. "We of course," writes Mr. Armitage, "ordered a good dinner at the Palais Royal, and concluded our evening at the theatre." After Delaroche had made the needful corrections in the outline, his pupils then commenced the task of painting. "A carefully-finished painted sketch," continues Mr. Armitage, "was our guide, and we were left entirely to ourselves until the whole work was painted. Delaroche then joined us, and for about a year we were continually at work with him." Mr. Dyce, as we have seen, dismissed his assistants as incompetent. He, in common, we believe, with the other English artists employed at Westminster, went without aid through the entire drudgery incident to large mural works, at a loss to himself of that co-operation he had a right to expect,

and with still greater detriment to our young artists themselves, who thus missed the best of all possible means of growing in knowledge, and gaining a much-needed power. Upon this, among other cogent evidence of the inability of our English students, especially as contrasted with pupils reared in France and Germany, we are justified in asserting that the schools of our Academy have absolutely broken down.

The teaching, indeed, must necessarily be desultory and unsystematic, inasmuch as the schools are allowed to get on as best they may without a director. The students are left to any chance instruction they may pick up from a succession of appointed Visitors, members of the Academy, chosen month by month to superintend the Life class. The tuition is, as we have seen, gratuitous, and its worth is probably just commensurate with other articles which may be got for nothing. The boon conferred would certainly not appear to be highly valued, if we may judge from the limited numbers willing to take advantage of the generous gratuity. Painters, since the foundation of the Academy, have increased fivefold; but the students in the Academy itself seem, during the same period, actually to have diminished. In the year 1769, the number of students admitted was seventy-seven; in 1862 it was only twenty-

eight. It is true that an average of ten years might reduce this disparity to an equality. Still, that this simple stagnation should be preserved in the midst of surrounding progress, in spite of a population doubled, and notwithstanding that the artists of the country have multiplied, as we have said, fivefold, would seem to indicate that better instruction can be got outside the Academy than within its walls. The time, then, has surely arrived when these schools should be reformed. The measures proposed with this end by the Commissioners may be summed up as follows:—The schools shall be open throughout the year; a general director shall be appointed, with a salary sufficient to secure the services of a first-rate teacher; the advantages attendant on the present system of visitors shall be secured by the appointment of a sub-committee of the Council to superintend or inspect the schools; candidates shall pass a preliminary examination as a test of their general education; students shall pay a moderate rate of fees; scholarships and fellowships shall be established; examinations shall determine the art-progress of the students; a laboratory shall be attached to the Academy, and chemistry, as applied to the arts, will be taught in the schools. Such is the sum and substance of the reforms propounded by the Commissioners.

BUILDING.

One further topic remains—a topic more fundamental, indeed, than any that has gone before—a question of promised life or of approaching death—an arrangement which must be as the corner or the key-stone to every scheme for efficient reformation. The reader will already have arrived at the conclusion that, without an accession of space, it is impossible that the Academy should enter on any enlarged or renovated action. The schools,

we have seen, are cribbed, the exhibition is crowded, and these, and other perplexities, incident to the want of adequate room, having become more urgent year by year, now demand immediate solution. The question, then, must at once be answered—In what building, and in what locality, shall the Academy find a fitting habitation? As to locality, it appears that the choice lies between two sites—that of Trafalgar Square and of Burlington

House, Piccadilly. Of the two positions, Trafalgar Square is admitted by every one to be the preferable. It is certainly, as often declared, one of the finest situations in Europe; and, at all events, it possesses a peculiar aptitude for catching crowds of people pouring in from all quarters. The Academy, then, which is dependent for an income upon the shillings it can collect at the doors of its exhibition, may indeed think itself fortunate should it be permitted to retain in perpetuity the building which it at present occupies only on sufferance. But this edifice, which commands by its pepper-boxes and porticoes "the finest site in Europe," is at present divided between two claimants, though certainly not in itself of dimensions more than sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of one. Which, then, of the two institutions—the Academy or the National Gallery—shall migrate? The Commissioners incline to give notice to quit to the latter. Strange as the statement may appear, yet is the assertion true, that it is quite possible for the National Gallery to be too easy of access. In its present position its rooms are often but a refuge from the rain, and nursemaids and soldiers are understood to find, before religious pictures, favourite rendezvous. Certainly the great and the good old paintings, many designed as aids to devotion, and very many in their high and recondite attributes far above the level of the multitude, would be more at the service of students and lovers of noble art, if carried to the comparatively quiet retreat of Burlington House. But a more practical reason, urging to a removal from Trafalgar Square, is found in the fact that, were the Academy to abdicate the site now shared in moiety, even the entire building would prove insufficient for the approximate or eventual requirements of the National Gallery. The present edifice, in short, is ill fitted to the uses of the National Gallery; while,

on the other hand, in itself, and by its position, it is admirably adapted to the wants of the Royal Academy. In conclusion, then, the congestion in Trafalgar Square threatening to be absolutely fatal, it becomes imperative that measures should be taken, and that without delay, to mitigate evils already grown intolerable. If only the Government would pledge itself to erect upon the site of Burlington House a National Gallery worthy of this great country, every other difficulty might admit of ready solution. The excessive pressure would at once be taken off from Trafalgar Square; and then the question could be freely and favourably discussed,—What shall be done in the interests of the Royal Academy? The claims of the Academy to the grant of some building receive from the Commissioners the following adjudication: "On a careful consideration of the statements which we have heard, and the documents which have been laid before us, we have come to the clear conclusion that the Royal Academy have no legal, but that they have a moral, claim to apartments at the public expense." In this verdict we fully concur, and consequently we would gladly do our utmost to prepare the way for the reception of the further and still more startling proposition, that the entire building in Trafalgar Square be given over to the Royal Academy, subject, however, to stringent conditions in the interests of art and of the nation at large.

What are these conditions, and why should the Academy submit to them? The Academy, its friends, declare, is a private body, and certainly it is not wholly public. The Academy has proved to be self-supporting, it is self-governing, and has thus been independent of State subsidy and control. Its annual receipts are above £12,000, its expenditure is about £8000, leaving a surplus of at least £4000; and its funded property, as we have seen, reaches the handsome sum of £140,000. The Academy being in

this comparatively strong position, some of its members look upon a public inquiry as little short of an intrusion and impertinence, and would resist any imposed measures of reform as wholly beyond the power and province of the Legislature. The Commissioners themselves, indeed, are ready to indorse the charter of independence, as soon, at least, as a single supposition shall be converted into an actuality. "If we suppose," say the Commissioners, "the Academy, under its instrument, to provide a building of its own at its own charge, we cannot see how the public could claim any right of interfering with its proceedings, any more than with those of any other private corporation." The Academy, however, as we shall proceed to show, is not prepared to provide a building "at its own charge," and consequently, just in proportion as it becomes a suitor to the State for pecuniary aid, does it render itself amenable to State control.

The Academy is, as we have seen, in a certain sense, a private and an independent body—but it is so only in part. It has undertaken to perform public duties, it has incurred public responsibilities, and to the Sovereign of the nation it owes its high prerogatives. In like manner, to its assumed independence there are certain limitations. The Academy has always been housed at the expense of the nation; it has thus, over a period of ninety-five years, received a gratuity which can scarcely be set down at a less worth than £2000 a-year. This would make a total grant from the State of a sum in excess of the entire funded property laid in store by the institution. In other words, had this loan of a building been withheld, the solvency of the Academy might now be in jeopardy. So much, then, for the private and independent position of this imperial body.

But for the sake of putting a case, let us allow bygones to be

bygones; we will therefore accord to the Academy absolute and immediate control over its surplus income of £4000, and its funded property of £140,000. Would the Institution, we ask, now be in a position "to provide a building of its own, at its own charge?" Many of the Academicians themselves, by their published evidence before the Royal Commission, answer this question in the negative. Thus Sir Charles Eastlake, the President, having carefully weighed every alternative, has no hesitation in saying, that if the Academy were now to build at its own cost, it would "be crippled as to its resources." "You would," asked Earl Stanhope, the Chairman, "prefer, if you had the option, remaining where you are at present?" "Certainly," replied Sir Charles; "all those schemes which have been suggested both by the members of the Academy and by this Commission, for the improvement of the Institution, could certainly not be carried into effect if the Academy were to pay for the erection of a new building." The Academy is thus placed in a perplexity. It holds on sufferance a building to which it has no legal claim. It is under the further disadvantage of occupying rooms so scanty that the exhibition and the schools are in danger of bursting the walls. The Academy is thus, as it were, compelled to move, and yet is not in a position to build. In this dilemma it sues for State aid, either by the grant of a building site, the gift of a sum of money, or the surrender of the entirety of the present building in Trafalgar Square. The generosity of this last most desired boon may seem excessive. In proportion, however, to the magnificence of such a gift, must be the magnitude and the stringency of the countervailing conditions. The terms of these conditions have been already implied in the preceding discussion on imperative reforms. And as it can be shown that these reforms

are in the interest of art, of its professors, and of the public at large, no narrow consideration of vested rights, of personal loss or gain, of humbled pride, or diminished individual influence, ought to prevail against them. The conclusion of the whole matter cannot be summed up in terms more concise or cogent than in the following closing paragraph, the final award of the Commissioners :—

“If the entire building in Trafalgar Square were given up to the Royal Academy, the existing accommodation might be more than doubled, and the Royal Academy would then possess sufficient space to enable it to carry out the high objects that are set before it. Such a grant on the part of the nation, accompanied by a Royal Charter, and guarded by such conditions as we have here sketched out, would, we think, be found to work most beneficially. The conditions and rules which we have indicated as essential, would come to the Academicians accompanied by the boon of a vast increase of space, and of greater fixity of tenure. We think, therefore, that the public would have a right to expect, on these terms, a ready and cheerful concurrence on the part of that distinguished body in these measures of amendment which we have proposed, and an harmonious working together of its members, old and new, towards their combined and noble object, the promotion and development of art.”

The exposition which we have given of this most intricate problem—the Royal Academy reformed—has necessarily been lengthy. But should we have succeeded in rendering our disquisition as clear and conclusive as it is copious, little more need be added. The only further question which should

now trouble us, points to the action which Government and Parliament may take in this truly national question. Past experience leads us to dread the adoption of partial and temporising measures. Let us hope, however, that the crisis may be seen to be too urgent for the use of mere palliatives. Let us assume that our statesmen may prove themselves capable of rising to the height of the great argument which the case involves. We trust, indeed, that our legislators may not limit their views to the narrow confines of the times and the countries which have fallen under their immediate but circumscribed experience; rather let us imagine that they may cast their vision across the lands which an Apelles and a Phidias rendered illustrious, that they may recall to memory cities which Raphael and Michael Angelo have adorned, that they may realise the glory of those epochs which bear the name of Pericles and Lorenzo. If the House of Commons could thus be brought to know how great is the lustre which the arts confer upon a nation, still more if it would take the trouble to sum up the commercial profits which art-industries command in the markets of the world, we should not despair to see the Academy reconstituted on a broad and liberal basis. The public, at all events, both professional and non-professional, are awakened to the necessity for reform, and the country at large, we believe, is prepared to applaud a bold and conclusive measure. Assuredly, then, the time has at length come, when it is the duty of the Government to act with decision and promptitude.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

MR. EDITOR,—If you ever look into the Irish papers—and I hope you are not so exclusive regarding them as is Mr. Cobden with the 'Times'—you will see that under the title, "Landed Estates Court, County Mayo," Judge Dobbs has just sold the town and lands of Kilmuraynabachlish, Ballaghy, and Gregnaslattery, the property of Cornelius O'Dowd, Esq., of Dowd's Folly, in the same county.

Now, the afore-recited lands, measuring seven hundred and fourteen acres, two roods and eleven perches, statute measure, were mine, and I am the Cornelius O'Dowd, Esq., referred to in the same paragraph.

Though it is perfectly true that, what between mortgages, settlement claims, and bonds, neither my father nor myself owned these lands any more than we did the island of Jamaica, it was a great blow to me to be sold out; for, somehow or other, one can live a long time in Ireland on parchment—I mean on the mere documents of an estate that has long since passed away; but if you come once to an open sale and Judge Dobbs, there's an end of you, and you'll not get credit for a pair of shoes the day after.

My precept reason for addressing you does not require that I should go into my family history, or mention more of myself than that I was called to the Bar in '42; that I stood an unsuccessful election for Athlone; that I served as a captain in the West Coast Rifles; that I married a young lady of great personal attractions; and completed my misfortunes by taking the chairmanship of the Vichnasehneshee silver mines, that very soon left me with nothing but copper in my own pocket, and sent me to Judge Dobbs and his court on the Inns Quay.

Like the rest of my countrymen, I was always hoping the Govern-

ment would do something for me. I have not missed a levee for fourteen years, and I have shown the calves of my legs to every viceroyalty since Lord Clarendon's day; but though they all joked and talked very pleasantly with me, none said, "O'Dowd, we must do something for you," and if it was to rain commissionerships in lunacy, or prison inspectorships, I don't believe one would fall upon C. O'D. I never knew rightly how it was, but though I was always liked at the Bar mess, and made much of on circuit, I never got a brief. People were constantly saying to me, "Con, if you were to do this, that, or t'other," you'd make a hit; but it was always conditional on my being somewhere, or doing something that I never had attempted before.

It was clear, if I was the right man, I wasn't in the right place; and this was all the more provoking, because, let me do what I would, some one was sure to exclaim: "Con, my boy, don't try that; it is certainly not your line." "What a capital agent for a new assurance company you'd be!" "What a success you'd have had on the stage! You'd have played Sir Lucius better than any living actor. Why don't you go on the boards? Why not start a penny newspaper? Why not give readings?" I wonder why they didn't tell me to turn organist or a painter in oils.

"You're always telling us how much you know of the world, Mr. O'Dowd," said my wife; "I wish you could turn the knowledge to some account."

This was scarcely generous, to say the least of it. Mrs. O'D. knew well that I was vain of the quality—that I regarded it as a sort of specialty. In fact, deeming, with the poet, that the proper study of mankind was man, I had devoted

a larger share of my life to the inquiry than quite consisted with professional advancement; and while others pored over their Blackstone, I was "doing Baden;" and instead of term reports and Crown cases, I was diverting myself in the Oberland or the Lago Maggiore.

"And with all your great knowledge of life," continued she, "I don't exactly see what it has done for you."

Now Mrs. O'Dowd being as you may apprehend, a woman, I didn't waste my time in arguing with her—I didn't crush her, as I might by telling her that the very highest and noblest of a man's acquirements are, *ipso facto*, the least marketable; and that the boasted excellence of all classical education is in nothing so conspicuous as in the fact that Greek and Latin cannot be converted into money as readily as vulgar fractions and a bold handwriting. Being a woman, as I have observed, Mrs. O'D. would have read the argument backwards, and stood out for the rule-of-three against Sophocles and "all his works." I simply replied, with that dignity which is natural to me, "I *am* proud of my knowledge of life; I do recognise in myself the analyst of that strange mixture that makes up human chemistry; but it has never occurred to me to advertise my discovery for sale, like Holloway's Pills or somebody's cod-liver oil." "Perhaps you knew nobody would buy it," cried she, and flounced out of the room, the bang of the door being one of the "epigrams in action" wives are skilled in.

Now, with respect to my knowledge of life, I have often compared myself to those connoisseurs in art who, without a picture or an engraving of their own, can roam through a gallery, taking the most intense pleasure in all it contains, gazing with ecstasy at the Raffaeles, and lingering delighted over the sunny landscapes of Claude. To me the world has, for years, imparted a sense of much

enjoyment. Human nature has been my gallery, with all its variety, its breadth, its effect, its warm colouring, and its cold tints.

It has been my pride to think that I can recognise every style and every "handling," and that no man could impose a copy upon me for an original. "And can it be possible," cried I aloud, "that while picture-dealers revel in fortune—fellows whose traffic goes no higher than coloured canvass—that I, the connoisseur of humanity, the moral toxicologist—I, who read men as I read a French comedy—that I should be obliged to deny myself the generous claret my doctor thinks essential to my system, and that repose and change of scene he deems of more consequence to me than mere physic!"

I do not—I will not—I cannot, believe it. No class of persons could be less spared than pilots. Without their watchful skill the rich argosy that has entered the Chops of the Channel would never anchor in the Pool. And are there no sand-banks, no sunk rocks, no hidden reefs, no insidious shoals, in humanity? Are there no treacherous lee-shores, no dangerous currents, no breakers? It is amidst these and such as these I purpose to guide my fellow-men, not pretending for a moment to the possession of any heaven-born instinct, or any inspired insight into Nature. No; I have toiled and laboured in the cause. The experience that I mean to offer for sale I have myself bought, occasionally far more dearly than I intend to dispose of it. *Haud ignarus mali*; I am willing to tell where I have been shipwrecked, and who stole my clothes. "Don't tell me of your successes," said a great physician to his colleague, "tell me of your blunders; tell me of the people you've killed." I am ready to do this, figuratively of course, for they were all ladies; and more, I will make no attempt to screen myself from the ridicule that may attach to an absurd situation, nor conceal those

experiences which may subject me to laughter.

You may deem me boastful if I have to set forth my qualifications; but what can I do? It is only when I have opened my pack and displayed my wares that you may feel tempted to buy. I am driven, then, to tell you that I know everybody that is worth knowing in Europe, and some two or three in America; that I have been everywhere — eaten of everything — seen everything. There's not a railway guard from Norway to Naples doesn't grin a recognition to me; not a waiter from the *Trois Frères* to the *Wilde Mann* doesn't trail his napkin to earth as he sees me. Ministers speak up when I stroll into the Chamber, and *prima donnas* soar above the orchestra, and warble in ecstasy as I enter the pit.

I don't like — I declare to you I do not like — saying these things; it smacks of vanity. Now for my plan. I purpose to put these my gifts at your disposal. The year before us will doubtless be an eventful one. The Danes, perhaps, will not fight; but there will be a row somewhere. The French are very eager for war; and the Italians, as Paddy says, "are blue-moulded for want of a beatin'." There will be grand "battle-pieces" to paint; but, better than these, portraits, groups, "tableaux de genre" — *Teniers* bits, too, at the porch of an ale-house, and warm little interiors, in the style of *Mieris*. I shall be instructive at times — very instructive; and whenever I am very nice and dull, be assured that I'm "full of information, and know my subject thoroughly."

As "your own correspondent," I am free to go wherever you please. I have left Mrs. O'D. in Ireland, and I revel in an Arcadian liberty. These are all my credentials; and if with their aid I can furnish you any amusement as to the goings-on of the world and its wife, or the doings of that amiable couple in politics, books, theatres, or socialities, I seek for nothing more congenial to my taste, nor more amusing to my nature, as a bashful Irishman.

If I will not often obtrude, I will not altogether avoid my personal experiences; for there is this to be said, that no testimony is worth much unless we know something of the temper, the tastes, and the character of the witness. We have all heard, for instance, of the gentleman who couldn't laugh at *Munden's* drolleries on the stage for thinking of a debt of ten pounds that the actor owed him; and this same spirit has a great deal to do — far more than we like to own — with our estimate of foreign countries. It is so hard to speak well of the climate where we had that horrible rheumatism, or laud the honesty of a people when we think of that rascally scoundrel of the *Hôtel d'Odessa*. For these reasons I mean to come into the witness-box occasionally and give you frankly, not merely my opinions, but the way they were come by. I don't affect to be superior to prejudices; I have as many of these as a porcupine has bristles. There's all the egotism I mean to inflict on you, unless it comes under the guise of an incident — "a circumstance which really occurred to the author" — and now, *en route*.

ADVENTURES.

I wonder am I right in thinking that the present race of travelling English know less about the Continent and foreigners generally than their predecessors of, say, five-and-twenty years ago. Railroads and rapid travelling might be one cause;

another is that English is now more generally spoken by all foreigners than formerly; and it may be taken as a maxim that nothing was ever asked or answered in broken phraseology that was worth the hearing. People with a limited knowledge

of a strange language do not say what they *wish*, but what they *can*; and there is no name for the helplessness of him who is tied up in his preter-pluperfect tense. Now we English are not linguists; even our diplomatists are remarkable for their little proficiency in French. I'm not sure that we don't benefit by this in the long-run. "Reden ist silber, aber schweigen ist gold"—"Speech is silver, but silence is gold," says the German adage; and what a deal of wisdom have I seen attributed to a man who was posed by his declensions into a listener! One of the only countrymen of my own who has made a great career lately in public life is not a little indebted to deafness for it. He was so unlike those rash impetuous, impatient Irish, who *would* interrupt—he listened, or seemed to listen, and he even smiled at the sarcasms that he did not hear.

Listening, if we did but know it, sits more gracefully on us than speech, when that speech involves the denial of genders, and the utter confusion of all cases and tenses.

Next to holding their tongues, there's another thing I wish you English would do abroad, which is, to dress like sane and responsible people. Men are simply absurd; but the women, with their ill-behaved hoops and short petticoats, are positively indecent; but the greatest of all their travelling offences is the proneness to form acquaintance at *tables-d'hôtes*.

It is, first of all, a rank indiscretion for any but men to dine at these places. They are almost, as a rule, the resort of all that is disreputable in both sexes. You are sure to eat badly, and in the very worst of company. My warning is, however, meant for my countrywomen only: men can, or at least ought, to take care of themselves. As for myself, don't be shocked; but I do like doubtful company—that is, I am immensely interested by all that class of people which the world calls adventurers, whether the same be railroad speculators, fortune-

hunters, discoverers of inexhaustible mines, or Garibaldians. Your respectable man, with a pocket-book well stored with his circular notes, and his passport in order, is as uninteresting as a "Treckschuyt" on a Dutch canal; but your "martyr to circumstance" is like a smart felucca in a strong Levanter; and you can watch his course—how he shakes out his reefs or shortens sail—how he flaunts out his bunting, or hides his colours—with an unflagging interest. I have often thought what a deal of cleverness—what stores of practical ability—were lost to the world in these out-at-elbow fellows, who speak every language fluently, play every game well, sing pleasingly, dance, ride, row, and shoot, especially with the pistol, to perfection. There they are, with a mass of qualities that win success! and, what often is harder, win good-will in life! There they are, by some unhappy twist in their natures, preferring the precarious existence of the race-course or the billiard-table; while others, with about a tithe of their talents, are high in place and power. I met one of these men to-day, and a strong specimen of the class, well dressed, well whiskered, very quiet in manner, almost subdued in tone, but with a slight restlessness in his eye that was very significant. We found ourselves at table, over our coffee, when the others had left, and fell into conversation. He declined my offered cigar with much courtesy, preferring to smoke little cigarettes of his own making; and really the manufacture was very adroit, and, in its way, a study of the maker's habits. We talked over the usual topics—the bad dinner we had just eaten, the strange-looking company, the discomfort of the hotel generally, and suchlike.

"Have we not met before?" asked he, after a pause. "If I don't mistake, we dined together aboard of Leslie's yacht, the Fawn."

I shook my head. "Only knew Sir Francis Leslie by name; never saw the Fawn."

The shot failed, but there was no recoil in his gun, and he merely bowed a half apology.

"A yacht is a mistake," added he, after another interval. "One is obliged to take, not the men one wants, but the fellows who can bear the sea. Leslie, for instance, had such a set that I left him at Messina. Strange enough, they took us for pirates there."

"For pirates!"

"Yes. There were three fishing-boats—what they called *Bilancelle*—some fifteen or sixteen miles out at sea, and when they saw us coming along with all canvass set, they hauled up their nets and ran with all speed for shore. Rather absurd, wasn't it? but as I told Leslie about his friends, 'the blunder wasn't so great after all; there was only a vowel between Ruffs and Riffs.'"

The disparagement of "questionable people" is such an old device of adventurers, that I was really surprised such a master of his art as my present friend would condescend to it. It belonged altogether to an inferior practitioner; and, indeed, he quickly saw the effect it had produced upon me, as he said, "Not that I care a straw for the fellows I associate with; my theory is, a gentleman can know any one."

Richard was himself again as he uttered this speech, lying well back in his chair, and sending a thin cloud of incense from the angle of his mouth.

"What snobs they were in Brummel's day, for instance, always asking if this or that man was fit to be known! Why, sir, it was the very fellows they tabooed were the cream of the set; 'it was the cards they threw out were the trumps.'"

The illustration came so pat that he smiled as he perceived by a twinkle of my eye that I appreciated it.

"My father," continued he, "knew Brummel well, and he told me that his grand defect was a want of personal courage—the very quality, of

all others, his career required. His impertinences always broke down when brought to this test. I remember an instance he mentioned.

"Amongst the company that frequented Carlton House, was a certain old Admiral P—, whom the Prince was fond of inviting, though he did not possess a single agreeable quality, or any one convivial gift, except a great power of drinking the very strongest port without its producing the slightest show of effect upon him.

"One night Brummel, evidently bent on testing the old sailor's head, seated himself next him, making it his business to pass the decanters as briskly as he could. The admiral asked nothing better; filled and drank bumpers. Not content with this legitimate test, Brummel watched his opportunity when the admiral's head was turned, and filled his glass up to the brim. Four or five times was the trick repeated, and with success; when at last the admiral, turning quickly around, caught him in the very act, with the decanter still in his hand. Fixing his eyes upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, the old man said, 'Drink it, sir—drink it!' and so terrified was Brummel by the manner and the look that he raised the glass to his lips and drained it, while all at the table were convulsed with laughter."

The Brummel school—that is, the primrose-glove adventurers—were a very different order of men from the present-day fellows, who take a turn in Circassia or China, or a campaign with Garibaldi; and who, with all their defects, are men of mettle and pluck and daring. Of these latter I found my new acquaintance to be one.

He sketched off the early part of the "expedition" graphically enough for me, showing the disorder and indiscipline natural to a force where every nationality of Europe was represented, and not by its most favourable types.

"I had an Irish servant," said he, "whose blunders would fill a

volume. His prevailing impression, perhaps not ill-founded on the whole, was, that we all had come out for pillage; and while a certain reserve withheld most of us from avowing this fact, he spoke of it openly and freely, expatiating admiringly on Captain This and Major That, who had done a fine stroke of work in such a store, or such another country-house. As for his blunders, they never ceased. I was myself the victim of an absurd one. On the march from Melazzo I got a severe strain in the chest by my horse falling and rolling over me. No bone was broken, but I was much bruised, and a considerable extravasation of blood took place under the skin. Of course I could not move, and I was provided with a sort of litter, and slung between two mules. The doctor prescribed a strong dose of laudanum, which set me to sleep, and despatched Peter back to Melazzo with an order for a certain ointment, which he was to bring without delay, as the case was imminent; this was told him, as the fellow was much given to wandering off, when sent of a message, after adventures of his own.

"Fully impressed that I was in danger, away went Peter, very sad about me, but even more distressed lest he should forget what he was sent for. He kept repeating the words over and over as he went, till they became by mere repetition something perfectly incomprehensible, so that when he reached Melazzo nobody could make head or tail of his message. Group after group gathered about and interrogated him, and at last, by means of pantomime, discovered that his master was very ill. Signs were made to inquire if bleeding were required, or if it was a case for amputation, but he still shook his head in negative. 'Is he dying?' asked one, making a gesture to indicate lying down. Peter assented. 'Oh, then it is the *uneione estrema* he wants!' 'That's it,' cried Peter, joyfully — '*uneione* it is.' Two priests were speedily found and

despatched; and I awoke out of a sound sleep under a tree to see three lighted candles on each side of me, and two priests in full vestments standing at my feet and gabbling away in a droning sort of voice, while Peter blubbered and wrung his hands unceasingly. A jolly burst of laughter from me soon dispelled the whole illusion, and Peter had to hide himself for shame for a week after."

"What became of the fellow — was he killed in the campaign?"

"Killed! nothing of the kind; he rose to be an officer, served on Nullo's staff, and is at this very hour in Poland, and, if I mistake not, a major."

"Men of this stamp make occasionally great careers," said I, carelessly.

"No, sir," replied he, very gravely. "To do anything really brilliant, the adventurer must have been a gentleman at one time or other: the common fellow stops short at petty larcenies; the man of good blood always goes in for the mint."

"There was then," asked I, "a good deal of what the Yankees call 'pocketing' in that campaign of Garibaldi's?"

"Less than one might suppose," said he. "Have you not occasionally seen men at a dinner-party pass this and refuse that, waiting for the haunch, or the pheasant, or the blackcock that they are certain is coming, when all of a sudden the jellies and ices make their appearance, and the curtain falls? so it was with many of us; we were all waiting for Rome, and licking our lips for the Vatican and the Cardinals' palaces, when in came the Piedmontese and finished the entertainment. If I meet you here to-morrow, I can tell you more about this;" and so saying, he arose, gave me an easy nod, and strutted away.

"Who is that most agreeable gentleman who took his coffee with me?" asked I of the waiter as I entered the *salla*.

"It's the General Inglese who served with Garibaldi."

"And his name?"

"Ah, *per bacco*! I never heard his name—Garibaldi calls him Giorgio, and the ladies who call here to take him out to drive now and then always say Giorgino—not that he's so very small, for all that."

My Garibaldian friend failed in his appointment with me this morning. We were to have gone together to a gallery, or a collection of ancient armour, or something of this sort, but he probably saw, as your clever adventurer *will* see, with half an eye, that I could be no use to him—that I was a wayfarer like himself on life's highroad; and prudently turned round on his side and went to sleep again.

There is no quality so distinctive in this sort of man or woman—for adventurer has its feminine—as the rapid intuition with which he seizes on all available people, and throws aside all the unprofitable ones. A money-changer detecting a light napoleon is nothing to it. What are the traits by which they guide their judgment—what the tests by which they try humanity, I do not know, but that they do read a stranger at first sight is indisputable. That he found out Cornelius O'Dowd wasn't a member of the British Cabinet, or a junior partner in Baring's, was, you may sneeringly conjecture, no remarkable evidence of acuteness. But why should he discover the fact—fact it is—that he'd never be one penny the richer by knowing me, and that intercourse with me was about as profitable as playing a match at billiards "for the table?"

Say what people will against rogues and cheating, rail as they may at the rapacity and rascality one meets with, I declare and protest, after a good deal of experience, that the world is a very poor world to him who is not the mark of some roguery. When you are too poor to be cheated, you are too insignificant to be cherished; and the man that is not worth humbugging isn't very far from bankruptcy.

It gave me a sort of shock, therefore, when I saw that my friend took this view of me, and I strolled down moodily enough to the Chamber of Deputies. Turin is a dreary city for a lounge; even a resident finds that he must serve a seven years' apprenticeship before he gets any footing in its stiff ungenial society—for of all Italians, nothing socially is less graceful than a Piedmontese. They have none of the courteous civility, none of the urbane gentleness of the peninsular Italians. They are cold, reserved, proud and eminently awkward; not the less so, perhaps, that their habitual tongue is the very vilest jargon that ever disfigured a human mouth. Of course this is an efficient barrier against intercourse with strangers; and though French is spoken in society, it bears about the same relation to that language at Paris, as what is called pigeon-English at Hong-Kong does to the tongue in use in Belgravia.

When I reached the Palazzo Carignano, as the Chamber is called, the *séances* was nearly over, and a scene of considerable uproar prevailed. There had been a somewhat sharp altercation between General Bixio and the "Left," and M. Mordini had repeatedly appealed to the President to make the General recall some offensive epithets he had bestowed on the "party of movement." There were the usual cries and gesticulations, the shouts of derision, the gestures of menace; and, above all, the tinkle-tinkle of the President's bell, which was no more minded than the summons for a waiter in an Irish inn; and on they went in this hopeless way, till some one, I don't know why, cried out, "That's enough—we are satisfied;" by which it seemed that somebody had apologised, but for what, or how, or to whom, I have not the very vaguest conception.

With all their depreciation of France, the Italians are the most persistent imitators of Frenchmen, and the Chamber was exactly a copy of the French Chamber in the

old Louis Philippe days—all violence, noise, sensational intensity, and excitement.

I have often heard public speakers mention the difficulty of adjusting the voice to the size of a room in which they found themselves for the first time, and the remark occurred to me as figuratively displaying one of the difficulties of Italian public men. The speakers in reality never clearly knew how far their words were to reach—whether they spoke to the Chamber or to the country.

Is there or is there not a public opinion in Italy? Can the public speaker direct his words over the heads of his immediate surroundings to countless thousands beyond them? If he cannot, Parliament is but a debating-club, with the disadvantage of not being able to select the subjects for discussion.

The glow of patriotism is never rightly warm, nor is the metal of party truly malleable, without the strong blast of a public opinion.

The Turin Chamber has no echo in the country; and, so far as I see, the Italians are far more eager to learn what is said in the French Parliament than their own.

I remember an old waiter at the Hibernian Hotel in Dublin, who

got a prize in the lottery and retired into private life, but who never could hear a bell ring without crying out, "Coming, sir." The Italians remind me greatly of him: they have had such a terrible time of flunkeyism, that they start at every summons, no matter what hand be on the bell-rope.

To be sure the French did bully them awfully in the last war. Never was an alliance more dearly paid for. We ourselves are not a very compliant or conciliating race, but we can remember what it cost us to submit to French insolence and pretension in the Crimea; and yet we did submit to it, not always with a good grace, but in some fashion or other.

Here comes my Garibaldino again, and with a proposal to go down to Genoa and look at the Italian fleet. I don't suppose that either of us know much of the subject; and indeed I feel, in my ignorance, that I might be a senior Lord of the Admiralty—but that is only another reason for the inquiry. "One is nothing," says Mr. Puff, "if he ain't critical." So Heaven help the Italian navy under the conjoint commentaries of myself and my friend! Meanwhile, and before we start, one word more of Turin.

A FRIEND OF GIOBETTI'S: BEING A REMINISCENCE OF SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

Here I am at the "Trombetta" in Turin—as dirty a hotel, be it said passingly, as you'll find out of Ireland, and seventeen long years it is since I saw it first. Italy has changed a good deal in the meanwhile—changed rulers, landmarks, systems, and ideas; not so my old acquaintance, the Trombetta! There's the dirty waiter flourishing his dirtier napkin; and there's the long low ceilinged *table-d'hôte* room, stuffy and smoky, and suffocating as ever; and there are the little grinning coteries of threes and fours round small tables soaking

their rolls in chocolate, and puffing their "Cavours," with faces as innocent of soap as they were before the war of the liberation. After all, perhaps, I'd have no objection if some friend would cry out, "Why, Con, my boy, you don't look a day older than when I saw you here in '46, I think! I protest you have not changed in the least. What *elixer vits* have you swallowed, old fellow? Not a wrinkle, nor a grey hair," and so on. And yet seventeen years taken out of the working part of a man's life—that period that corresponds with the interval

between after breakfast, we'll say, and an hour before dinner—makes a great gap in existence; for I did very little as a boy, being not an early riser, perhaps, and now, in the evening of my days, I have got a theory that a man ought to dine early and never work after it. Though I'm half ashamed, on so short an acquaintance with my reader, to mention a personal incident, I can scarcely avoid—indeed, I cannot avoid—relating a circumstance connected with my first visit to the Trombetta.

I was newly married when I came abroad for a short wedding-tour. The world at that time required new-married people to lay in a small stock of Continental notions, to assist their connubiality and enable them to wear the yoke with the graceful ease of foreigners; and so Mrs. O'D. and I started with one heart, one passport, and—what's not so pleasant—one hundred pounds, to comply with this ordinance. Of course, once over the border—once in France—it was enough. So we took up our abode in a very unpretending little hotel of Boulogne-sur-mer called "La Cour de Madrid," where we boarded for the moderate sum of eleven francs fifty centimes per diem—the odd fifty being saved by my wife not taking the post-prandial cup of coffee and rum.

There was not much to see at Boulogne, and we soon saw it. For a week or so Mrs. O'D. used to go out muffled like one of the Sultan's five hundred wives, protesting that she'd surely be recognised; but she grew out of the delusion at last, and discovered that our residence at the Cour de Madrid as effectually screened us from all remark or all inquiry as if we had taken up our abode in the Catacombs.

Now when one has got a large stock of any commodity on hand—I don't care what it is—there's nothing so provoking as not to find a market. Mrs. O'D.'s investment was bashfulness. She was determined to be the most timid, startled, modest, and blushing creature that

ever wore orange-flowers; and yet there was not a man, woman, or child in the whole town that cared to know whether the act for which she left England was a matrimony or a murder.

"Don't you hate this place, Cornelius?"—she never called me Con in the honeymoon. "Isn't it the dullest, dreariest hole you have ever been in?"

"Not with you."

"Then don't yawn when you say so. I abhor it. It's dirty, it's vulgar, it's dear."

"No, no. It ain't dear, my love; don't say dear."

"Billiards, perhaps, and filthy cigars, and that greenish bitter—*an-ni-sette*, I think they call it—are cheap enough, perhaps; but these are all luxuries I can't share in."

Here was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that presaged the first connubial hurricane. A married friend—one of much experience and long suffering—had told me of this, saying, "Don't fancy you'll escape, old fellow; but do the way the Ministry do about Turkey,—put the evil day off; diplomatisé, promise, cajole, threaten a bit if needs be, but postpone;" and, strong with these precepts, I negotiated, as the phrase is, and with a dash of reckless liberality that I tremble at now as I record it; I said, "You've only to say where—nothing but where to, and I'll take you—up the Rhine, down the Danube, Egypt, the Cataracts——"

"I don't want to go so far," said she, dryly. "Italy will do."

This was a stunner. I hoped the impossible would have stopped her, but she caught at the practicable, and foiled me.

"There's only one objection," said I, musing.

"And what may that be? Not money, I hope."

"Heaven forbid—no. It's the language. We get on here tolerably well, for the waiter speaks broken English; but in Italy, dearest, English is unknown."

"Let us learn Italian, then.

My aunt Groves said I had a remarkable talent for languages."

I groaned inwardly at this, for the same "aunt Groves had vouched for a sum of seventeen hundred and odd pounds as her niece's fortune, but which was so beautifully "tied up," as they called it, that neither Chancellor nor Master were ever equal to the task of untying it.

"Of course, dearest, let us learn Italian;" and I thought how I'd crush a junior counsel some day with a smashing bit of Dante.

We started that same night—travelled on day after day—crossed Mont Cenis in a snow-storm, and reached the Trombetta as way-worn and wretched-looking a pair as ever travelled on an errand of bliss and beatitude.

"In for a penny" is very Irish philosophy; but I can't help that, so I wrote to my brother Peter to sell out another hundred for me out of the "Threes," saying "dear Paulina's health required a little change to a milder climate" (it was snowing when I wrote, and the thermometer over the chimneypiece at 9° Reaumur, with windows that wouldn't shut, and a marble floor without carpet—"that the balmy air of Italy" (my teeth chattered as I set it down) "would soon restore her; and indeed already she seemed to feel the change." That she did, for she was crouching over a pan of charcoal ashes, with a railroad-wrapper over her shoulders.

It's no use going over what is in every one's experience on first coming south of the Alps—the daily, hourly difficulty of not believing that you have taken a wrong road and got into Siberia; and strangest of all it is to see how little the natives think of it. I declare I often thought soap must be a great refrigerant, and I wish some chemist would inquire into the matter.

"Are we ever to begin this blessed language?" said Mrs. O'D. to me, after four days of close arrest—snow still falling and the thermometer going daily down,

down, lower and lower. Now I had made inquiries the day before from the landlord, and learned that he knew of a most competent person, not exactly a regular teacher who would insist upon our going to work in school fashion, but a man of sense, and a gentleman,—indeed a person of rank and title, with whom the world had gone somewhat badly, and who was at that very moment suffering for his political opinions, far in advance, as they were, of those of his age.

"He's a friend of Gioberti," whispered the landlord in my ear, while his features became animated with the most intense significance. Now, I had never so much as heard of Gioberti, but I felt it would be a deep disgrace to confess it, and so I only exclaimed, with an air of half-incredulity, "Indeed!"

"As true as I'm here," replied he. "He usually drops in about noon to read the 'Opinione,' and, if you permit, I'll send him up to you. His name is Count Annibale Castrocara."

I hastened forthwith to Mrs. O'D., to apprise her of the honour that awaited us; repeating, a little in *extenso*, all that the host had said, and finishing with the stunning announcement, "and a friend of Gioberti." Mrs. O'Dowd never flinched under the shock, and, too proud to own her ignorance, she pertly remarked, "I don't think the more of him for that."

I felt that she had beat me, and I sat down abashed and humiliated. Meanwhile Mrs. O'D. retired to make some change of dress; but, reappearing after a while in her smartest morning toilette, and a very coquettish little cap, with cherry-coloured ribbons, I saw what the word Count had done at once.

Just as the clock struck twelve, the waiter flung wide the double doors of our room, and announced, as pompously as though for royalty, "Il Signor Conte di Castrocara," and there entered a tall man, slightly stooping in the shoulders, with a profusion of the very blackest hair on his neck and shoulders, his age any-

thing from thirty-five to forty-eight, and his dress a shabby blue surtout, buttoned to the throat and reaching below the knees. He bowed and slid, and bowed again, till he came opposite where my wife sat, and then, with rather a dramatic sort of grace, he lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it. She reddened a little, but I saw she wasn't displeased with the air of homage that accompanied the ceremony, and she begged him to be seated.

I own I was disappointed with the Count, his hair was so greasy, and his hands so dirty, and his general get-up so uncared for; but Mrs. O'D. talked away with him very pleasantly, and he replied in his own broken English, making little grimaces and smiles and gestures, and some very tender glances, do duty where his parts of speech failed him. In fact, I watched him as a sort of psychological phenomenon, and I arrived at the conclusion that this friend of Gioberti's was a very clever artist.

All was speedily settled for the lessons—hour, terms, and mode of instruction. It was to be entirely conversational, with a little theme-writing, no getting by heart, no irregular verbs, no declensions, no genders. I did beg hard for a little grammar, but he wouldn't hear of it. It was against his "system," and so I gave in.

We began the next day, but the Count almost ignored me altogether, directing almost all his attentions to Mrs. O'D.; and as I had already some small knowledge of the elementary part of the language, I was just as well pleased that she should come up, as it were, to my level. From this cause I often walked off before the lesson was over, and sometimes, indeed, I skulked it altogether, finding the system, as well as Gioberti's friend, to be an unconscionable bore. Mrs. O'D., on the contrary, displayed an industry I never believed her to possess, and would pass whole evenings over her exercises, which often covered several sheets of letter paper.

We had now been about five weeks in Turin, when my brother wrote to request I would come back as speedily as I could, that a case in which I held a brief was high in the cause-list, and would be tried very early in the session. 'I own I was not sorry at the recall. I detested the dreary life I was leading. I hated Turin and its bad feeding and bad theatres, its rough wines and its rougher inhabitants.

"Did you tell the Count we are off on Saturday?" asked I of Mrs. O'D.

"Yes," said she, dryly.

"I suppose he's inconsolable," said I, with a sneer.

"He's very sorry we're going, if you mean that, Mr. O'Dowd; and so am I too."

"Well, so am not I; and you may call me a Dutchman if you catch me here again."

"The Count hopes you will permit him to see you. He asked this morning whether he might call on you about four o'clock."

"Yes, I'll see him with sincere pleasure for once," I cried; "since it is to say good-bye to him."

I was in my dressing-room, packing up for the journey, when the Count was announced and shown in. "Excuse me, Count," said I, "for receiving you so informally, but I have a hasty summons to call me back to England, and no time to spare."

"I will, notwithstanding, ask you for some of that time, all-precious as it is," said he in French, and with a serious gravity that I had never observed in him before.

"Well, sir," said I stiffly; "I am at your orders."

It is now seventeen long years since that interview, and I am free to own that I have not even yet attained to sufficient calm and temper to relate what took place. I can but give the substance of our conversation. It is not over-pleasant to dwell on, but it was to this purport:—The Count had come to inform me that, without any intention or endeavour on his part,

he had gained Mrs. O'Dowd's affections and won her heart! Yes, much-valued reader, he made this declaration to me, sitting opposite to me at the fire, as coolly and unconcernedly as if he was apologising for having carried off my umbrella by mistake. It is true, he was most circumstantial in showing that all the ardour was on one side, and that he, throughout the whole adventure, conducted himself as became a Grand Galantuomo, and the friend of Gioberti, whatever that might mean.

My amazement—I might almost call it my stupefaction—at the unparalleled impudence of the man, so overcame me, that I listened to him without an effort at interruption.

"I have come to you, therefore, to-day," said he, "to give up her letters."

"Her letters!" exclaimed I; "and she has written to you!"

"Twenty-three times in all," said he, calmly, as he drew a large black pocket-book from his breast, and took out a considerable roll of papers. "The earlier ones are less interesting," said he, turning them over. "It is about here, No. 14, that they begin to develop feeling. You see she commences to call me '*Caro Animale*'—she meant to say *Annibale*, but, poor dear! she mistook. No. 15 is stronger—'*Animale Mio*'—the same error; and here, in No. 17, she begins '*Diletto del mio cuore quando non ti vedo, non ti sento, il cielo stesso, non mi sorride più. Il mio Tiranno*'—that was you."

I caught hold of the poker with a convulsive grasp, but quick as thought he bounded back behind the table, and drew out a pistol, and cocked it. I saw that Gioberti's friend had his wits about him, and resumed the conversation by remarking that the documents he had shown me were not in my wife's handwriting.

"Very true," said he; "these, as you will perceive by the official stamp, are sworn copies, duly attested at the *Prefettura*—the originals are safe."

"And with what object," asked I, gasping—"safe for what?"

"For you, *Illustriissimo*," said he,

bowing, "when you pay me two thousand francs for them."

"I'll knock your brains out first," said I, with another clutch at the poker, but the muzzle of the pistol was now directly in front of me.

"I am moderate in my demands, signor," said he, quietly; "there are men in my position would ask you twenty thousand; but I am a galantuomo——"

"And the friend of Gioberti," added I, with a sneer.

"Precisely so," said he, bowing with much grace.

I will not weary you, dear reader, with my struggles—conflicts that almost cost me a seizure on the brain—but hasten to the result. I beat down the noble Count's demand to one-half, and for a thousand francs I possessed myself of the fatal originals, written unquestionably and undisputably by my wife's hand; and then, giving the Count a final piece of advice, never to let me see more of him, I hurried off to see Mrs. O'Dowd.

She was out paying some bills, and only arrived a few minutes before dinner-hour.

"I want you, madam, for a moment here," said I, with something of Othello, in the last act, in my voice and demeanour.

"I suppose I can take off my bonnet and shawl first, Mr. O'Dowd," said she, snappishly.

"No, madam; you may probably find that you'll need them both at the end of our interview."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked she, haughtily.

"This is no time for grand airs or mock dignity, madam," said I, with the tone of the avenging angel. "Do you know these? are these in your hand? Deny it if you can."

"Why should I deny it? Of course they're mine."

"And you wrote this, and this, and this?" cried I, almost in a scream, as I shook forth one after another of the letters.

"Don't you know I did?" said she, as hotly; "and nothing beyond a venial mistake in one of them!"

"A what, woman? a what?"

"A mere slip of the pen, sir. You know very well how I used to sit up half the night at my exercises!"

"Exercises?"

"Well, themes, if you like better; the Count made me make clean copies of them, with all his corrections, and send them to him every day—here are the rough ones;" and she opened a drawer filled with a mass of papers all scrawled over and blotted. "And now, sir, once more what do you mean?"

I did not wait to answer her, but rushed down to the landlord. "Where does that Count Castrocaro live?" I asked.

"Nowhere in particular, I believe, sir, and for the present he has left Turin—started for Genoa by the diligence five minutes ago. He's a Grand Galantuomo, sir," added he, as I stood stupefied.

"I am aware of that," said I, as I crept back to my room to finish my packing.

"Did you settle with the Count?" asked my wife at the door.

"Yes," said I, with my head buried in my trunk.

"And he was perfectly satisfied?"

"Of course he was—he has every reason to be so."

"I am glad of it," said she, moving away—"he had a deal of trouble with those themes of mine. No one knows what they cost him." I could have told what they cost *me*; but I never did, till the present moment.

I need not say with what an appetite I dined on that day, nor with what abject humility I behaved to my wife, nor how I skulked down in the evening to the landlord to apologise for not being able to pay the bill before I left, an unexpected demand having left me short of cash. All these, seventeen years ago as they are, have not yet lost their bitterness, nor have I yet arrived at the time when I can think with composure of this friend of Gioberti.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL.

FIVE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ITS LAST LADY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Nothing can be more lonely than the situation of the Hall, and why a house of such size and substance had been built in such utter and absolute isolation it is hard to imagine. The village of Witch-hampton, which took its name from the mansion, is at least five miles from it. This village consists of a few grey houses clustering near a minute grey church built on a pastoral promontory of the river Waly—so near the water's edge, that the church and the taller of the quaint tombstones, with a background of wooded hills, are mirrored in the stream at "flood."

Most of the inhabitants of those hoary little dwellings are fishermen—the fish of the river Waly has a certain celebrity, and finds a ready sale at large towns both "up" and "down stream."

Behind Witch-hampton village there is a narrow opening in the hills, a natural pass. Up this winds a rough and narrow lane, gradually ascending, though with many dips and dells, for about two miles, offering no opening to the right or left. In this lane the owls cry finely, calling to one another from tree-top to tree-top on either side—mocking at and hooting the lonely belated traveller. At the end of those two miles the lane takes a new aspect; it runs along level ground, is straightly fringed with somewhat meagre and miserable firs, and has on either hand waste and sterile-looking uplands, that, having at some time been under cultivation, have lost all the grace of wildness.

The lane ends at a gate, from which start two tracks; one, holding on over wold and through wood, leads to the village of Chine-dandon, which lies behind the Hall at a distance of some miles—that is

the right-hand track. The one to the left crosses an ugly bit of enclosed ground (the nature of the stones scattered over which seems to suggest that, at some time, some sort of habitation, a lodge perhaps, has stood there), to where lies an iron gate between two broken-down stone pillars. Stepping over this obstacle, I found that a grass-grown road, the presence of which was chiefly indicated by deep ruts, wound down and round a shoulder of the hill, and descended into a valley—or rather a green basin, which seemed as if it might at some time have been the bed of a lake—shut in on all sides by wood-fringed heights rising abruptly against the sky. Through this valley brawled a stream, densely overhung by alder, hazel, and bramble, so clothed then with "old man's beard" (the downy seed-tufts of the clematis) that its winding course resembled a stray tress of some hoary giantess's hair streaking the November afternoon gloom of the valley.

For some time the track I followed kept beside this stream, but by-and-by, at what had seemed from a distance the end of the valley, it plunged into a wood, leaving the stream to the left, and gradually ascending. The wood ended at a gate of the same pattern as the one I had left a mile or two behind, but this still hung in its place by one rusty hinge. I found myself mounting towards the head of a narrow defile which was much choked up by an overgrown tangle of evergreen shrubs, chiefly cypress, Irish and English yew, and the darker-leaved kinds of laurel. Another gate, and then I stepped into the blackness of an avenue of pines, walking now along a road that

might once have been a smooth and well-kept carriage-drive. The air here felt freer and drier; on one side I could see between the branches of the pines the pale sky, with a little faint watery flush of sunset in it; on the other, I was still aware of the near presence of a wooded wall of hill. A turn at last in the long avenue, again a gate. I leant over it and faced the Hall.

Its windows, facing south-west, were a-gleam with such light as lingered in the November sky now the sun had set, and not only the windows seemed to reflect that wan and sickly light, but all the front of the house shone out from the darkness behind with a curious luminousness that suggested something more than reflected light. I do not know what stone the house was built of, but it is not that of the district, which, encouraging the growth of moss and lichen, comparatively soon loses all look of newness, and becomes hoary and venerable.

The great pale-hued blocks of which the Hall is built show little sign of weather, and are as free from vegetable growth as if just quarried. I have examined the building in the full light of morning, and could find about it no indications of decay.

When it gleamed upon me that eerie evening, ghastly and spectral, I felt I could more easily imagine that, at some appointed time, it will wholly vanish away, its place suddenly know it no more, than

that it will crumble bit by bit, year after year, and at last cumber the ground with a heap of ruin. I say "gleamed upon me;" and having written the words would recall them, remembering how strangely that was just what it did *not* seem to do; and how, as I leant and gazed, a fantastic consciousness of its disregard oppressed me. No, it did not gleam on me, but supremely ignoring my atom-presence, gleamed back with unwinking eyes the gleams it had attracted from the fading sky.

I left the gate, mounted the steps to the porch, tried the massive oaken door, found it fastened, sat down on the oaken bench outside it, and remembered.

From this porch the view was wide over darkening wood and valley. No sigh, no sound of any living thing without, no cry of bird, no bark of dog. As it grew late—I lingered there after night had fallen—I heard noises from within—the skurrying scamper of thousands of feet and strangely human inhuman cries. But the only sounds from without were the sound of the water making a fall somewhere below in the black shadow, hurrying from its hill-source towards the river, and the sighing of fitful sighs of wind that now and again found their way up the valley.

I sat there and remembered so vividly, that by-and-by, as the pale sky darkened above that blackening scene, I *heard* and *saw* the things that had been.

SCENE I.

It was almost dark outside, but a great fire burning in the open hearth of the entrance-hall blazed out upon the darkness, the door standing wide.

On the top step of the portico stood a young girl, very light, slight, and lithe of figure, in habit and plumed hat, a heavy riding whip in her hand. On the lowest step stood a man, his horse's bridle hanging

over his arm. The ruddy firelight glared upon his face—one of tigerish beauty—and shone on the glossy coat and fiery eye of his horse.

"You've won the race," he cried, "but you've lamed your mare; she'll have to be shot to-morrow. You've perilled your life, which I've no wish you should lose just yet, and I don't see what you have gained,

fair girl! Your sudden freak must be explained, Lady Ana. Many days I have watched for you; out of respect for your fair fame I did not again come near the house. To-day when I catch sight of you on the hill, you dash off in that mad style! But to-day I do not mean to stand here. If you won't give me a chance of being beard without, I'll make one within! I'll take my horse round to the yard, and be with you shortly. The coast is clear. Sir Lionel and your sister are not come; your man is busy with your horse; your woman is a mile off—I passed her on the road; so the coast is clear, and it is quite time we came to an understanding."

"Stop," said the girl. The voice was startling as coming from a young girl, it vibrated with such intense concentration of passion. "All you have to say must be said outside this house, which you shall never enter again; and must be said *now*, as I will never hear you or speak to you again—never see you again, if I can help it. I perilled my life, for which I do not care, and lamed Bea, for which I do care, because there is nothing I value compared with the power of keeping clear of you—nothing, nothing—so much I loathe you! Yes, loathe you! that is the word: now that I have seen you unmasked, I loathe you."

He paused a moment, then he said—

"Do you know, Lady Ana, that this is a very foolish way of talking? The sooner you drop it, the better for you. But we will *not* talk here. How do you know who may be in hearing? If you are careless for yourself, I must be the more careful for you," he added, with a sneer.

"All the world may hear what I have to say—that I hate you, how I hate you! that I loathe you, that I defy you! Would to heaven I knew such words as would fitly speak the bitter black rage that fills me!"

"Lady Ana, you are beside your-

self. Fortunately it is, *to-day*, no question of loving or hating, but of marrying. You are completely in my power. I need your fortune; though it is not large, I need it. These are the plain facts of my case. All I care to know now is, when you will marry me."

"Never! Wretch, do you think, because you have done me, a weak girl, the worst wrong a man can do a woman—one human creature another—a man! a human creature! a fiend! a devil!—do you think because you have done me this wrong, that I will *marry* you?—Never!"

"Girl! you must. You are too ignorant of the world to realise your position—to know how completely you are in my power, name and fame."

"In your power!" she said, with a low laugh, horrible to hear. "Name and fame! Too ignorant of the world to realise my position! In your power!—you think so. By anything I ever held dear or sacred, I swear——"

"You shall not swear. Lady Ana, you are powerless with all your passion. In truth, your passion and your pride put you more utterly in my power. You are not one to bear *shame* meekly. You have no choice left; you must marry me. Again I tell you this. Better play with me no longer, or it is you who will be on your knees begging for that reparation which——"

"Fool!" she cried. "I *have* a choice; for I dare to die, and do not care to live. Who shall hinder me from dying? You have over-acted your part, fiend. You have no power left over a woman whom you have made desperate. That 'shame' which you have given me, which you think me too simple to understand, has freed me from you for ever. Begone!" she cried; "you have your answer now. Begone!" she stamped, and ground her teeth, and clenched her hand in fearful rage. "Begone! and may I never see your hateful fiend-face again."

"Gentler words, my lady, would stand you in better stead," he answered, and sprang a step towards her. "You forget"—he spoke these words with his face close to hers—"that by dying you cannot save your honour from my tongue—by marriage you can."

Then he changed his whole manner; he fell at her feet, holding her skirt firmly in his hand. He conjured her by the love he had once thought she bore him not to cast him off to utter ruin; to forgive both the deeds and words of passion to which her falsehood and scorn had stung him. Clutching her skirt in his hand to hold her to hear him, he poured out a torrent of eloquently passionate, of apparently penitent, pleading appeal.

She listened; if her young face changed in expression, it was only that for a while scorn overmastered hate. She struggled to free herself; when she failed—when he, having seized her hand, would have touched it with his lips, she raised her other, the whip in it, high above her head. He saw the gesture, and caught the fierce flash of her eyes: rising, he sprang back, but just too late—the sharp lash cut across his brow with stinging effect.

He uttered a curse. Blinded with rage and pain, he rushed towards her; another moment, and he would have dashed her down upon the stone; but a startled movement of his impatient horse jerked him backwards, and brought him to the ground.

"Wait!" he cried, as he rose and mounted, digging a cruel spur into the animal's side; "my time for revenge will come. When you have learnt to value honour and love life, remember me!"

For a time she stood where he had left her. She heard him dash off down the avenue at a furious gallop. There darkly crossed her mind an image of how he would goad on his fiery horse through the darkness, till, both horse and rider mad and blind, there would come a crash. She shuddered, drew back, closed

the door, and pushed to the heavy bolts.

"I wish I had not struck him! I cannot hate him so—not enough—since I struck him!" Again she shuddered.

Slowly she went up the broad dark stair, swiftly along the echoing gallery to her own chamber. "When you have learnt to value honour and love life, remember me," she repeated.

In her own room—no cosy nest or maidenly bower, but a vast and gloomy apartment, floor, walls, and ceiling, all of bare black oak, fantastically reflecting the flashing of a great wood-fire, and the white bed shining out like a swan on a dark lake—her first act was to tear off her riding-dress and trample it under her feet.

An old woman whom she had always called "nurse," and whose daughter (dead now) had been all the mother she had ever known in her mysteriously lonely and neglected childhood, came in to help her change her dress. Besides these two there was at that hour no one in the house, and it was often so. The man had enough to do always with outdoor work, some of which often took him a mile or more away; the woman, who was cook and house-keeper, was often absent for half a day—once a week for a whole day, riding to market and back on a stout pony.

"No such haste, child. Why, you're all of a shake!" the old nurse exclaimed, wonderingly, by-and-by. "Your sister and Sir Lionel can't be here yet awhile, so there's no such haste. My pretty, what is it?" she said, coaxingly. "You quake like a quaking leaf! You've been riding too far and too fast." Then angrily, "Lady Ana, has he been meeting you again—the man on the black horse Sir Lionel told me to warn you against?" Then coaxingly again, "Can't you speak to your own old nurse, childie? Won't you tell her what's made you all of a-tremble?"

"Hate, nurse!—such hate as I

never thought to feel!—such hate as made me long to pour all my life out in a curse!”

Turning sharply upon the old woman as she spoke, the red fire-light flashed upon her face, and heightened the fierceness of its expression.

Her nurse drew back from her. “God forgive you, Lady Ana!” she cried; then added, “God have mercy upon us!”

She opened her mouth, as if to ask a question, but the words died on her lips.

The girl, having spoken, had turned to her glass again. She stood there, trembling perceptibly with a tremor she could not control, but braiding her bright hair with deft fingers, her face shadowed from the wax-lights burning on the table by the loose luxuriant locks. Standing thus, half-dressed, her snowy linen drooping off her pearly shoulders, her slender, milk-white arms all bare, she looked so fair, so slight, so young, so maidenly, it was no wonder the old nurse thought—“It isn’t of such as her the devil gets possession;” and tried to believe that she had not heard aright; that the wicked words of hate sounding in her ears had not been spoken by those childlike lips.

She took up the mud-stained skirt from the shining floor, and was going to hang it near the fire to dry, when again the girl turned round so that the firelight flashed upon her face, and again spoke in the harsh and unfamiliar-sounding voice:

“Have that thing thrown away—on the dung-heap, or into the bonfire—anywhere. It’ll never come clean and sweet again. I shan’t want it. Poor Bess will be shot to-morrow: I won’t buy another horse.”

The nurse dropped the heavy cloth—the girl, crossing the room, opened the door and pushed it outside with her foot. Another day nurse would have questioned garulously about “poor Bess;” to-day she stood aghast, agape, and dared not. She washed her hands,

as her mistress bade her, then she drew from the black wardrobe of carved oak a dress of pearly sheen, which had been Lady Ana’s bridesmaid’s dress at her sister’s wedding. She shook it, and stroked it, and held it ready to put over those round white shoulders.

Those two did not look each other in the face again that evening. The old nurse noted the fierce dry light in the girl’s eyes, the sudden red-denings and blanchings of her face, the quick rise and fall of the swan-soft fair bosom, but noted these things by stealth, looking askance.

When all was done, Lady Ana for the first time gazed into the glass; till now she had only stood before it.

“Do I look as usual, nurse? Is all right with me?”

“Yes, my pet. They will say you are fairer than ever, my queen.”

Then Lady Ana went down the stairs, the nurse lighting her from above till she passed into the light of the hall. She crossed it and entered the great drawing-room; here the other servant, returned from her search after cream, fresh eggs, and butter, had been piling logs on the hearth, and was now setting out a small table full in the blaze, and snugly screened from the draught, with damask, massive silver, and old china.

Lady Ana, no tragic Amazon, but a singularly lovely and fair young girl, with a rich gleaming dress of stately-rustling, pearly-grey brocade, and with cunningly-braided masses of brightest hair, began to assist her, talking and laughing merrily. Meanwhile old nurse, her darling out of sight, slowly returned to the room, set down her light, and fell to wringing her hands, with many a sobbing pitiful cry of “God have mercy upon us! Good God have mercy upon us!”

Lady Ana, in the room below, as she turned from the light, going towards the great window, presently asked, “Which way did you come home from the farm, Nancy?”

"Oh, round behind, by the good road, my pretty. It's longer, above a bit. I know I'm a foolish old thing for my pains, but I can't abide the avenue of a night, it is so dark, with them coal-black trees meeting overhead and shutting out the stars, when there be any."

"Are there any to-night? Is the night dark, Nancy?"

"Pitch-dark; but with carriage-lamps, and the roads being good, Sir Lionel will get here safe enough. Don't fret, my lady."

Nancy having finished her arrangements left the room.

Lady Ana—the simple people about never questioned her right to that title, and she, in her ignorance, had always accepted it without any wonder—stood in the window, looking out into the black night. Since that dear sister, whom she looked for now, had left her, the wild, high-spirited girl had changed to a miserable woman, with death, despair, and hate tugging at her strained heart-strings; but she must hide all change, and she had found that she could use merry words and light laughter still, and that to others they did not sound so strange and hollow as to her. A few moments, and the noise of wheels brought temporary forgetfulness; she ran into the hall, and on that very step where she had stood and known such rage of hate two hours, perhaps, ago, she clasped in her arms, with passionate love, a girl still younger than herself—a mere child to look at—who had flown up towards her with a bird-like swiftness, and who nestled in her breast with soft inarticulate cooings.

This child was followed by her husband, a man some ten years older than herself, fair and stately, with a clear-cut face, the most noticeable features of which were the open brow and fearless trust-inspiring eye. When those clasping arms were at last disentwined, and Lady Ana was leading her sister into the house, he asked, "Has my sister Ana no welcome, then, for me?"

Lady Ana stretched out a hand to him, but she kept her face averted, her eyes upon her sister, as she answered, "You know you are welcome always, Lionel."

Before they separated for the night, Lady Ana and Sir Lionel were for a short time alone. The little wife had gone to gossip with old nurse; her sister would have followed her, but that, on leaving the room, Emma had said, "Stay with Lionel, please, dear Ana."

The door was so soon closed behind his wife than Sir Lionel, speaking rapidly and low, began—

"Dear Ana, I have said nothing to my little wife, your sister, but I have most grave cause for brotherly uneasiness. Before we left I spoke to your nurse, asking her to warn you against a—a fellow whose character— In short, my dear girl, you know to whom I refer. Since that time I have heard enough of the man to whom I allude to confirm my worst opinion of him—my worst suspicions regarding him. Believe me, he is utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous; so bad a fellow, that it makes my flesh creep to think of the possibility of his getting any kind of influence over any woman for whom I care. Fearing that poor old nurse forgot my charge (for I met the fellow riding madly from the direction of this house to-day), I venture, at the risk of offending you—"

Lady Ana had listened with a certain eagerness so far; but now she broke in imperiously, "Silence, Sir Lionel! I cannot suffer another word. Let this be enough for you, that if with my life I can prevent it, the man you speak of shall not again enter these doors."

"Enter these doors!" he echoed in alarm. "I thought—I did not know—"

There he paused. Seeing her face, which had flushed crimson, turn the deadliest white, he thought she was about to swoon, and he stretched out his arm to save her. She caught it, seized his hand, and kissed it.

"Dear brother," she said, softly;

"dear brother." Then, with a sort of sob, "if only I had a brother."

"Surely now you have," he answered, gently and gravely. He raised her hand to his lips, and would have drawn her to him.

"No," she said, retreating from him; "you are not my brother, and you cannot be."

"I trust this is not so."

"It is. I will tell you why. There is safety in truth, and destruction in all kinds of lying. Some truths, people say, should not be spoken; perhaps this is one, but I will speak it, for all our safety. Not that it matters now," she muttered, as the dark despair at her heart gnawed more sharply there. "She must not know. You chose well, Sir Lionel; you chose as I wished you to choose. She is the pearl. I knew before she knew it that she loved you. I could not have been happy if she suffered. You chose well. How could you choose otherwise? You saw her always gentle, always loving, always good; while I—no matter. But we both loved you. I loved you from the first, and always. It was to deceive Emma, to deceive you, if possible to deceive myself, that I behaved so wildly. I succeeded; I shall be wild no more."

He was silent awhile, turning from her and looking into the fire. When he spoke, his face confirmed what his words said.

"I am grieved beyond expression. The unsolved mystery of your most

forlorn and unprotected position, your loneliness, now that I have taken your sweet sister from you, weigh upon me beyond what I can say. In my heart you are second to my own sweet wife, and to none other. I had hoped that you would find a safe and happy home under our roof till the time came when——" There he broke off, only repeating what he had begun with, "I am grieved beyond expression."

"But you must not be. No one is to grieve for me: I only want to be forgotten. I am worth no love, and I want no pity. I hope she will forget me—in loving you. And you—I will not have you think of me—not with love, nor pity."

She left him; he did not know how to interpret the passion of her last words. He thought very pitifully of this ungoverned and ungovernable girl—thought of her with true and manly honour of pity, untouched by scorn, and not without admiration of the wild truth he found in her. Then his mind turned for rest, and with thankful gratitude, to contemplate the gentler graces of his own sweet wife.

Late that night, after all in the house but its mistress slept, Lady Ana roused her nurse, and made her go with her to the gate at the end of the Pine Avenue.

What did she hope or fear to find there? She found nothing. The gate had stood open, and had offered no obstruction to that wild rider.

SCENE II.

(At Sir Lionel's.)

"Nurse, *must* she die?" asked a haggard-looking fair girl, with a gesture and accent of despair, as she drew back from a bed over which she had been leaning, trying with most passionate tender words and caresses to elicit some sign of consciousness from one who lay there—a young mother, whose sweet, sad face was taking the marble fixedness of death.

"Her life hangs upon the child's. If it dies, she'll not rally. She's lain like that ever since she heard the doctor say that the baby couldn't live. Come with me and look at it, my lady, and you'll get your answer, I'm thinking."

The hired nurse led the way from the darkened room into one next it, into which a little more light was allowed to enter.

"It won't last the night through,"

she said, stooping to examine the few weeks old baby which was held in the arms of a bright-faced peasant woman. "To think it won't live, so much hanging on its life! when there's a power of babies struggling up to strength who won't know their fathers, and whose mothers wouldn't know them, if they could help it, poor things! It's a queer world; no—it can't last the night through!"

"It's not so bad as all that, I don't believe," said the woman who held it at her bosom. "It may perk up yet."

"Not it, though if it were your own now, Molly——"

"And if it dies my sister will die, you say, nurse?"

"I see no hope but that she will, my lady—so much she seems to love it; and she, as I told you, lying as she does now ever since that blundering doctor, bad luck to him, spoke out in her hearing."

"So much she seems to love it," repeated Lady Ana, her eyes fixed upon the fading face.

"As mothers, most all of them, do, miss, my lady," said the peasant woman.

"Give the child to me; and you, go get your supper," said Lady Ana.

"No matter for my supper; and I'd rather not have the child moved, poor lamb! Ladies like you—no offence meant, my lady—betimes don't know how best to hold a baby."

"Give me the child and go," Lady Ana commanded, with an imperious frown.

"Do as my lady bids you—the baby's past knowing any difference now," said the nurse, to whom the woman's eyes appealed.

Very reluctantly the motherly creature relinquished her charge.

"Listen to me, nurse," said Lady Ana, below her breath, when the woman was gone. (She held the dying baby very tenderly, and tears were coursing down her white cheeks.) "Answer me quickly—there is no time to lose: Has this baby any marks by which its mother would know it from another?"

"None, my lady."

"The age—would she tell that a baby a week—about a week—older could not be hers?"

"Being so ill, and the room so dark——"

"You think not; and for the rest, one baby is much like another, while they are so young——"

"Not to the mother, my lady."

"But my sister being so ill, as you say, and the room so dark——"

"That's true; she'd not suspect."

"Where is Sir Lionel?"

"As I told you, my lady; just before you came he had ridden off to the town to send a messenger to ride post for a London doctor."

"When do you expect him?"

"He can't be back till nigh upon dawn, and before the doctor can come all will be over."

"Nurse," said Lady Ana, speaking very low, "I may trust you to see a thing done for her good, and to say nothing."

"For her good—yes, my lady; but, my lady, for sure it is only God above—not you, or I, or another—that knows what's for her good."

"Shall I see her die, to her husband's agony and mine, when I can help it? and how can you tell that God does not mean me to do the thing I am thinking of doing to save her? All I ask of you, woman, is silence, and to send away the wet-nurse. You can say—yes, you can say that it is her milk that does not suit baby. And if, afterwards, baby gets strong and well, who shall say it was not so?"

"Who indeed? But perhaps I hardly understand my lady. He'll never get strong and well. He's dying now, as you hold him, dying in your arms."

Lady Ana gazed upon the infant with a long wild gaze, then she raised her eyes to those of the nurse.

"You are mistaken: by the morning he will be strong and well."

They looked hard into each other's faces.

"But the old doctor—it will be hard to——"

"I shall have him denied the house—he has done mischief enough."

"You may trust me," the nurse said.

"I *will*," returned the lady. "Go and dismiss that woman. Take my purse and pay her well. I charge myself with all the rest."

Left alone with the dying child, she kissed it, and strove to warm it, and cried, "O baby, I'd give my life for yours; more and better than my life, if I had ought else to give, for her sake and for his."

"Nurse, he lies quite still now, and looks easier," she said, when the nurse returned.

"My lady, he is *dead*," was the whispered answer, after a brief look. The nurse took the little corpse from the girl's arms.

After a few moments Lady Ana passed into the darkened chamber. Again she leant over the pale mother.

"Baby looks calm and is in no pain now," she whispered. The face down upon which she gazed changed and brightened, faintly but perceptibly, though the eyes did not unclose, nor the lips move. Lady Ana rained a shower of lightest and yet most passionate kisses upon lids, lips, and brow, and then left those rooms.

She went down to the servants' hall, where all the people of the house were gathered together in pale consternation, for the rumour had got about that mother and child were dying.

"The carriage immediately and the fastest horses," commanded Lady Ana; "I am going to fetch another nurse, hoping so to save your young master. As you value your lady's life, let no one go near her rooms while I am away. Sleep may save her."

"All the house shall be still as death, my lady," many voices answered together.

(*At the Hall*)

Lady Ana was soon on her way. The horses were driven at cruel speed along the wild country roads.

Just before entering Witch-hampton village she stopped, telling the coachman to drive on to the inn, and await her return with the nurse.

The September night was not very dark, but it had an eerie, evil-suggesting trouble in it. The horrible gurgling cry of the screech-owl more than once terrified the silence. But Lady Ana hurried on wildly, till the Hall, ghastly in the wan light of a waning moon, was before her.

She mounted the steps of the portico and paused there, shuddering and breathless. A great fear and a heart-sinking dread came over her, but it was now too late to reconsider. She was able to open the door with a key she carried; it was not often that the heavy bolts were drawn.

It closed behind her, and she stood in the Hall: it felt chill and damp, and a streak of moonlight entering at a narrow window fell across the open hearth, choked up with pale wood-ashes, and made it look the more desolate. She listened; there were the sounds she knew of old—a scudding and skurrying retreat, accompanied by short, sharp, shrill cries: no sound when these had died away. She groped her way up the first broad stair, the timbers of which would groan and creak under her stealthy tread as they had never done under her free and careless feet; along the gallery—past the door of her own maiden chamber, then she ascended another and narrower stair—passed along a narrower gallery, till she came to a door from under which light gleamed. This she opened, and entered an enormous room, more bare, more desolate and gloomy than had been her own apartment; but part of it was screened off from the rest, and in this part the nurse—her own old nurse—sat dozing before the fire, a baby lying across her knees. At a small table close by sat a simple-looking, pretty young girl, eating her supper of porridge and milk.

On seeing Lady Ana, she rose, curtsied, and shook the nurse by the shoulder.

"Dress yourself warmly, and be ready to come with me," the lady commanded. On that the girl disappeared behind the screen, taking her basin of porridge and jug of milk with her.

Nurse was wide awake now, and Lady Ana went close up to her. It was noticeable that the poor old woman clutched the child with a sort of affright when its mother bent down to look at it.

"Muffle it up, so that it can take no harm, nurse; but make it look like the girl's bundle of clothes—get ready to come with me—say you are the girl's mother, if anybody asks you."

The old woman rose—"For mercy's sake——"

"Nurse, there is nothing to be afraid of—didn't I say, *so that it could take no harm?* Don't you see that I am beginning to care for it?" Then she whispered in the nurse's ear, "Sir Lionel's child is dead. Emma does not know it; when she does, they say it will kill her, so much she loves it—so much she loves it. Quick, nurse! oh, nurse, be quick!—there is not a moment to lose—on the way I will tell you all."

"Hold the babe then, Lady Ana, while I——" Lady Ana drew back and folded her arms.

"Put it down—it will take no harm—I will not touch it."

(*At Sir Lionel's.*)

The new nurse whom Lady Ana had travelled through the night to fetch, was thought to have done wonders for Sir Lionel's child.

Lady Ana, bending over the reviving mother, drank in the nectar

wine of her thankful smile when she was assured that her baby had rallied, and was doing well. Lady Ana met Sir Lionel on his return, and told him of the blessed change in wife and child; and he, pressing her hands and kissing her cheeks, called her "the angel who had come to the rescue of his angels."

Then Lady Ana shut herself into her own room, which she had locked before she went away, and now kept locked, admitting only her own old nurse. She knelt by the bed on which had been laid the body of the dead baby, and she tried to pray for God's forgiveness, and that He would bring good to those she loved out of the evil of her lying work.

Rising, she took the little corpse into her arms and wept over it; weeping as she had not wept since the night before her sister left her.

Her old nurse, standing by her, muttered—

"It's easy enough to see. If her baby had been Sir Lionel's, she'd have found a mother's heart for it. See her put this child against her breast!—she who loathed the touch of the other, and would not suffer it to be laid there."

Meanwhile Lady Ana rocking the child, the dead child, on her bare bosom—

"Poor broken Nly, you shall not be defrauded of your burial baptism of tears, nor of your cradling on a loving breast. For your father's sake I love you, baby! For your sweet mother's sake I love you, baby! For your own sake, and because I have wronged you, I love you, baby—I love you."

So she went on rocking and murmuring and weeping, till the old nurse, fearing for her reason, took the little corpse from her, and stealthily carried it away.

SCENE III.

Lady Ana sits in the window of her great drawing-room on an April evening. Six years and half another lie between her and that September

night, and Lady Ana is now but five-and-twenty, and this is the evening of her birthday.

The lines her face takes in re-

pose make her look older than her years; they are those of habitual weariness—her expression is one of subjection to fate rather than of submission; the expression of a slave rather than of a servant. Yet there is a something over all the face that redeems it from sullenness. In the droop of the soft-fringed lids over the beautiful eyes there is a pathetic mournfulness. But at times they rise suddenly and let fly forth strange glances of passionate remorse and despair, of impassioned appeal, that are as glimpses of a soul wellnigh "crazed with waste life and unavailing days" in the present, with wild and evil memories of the past, with the blank hopelessness of the future.

This April evening Lady Ana's face mirrors somewhat of the spirit of what she looks upon.

It is the time of year when Witch-hampton Hall is fairest, the desolation of winter being clothed upon with beauty, but the place not yet choked up with the too rank luxuriance of summer vegetation. The trees, which grow too thick and too near the house, are only just faintly smiling into spring verdure; the copses all about are just beginning to flutter myriads of leafy wings above starry beds of primroses and hazy mists of hyacinths.

Glory of glories—though its most golden glory is now beginning to fade—far off, beyond the Pine Avenue and the wood, in the open expanse of the valley, is spread the field of the cloth-of-gold (a countless host of daffodils), changing sheen in each changing light, each breeze seeming to ripple up some deeper depth of glory.

Lady Ana watches the fading off of the last sunlight as the sun sinks behind the wooded hill. She is listening to the spring-beauty of the world—sitting lonely and lovely, and looking down upon such a wealth of lonely loveliness. Strange wonderings wander through her soul. She feels vaguely as if Love spoke to her from all this beauty upon

which she alone looks—that Infinite Love which alone can pour out beauty thus, without measure and without stint. She feels for a few moments as if the great Love, loving the world with spring, included her in its loving—not only included her, but crowned her, singled her out. Then suddenly she thinks, "Where then was this love when a blight was suffered to fall on all my life? How had I sinned so much beyond others that on me fell such black and hateful sorrow? If He is love—loving as a father; if He is strength—strong to omnipotence; what had I done that He let my orphan weakness cry out in vain?—that He turned His face aside, withheld His arm, and suffered the wicked to triumph?"

She had been ungoverned and ungovernable, had gloried in freedom, had rejected counsel, had been wild and reckless. But in that fatal, final, and false recklessness which had ruined her, she had been actuated by something better than mere wilfulness—there had been a wild generosity of motive. She had meant, being false to herself, to be true to those she loved. Was there need she should be so sternly taught that truth cannot come out of falsehood—that evil must not be done that good may come? If this is to be the lesson of her life, the hardest text of it is yet to be learnt.

"Is it then," murmured Lady Ana, "that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and that ruin falls on those who would set their will above His, or who dare to think they can help out His will?"

Is Lady Ana most of a heathen, a Jewess, or a Christian? As yet her inward life is a strange medley. As she thinks of the past, her hands involuntarily clench themselves in hate, and her features grow haggard, fierce even to ugliness. All the fair serenity passes from her face, for she no longer looks out on what is fair and calm, but within on what is foul and turbid.

"Why such foul thoughts on so fair an evening?" she cried, rising

suddenly. She walked to and fro in the room, seeking to escape them. This great room has somewhat of a gaunt and hungry look; so large, so bare—no books, no music, no flowers, no little feminine odds and ends of ornament and furniture. As regards essentials, it is much as it has always been through all the years of the lives of the two orphan and desolate girls who had grown up at the Hall. But somehow, since Emma had gone away, it had always seemed to Lady Ana quite different.

Lady Ana returns to the window, opens one of the casements, and, leaning out into the coloured twilight, listens to the singing of full-throated birds; and, as she listens, her heart grows over-full, her throat fills, her eyes fill—great tears go splashing down on to the stones beneath. Suddenly she clears her eyes, dashing the tears from them, breathes forth the anguish from her throat, and fills it full of music. Emulous of the birds perhaps, she, leaning forth into the holy evening, breaks into a wild, rich flood of passion-fed, untutored song, that goes ringing down the valley, filling it from hill to hill. What she sang was a wild old Welsh melody to which her heart set words, and her voice rang out so crystal clear that it hardly sounded like mortal singing of mortal melody, but rather like some spirit-singing, beginning you knew not when, coming from you knew not where, no more likely to end at one time than at another. It might have had for text the plaint of sad Isifole:—

"Lasciolla quivi grvida e soletta."

Irregular and wild, it echoingly played with some such words as these:—

"For thee, oh never more, is this world fair!
For thee, oh never more, is this world kind!
I hear my sentence shrieked out by the wind,
From the black pines that mock my dull despair."

'Never more! Never more? Ah, God, so young!
And no warmth left for me in sun and shine!
The goblet broken as I tipped the wine,
And I left desolate, desert, undone!'

Something after such fashion sang Lady Ana, leaning her fair head on the stone-work of the casement, looking forth with white fair face and bright disordered hair over darkening wood and valley, holding her small hands folded upon her breast.

After a time her singing lost its full-toned wildness, and became more of a murmuring plaint, less of a lament than of an appeal, and the 'Sehnsucht nach der Liebe' which was its soul was not wholly vague.

When, by-and-by, at some little noise in the room, she turned, still singing, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that had not been far from her thoughts—her unconscious heart-thoughts.

Her voice died away, and she listened to a dearer voice as her hand was taken and held a moment.

"I stood below at the avenue-gate in the black shadow, and listened till a vague, superstitious fear trembled through me, and I almost doubted if it were the earthly singing of a mortal maiden. A few hours since I was treading the mud and mire of a crowded city, and was shoulder to shoulder with its squalid misery. The change is bewildering. Your singing was just the crowning enchantment of your enchanted valley."

She smiled sweetly into the gravely-loving face.

"You see I am just as free here as the birds, and I suppose I am almost as wild. From morning till evening, from the beginning of the week to the week's end, I am alone. I am quite free to please myself in all things—to sing or keep silent—and this evening the singing mood was on me."

She sat down where she had sat before she began to sing. A faint flush had slowly crept over her face.

"You have quite lately seen my

sister and Sir Lionel?' she asked, as she pointed out a seat to him with the unconsciously queenly manner she had sometimes.

"I stayed with them a few days, leaving them only last evening. I am heavily charged with loving messages; they have not forgotten what day this is. Let me add my earnest wishes that your life may be blessed and crowned with all that Infinite Love holds to be best for you—"

"Thank you—oh, I thank you," she breathed out—looked as if she would have said more, but paused. "They are well?" she asked abruptly.

"Well—and happy as few people know how to be."

"Thank God!" said Lady Ana, softly, and a sweet peacefulness overspread her face. "Have you ever seen a woman as lovely as my Emma?" she asked.

"I have seen one woman who at times looks as lovely, but not always."

"Do you mean me?" asked Lady Ana, the hot blood mantling over her face.

"Yea," he answered, with a grave smile.

She remained silent and thoughtful, grew very pale, and shuddered. Presently she said—and there was the softest witchery of sweet unconscious appeal in her poor face—"I might, perhaps, have been as lovely if, when I was as young, I had been as much loved. Yet I think not even then, for she was always good; from the very earliest I can remember the gentlest sweet creature always."

"You are cold," he said, noticing how again she shuddered, and he rose to shut the window. He stood some moments looking out, then he asked, "Have I your permission to pass an hour or two with you, Lady Ana? There is much I want to say to you."

She shrank into herself and grew paler as she answered that she should be very pleased.

She had light brought, the fire

made up, the tea prepared. And she, wholly unconscious of conventional usages, served her guest, *loving to serve*, and showing that she did so. He suffered this, touched to the core of his heart with her soft womanly simple grace, and much marvelling how this fair girl had gained her character for wild pride and daring eccentricity and recklessness—for her character 'remained to her, though her life was now altered.

Lady Ana's guest had never before been her guest, save for the brief quarter of an hour of an occasional call: but often she had looked up into his face with calm, unflinching attention, often he had looked down into hers with growing interest and pity; often, too, had she heard him spoken of with love and veneration by those she loved: often had he heard her spoken of with a loving pathos of compassion. He was a near friend and distant relative of Sir Lionel's, and now he was the rector, just a year ago appointed, of the little grey church looking into the river. He thought he knew all the story of Lady Ana's life—knowing how she, as well as the gentle Emma, had loved Sir Lionel.

The hours went by, strangely swift and sweet to Lady Ana. She sat a little in the shadow, and the full blaze of the wood-fire, which paled the light of the faint-burning lamp, fell on the face of her guest, whose eyes, wonderfully calm in their brilliance, often sought hers.

He spoke to her as no one in her life had ever spoken to her, with such a mingling of tender deference and authority; and at his words there opened out before her vistas of new life that should no more be waste and aimless. But when he ceased to speak, the memory of the past rushed back, and all the high hope he had awakened died out again as that tide of bitterness surged up and filled her soul.

She said, "If, ten years ago, when I was young, I could have

listened to you sometimes, then I might now indeed be like Emma, as lovely and as happy—fit for such a beautiful life as you fancy I might lead; but, as it is, it is not I who can help others to be happy, good, and pure!”

“When you were young,” he echoed, with a smile.

“I am not old now, I know,” she said. “Oh, how I sometimes wish I were old, that there might not lie before me such a dreary waste of years—old, and with all my senses dulled, that I should not have such power to suffer! I am not old in years, but my heart, somehow, is very old.”

He listened with a smile so tenderly incredulous, she did not wish that he should believe her. He had a face, she thought, that somehow seemed all love—to love all it looked upon with all itself; not with eyes only, or with eyes and mouth, but with every line and light and shadow: withal, it was a face unmistakably manly, full of power—the power of love.

He rose presently.

“You will have a lovely walk,” she said; “the moon is up. It is a lonely walk, is it not, all down my lonely valley, and then up the hill and down the long lane where the owls hoot?”

“Your lonely valley is indeed lonely. I often think of its loneliness. In the winter—at the time of those terrible storms—I used sometimes to be driven to leave my fireside and come out here, just to walk round your house and see if all looked as usual. Once or twice I was impelled to do this at night, and then the wild isolation of your position smote me with a heart-paining blow.”

“You came out here in storms and at night to watch over me! How good of you!” Her eyes, filling with tears, were more eloquent than her poor words.

“Not good at all,” he answered quickly, “for I could not help it! It was for my ease. I am fast learning, Lady Ana, to be uneasy

always when I am not near you—for I love you.”

“You—love—me!” she faltered.

“Is it so strange? Having seen your sweet, fair face shining below me, star-bright, in my little dusky church so often? Having heard you, sweet, fair name so often named with love by lips I love? Is it so strange that I have learned to love you, and that I long to give you a life less desolate and waste than this you lead now? Is this strange, my sweet lady?”

“Is it strange?—‘my sweet, fair name.’ Ah, heaven! you cannot think how strange!—strange as music from heaven heard by one in hell.”

This she murmured, cowering back as much into the dusk as might be, and with her hands hiding her burning face. His words had awakened feelings that had been but lightly sleeping: her heart rose up and cried out within her that she loved him.

“It is so—strange as it may seem to you, it is so! Has your heart any love to give me? Will you trust your loneliness to my love, your liberty to my law? Will you be my wife?”

“Wife,” she whispered to herself. “His wife—happiness, love—love, happiness—for me! Tempted, tempted, tempted—”

Of the devil—and love is of God, and brings strength to resist the temptations of the devil. It brought her strength; she took her hands from before her poor, quivering face; she looked up into his face, and said, in a voice that strove to be firm—

“I thank you from my heart. I love you, from my heart. It is my love for you makes me able to be true. Loving you, I would not wrong you. I cannot marry you—I must not marry any one. There is something stands between. I am not what you think me.” Again she cowered into the darkness, and again she hid her burning face.

What did he think? Why, that

the exquisite delicacy of her maiden modesty made her thus morbidly reproach herself that she had loved Sir Lionel with unrequited love—Sir Lionel who had loved her sister.

"At least," she answered to his further pleadings, "leave me now, and let me have time to think." Was the devil asserting himself?

He answered, "I will take that time to hope," and having kissed her hand, he left her.

An hour later, old nurse found her darling weeping, passionately, convulsively. She had thrown herself upon the floor, and laid her fair head where his feet had been.

The old woman, not without suspicion of what had passed, raised the poor girl, and strove to calm her.

"Oh, nurse, I love him, and I would so fain be happy," she sobbed. "But I may not, I dare not. As a little child longs for its mother, and stretches its arms towards her, and on her bosom knows rest, so I long for his love, and stretch towards it, and in his bosom could know rest. But I may not—I dare not."

"May not! dare not! Who says so, lamb of mine?" she cried, with passionate pride.

"I say so, nurse. I blot his life with mine!—he, of all men—he whose life is so pure, so good—he of all men, to have for a wife a woman such as I am!—a woman whose shame may at any moment be in all mouths."

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried the nurse, and then there followed a to and fro of passionate talk. By-and-by Lady Ana, wearied out, rested her head on her nurse's shoulder and murmured—

"It shall be then, as you say. He will come to-morrow—you will tell him; after—I shall see him no more—but oh, I love him, nurse, I love him—I will go on loving him. Remembering that he has loved me, I will try to grow good."

Next day, at the same twilight hour, Lady Ana stood in her draw-

ing-room, waiting for one last look, waiting to see him whom she loved go away—leaving her for ever. Old nurse had met him outside the house, to make sure of speaking to him before he saw her lady.

A step across the hall—his step—he entered the room.

Like a wild thing driven to bay, Lady Ana left the window to crouch, literally crouch, hiding her face with her hands, in the darkest corner of the room. But when he came close, when he spoke, when she felt his nearness and heard his voice, she rose up, drove the burning blood back from her face, stood before him white and calm; the holy might of her love gave her power so tacitly to honour the untarnished purity of her soul and will.

The last fair light of evening was fall upon his face; she looked into it, and even then wondered at its beauty. He raised her hand to his lips, and did not release it. She spoke first—

"You leave me, but not in scorn; you are too noble to know scorn. May God in heaven bless you for ever and ever for having loved me, for your gentleness in leaving me. And now, for pity's sake, go." She ended with a heart-broken passion of appeal shrilling her voice, and would have sunk down upon the ground.

But he took her in his arms and pressed her head against his breast, and made her understand how he meant that it should be with her for all her future—his arms her shelter, her resting-place his breast.

For a few moments she yielded utterly, and knew nothing but his love and her delicious rest. But soon came the sting of conscience and the chill of icy doubt, and she cried, "Nurse has been false! she has not told you all. Leave me, leave me, leave me! this can never be! Leave me while I have any strength to bid you go."

"She swore that, as she hoped for mercy, she had told me all. My soul is full of pity and of love, and I will not leave you."

She let her head droop against his breast again. The fair present was so fair, life was so sweet, love so good, she hardly had a faculty left that could believe in the dark past as other than a hateful, hideous dream.

Yet when she had been alone some hours—when she had lain some hours sleepless in her white bed, watching the moonlight move along the ink-black floor, shaking with the fear of her new happiness—suddenly that horror of doubt again stood up and would be heard, chilling all her blood with its suggestions. She rose and moved, herself like a fair moonbeam along the moonlit room, and passed into that in which the old nurse slept.

She bent over the woman till she awakened her, then she said—

"Nurse, did you tell him *all*? My shame, and, since, my sin? For pity's sake, dear nurse, be true! Did you tell him *all*?"

"All! as I hope for mercy at my end. I'm an old woman, and can't last long: as I hope for mercy, I told him *all*."

Lady Ana, after kissing the old woman, went back to her white bed.

The old nurse turned in hers and groaned—"Now God forgive me, and have mercy upon my poor miserable soul! But if the devil have me or no, no great matter if my lying makes the sweet lamb happy."

Then she pulled the bed-clothes up over eyes and ears, and slept again.

It was not till Lady Ana was married "safe and fast" that the old nurse confessed to her how little of her story her husband knew. She then accompanied this confession by entreaties to Lady Ana, *for her husband's sake, and as she valued his happiness, not to speak now.*

SCENE IV.

The weather without is wet and wild; chill, though summer is hardly gone by. A great fire blazes in the hearth of the Hall drawing-room, and on either side sit Lady Ana and her sister, Sir Lionel's wife. They are both silently watching a boy who, stretched on the leopard-skin rug full in the ruddy blaze, is playing at being a wild beast, snarling, showing his pretty teeth, pretending to be a tiger who has fixed upon and is worrying the leopard.

When Lady Ana's eyes quit the boy it is to look towards the great window, outside which the trees are rocking in the tempest, black against a pale sky. When Sir Lionel's wife turns from him, it is to bend over a lovely little baby-girl sleeping on her knees. Sir Lionel's wife is more beautiful as a matron even than she was as a girl. She is dark and lovely; dark, with that sort of inwardly-alight clear darkness that one is

tempted to call fairer than fair; lovely, with a gentle, unimpassioned, unimpassionable loveliness, that is in some holly mystical way redeemed from any suspicion of insipidity.

Lady Ana does not look beautiful or lovely just now; in the fire-light her face shows haggard, almost fierce; she brings her eyes back from the window to fix them again on the boy.

Presently his mother softly chides him for the roughness of his play, the loudness of his ugly noises, telling him he will wake and frighten baby.

"Send baby away then—I must finish killing this beast," is his answer, and he goes on playing as before. Emma sighs, and watches him with a slight sadness, a gentle fear and wonder clouding her sweet brow: then she droops her eyes upon the face of her baby-girl, and bends to touch that with her lips.

Just then the boy looked up into

his aunt Ana's face; she called him to her; he stands at her knees, she presses her hands upon his shoulders, and looks into his face. Erect as a dart he stands there, gazing back into the gazing eyes: his lips, too thin for a child's mouth, are at first still curled as they were while he imitated a tiger's snarl: but after a while they began to quiver; he could bear that look no longer. Suddenly his proud, unchildlike face flushed crimson, and his eyes filled; he broke away from those detaining hands, rushed towards his mother, hid himself behind her chair.

"Your boy is afraid of me, Emma," said Lady Ana, with a smile that was no less than ugly, but which Emma did not see, for just then the boy burst into a howl of angry distress, which he tried to stifle with his mother's gown. The baby woke, began to cry; nurse appeared, and would have carried off both the children, but that young Lionel refused to go. He presently left off crying, and threw himself upon his rug—not to play again, but to watch his aunt Ana's face, which seemed to have for him some fascination full of fear.

"Can't you make him obey you, Emma? send him away," Lady Ana said by and by, shading her eyes with her hand as she spoke, but from under it still watching the boy.

"Go to the nursery, Lionel, and play there. When papa comes home you shall come down again." The mother spoke softly and caressingly. The child paid no heed. "Do as you are told—go directly," Ana commanded. The boy coloured rebelliously, but got up and went.

"Emma, you will never make that child obedient; you speak to him as if you were afraid of him. That is not the way to rule a boy like that," Lady Ana said, when the door had closed.

"I know," sighed Sir Lionel's wife—"I *am* afraid of him—afraid of making him naughty, for then he is quite unmanageable. I do

not understand him. I cannot get at the good in him. I do not manage him well: I try so hard too—I am so afraid of not being a good mother to him. He is a noble-looking boy, but he is strangely incomprehensible. Ana," she continued, in her low, calm, monotonous, sweet voice, "do you see any likeness in my boy to any one you have ever known? There is a something that has puzzled me for years in his face—it has just now come to me who it is that he at times reminds me of. It is very strange! Do you see any likeness in him to——?"

"You can hardly expect me to have found out in one day what it has taken you years to discover," interrupted Lady Ana, and her clear voice was so sharp that it startled her sister. "The boy is like his father, it seems to me."

"Like his father? Dear Ana, how *can* you think so? Surely, Ana, you have forgotten my Lionel, with his grand open brow, his tawny locks, his fearless eyes of bright sea-gray. He is so little like that I am always sorry now that we called him Lionel—little Harry is much more like his father. Surely, dear sister, you have forgotten my Lionel."

"I have not forgotten your Lionel, Emma, and still I think young Lionel is like his father."

"But, Ana, *where* can you find any resemblance? I cannot conceive how——"

"I *do* find it—both to father and mother."

"You see no likeness, then, to any other person?"

"I hold to what I have said: he is much like his father—there is some resemblance to his mother; beyond this I see nothing to remind me of any one."

"As to the likeness to the first, thank God that you can think so—as to the likeness to me, Lionel often says he is more like you. I trust that this is a mere fancy of mine; I shall not mention it to Lionel—it might pain him, for he always had a bad opinion of the

man I am thinking of. How long since all that seems! Perhaps you have almost forgotten what a splendid rider he was! Lionel says our boy is a born horseman. You never ride now, Ana, do you? I used to think you could not live without it. What furious gallops you would have on the down up there! I remember so well how I used to sit here and shudder, and fancy all kinds of horrors, when it grew dark and you did not come home. That happened so often the last few weeks I was at home here, before my marriage, you seemed so wild and restless—it grieved me very much. I knew what it meant, darling Ana; it was your way of hiding from me what pain it was to lose me. Wasn't it, love?"

"In part."

"And in part something else that I think I know, too. What a wild, neglected, lonely life we had when we were young! Till Lionel came back to England there was no one to control us or care for us,—no one with more authority than dear old nurse. It was very strange. Since I have been married, Lionel has told me what, perhaps, you knew all along—how our father deserted us nobody knows why, though some people said he was mad with jealousy, and believed that our dead mother had wronged him—how he went away and died suddenly, before he had made any provision for us beyond asking Lionel's father not to lose sight of us altogether—and Lionel's father died, and our mother had no relations alive, and so we grew up with only faithful old nurse to look after us: it was very strange, and oh, how thankful I often feel that we came to no harm! If I had not been so young and ignorant, and so used to look up to you, I should have been more frightened for you about that man. As it was, it was Lionel who taught me to fear for you; he always said that you were the more in danger, having so little fear—that the timidity which instinctively shrank from danger was

a woman's best armour, and that this you had not."

Lady Ana had risen and come close to her sister. She bent over her and said—

"As you love me, never talk to me again of that past. As to that man, I hate him so, Emma, that sometimes I hate to live, fearing that he is still alive. Sometimes I hate all the world, fearing that somewhere he is in it still."

Emma shrank away a little and turned very pale. "Hush, hush, hush, my poor sister; you who love so much cannot hate. Forgive me, darling; I did not know you had ever really cared for him—I did not know—I do not understand. What wrong did he do you? Did he make you love him, and then did he leave you, dearest? How was it?"

"You wrong me too much, Emma. It was not so. I never loved him." She stood erect now and gazed into the fire; and as she saw again the last scene played between her and that man, her eyes flashed fiercely. "He grovelled at my feet," she said, "and I—I struck him! That was how we parted. Emma, you have raised the devil, speaking of those evil times. He is at my feet again; again I raise my hand; my whip is in it, and I leave my mark—yes, I leave my mark."

"Ana, sister Ana," Emma had risen and now wound her sister in her arms. "Calm yourself, my poor darling. Let love drive out the last remnants of that old hate. You are no longer alone and defenceless. You can never more be driven to such self-defence. It is terrible to think you should ever have known such need; but that can never be again. You must forgive, my darling. We must all forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

"As we hope to be forgiven!" murmured Lady Ana, and leant her cheek upon her sister's hair. So they stood, wound in each other's arms. Presently Lady Ana said, in a strange, low voice—

"Would it grieve you much to

lose that boy? You have the others, Harry and little Ana, and the lovely baby-girl. Surely you do not love that headstrong, unloving boy as you do the others?"

"If I do not, may God forgive me!" said Emma, fervently. "But do not call him headstrong and unloving—he is not always as you have seen him to-day. Indeed, he is very good and generous sometimes. Oh, Ana, why do you say I do not love him as I do the others? I trust I do—oh! I trust I do—my first-born, whom I loved so much when he was a baby, that I nearly died of fear that I should lose him. Surely, Ana, you have not forgotten that. And God spared him, and you think I do not love him? Oh, Ana, what have I done—what have you seen—that you should think so?"

"Nothing."

"Something there must have been—something that I have done, or neglected to do. Tell me what, darling Ana; pray tell me!"

Just then there was a noise of wheels, a barking of dogs. The sisters started apart—Lady Ana to ring for lights and to order the tea to be served, Sir Lionel's wife to hasten to the Hall to meet her husband.

The great drawing-room was lighted up, and the crimson drapery drawn before the window, when Sir Lionel entered it, Emma hanging fondly on his arm. In the middle of the room his hostess met him. The light of a shaded lamp fell on the glorious crowned head and on the fair oval cheek: she welcomed him with a sweet bright smile, and as she stood before him thus, she was most softly beautiful. He looked into her face with a penetrating glance as he thanked her for her welcome, calling her "my own dear sister." She met the glance with fearless gladness, and he stooped and kissed her. Then they both remembered what had passed on the night when they had last met there—that night on which Lady Ana had made her

passionate confession. But Sir Lionel thought more of their only meeting since, their meeting at his house, and said—

"We have not met since that sad night when you came like an angel of light and mercy into my sad household, and, under God's blessing, saved me my dear ones." She turned from him suddenly: he said no more about the past.

"When may we hope to see your husband?" he asked, by-and-by.

"Oh, very soon; perhaps to-morrow," she answered, radiantly. "Life is very weary when he is away. I grow wicked when he is away," she added, with a look at Emma.

Kissing her sister, as she lingered in her room, before they parted for the night, Lady Ana said—

"You have often told me that you longed for the time to come when I would know and love your husband. The time is come; I dare love your husband now, Emma dear, now that I so utterly, so absolutely, love my own. For the years to come we will be much together—at least I trust it may be so, sweet one."

"Was it true then, Ana? Oh, Ana, was it true what I sometimes feared?" murmured Sir Lionel's wife.

"It was. I loved your Lionel even as you loved him. I do not mind your knowing this now. I am not ashamed of having loved him; though I am sorry—I would rather my husband had had all my love always." Over those words the gentle Lady Emma pondered when she was alone. She blessed her sister in her heart, and praised her as most noble, generous, and devoted—could hardly grieve over her past pain, knowing her so happy now.

"So happy!" Then came a momentary doubt of the completeness of this happiness—a painful recollection of fierce looks, wild words, such as it was difficult to reconcile with love and happiness. Sir Lionel's wife determined that

never again would she trouble the peace of her sister's present happiness by raising that spectre of the past—the remembrance of wrong and insult, and of revengeful passion and hate.

"A little while, and she will forget it all," she murmured; "she has not loved long yet. A little while, and she will forget how to hate."

Lady Ana, alone in her own chamber, that same night writes a love-letter most passionately tender to her husband. Then she reads and re-reads his last letter, kisses it many times, lays it in her bosom, sits holding it there, pressing it there, gazing into the fire. Tears of love and happiness fill and overflow her eyes and run unheeded down her cheeks.

How very fair she looks—how tender, sweet, and young, while the happy untroubled love-dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the face. "Oh, my love, my love, my love!" she cried; "woe is me that you ever loved me! If, a few months ago, I had known what is such love as yours—if, a few months ago, I had loved you as I love you now, I had never, never, never let you call the thing I am your own. How dared I? How dared I? If I had known one-half your goodness, I had not dared! I thought I could grow good and fair in love; but how can I, being false to you who are so true? For years I have borne my hellish secret, and not known how it poisoned all my life. For years I have borne it for my own sake, and now I must bear on and on for ever—for yours. There is no way in which I do not wrong you—keeping silent, I wrong you, and, with all my life, lie to you; speaking, I should kill you. There is no way in which I do not wrong you."

She wrung her hands together—the letter dropped from her bosom. "Yes," she said, "even the senseless paper knows that what his hand has rested on my bosom is not worthy to hold."

"When you have learned to value honour and to love life, then remember me."

It was almost as if those words were spoken in her ear; she looked slowly round, chill after chill running through her blood.

"Yes, your time is come," she said. "You can strike me now through one I love, and I shall feel it; through one who makes honour dear and life sweet. But, oh God, merciful God, you will not suffer it! For his sake—my husband's, who is in truth your servant, pure and undefiled—you will not suffer the triumph of the wicked."

She threw herself on her knees and broke into most passionate entreaty for any punishment that she could bear alone.

"Did you call me, my lady?" asked the old nurse, roused from her sleep by her mistress's sobs and cries. She came in just as Lady Ana rose from her knees.

"No, nurse; but since you are here, stay with me. See, put this great shawl round you, and stay with me a little—you will not be cold so. To-night, of all nights in the year, it is dreadful for me to be alone."

"To-night!—oh, ay! To-night, just seven years ago, young master was born! They keep his birthday just one week too late, as we know, my pretty."

"Nurse! what do the servants say about him?"

"Not much good—they call him an evil-natured child, and I've heard them say how that they can't understand that such a child should belong to their master and mistress. But maybe he's only a bit high-spirited and haughty—no harm in him. Anyway he's a noble boy to look at!"

"It was an evil gift I gave my sister—an evil gift! and, oh! I fear it will bring her sorrow and trouble, nurse. But, nurse, surely he will grow good; surely they will make him good."

"Perhaps they may, my lamb. Don't you fret for that. Trouble must come into all lives; if they have trouble with this boy, may-

hap some other trouble 'ull be spared them. Anyways, you did it for the best, and out of nought but love and kindness."

"But it was wicked, nurse! Oh, nurse! if you had let me die before that boy was born! It is terrible to live a life like mine, harming all I love and all who love me."

"Not master, my lady; not your husband, my pretty. Aren't you the joy and light of his life? No harm done while he does not know."

"All harm done, nurse. He has a false and wicked wife, and we let him think he has a pure and true one! And who can tell, nurse, how soon he may have to know?"

"It's less than likely he need ever know, the girl being dead, poor thing, who nursed young master; and she never out of my sight after she came into it. Trust me to guard your fair fame, my lamb! The old woman who nursed Lady Emma being dead too, and she swearing to me, just before she died, that she had never breathed a word to any living creature. Not that she suspected other than that you had bribed that girl to give up her baby that you might pass it off for the dead child, and so save your sister."

"But the man himself, nurse! Oh, nurse! he'll neither forget nor yet forgive. His words, 'When you have learnt to value honour and to love life, remember me,' will not out of my head to-night. Oh, nurse! if only you had let me die; or, nurse, if you had been true! Dear nurse, you did it for the best, I know."

"I did, my lady; and I take it not kind that you keep casting in my face now how I lied for you, holding my very soul cheap for you! These words, keeping in your head as you say they do, is a sign, maybe, that he's soon to die. I've heard of such death signs. Since you're so set on truth, my lady, I have something on my mind I had sooner tell. Any-way it's safer that you should know, perhaps."

"About him?" asked Lady Ana, at once turning white and sick.

"About him. Two evenings ago,

just at dusk, something made me take a fancy (knowing that the mother was coming here, perhaps) to go and see how the place looked where I put Lady Emma's baby. It was in the thick of the wood, you mind, my pretty. I couldn't find the place at first, for the moss-stone with the mark on it is choked over with the dead leaves that have fallen and fallen there these six years that it is since we set it there. While I was stirring about among the leaves, near a tree that looked like *the* tree, I thought I heard a rustling near me; so down I sat and pretended I had been looking for beech-masts. I cracked some, and made a show of eating the kernels, all the while listening, but not looking round. I heard nothing more, and by-and-by I got up and moved away, but, after a bit, I doubled back, and then I saw a man groping about where I had stirred the leaves, digging among them with his hands."

"Ah, heavens!" shuddered Lady Ana—"It was——? He is here—near me—oh God!"

"Hush, hush, hush, my pretty! Hear the rest. There's nothing much to fright ye. I tried, and tried, and peered and peered, but I couldn't make out his face, it was growing so dark; but to-night I went prowling about at the same hour—I met him, and I mocked him finely! I mocked him finely!" chuckled the old nurse. "I mocked him finely—made him think you're dead."

"Quick, nurse—quick, quick, let me hear all, at once—if—he—is—still—near—me," Lady Ana gasped, and then she fell back in her chair and fainted.

Bitterly chiding herself now for the momentary anger and pique that had made her rough and untender—for the bluntness of her old senses that did not teach her what her darling must suffer—nurse lavished all her cares upon her mistress, and by-and-by restored her: then she helped her to her bed—she would have her lie down there, while she sat by her to finish her story.

"Yes, I looked him finely, as you shall hear.—He didn't know me, be-like he had never seen me; or if he had, one old woman's like enough to another in a young man's fancy; but I knew his handsome tiger-face well enough. When I came upon him, he was standing upon the hillock where the big pine grows—from there he could see into the great drawing-room. Sir Lionel had just drawn back the curtains to look upon the night——"

"And I did not feel his nearness, and creep and shudder to the marrow of my bones!"

"As luck would have it, or a merciful Providence——"

"Alas, nurse! not for me."

"Put it as you will, only you were not there—not in the room, my lady. You were just gone up to your chamber. The children were all come down to bid Sir Lionel good-night. I looked over that fiend's shoulder, creeping up the back of the hillock—I got behind him, and stood nigher the top than he. No fear he would hear me—for the wind made the noise of wind and sea together shrieking in the tree about our heads—so I looked over his shoulder, and saw what he saw. They were all there, as I said, and the firelight shining full on them. Sir Lionel had a boy and a girl climbing about him—his lady had the baby on her lap, and right in the midst, standing on the rug, was young master—and you not there!—as luck or Providence would have it, you not there," chuckled the old woman.

"Oh, nurse, go on," groaned her auditor. "Is he near me still?"

"No, no, not he. But listen. Ories I close into his ear, 'A fine sight, sir, ain't it?'"

"Says he, turning upon me at once fierce and frightened, it seemed to me, 'Who the devil are you, you old hag?'"

"Says I—'It wouldn't hurt you to keep a civiller tongue. I'm a poor old nurse-body from the village above there, with the breath wellnigh blown out of me, and the hill to climb this wild night.' For

reason of the wind, I still shrieked right into his ear.

"Answers he, quite civil—'A fine sight, as you say—and who may those people be? And who does this grand place belong to? I'm a stranger travelling this way by chance. Could I see the house, do you think, old mother?—not to night, of course, but if I come again to-morrow.' (All the while I knew by the look of him that he wouldn't dare come again in daylight.)

"Says I—'No, surely! and where's the manners of you to ask it? Can't you see as the family is here?'"

"Then he—'And who are "the family?"'"

"Then I—'Aren't you a looking at them? There's the master and there's the young master (just striking his sister), and there's the sister and another boy to be the heir if the elder should die; and there's the lady, the mistress, and the last baby on her knees.'

"Then he—'Of course I can see all that as well as you, you old fool!' (only the compliment spoken as he thought I shouldn't hear); 'but, what is the name of the fellow you call the master?'"

"Then I—'I don't call any fellow master; but the master is called Sir Lionel. His other name is Wintenhose, or something like that.'

"Then he—'How comes he to be the master? I mean, has the house been his long?'"

"Then I—'About seven year, I'm thinking. It come to him through his wife, I've heard, and was in her family. But I don't know everything. I haven't lived my life in these parts.'

"Then he—and I fancied he turned whiter—'Is Sir Lionel's wife the only surviving member of the family then? I mean,' he added, as if I didn't know the sense of his big words, 'are all the rest dead?'"

"Then I—'So it seems.'

"Then he—'Hadt Sir Lionel's wife any brother or sister?'"

"Then I—'I've heard tell that

there was a sister. But I'm not going to let out all I know of a good family to any stranger I meet. That's not what we poor old nurse-bodies call honour.'

"Then he—slipping a bit of gold into my hand—'There was a sister you say—she is dead then?'

"Then I—'If all's true they tell, it's no pity, poor sinner!'

"Then he—'You know more than another, I fancy. You nursed her in her—in her last illness, perhaps?' (He didn't speak steady.)

"Then I—'Last illness! poor soul! It was a short and sharp one—no time for nursing, and no need.'

"Then he, quite fierce and gripping my arm—'Tell me all you know, old woman!—how and when she died, and if she killed her child?'

"Then I, as fierce as he—'Who said she had a child? you spy, you impostor, you! You are the villain, are you? You are the wretch of a murderer come back to see the graves of your victims!'

"Then he—'I, old idiot? Take care, or I'll insure your silence. Where are those graves you speak of!—not in the churchyard!'

"Then I—'There's more bodies than lie in churchyard, as there's more murderers than come to the gallows!'

"Then he, passionately—'She was not murdered!'

"Then I—'You know that well enough; knowing that if she had been it would have been you as done it, and none other! Sweet lamb! there wasn't another, man or devil, would have done it!'

"Then he, in a rage—'Woman, speak! What did become of her and the child?'

"Then I, making believe to be very cunning—'Look at young master there. He's just the age, and he's no lamb like his brother and sister.'

"Then he, quite pleasant-like, and without looking where I pointed—'I see you are no fool, I know you now, old friend; no hope of throwing me off the scent like that.

Last night I had the pleasure of watching you as you searched for something in the wood. What you did not find I did—a little grave, a baby's. But where does *she* lie—the mother?'

"Then I—'Not with them as dies a natural death.'

"Then he, as if talking to himself—'Dead, that beautiful wild creature! Dead, and by her own hand! I could be sorry if—if it were not for this.' He touched his forehead with a finger, but it was too dark for me to see if there were any mark there.

"Then I—'Who said she killed herself? You villain, you! won't you even leave her memory alone, but you must blacken that?' With this I moved away, knowing he would follow me. I was in mortal terror that you would come down, and they not having dropped the curtain!

"Then he,—I not stopping or giving him a chance to speak till the house was hidden from us by the trees, and we stood at that gate where you thought he'd have been killed the last night you saw him, when his horse ran away—as for sure he must have been if the gate hadn't been set open for Sir Lionel's carriage. You remember how you made me go down with you to look before you'd go to bed that night?'

"Yes, yes, nurse. Go on."

"Then he, as we stood by that gate—'Thank you for your last words, old woman; her memory—something may be made of that.'

"He leant upon the gate, hindering me from passing through, and seemed to think. I watched him. Ah, if he'd stood by the brink of the river with that evil face, and I as nigh him as I stood then, ill it would have fared with him if he hadn't been able to swim. Old woman as I am, I'd have found strength to push him in!'

"Hush, hush, hush, nurse!" broke in Lady Ana. "Have pity on me: the sin of all your evil thoughts is mine; have pity."

"Listen! hear what he said next, with a sneer—'Sir Lionel was fond

of his wife's sister—is fond of his wife—the family honour will be dear to him. He shall pay for it though she's dead.'

"Villain as he is, that word dead seemed to hurt him—'Dead,' says he again, 'dead—and that blow!—it was only a girl's blow. Pahaw! I would forgive her, if I could afford it; but I cannot.'

"Then I—'It's likely Sir Lionel will believe any story you may trump up against a dead girl! a girl he and his wife almost worship, not knowing.'

"Then he—'It's *not* likely, unless I have proof.'

"Then I—'And there's no one body in the world but me can give it you.'

"Then he (scowling at me close under my bonnet)—'And you—you wait to know how much I am going to offer you?'

"Then I—'Maybe ay, maybe nay. I'm but poor, and I'm old and past work, and yet love life like another. But I've my feelings, too, like another; and it's not for a little I'd disturb that dead girl's rest.'

"Then he—'For the present I'll disappoint you. Just now I'm pressed for time' (here he glanced round him as he had done often before). 'If at some future period I want you, how shall I ask after you? what name do you go by?'

"Then I—'In the village up there they know me as Mother Grildes. I'll serve you as you serve me, my fine gentleman.'

"Then he—'Old hag! I understand you.' Then he muttered again—'Dead! dead!—Well, I'd rather let her dust rest in such peace and honour as it may—I will, if I'm not driven to extremes! With a 'good-evening, old mother,'

he moved away. But he came back and said—'If you breathe a word anywhere about having seen me, I'll not forget you the next dark night we meet!'

"My lamb, you've not much to fear from him while he believes you're dead. The devil is not all black, they say."

"But, nurse, you forget. One question asked in either of the villages will show him how you have deceived him—and then his rage."

"Wouldn't he have questioned first rather than last, if he'd meant to question at all? He had a hunted, harried look. He'll not stop to question for fear his turn should come to answer. He's not much altered, and he was too well known in these parts. He'll not show by daylight. There was old Tamling, the blacksmith, at Witch-hampton, and Ned Bury, the carrier, up at Chine-dandon, both swore years ago, to serve him out, if ever they had the chance, *and he knows it*. He'll not stay anywhere in these parts, or show in them by daylight. He wholly believes you're dead, and 'ull be off far enough by this. He's one as makes any place he's known in too hot to hold him again in a hurry."

"Nurse, dear nurse, no more of him. It makes my very soul sick. But, nurse, I am sorry that I ever struck him; I could almost—but, no, no, no."

"To keep silence, on and on, for ever—is that not the only punishment I can now bear alone? Is it not heavy, heavy—will it not grow ever heavier?"

So groaned Lady Ana when old nurse, believing that at last her mistress slept, had gone back to her own bed, and left her alone.

SCENE V

(*Ten years later.*)

"I hate you all! I will bear it no longer—I will go away. You shall never, any of you, hear of me again, unless it is in some way that shall show you how I hate you."

A tall slight boy, whose fine-featured face was now distorted by passion, stood with defiantly-folded arms in the great drawing-room window of Witch-hampton Hall, and haried these words at Sir Lionel.

Sir Lionel was pacing the room in great and evident agitation. Lady Emma sat by the fireside, her youngest child on her knees, the others gathered round her, aghast at their brother's insolent and violent conduct.

Sir Lionel approached the boy.

"Come with me," he said. "You are not fit to remain in the same room with your mother and sisters."

"Let them go, then. I will not, till I choose."

Sir Lionel drew nearer; his face was white, but resolute: the boy uncrossed his arms, a gleam of tigerish ferocity shot from his eyes—another moment, and there would have been a struggle for mastery. Just in time Lady Ana stood between them. In a voice more sad than severe, but that showed not the slightest doubt that she would be obeyed, she told the boy to leave the room immediately, and go to the library. She followed him.

Emma sent the children all away, bidding them not go near their brother; then she went to her husband. Sir Lionel had seated himself at the table, leaning his head upon his hands. Emma folded her arm round his neck, and murmured, "God comfort you, my poor Lionel. What will become of him? What must we do with him?"

"What will become of him God only knows," answered Sir Lionel. He tried to rouse himself from his deep dejection. Passing his arm round his wife, he added—"It would be strange if our lot had not some flaw in it: but it seems strange that this should be the flaw; and how to act for the boy's good I cannot tell. I must in some way have failed and fallen far short of my duty towards him."

"You could not help it," said Emma, timidly; "but towards him, it has seemed to me, that we have both acted from duty, and not love. Sometimes I think he feels this."

"Yet Ana, who has such influence over him, does not love him."

"I do not know," Emma answered, thoughtfully.

"I shall go now and find Ana's

husband, and talk the matter over with him."

"Perhaps if, when we leave, we could leave him behind under their charge for a while——"

"I have thought of that, Emma. But it does not seem to me right that we should lay our burdens on others; we ought to learn to bear them ourselves. And Ana, ever since old nurse's death, has seemed so weak and ill that she is not fit to bear the shock of such scenes as that of to-day."

Meanwhile Lady Ana had softly turned the key upon young Lionel, and had then, with a feeble faltering step, gone up to her own room.

She locked herself in, and knelt by the window. Her face, as she knelt there, raising her eyes to the pale sky of the autumn afternoon, looked bloodless and haggard.

"The time has come!" she moaned—"the time has come! Now God be pitiful to him, my only beloved, my husband. Oh, my great one, my strong one, my true one—you who so believe in the saving power of love—little you thought how your words—from which, since you spoke them, I have had no rest—'If you could love him, Ana, your love might save him, for some fascination draws him towards you,'—little you thought how those words would open a grave in my heart, which, after letting out a long-buried lie, would close again over all the joy and light and life of life. My love might save him! The time is come when I must try. Yet oh, a little longer, a little longer; the years of your love, my husband, have been as days, and now the days of my life will be as years, so long and weary. A little longer—love me a little longer before I lose your love for ever. Yet why lose it? Shall I not be less unworthy of your love—a little less unworthy? Ah, but he has not known me, and now he must. My husband, my husband, oh, how I love you! oh, how I pity—oh, how I would spare you! And God, He loves you more and better; He

pities you," and He *can* spare you."

In her agony she pushed open the casement, leaning out for air. She saw her husband below, walking up and down with Sir Lionel. At the noise of her window he looked up and was startled at her face.

A moment, and she heard his step upon the stair, and then his hand upon the lock.

She opened the door to him: when he had closed it she threw herself upon his breast, her arms flung wildly round his neck; straining herself against him, she wept as one who weeps very life away.

"My own dearest love, my darling one," he murmured, making vain efforts to soothe her. "What is it? You are more ill, more weak to-day. But what is this sad trouble?"

"I am ill, very ill and weak," she sobbed; "and you—you are going from me."

"For two days, love," he said, with a tender smile. "But if you are not better, I will not leave you for two hours. You have been shaken by the scene with that miserable boy, Lionel has been telling me. Calm yourself; I will not leave till you are better."

"I shall never be better till I am dead," she cried. "And yet I am growing better—it is the growing better that kills me. Kiss me, husband, hold me closer—love me, love me. One moment more. Now, leave me, dear love—I will grow calm. I shall grow so soonest left alone."

She drew herself out of his arms, and looked into his face. Then suddenly she fell upon his breast again, crying,—

"My heart is breaking. Oh, husband, don't you feel it breaking? Oh, how I love you—how I love you! Remember how I love you—never forget how I love you."

"I shall not leave you to-morrow, Ana," he said, in gravest, tenderest concern; "it is no duty that calls me. Indeed, poor child, I will not leave you."

"We will see," she said, "it is a long time till to-morrow. Who can tell what will happen? Now go

down to poor Lionel. I will come down soon."

But when he turned to obey her she called him back, and again she strained him in her arms as if, indeed, they were about to part for ever.

He left her reluctantly, greatly troubled at her state. A few months since, about the time her old nurse died, a change had come over Lady Ana—a nameless illness, a trouble more of the mind than of the body, but telling surely upon her physical condition.

During the last ten years of her life, Lady Ana had been conscious that the dreadful secret at her heart grew ever heavier. In those ten years—her husband, her one constant companion, she working for and with him—her life had been struggling upwards towards a higher standard of truth and love.

Now, since the old nurse died, she had borne her burden all alone—all things combined to make its weight intolerable. No living creature shared her knowledge of the truth of her boy's parentage: this isolation of hers had in it something which she felt to be frightful. The condemnation to perpetual silence roused in her a wild, a mad desire to proclaim her sin, ay, upon the house-tops. She would have done it had not love, her love for him, her husband, restrained her.

Not many days before her nurse had died, she had learned to be certain that the man who had so deeply wronged her was dead—had died a violent and a miserable death. Since that he was not for her so much the man who had foully wronged her as the man who had once loved her, though in a wild and savage fashion, towards whom she had not been blameless, and whom she had in her heart cursed and hated. "Curses come home to roost;" she was taught the truth of the homely saying. The weight of her own hate, the blight of her own curse, came back upon her, blighting her own love, burdening her own burden.

When she looked upon her son now—her son whom she had planted as

a thorn to fester in the flesh of those she loved, who seemed to live among the gentle flock of his reputed brothers and sisters, like a wolf, in whom the wolf-nature has been restrained but not subdued, among lambs—her son who, in his unmanly boyhood, seemed to scorn the gentleness of her he called “mother,” to writhe under and revolt against the calm justice of him he called father, while, as if by some fated fascination, he appeared drawn towards her he had been taught to name as aunt—it was with remorse rather than loathing, and with an awakening consciousness that by love paid to the son, by loss and pain suffered for him, she might expiate her crime of hate towards the father. Expiate her crime of hate—was that a crime? *Is there anything in the teaching of Him we profess to follow, that offers the slightest justification of hate in man or woman under extremest wrong?* Expiate her crime! But then she would think, what did her crime matter—what mattered her fate, soul or body? If she only could have suffered and not pulled pain and punishment down on the head of the true, the pure, the good, the innocent—then—. Why, then, she would not, could not, have suffered in any adequate way. Love is the one lesson we have to learn in life. When we have learned anything beyond the mere rudiments, we know that we can only suffer in any deep and abiding manner for, through, and by those whom we love.

Nothing from without now threatened Lady Ana's tranquillity. No sword of Damocles, that one day must fall from force of fate, and, falling, would sever her from all that made life dear, now hung over her head: since it had been thus, the inward straining towards truth that at times seemed all but strong enough to expel all falsehood from her life, even against her will, seemed to be tearing that life up by the roots. Why was it now thus with her? she often questioned. For long years her love had strengthened her to hold her secret, and to live a lie. Did she

love less now? Was this why she felt that not even for his sake could she bear on longer? Or was it that love being truth, and her love having grown and strengthened in those years, left now no room in her life for anything that was false?

However this might be, the fact was, that since all cried peace and oblivion, she knew no moment's peace or forgetfulness; she learnt to dread sleep and her own fevered dreams. The inward impulse, to be wholly true to him she loved, contradicted by the love that feared the truth for what it loved, seemed to be tearing her heart shred by shred.

All good she gained, all knowledge, all experience, weighted the lie she bore. All things worked together to show her the evil of the thing she had done, and how it turned to the harm of those she loved.

When she had hated her innocent child, she had grudged it the good she did it, giving it such a father and mother; now she understood how, even to him, what she had done had been not good, but evil.

Young Lionel being home from school—sent home disgraced—had come with the others on a visit to the Hall. To the very depths Lady Ana had felt her soul stirred with pity as she saw how the proud boy held himself aloof, felt himself unloved and alone. She had felt too, that to which no one else had been blind—her own power over him. Then those words her husband had spoken, that if she could love, she might save the boy!

But her husband—he held her as a flawless gem, an unspotted pearl of truth, on whose pure candour the tiniest speck of the falseness of the world would show out black and ugly. How could she so open his eyes as not to blind him to the beauty and joy of life for ever after?

It was not now *what* she had hidden, so much as the fact that she had hidden it through those long years of his love, that seemed to her the more dreadful part of that which he should have to learn and she to tell.

In the minutes that elapsed between the time of her husband's

leaving her and the time when she softly quitted her room, went down the stairs, and paused at the door of the library, into which she had looked the boy, Lady Ana suffered, God only can tell how much. Pausing to try and realise such suffering, with what gratitude the sick heart turns to the remembrance of the finiteness of human power, the limit and boundedness that so safely hem us in, limiting and bounding the power of one poor heart to suffer.

The dusk seemed already to have gathered in the corners of the dark old room when Lady Ana entered the library. She paused, looked round, and thought the room was empty; one of the windows stood open. Young Lionel was light and agile; a spring from that window, a branch of the great beech clutched, a swing to the ground was easy enough. Lady Ana, in her wild girlhood, had often thus escaped when shut in there by nurse for some obdildiah naughtiness. Who shall say what passion leapt up and fought in that poor woman's half-distracted mind, as the idea flashed across it that if the boy had escaped, were gone as he had threatened, speech would not avail for him, and silence might still for all be best? She was not long left in doubt. She heard a stifled sob; there, on the ground, his face hidden in his hands, lay the young creature whom all thought too hardened in sullen evil-mindedness to shed a tear.

Lady Ana went to where he lay. Kneeling down beside him, she laid a trembling hand upon his shoulder, and softly, fearfully breathed out, "My son!" and at the breathing of those words something consciously awoke within her—and—she—loved him.

Softly as those words were spoken, they sounded in her ear as the crash of doom.

Young Lionel raised himself to lean upon his elbows; he looked her in the face with startled wonder, and said—

"Why do you call me that? I wish I were your son! If you were

my mother, everything would be different."

She sank upon the floor beside him, trembling so that she could not even kneel.

"Why do you come to me and speak to me like that?" he continued. "Why do you come to me and look at me like that? You hate me worse than they do."

"I do not hate you," she said. "If you will let me, I will love you!"

"If I will let you! You know, you know," he cried, "that I want you to love me; but you won't, you can't. Sometimes I see you look as if you were trying, and then—then the look comes that shows me how you hate me—worse than the others do, a hundred times. Aunt Ana, I have *felt* you look at me as if I were *loathsome* to you. I have felt that, and I can't forget it!"

"My poor boy! learn to forget it now, and let me love you."

"You are sorry for me?" he asked, after an eager reading of her face. "You look sorry about something. Is it about me?"

"We all are sorry for you; nobody hates you: it is your morbid fancy."

"Are you sorry for me, I ask? 'They all are;' oh, of course. I know what that means: they are all sorry for me, just as they are sorry if a worm is trodden upon or a snail crushed. 'They do not hate me'—oh, I know what that means too, quite well: they are so good, so Christian, they cannot hate! But—are you sorry for me? you are not sorry about every trifle: are you sorry for me? You can hate; are you sure you don't hate me?"

"I am more sorry for you than I can tell, or you can think, my poor boy. I do not hate you; I love you."

"Now, aunt Ana," cried the boy, "what is the meaning of this? Why are you so different to me to-day? Why have you never come to me and been kind to me before? If you had, I should have been different."

"But you have had love, Lionel."
"I have not! you know I have

not. Why do you lie?" he asked, passionately. "If they had loved me and used me ill, or if they had hated me out and out, honestly, I wouldn't have minded; but always to be well treated, to have nothing to complain of, to be mocked with the show of kindness by all those meek hypocrites—I hate them!"

"Oh, Lionel, I implore you, do not feel like that!"

"But I do feel like that, and you have felt like that. When you hated me, and your fierce eyes said so, I liked you better than any of the others who seemed to love me."

"Then, if I love you," she said, "when I love you—*now* I love you—you will not care for me any more."

"I will!" he cried. "Try me—love me, aunt Ana! I will obey you like a slave, I will follow you like a dog—love me, aunt Ana. Let me live with you always."

"Now, God help me," she murmured, and laid her head down on the boy's shoulder. Her sentence had gone forth: all was irrevocable now. Had she not felt this before? Who knows? Even on the way to execution a ray of hope will sometimes play about the path of the condemned, and make it seem less unlikely that some sign in the heavens or convulsion of the earth shall alter the face of the world, than that beneath an unregarding heaven all shall go on towards the appointed doom.

"Are you ill?" the boy asked, when she did not speak or stir. "I heard them say you looked as if you had not long to live, and I did not mean to live after you."

Her head slipped from his shoulder as he moved to try and see her face: she moaned a little, then lay quite still upon the ground.

He spoke to her; she did not answer: he took her hand up, and it fell powerless when he left hold of it. He bent over her deadly-white and sunken-looking face.

"Dead!" he cried, and for a moment his own young life seemed to stand still.

Then he sprang to his feet. Taught tenderness by fear or other emotion, he brought a pillow and put beneath her head; he got water and sprinkled over her face, he chafed and kissed her hands. Most jealously he abstained from calling any one.

When he found that she gave no sign of consciousness or life, he stretched himself beside her, laying his face upon her hand.

Lady Ana's husband had been seeking her anxiously; presently he came into the room.

"Are you here, love?"

At his entrance, young Lionel looked up, but did not rise. "She's here," he said, with sullen sorrow.

"Good heavens! what does this mean? Boy, why did not you call for help? Your aunt has fainted. How long since?"

"Not long. I didn't call help, because I did not choose that any one should come. I did what I could——"

At the sound of voices, just as her husband was kneeling at her side, Lady Ana roused herself. She put an arm round the boy's neck, raising herself to lean against him.

"Poor boy! I have been ill. I frightened you. Poor boy—how white you look!" she said. Then to her husband—"He has been very good to me, husband." Turning again to young Lionel, she kissed him, and murmured—"Go away now, my boy, and leave me alone with my husband; I have something to tell him. Go to your own room till I come to you, and remember that I love you."

"But you will be ill again—you will die—you will leave me, and not speak to me again."

"It won't be so," she answered. "Go now."

He rose. As he stood proudly erect, gazing down upon her, a wonderful softness was over all his fine fierce face. Her husband looked at him with wonder. At the door he turned, again gazed at her a long, strange gaze, which she met with eyes of love—yet not a

mother's love for a child, so much as a martyr's love for the cause for which she dies.

The door closed; she moaned and dropped her head down into her hands.

Her husband, with soothing words and tenderest caresses, strove to raise her from the ground.

"Stand up," she said, writhing herself free from his arms. "My lord, my judge, my king, whom I dare no more call husband, stand up, and do not touch me. Stand up and leave me here. Stand up and judge me."

Then in broken sentences, passionately self-reproachful, abjectly humble—for all the pent-up penitence of years burst forth, and she felt her shame, her guilt, her falsehood, overwhelmingly—she made her confession. When she had ended—when, struggling up on to her feeble knees, she had raised her strained starting eyes and her clenched clasped hands to him a moment—she fell forward on her face, feeling for his feet with her failing arms.

Her husband! When he first began to gather the sense of her wild words, he stiffened himself into incredulity.

That defence gave way as a thousand trifling confirmations that in another man would have been enough to have raised suspicion, rushed across his consciousness. Then he staggered, reeled as under a heavy blow—felt all things become as nothing—all life grow black and void.

He was stunned. Without losing physical power (though he had staggered back a little from the spot where he had stood when her first words rooted him to the ground, he was still erect), he appeared to lose mental consciousness.

After a while, over this black death-darkness came flashes as from the flames of hell.

Must he now loathe what he had so loved? Must he hold as polluted both the mind and body which he had thought so pure?

Then came a vast pity that sick-

ened his soul almost unto death, as he thought what this erring woman had suffered, did suffer, must suffer.

It was the bitterness of death to see her lying there—to know that she merited to be there.

Not yet could he raise her! not yet could he touch her! Alas! she was fallen from such high estate!

He loathed the sin of her long deceit with the sternest loathing; and yet, through all, he never doubted but that he loved her still—ever should love her still. By degrees he more and more separated the sinner from the sin, and over the consciousness of her sin the consciousness of her suffering spread like a charitable mantle.

He lived a lifetime, past, present, and future, while she lay there motionless, awaiting her sentence. How long she was left to lie there she never knew; it could not have been long, for the room had seemed dusky when she had first entered it, and when all was over it was not yet quite dark.

She had not fainted again; with all the power left her she strove to keep her senses alight to read her sentence.

"Ana!" At that low sound she stirred a little, lifted her face, and looked up towards his, drawing herself a little farther from him as she did so.

She tasted her punishment, reading the changed lines of his beloved face, hearing the altered broken tone of his voice, as he said—

"How must my love have failed and fallen short, not teaching you to trust me!"

As he spoke he tried to raise her: but she, resisting him, answered—

"It is not so; you are wholly blameless—you are wholly spotless, and all the fault is mine."

"Not all. Your old nurse—she deceived you as well as me, you say, swearing to you as to me that she had told all. God forgive her! For the years after you kept silence for my sake, and now it is for the sake of others that at last you speak. All are dead who could have told me—all, you say—every one?"

"All—every one. Very few need

know. You will tell Emma and Sir Lionel, and they, Heaven bless them! will try to comfort you. I will take my boy and will go with him where you shall think best. Always you will be my lord and master, though no more my husband; and you—you will try and forget me. And oh, God comfort you! God comfort you!" She broke into a passion of heart-wasting weeping, creeping a little nearer to fold her hands round his feet. But when he spoke she stilled herself to listen.

"Forget you, Ana!" he said. "I have loved you long enough for love to have worked into the very fibres of my life. I have loved you, not knowing—now I know. That is the change in me; and now, how are you changed from the being I have loved? God has worked in you mercifully through love, strengthening you through love, giving you sight through love. Is it now, when you are more love-worthy, when love has strengthened you to throw off a life and live for duty in the truth—is it *now* that I shall dare to cast you off, you whom He is so manifestly saving by love, shall I cast off, and call unworthy of my love? Wife, I do not say that the cup has not been bitter, bitter beyond all word or thought; but I feel that in these minutes, or these hours, I have drunk it to the dregs. It will not work a poison-death to love. I do not say that life can ever again be for me what it has been, can ever be for us what I had hoped—the light of life is blurred, and the bitter taste of the cup dwells in the mouth. I look on and see much trial; our lives will be salted as with fire; but what matter if we come forth purified?" He paused a little and bent over her—"Love, my love, come to my arms. Every moment that you lie there you reproach my love and grieve my heart and make me feel myself a Pharisee; you called me lord and judge, but He has judged you, and, working in you through love, has so far pardoned you that He sets your feet in a straight path—thorny it may be, but unperplexed."

She let him raise her now; but as her head fell back against his breast a great fear shuddered through him, lest the strained thread of life had cracked.

It was not so. Lady Ana lived—a life which henceforth was love.

If hatred and fierce evil passion may be expiated by love—a love, too, which knew more of the anxious grief and fiery trial of love than of its joy and peace—then Lady Ana in the years that followed must, by love paid to her son, have expiated that sin of hate against his father.

Young Lionel loved his mother; but at first with love so fierce and jealous that it threatened speedily to wear her heart out. It was by very slow degrees that his love grew tame enough to be a softening influence of his own life, and not to be a barrier standing between him and his mother's husband.

Lionel Winterhouse (he kept his uncle's name) did not grow into a noble, a great, or a pre-eminently good man. It seemed as if he might have been great in wickedness, but as if, striving towards good, his fierce temperament and wild passions made his life so much one battle to resist evil, one continual effort and struggle, that in this was expended to exhaustion all his energy. His was, looked on from without, a sad life—so much endeavour, so little achievement (as the world judged)—so much labour and pain, so little result. But who shall say it was in truth and in the eyes of the angels, one half as sad as many a life of far more evident success? If ever, though even by little, he continued to be victor in the warfare against evil, if within him the flame of a spiritual life, though often burning low, was yet never extinguished, who shall say that the years by which Lady Ana's life was shortened through the wear of the incessant watch she felt forced to keep were too dear a price to pay for the saving of a soul? Her husband, giving her from as true arms and heart as ever held and loved a woman, did not grudge the sacrifice

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. MORGAN was in the garden watering her favourite ferns when her husband returned home to dinner on the day of Mr. Wodehouse's death. The Rector was late, and she had already changed her dress, and was removing the withered leaves from her prettiest plant of maidenhair, and thinking, with some concern, of the fish, when she heard his step on the gravel; for the cook at the Rectory was rather hasty in her temper, and was apt to be provoking to her mistress next morning when the Rector chose to be late. It was a very hot day, and Mr. Morgan was flushed and uncomfortable. To see his wife looking so cool and tranquil in her muslin dress rather aggravated him than otherwise, for she did not betray her anxiety about the trout, but welcomed him with a smile, as she felt it her duty to do, even when he was late for dinner. The Rector looked as if all the anxieties of the world were on his shoulders, as he came hurriedly along the gravel; and Mrs. Morgan's curiosity was sufficiently excited by his looks to have overcome any consideration but that of the trout, which, however, was too serious to be trifled with; so, instead of asking questions, she thought it wiser simply to remind her husband that it was past six o'clock. "Dinner is waiting," she said, in her composed way; and the Rector went upstairs to wash his hands, half disposed to be angry with his wife. He found her already seated at the head of the table when he came down after his rapid ablutions; and though he was not particularly quick of perception, Mr. Morgan perceived, by the looks of the servant as well as the mistress, that he was generally disapproved of throughout the household for being half an hour too late. As for Thomas, he was

at no pains to conceal his sentiments, but conducted himself with distant politeness towards his master, expressing the feelings of the household with all the greater freedom that he had been in possession of the Rectory since Mr. Bury's time, and felt himself more secure in his tenure than any incumbent, as was natural to a man who had already outlived two of these temporary tenants. Mr. Morgan was disposed to be conciliatory when he saw the strength of the opposite side.

"I am a little late to-day," said the politic Rector. "Mr. Leeson was with me, and I did not want to bring him home to dinner. It was only on Wednesday he dined with us, and I know you don't care for chance guests."

"I think it shows a great want of sense in Mr. Leeson to think of such a thing," said Mrs. Morgan, responding by a little flush of anger to the unlucky Curate's name. "He might understand that people like to be by themselves now and then. I am surprised that you give in to him so much as you do, William. Good-nature must stop somewhere, and I think it is always best to draw a line."

"I wish it were possible for everybody to draw a line," said the Rector, mysteriously, with a sigh. "I have heard something that has grieved me very much to-day. I will tell you about it afterwards." When he had said this, Mr. Morgan addressed himself sadly to his dinner, sighing over it, as if that had something to do with his distress.

"Perhaps, ma'am," suggested Thomas, who was scarcely on speaking terms with his master, "the Rector mayn't have heard as Mr. Wodehouse has been took very bad again, and ain't expected to see out the night?"

"I am very sorry," said the Rector. "Poor ladies! it will come very hard upon them. My dear, I think you should call and ask if you can do anything. Troubles never come singly, it is said. I am very sorry for that poor young creature; though, perhaps, things have not gone so far as one imagined." The Rector sighed again, and looked as though his secret, whatever it might be, was almost too much for him. The consequence, of course, was, that Thomas prolonged his services to the last possibility, by way of hearing what had happened; as for Mrs. Morgan, she sat on thorns, though her sense of propriety was too great to permit her to hurry over the dinner. The pudding, though it was the Rector's favourite pudding, prepared from a receipt only known at All-Souls, in which the late respected Head of that learned community had concentrated all his genius, was eaten in uneasy silence, broken only by the most transparent attempts on both sides to make a little conversation. Thomas hovered sternly over his master and mistress all the time, exacting with inexorable severity every usage of the table. He would not let them off the very smallest detail, but insisted on handing round the peaches, notwithstanding Mrs. Morgan's protest. "They are the first out of the new orchard-house," said the Rector's wife. "I want your opinion of them. That will do, Thomas; we have got everything now, I think." Mrs. Morgan was a little anxious about the peaches, having made a great many changes on her own responsibility in the gardening department; but the Rector took the downy fruit as if it had been a turnip, and, notwithstanding her interest in the long-delayed news, his wife could not but find it very provoking that he took so little notice of her exertions.

"Roberts stood out against the new flic as long as he could," said Mrs. Morgan. "Mr. Proctor took no interest in the garden, and every-

thing had gone to ruin; though I must say it was very odd that anybody from *your* college, William, should be careless about such a vital matter," said the Rector's wife, with a little asperity. "I suppose there must be something in the air of Carlingford which makes people indifferent." Naturally it was very provoking, after all the trouble she had taken, to see her husband alleging that juicy pulp as if it had been an ordinary market fruit.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mr. Morgan; "I was thinking of this story about Mr. Wentworth. One is always making new discoveries of the corruption of human nature. He has behaved very badly to me; but it is very sad to see a young man sacrifice all his prospects for the indulgence of his passions; though that is a very secular way of looking at the subject," said the Rector, shaking his head mournfully. "If it is bad in a worldly point of view, what is it in a spiritual? and in this age, too, when it is so important to keep up the character of the clergy!" Mr. Morgan sighed again more heavily than ever as he poured out the single glass of port, in which his wife joined him after dinner. "Such an occurrence throws a stigma upon the whole Church, as Mr. Leeson very justly remarked."

"I thought Mr. Leeson must have something to do with it," said the Rector's wife. "What has Mr. Wentworth been doing? When you keep a Low Church Curate, you never can tell what he may say. If he had known of the All-Souls pudding he would have come to dinner, and we should have had it at first hand," said Mrs. Morgan, severely. She put away her peach in her resentment, and went to a side-table for her work, which she always kept handy for emergencies. Like her husband, Mrs. Morgan had acquired some little "ways" in the long ten years of their engagement, one of which was a confirmed habit of needlework at all kinds of un-

necessary moments, which much disturbed the Rector when he had anything particular to say.

"My dear, I am very sorry to see you so much the victim of prejudice," said Mr. Morgan. "I had hoped that all our long experiences——" and here the Rector stopped short, troubled to see the rising colour in his wife's face. "I don't mean to blame you, my dear," said the perplexed man; "I know you were always very patient;" and he paused, not knowing what more to say, comforting himself with the thought that women were incomprehensible creatures, as so many men have done before.

"I am not patient," said the Rector's wife; "it never was my nature. I can't help thinking sometimes that our long experiences have done us more harm than good; but I hope nothing will ever make me put up with a curate who tells tales about other people, and flatters one's self, and comes to dinner without being asked. Perhaps Mr. Wentworth is very sinful, but at least he is a gentleman," said Mrs. Morgan; and she bent her head over her work, and drove her needle so fast through the muslin she was at work upon, that it glimmered and sparkled like summer lightning before the spectator's dazzled eyes.

"I am sorry you are so prejudiced," said the Rector. "It is a very unbecoming spirit, my dear, though I am grieved to say so much to you. Mr. Leeson is a very good young man, and he has nothing to do with this terrible story about Mr. Wentworth. I don't wish to shock your feelings—but there are a great many things in the world that one can't explain to ladies. He has got himself into a most distressing position, and a public inquiry will be necessary. One can't help seeing the hand of Providence in it," said the Rector, playing reflectively with the peach on his plate.

It was at this moment that Tho-

mas appeared at the door to announce Mr. Leeson, who had come to talk over the topic of the day with the Rector—being comfortably obtuse in his perceptions, and quite disposed to ignore Mrs. Morgan's general demeanour towards himself. "I am sure she has a bad temper," he would say to his confidants in the pariah; "you can see it by the redness in her face; but I never take any notice when she says rude things to me." The redness was alarming in Mrs. Morgan's face as the unlucky man became visible at the door. She said audibly, "I knew we should be interrupted!" and got up from her chair.

"As Mr. Leeson is here, you will not want me, William," she added, in her preciseest tones. "If anything has happened since you came in, he will be able to tell you about it; and perhaps I had better send you your coffee here, for I have a great many things to do." Mr. Morgan gave a little groan in his spirit as his wife went away. To do him justice, he had a great deal of confidence in her, and was unconsciously guided by her judgment in a great many matters. Talking it over with Mr. Leeson was a totally different thing; for whatever might be said in his defence, there could not be any doubt that the Curate professed Low-Church principles, and had been known to drink tea with Mr. Beecher, the new minister of Salem Chapel. "Not that I object to Mr. Beecher because he is a Dissenter," Mr. Morgan said, "but because, my dear, you know, it is a totally different class of society." When the Rector was left alone to discuss parish matters with this doubtful subordinate, instead of going into the subject with his wife, the good man felt a pang of disappointment; for, though he professed to be reluctant to shock her, he had been longing all the time to enter into the story, which was certainly the most exciting which had occurred in Carlingford since the beginning of his incumbency. Mrs.

Morgan, for her part, went upstairs to the drawing-room with so much indignation about this personal grievance that she almost forgot her curiosity. Mr. Leeson hung like a cloud over all the advantages of Carlingford; he put out that new fire in the greenhouse, upon which she was rather disposed to pique herself, and withered her ferns, which everybody allowed to be the finest collection within a ten miles' circuit. This sense of disgust increased upon her as she went into the drawing-room, where her eye naturally caught that carpet which had been the first cross of her married life. When she had laid down her work, she began to plan how the offensive bouquets might be covered with a pinafore of linen, which looked very cool and nice in summer-time. And then the Rector's wife reflected that in winter a floor covered with white looked chilly, and that a woollen drugget of an appropriate small pattern would be better on the whole; but no such thing was to be had without going to London for it, which brought her mind back again to Mr. Leeson and all the disadvantages of Carlingford. These subjects occupied Mrs. Morgan to the exclusion of external matters, as was natural; and when she heard the gentlemen stir down-stairs, as if with ideas of joining her in the drawing-room, the Rector's wife suddenly recollected that she had promised some time to a poor woman in Grove Street, and that she could not do better this beautiful evening than take it in her own person. She was very active in her district at all times, and had proved herself an admirable clergywoman; but perhaps it would not have occurred to her to go out upon a charitable errand that particular evening had it not been for the presence of Mr. Leeson down-stairs.

It was such a very lovely night, that Mrs. Morgan was tempted to go farther than she intended. She called on two or three of her fa-

vourites in Grove Street, and was almost as friendly with them as Lucy Wodehouse was with the people in Prickett's Lane; but being neither pretty nor young, like Lucy, nor yet a mother with a nursery, qualified to talk about the measles, her reception was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been. Somehow it would appear as though our poor neighbours loved most the ministrations of youth, which is superior to all ranks in the matter of possibility and expectation, and inferior to all ranks in the matter of experience; and so holds a kind of balance and poise of nature between the small and the great. Mrs. Morgan was vaguely sensible of her disadvantages in this respect as well as in others. She never could help imagining what she might have been had she married ten years before at the natural period. "And even then not a girl," she said to herself in her sensible way, as she carried this habitual thread of thought with her along the street, past the little front gardens, where there were so many mothers with their children. On the other side of the way the genteel houses frowned darkly with their staircase windows upon the humility of Grove Street; and Mrs. Morgan began to think within herself of the Miss Hemmings and other spinsters, and how they got along upon this path of life, which, after all, is never very lightsome to behold, except in the future or the past. It was dead present with the Rector's wife just then, and many speculations were in her mind, as was natural. "Not that I could not have lived unmarried," she continued within herself, with woman's pride; "but things looked so different at five-and-twenty!" and in her heart she grudged the cares she had lost, and sighed over this wasting of her years.

It was just then that the youngest Miss Hemmings saw Mrs. Morgan, and crossed over to speak to her. Miss Hemmings had left five-and-thirty behind a long time ago,

and thought the Rector's wife a happy woman in the bloom of youth. When she had discovered conclusively that Mrs. Morgan would not go in to have a cup of tea, Miss Hemmings volunteered to walk with her to the corner; and it is not necessary to say that she immediately plunged into the topic which at that moment engaged all minds in Carlingford. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should not have believed it," said Miss Hemmings. "I should have thought it a got-up story: not that I ever could have thought it *impossible*, as you say—for, alas! I know well that without grace every wickedness is more than possible—but I saw them with my own eyes, my dear Mrs. Morgan: she standing outside, the bold little thing, and he at the door—as if it was right for a clergyman to open the door like a man-servant—and from that moment to this she has not been seen by any living creature in Carlingford; who can tell what may have been done with her?" cried the horrified eyewitness. "She has never been seen from that hour!"

"But that was only twenty-four hours ago," said Mrs. Morgan; "she may have gone off to visit some of her friends."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Morgan, twenty-four hours is a long time for a girl to disappear out of her own home," said Miss Hemmings; "and all her friends have been sent to, and no word can be heard of her. I am afraid it will go very hard with Mr. Wentworth; and I am sure it looks like a judgment upon him for all his candlesticks and flowers and things," she continued, out of breath with the impetuosity of her tale.

"Do you think, then, that God makes people sin in order to punish them?" said Mrs. Morgan, with some fire, which shocked Miss Hemmings, who did not quite know how to reply.

"I do so wish you would come in for a few minutes and taste our tea; my sister Sophia was just mak-

ing it when I came out. We get it from our brother in Assam, and we think a great deal of it," said Miss Hemmings; "it can't possibly be adulterated, you know, for it comes direct from his plantation. If you can't come in just now, I will send you some to the Rectory, and you will tell us how you like it. We are quite proud of our tea. My brother has a large plantation, and he hopes——"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Morgan, "but the Rector will be waiting for me, and I must go. It must be very nice to have your tea direct from the plantation; and I hope you will change your mind about Mr. Wentworth," she continued, without much regard for punctuation, as she shook hands at the corner. Mrs. Morgan went down the narrow street which led to Grange Lane, after this interview, with some commotion in her mind. She took Mr. Wentworth's part instinctively, without asking any proofs of his innocence. The sun was just setting, and St. Roque's stood out dark and picturesque against all the glory of the western sky as the Rector's wife went past. She could not help thinking of him, in his youth and the opening of his career, with a kind of wistful interest. If he had married Lucy Wodehouse, and confined himself to his own district (but then he had no district), Mrs. Morgan would have contemplated the two, not, indeed, without a certain half-resentful self-reference and contrast, but with natural sympathy. And now, to think of this dark and ugly blot on his fair beginning disturbed her much. When Mrs. Morgan recollected that she had left her husband and his curate consulting over this matter, she grew very hot and angry, and felt humiliated by the thought. Was it her William, her hero, whom she had magnified for all these ten years, though not without occasional twinges of enlightenment, into something great, who was thus sitting upon his young brother with so little human

feeling and so much middle-aged jealousy? It hurt her to think of it, though not for Mr. Wentworth's sake. Poor Mrs. Morgan, though not at all a sentimental person, had boarded up her ideal so much after the ordinary date, that it came all the harder upon her when everything thus merged into the light of common day. She walked very fast up Grange Lane, which was another habit of her maidenhood not quite in accord with the habit of sauntering acquired during the same period by the Fellow of All-Souls. When Mrs. Morgan was opposite Mr. Wodehouse's, she looked across with some interest, thinking of Lucy; and it shocked her greatly to see the closed shutters, which told of the presence of death. Then, a little farther up, she could see Elsworthy in front of his shop, which was already closed, talking vehemently to a little group round the door. The Rector's wife crossed the street, to avoid coming in contact with this excited party; and as she went swiftly along under the garden-walls, came direct, without perceiving it, upon Mr. Wentworth, who was going the opposite way. They were both absorbed in their own thoughts, the Perpetual Curate only perceiving Mrs. Morgan in time to take off his hat to her as he passed; and, to tell the truth, having no desire for any further intercourse. Mrs. Morgan, however, was of a different mind. She stopped instantly, as soon as she perceived him. "Mr. Wentworth, it is getting late—will you walk with me as far as the Rectory?" she said, to the Curate's great astonishment. He could not help looking at her with curiosity as he turned to accompany her. Mrs. Morgan was still wearing her wedding things, which were not now in their first freshness—not to say that the redness, of which she was so painfully sensible, was rather out of accordance with the orange blossoms. Then she was rather flurried and disturbed in her mind; and, on the whole, Mr. Wentworth ungrate-

fully concluded the Rector's wife to be looking her plainest, as he turned with very languid interest to see her safely home.

"A great many things seem to be happening just now," said Mrs. Morgan, with a good deal of embarrassment; "I suppose the people in Carlingford are grateful to anybody who gives them something to talk about."

"I don't know about the gratitude," said the Perpetual Curate; "it is a sentiment I don't believe in."

"You ought to believe in everything as long as you are young," said Mrs. Morgan. "I want very much to speak to you, Mr. Wentworth; but then I don't know how you will receive what I am going to say."

"I can't tell until I know what it is," said the Curate, shutting himself up. He had an expressive face generally, and Mrs. Morgan saw the shutters put up and the jealous blinds drawn over the young man's countenance as clearly as if they had been tangible articles. He did not look at her, but kept swinging his cane in his hand, and regarding the pavement with downcast eyes; and if the Rector's wife had formed any expectations of finding in the Perpetual Curate an ingenuous young heart, open to sympathy and criticism, she now discovered her mistake.

"If I run the risk, perhaps you will forgive me," said Mrs. Morgan. "I have just been hearing a dreadful story about you; and I don't believe it in the least, Mr. Wentworth," she continued, with a little effusion; for, though she was very sensible, she was only a woman, and did not realise the possibility of having her sympathy rejected, and her favourable judgment received with indifference.

"I am much flattered by your good opinion. What was the dreadful story?" asked Mr. Wentworth, looking at her with careless eyes. They were just opposite Elsworthy's shop, and could almost hear what he was saying, as he stood in the midst of his little group of listeners, talking loud and vehemently. The Perpetual Curate looked calmly at him across the

road; and turned again to Mrs. Morgan, repeating his question, "What was the dreadful story?—one gets used to romances," he said, with a composure too elaborate to be real; but Mrs. Morgan did not think of that.

"If you don't care about it, I need not say anything," said the Rector's wife, who could not help feeling affronted. "But I am so sorry that Mr. Morgan and you don't get on," she continued, after a little pause. "I have no right to speak; but I take an interest in everything that belongs to the parish. If you would put a little confidence in my husband, things might go on better; but, in the meantime, I thought I might say to you, on my own account, that I had heard this scandal, and that I don't believe in it. If you do not understand my motive, I can't help it," said the Rector's wife, who was now equally ready for friendship or for battle.

"Thanks; I understand what you mean," said Mr. Wentworth, who had come to himself. "But will you tell me what it is you don't believe in?" he asked with a smile, which Mrs. Morgan did not quite comprehend.

"I will tell you," she said, with a little quiet exasperation. "I don't think you would risk your prospects, and get yourself into trouble, and damage your entire life for the sake of any girl, however pretty she might be. Men don't do such things for women nowadays, even when it is a worthy object," said the disappointed optimist. "And I believe you are a great deal more sensible, Mr. Wentworth." There was just that tone of mingled approval and contempt in this speech which a woman knows how to deliver herself of without any appearance of feeling; and which no young man, however *blasé*, can hear with composure.

"Perhaps not," he said, with a little heat and a rising colour. "I am glad you think me so sensible." And then there ensued a pause, upon the issue of which depended the question of peace or war between these two. Mr. Wentworth's good angel, perhaps, dropped softly through the dusky air that moment, and jogged his perverse charge with the tip of a celestial wing. "And yet there might be women in the world for whom ——" said the Curate; and stopped again. "I daresay you are not anxious to know my sentiments on the subject," he continued, with a little laugh. "I am sorry you think so badly—I mean so well of me."

"I don't think badly of you," said Mrs. Morgan, hastily. "Thank you for walking with me; and whatever happens, remember that I for one don't believe a word of it," she said, holding out her hand. After this little declaration of friendship, the Rector's wife returned to the Rectory, where her husband was waiting for her, more than ever prepared to stand up for Mr. Wentworth. She went back to the drawing-room, forgetting all about the carpet, and poured out the tea with satisfaction, and made herself very agreeable to Mr. Finial, the architect, who had come to talk over the restorations. In that moment of stimulation she forgot all her experience of her husband's puzzled looks, of the half-comprehension with which he looked at her, and the depths of stubborn determination which were far beyond the reach of her hastier and more generous spirit, and so went on with more satisfaction and gaiety than she had felt possible for a long time, beating her drums and blowing her trumpets, to the encounter in which her female forces were so confident of victory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Wentworth went upon his way, after he had parted from Mrs. Morgan, with a moment's gratitude; but he had not gone half-a-dozen steps before that amiable sentiment yielded to a sense of soreness and vexation. He had almost acknowledged that he was conscious of the slander against which he had made up his mind to present a blank front of unconsciousness and passive resistance, and he was angry with himself for his susceptibility to this unexpected voice of kindness. He was going home, but he did not care for going home. Poor Mrs. Hadwin's anxious looks of suspicion had added to the distaste with which he thought of encountering again the sullen shabby rascal to whom he had given shelter. It was Saturday night, and he had still his sermon to prepare for the next day; but the young man was in a state of disgust with all the circumstances of his lot, and could not make up his mind to go in and address himself to his work as he ought to have done. Such a sense of injustice and cruelty as possessed him was not likely to promote composition, especially as the pulpit addresses of the Curate of St. Roque's were not of a declamatory kind. To think that so many years' work could be neutralised in a day by a sudden breath of scandal, made him not humble or patient, but fierce and resentful. He had been in Wharfaide that afternoon, and felt convinced that even the dying woman at No. 10 Prickett's Lane had heard of Rosa Elsworthy; and he saw, or imagined he saw, many a distrustful inquiring glance thrown at him by people to whom he had been a kind of secondary Providence. Naturally the mere thought of the failing allegiance of the "district" went to Mr. Wentworth's heart. When he turned round suddenly from listening to a long account of one poor family's

distresses, and saw Tom Bowman, the gigantic bargeman, whose six children the Curate had baptized in a lump, and whose baby had been held at the font by Lucy Wodehouse herself, looking at him wistfully with rude affection, and something that looked very much like pity, it is impossible to describe the bitterness that welled up in the mind of the Perpetual Curate. Instead of leaving Wharfaide comforted as he usually did, he came away wounded and angry, feeling to its full extent the fickleness of popular sympathy. And when he came into Grange Lane and saw the shutters closed, and Mr. Wodehouse's green door shut fast, as if never more to open, all sources of consolation seemed to be shut against him. Even the habit he had of going into Elsworthy's to get his newspaper, and to hear what talk might be current in Oarlingford, contributed to the sense of utter discomfort and wretchedness which overwhelmed him. Men in other positions have generally to consult the opinion of their equals only; but all sorts of small people can plant thorns in the path of a priest who has given himself with fervour to the duties of his office. True enough, such clouds blow by, and sometimes leave behind a sky clearer than before; but that result is doubtful, and Mr. Wentworth was not of the temper to comfort himself with philosophy. He felt ingratitude keenly, as men do at eight-and-twenty, even when they have made up their minds that gratitude is a delusion; and still more keenly, with deep resentment and indignation, he felt the horrible doubt which had diffused itself around him, and seemed to be looking at him out of everybody's eyes. In such a state of mind one bethinks one's self of one's relations—those friends not always congenial, but whom one looks to instinctively,

when one is young, in the crisis of life. He knocked at his aunt's door almost without knowing it, as he went down Grange Lane, after leaving Mrs. Morgan, with vague sentences of his sermon floating in his mind through all the imbrogllo of other thoughts. Even aunt Dora's foolish affection might have been a little comfort at the moment, and he could not but be a little curious to know whether they had heard Elworthy's story, and what the patronesses of Skelmersdale thought of the matter. Somehow, just then, in the midst of his distresses, a vision of Skelmersdale burst upon the Perpetual Curate like a glimpse of a better world. If he could but escape there out of all this sickening misconception and ingratitude—if he could but take Lucy into his protecting arms, and carry her away far from the clouds that were gathering over her path as well as his own. The thought found vent in an impatient long-drawn sigh, and was then expelled contemptuously from the young man's bosom. If a hundred Skelmersdales were in his power, here, where his honour had been attacked, it was necessary to remain, in the face of all obstacles, till it was cleared.

The Miss Wentworths had just come up to the drawing-room after dinner when their nephew entered. As for Miss Dora, she had seated herself by the window, which was open, and with her light little curls fluttering upon her cheek, was watching a tiny puff of smoke by the side of the great laurel, which indicated the spot occupied at this moment by Jack and his cigar. "Dear fellow, he does enjoy the quiet," she said, with a suppressed little sniff of emotion. "To think we should be in such misery about poor dear Frank, and have Jack, about whom we have all been so unbelieving, sent to us for a consolation. My poor brother will be so happy," said Miss Dora, almost crying at the thought. She was under the influence of this sentiment when the Curate entered. It

was perhaps impossible for Mr. Wentworth to present himself before his three aunts at the present crisis without a certain consciousness in his looks; and it was well that it was twilight, and he could not read distinctly all that was written in their countenances. Miss Cecilia held out her lovely old hand to him first of all. She said, "How do you do, Frank?" which was not very original, but yet counted for a good deal in the silence. When he came up to her, she offered him her sweet old cheek with a look of pity which touched, and yet affronted, the Perpetual Curate. He thought it was the wisest way to accept the challenge at once.

"It is very good of you, but you need not be sorry for me," he said, as he sat down by her. And then there was a little pause—an awful pause; for Miss Wentworth had no further observations to offer, and Miss Dora, who had risen up hastily, dropped into her chair again in a disconsolate condition, when she saw that her nephew did not take any notice of her. The poor little woman sat down with miserable sensations, and did not find the comfort she hoped for in contemplation of the smoke of Jack's cigar. After all, it was Frank who was the original owner of Miss Dora's affections. When she saw him, as she thought, in a state of guilt and trouble, relieved with grim silence by the dreaded Leonora, the poor lady began to waver greatly, divided between a longing to return to her old allegiance, and a certain pride in the new bonds which bound her to so great a sinner as Jack. She could not help feeling the distinction of having such a reprobate in her hands. But the sight of Frank brought back old habits, and Miss Dora felt at her wits' end, and could not tell what to do.

At length Miss Leonora's voice, which was decided contralto, broke the silence. "I am very glad to see you, Frank," said the strong-minded aunt. "From something

we heard, I supposed you had gone away for a time, and we were rather anxious about your movements. There are so many things going on in the family just now, that one does not know what to think. I am glad to see you are still in Carlingford."

"I never had the least intention of going away," said Mr. Wentworth. "I can't imagine who could tell you so."

"Nobody told us," said Miss Leonora; "we drew that conclusion from other things we heard. Dora, give Frank the newspaper with that paragraph about Gerald. I have prophesied from the first which way Gerald was tending. It is very shocking of him, and I don't know what they are to do, for Louisa is an expensive little fool; and if he leaves the Rectory, they can't have enough to live on. If you knew what your brother was going to do, why didn't you advise him otherwise? Besides, he will be wretched," said the discriminating woman. "I never approved of his ways, but I could not say anything against his sincerity. I believe his heart was in his work; a man may be very zealous, and yet very erroneous," said Miss Leonora, like an oracle out of the shadows.

"I don't know if he is erroneous or not—but I know I should like to punch this man's head," said the Curate, who had taken the paper to the window, where there was just light enough to make out the paragraph. He stood looming over Miss Dora, a great black shadow against the fading light. "All the mischief in the world comes of these villainous papers," said Mr. Wentworth. "Though I did not think anybody nowadays believed in the 'Chronicle,' Gerald has not gone over to Rome, and I don't think he means to go. I daresay you have agitated yourself unnecessarily about more than one supposed event in the family," he continued, throwing the paper on the table. "I don't know anything very alarming that has happened as yet, except perhaps the prodigal's return," said the

Perpetual Curate, with a slight touch of bitterness. His eye had just lighted on Jack sauntering through the garden with his cigar; and Mr. Wentworth was human, and could not entirely refrain from the expression of his sentiments.

"But, oh, Frank, my dear, you are not angry about poor Jack?" said Miss Dora. "He has not known what it was to be at home for years and years. A stepmother is so different from an own mother, and he never has had any opportunities; and, oh, Frank, don't you remember that there is joy in heaven?" cried the anxious aunt—"not to say that he is the eldest son. And it is such a thing for the family to see him changing his ways in such a beautiful spirit!" said Miss Dora. The room was almost dark by this time, and she did not see that her penitent had entered while she spoke.

"It is very consoling to gain your approval, aunt Dora?" said Jack. "My brother Frank doesn't know me. If the Squire *will* make a nursery of his house, what can a man do? But a fellow can't be quite ruined as long as he has—" aunts, the reprobate was about to say, with an inflection of laughter intended for Frank's ear only in his voice; but he fortunately remembered in time that Miss Leonora had an acute intelligence, and was not to be trifled with—"As long as he has female relations," said Jack, in his most feeling tone. "Men never sympathise with men." He seemed to be apologising for Frank's indifference, as well as for his own sins. He had just had a very good dinner—for the Miss Wentworths' cook was the best in Carlingford—and Jack, whose digestion was perfect, was disposed to please everybody, and had, in particular, no disposition to quarrel with Frank.

"Oh, my dear, you see how humble and forgiving he is," said Miss Dora, rising on tiptoe to whisper into the Curate's ear; "and always takes your part whenever you are mentioned," said the injudicious

aunt. Meantime the other sisters were very silent, sitting each in the midst of her own group of shadows. Then Miss Leonora rose with a sudden rustling of all her draperies, and with her own energetic hand rang the bell.

"Now the lamp is coming," said Jack, in a tone of despair, "a bright, blank, pitiless globe like the world; and instead of this delicious darkness, where one can see nothing distinctly, my heart will be torn asunder for the rest of the evening by the sight of suicide. Why do we ever have lights!" said the exquisite, laying himself down softly on a sofa. When the lamp was brought in, Jack became visible stretched out in an attitude of perfect repose and tranquillity, with a quiet conscience written in every fold of his scrupulous apparel. As for Frank, on the contrary, he was still in morning-dress, and was biting his nails, and had a cloud upon his brow which the sudden light disclosed like a traitor before he was prepared for it. Between the two brothers such a contrast was visible that it was not surprising if Miss Dora, still wavering in her allegiance, went back with relief to the calm countenance of her penitent, and owned to herself with trembling that the Curate looked preoccupied and guilty. Perhaps Miss Leonora came to a similar conclusion. She seated herself at her writing-table with her usual air of business, and made a pen to a hard point by the light of the candles, which were sacred to her particular use.

"I heard some news this morning which pleased me very much," said Miss Leonora. "I daresay you remember Julia Trench? You two used to be a great deal together at one time. She is going to be married to Mr. Shirley's excellent curate, who is a young man of the highest character. He did very well at the university, I believe," said the patroness of Skelmersdale; "but I confess I don't care much for academical honours. He is an excel-

lent clergyman, which is a great deal more to the purpose, and I thoroughly agree with his views. So, knowing the interest we take in Julia, you may think how pleased we were," said Miss Leonora, looking full into her nephew's face. He knew what she meant as distinctly as if she had put it in words.

"When is old Shirley going to die?" said Jack from the sofa. "It's rather hard upon Frank, keeping him out of the living so long; and if I were you, I'd be jealous of this model curate," said the fine gentleman, with a slight civil yawn. "I don't approve of model curates upon family livings. People are apt to make comparisons," said Jack, and then he raised his head with a little energy—"Ah, there it is," said the Sybarite, "the first moth. Don't be precipitate, my dear fellow. Aunt Dora, pray sit quietly where you are, and don't disturb our operations. It is only a moth, to be sure; but don't let us cut short the moments of a creature that has no hereafter," said Jack, solemnly. He disturbed them all by this eccentric manifestation of benevolence, and flapped his handkerchief round Miss Dora, upon whose white cap the unlucky moth, frightened by its benefactor's vehemence, was fluttering wildly. Jack even forgot himself so far as to swear at the frightened insect as it flew wildly off at a tangent, not to the open window, but to Miss Leonora's candles, where it came to an immediate end. But nobody understood what was implied in the *accidente*. Miss Leonora sat rather grimly looking on at all this byplay. When her elegant nephew threw himself back once more upon the sofa, she glanced from him to his brother with a comparison which perhaps was not so much to the disadvantage of the Perpetual Curate. But even Miss Leonora, though so sensible, had her weaknesses; and she was very evangelical, and could put up with a great deal from the sinner who had placed himself for conversion in her hands.

"We have too great a sense of our responsibility to treat Skelmersdale simply as a family living," she said. "Besides, Frank of course is to have Wentworth Rectory. Gerald's perversion is a great blow; but still, if it is to be, Frank will be provided for at least. As for our parish——"

"I beg your pardon," said the Curate; "I have not the least intention of leaving Carlingford. At the present moment neither Skelmersdale nor Wentworth would tempt me. I am in no doubt as to where my work lies, and there is enough of it to satisfy any man." He could not help thinking, as he spoke, of ungrateful Wharfedale, for which he had done so much, and the recollection brought a little flush of indignant colour to his cheek.

"Oh, Frank, my dear," said Miss Dora in a whisper, stealing up to him, "if it is not true, you must not mind. Oh, my dear boy, nobody will mind it if it is not true." She put her hand timidly upon his arm as she reached up to his ear, and at the same time the poor little woman, who was trying all she could to serve two masters, kept one eye upon Jack, lest her momentary return to his brother might have a disastrous effect upon the moral reformation which she was nursing with so much care. As for the Curate, he gave her a hasty glance, which very nearly made an end of Miss Dora. She retired to her seat with no more courage to say anything, unable to make out whether it was virtuous reproach or angry guilt which looked at her so sternly. She felt her headache coming on as she sank again upon her chair. If she could but have stolen away to her own room, and had a good comforting cry in the dark, it might have kept off the headache; but then she had to be faithful to her post, and to look after the reformation of Jack.

"I have no doubt that a great work might be done in Carlingford," said Miss Leonora, "if you would take my advice and organise

matters properly and make due provision for the lay element. As for Sisters of Mercy, I never had any belief in them. They only get young clergymen into mischief," said the strong-minded aunt. "We are going to have tea, Frank, if you will have some. Poor Mr. Shirley has got matters into very bad order at Skelmersdale, but things will be different under the new incumbent, I hope," said Miss Leonora, shooting a side-glance of keen inspection at the Curate, who bore it steadily.

"I hope he will conduct himself to your satisfaction," said Mr. Wentworth, with a bland but somewhat grim aspect, from the window, "but I can't wait for tea. I have still got some of my work to do for to-morrow; so good-night."

"I'll walk with you, Frank," said his elder brother. "My dear aunts, don't look alarmed; nothing can happen to me. There are few temptations in Grange Lane; and, besides, I shall come back directly. I cannot do without my tea," said Jack, by way of consoling poor Miss Dora, who had started with consternation at the proposal. And the two brothers went out into the fresh evening air together, their aunt Dora watching them from the window with inexpressible anxiety; for perhaps it was not quite right for a clergyman to saunter out of doors in the evening with such a doubtful member of society as Jack; and perhaps Frank, having himself fallen into evil ways, might hinder or throw obstacles in the way of his brother's re-establishment in the practice of all the virtues. Miss Dora, who had to carry them both upon her shoulders, and who got no sympathy in the present case from her hard-hearted sisters, was fain at last to throw a shawl over her head and steal out to that summer-house which was built into the garden-wall, and commanded Grange Lane from its little window. There she established herself in the darkness, an affectionate spy. There ought to have been a moon that night,

and accordingly the lamps were not lighted at that end of Grange Lane, for the authorities in Carlingford bore a frugal mind. But the sky had become cloudy, and the moon shone only by intervals, which gave a certain character of mystery and secrecy to the night. Through this uncertain light the anxious woman saw her two nephews coming and going under the window, apparently in the most eager conversation. Miss Dora's anxiety grew to such a height that she opened softly a chink of the window in hope of being able to hear as well as to see, but that attempt was altogether unsuccessful. Then, when they had walked about for half an hour, which looked like two hours to Miss Dora, who was rapidly taking one of her bad colds at the half-open window, they were joined by another figure which she did not think she had ever seen before. The excitement was growing tremendous, and the aspect of the three conspirators more and more alarming, when the poor lady started with a little scream at a noise behind her, and turning round, saw her maid, severe as a pursuing Fate, standing at the door. "After giving me your word

as you wouldn't come no more!" said the reproachful despot who swayed Miss Dora's soul. After that she had to make the best of her way indoors, thankful not to be carried to her room and put into hot water, which was the original intention of Collins. But it would be impossible to describe the emotions of Miss Dora's mind after this glimpse into the heart of the volcano on which her innocent feet were standing. Unless it were murder or high treason, what could they have to plot about? or was the mysterious stranger a disguised Jesuit, and the whole business some terrible Papist conspiracy? Jack, who had been so much abroad, and Gerald, who was going over to Rome, and Frank, who was in trouble of every description, got entangled together in Miss Dora's disturbed imagination. No reality could be so frightful as the fancies by which she distracted herself after that peep from the summer-house; and it would be impossible to describe the indignation of Collins, who knew that her mistress would kill herself some day, and was aware that she, in her own person, would get little rest that night.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I don't know what is the exact connection between tea and reformation," said Jack Wentworth, with a wonderful yawn. "When I consider that this is all on account of that stupid beast Wodehouse, I feel disposed to eat him. By the way, they have got a capital cook; I did not think such a *cuisine* was the sort of thing to be found in the bosom of one's family, which has meant boiled mutton up to this moment, to my uninstructed imagination. But the old ladies are in a state of excitement which, I presume, is unusual to them. It appears you have been getting into scrapes like other people, though you are a parson. As your elder brother, my dear Frank——"

"Look here," said the Perpetual Curate; "you want to ask about Wodehouse. I will answer your questions, since you seem to have some interest in him; but I don't speak of my private affairs to any but my intimate friends," said Mr. Wentworth, who was not in a humour to be trifled with.

The elder brother shrugged his shoulders. "It is curious to remark the progress of the younger members of one's family," he said, reflectively. "When you were a little boy, you took your drubbings dutifully; but never mind, we've another subject in hand. I take an interest in Wodehouse, and so do you—I can't tell for what reason. Perhaps he is one of the intimate

friends with whom you discuss your private affairs? but that is a matter quite apart from the subject. The thing is, that he has to be taken care of—not for his own sake, as I don't need to explain to you," said Jack. "I hear the old fellow died to-day, which was the best thing he could have done, upon the whole. Perhaps you can tell me how much he had, and how he has left it? We may have to take different sides, and the fellow himself is a snob; but I should like to understand exactly the state of affairs between you and me, as gentlemen," said the heir of the Wentworths. Either a passing spasm of compunction passed over him as he said the word, or it was the moon, which had just flung aside the last fold of cloud and burst out upon them as they turned back facing her. "When we know how the affair stands, we can either negotiate or fight," he added, puffing a volume of smoke from his cigar. "Really a very fine effect—that little church of yours comes well against that bit of sky. It looks like a Constable, or rather it would look like a Constable, thrusting up that bit of a spire into the blue, if it happened to be daylight," said Jack, making a tube of his hand, and regarding the picture with great interest. Miss Dora at her window beheld the movement with secret horror and apprehension, and took it for some mysterious sign.

"I know nothing about Mr. Wodehouse's property," said the Curate: "I wish I knew enough law to understand it. He has left no will, I believe," and Mr. Wentworth watched his brother's face with no small interest as he spoke.

"Very like a Constable," said Jack, still with his hands to his eyes. "These clouds to the right are not a bad imitation of some effects of his. I beg your pardon, but Constable is my passion. And so old Wodehouse has left no will? What has he left? some daughters? Excuse my curiosity," said the elder brother. "I am a man of the world,

you know. If you like this other girl well enough to compromise yourself on her account (which, mind you, I think a great mistake), you can't mean to go in at the same time for that pretty sister, eh? It's a sort of sport I don't attempt myself, though it may be the correct thing for a clergyman, for anything I can tell to the contrary," said the tolerant critic.

Mr. Wentworth had swallowed down the interruptions that rushed to his lips, and heard his brother out with unusual patience. After all, perhaps Jack was the only man in the world whom he could ask to advise him in such an emergency. "I take it for granted that you don't mean to insult either me or my profession," he said, gravely; "and, to tell the truth, here is one point upon which I should be glad of your help. I am convinced that it is Wodehouse who has carried away this unfortunate girl. She is a little fool, and he has imposed upon her. If you can get him to confess this, and to restore her to her friends, you will lay me under the deepest obligation," said the Perpetual Curate, with unusual energy. "I don't mind telling you that such a slander disables me, and goes to my heart." When he had once begun to speak on the subject, he could not help expressing himself fully; and Jack, who had grown out of acquaintance with the nobler sentiments, woke up with a slight start through all his moral being to recognise the thrill of subdued passion and scorn and grief which was in his brother's voice. Innocent Miss Dora, who knew no evil, had scarcely a doubt in her mind that Frank was guilty; but Jack, who scarcely knew what goodness was, acquitted his brother instantaneously, and required no other proof. Perhaps if he had been capable of any impression beyond an intellectual one, this little incident might, in Miss Dora's own language, have "done him good."

"So you have nothing to do with it?" he said, with a smile. "Wode-

house! but then the fellow hasn't a penny. I see some one skulking along under the walls that looks like him. Hist! Smith—Tom—what do they call you? We want you here," said Jack, upon whom the moon was shining full. Where he stood in his evening coat and spotless breadth of linen, the heir of the Wentworths was ready to meet the eye of all the world. His shabby subordinate stopped short, with a kind of sullen admiration, to look at him. Wodehouse knew the nature of Jack Wentworth's pursuits a great deal better than his brother, and that some of them would not bear much investigation; but when he saw him stand triumphant in gorgeous apparel, fearing no man, the poor rascal, whom everybody kicked at, rose superior to his own misfortunes. He had not made much of it in his own person, but that life was not altogether a failure which had produced Jack Wentworth. He obeyed his superior's call with instinctive fidelity, proud, in spite of himself, to be living the same life and sharing the same perils. When he emerged into the moonlight, his shaggy countenance looked excited and haggard. Notwithstanding all his experiences, he was not of a constitution which could deny nature. He had inflicted every kind of torture upon his father while living, and had no remorse to speak of now that he was dead; but, notwithstanding, the fact of the death affected him. His eyes looked wilder than usual, and his face older and more worn, and he looked round him with a kind of clandestine skulking instinct as he came out of the shadow into the light.

This was the terrible conjunction which Miss Dora saw from her window. The anxious woman did not wait long enough to be aware that the Curate left the other two to such consultations as were inevitable between them, and went away very hastily to his own house, and to the work which still awaited him—"When the wicked man

turneth away from the evil of his ways, and doeth that which is lawful and right." Mr. Wentworth, when he came back to it, sat for about an hour over his text before he wrote a single syllable. His heart had been wrung that day by the sharpest pangs which can be inflicted upon a proud and generous spirit. He was disposed to be bitter against all the world—against the dull eyes that would not see, the dull ears that could shut themselves against all suggestions either of gratitude or justice. It appeared to him, on the whole, that the wicked man was every way the best off in this world, besides being wooed and besought to accept the blessings of the other. And the Curate was conscious of an irrepressible inclination to exterminate the human vermin, who made the earth such an imbroglia of distress and misery; and was sore and wounded in his heart to feel how his own toils and honest purposes availed him nothing, and how all the interest and sympathy of bystanders went to the pretender. These sentiments naturally complicated his thoughts, and made composition difficult; not to say that they added a thrill of human feeling warmer than usual to the short and succinct sermon. It was not an emotional sermon, in the ordinary sense of the word; but it was so for Mr. Wentworth, who carried to an extreme point the Anglican dislike for pulpit exaggeration in all forms. The Perpetual Curate was not a natural orator. He had very little of the eloquence which gave Mr. Vincent so much success in the Dissenting connection during his short stay in Carlingford, which was a kind of popularity not much to the taste of the Churchman. But Mr. Wentworth had a certain faculty of concentrating his thoughts into the tersest expression, and of uttering in a very few words, as if they did not mean anything particular, ideas which were always individual, and often of distinct originality—a kind of utterance which is very

dear to the English mind. As was natural, there were but a limited amount of people able to find him out; but those who did so were rather fond of talking about the "restrained power" of the Curate of St. Roque's.

Next morning was a glorious summer Sunday—one of those days of peace on which this tired old earth takes back her look of innocence, and deludes herself with thoughts of Eden. To be sure, there were tumults enough going on over her surface—vulgar merry-makings and noises, French drums beating, all kinds of discordant sounds going on here and there, by land and sea, under that tranquil impartial sun. But the air was very still in Carlingford, where you could hear the bees in the lime-blossoms as you went to church in the sunshine. All that world of soft air in which the embowered houses of Grange Lane lay beatified, was breathing sweet of the limes; but notwithstanding the radiance of the day, people were talking of other subjects as they came down under the shadow of the garden-walls to St. Roque's. There was a great stream of people—greater than usual; for Carlingford was naturally anxious to see how Mr. Wentworth would conduct himself in such an emergency. On one side of the way Mr. Wodehouse's hospitable house, shut up closely, and turning all its shuttered windows to the light, which shone serenely indifferent upon the blank frames, stood silent, dumbly contributing its great moral to the human holiday; and on the other, Elsworthy's closed shop, with the blinds drawn over the cheerful windows above, where little Rosa once amused herself watching the passengers, interposed a still more dreadful discordance. The Carlingford people talked of both occurrences with composure as they went to St. Roque's. They were sorry, and shocked, and very curious; but that wonderful moral atmosphere of human indifference and self-regard which surrounds every individual

soul, kept their feelings quite within bounds. Most people wondered much what Mr. Wentworth would say; whether he would really venture to face the Carlingford world; whether he would take refuge in a funeral sermon for Mr. Wodehouse; or how it was possible for him to conduct himself under such circumstances. When the greater part of the congregation was seated, Miss Leonora Wentworth, all by herself, in her iron-grey silk, which rustled like a breeze along the narrow passage, although she wore no crinoline, went up to a seat immediately in front, close to Mr. Wentworth's choristers, who just then came trooping in in their white surplices, looking like angels of unequal height, and equivocal reputation. Miss Leonora placed herself in the front row of a little group of benches arranged at the side, just where the Curate's wife would have been placed had he possessed such an appendage. She looked down blandly upon the many lines of faces turned towards her, accepting their inspection with perfect composure. Though her principles were Evangelical, Miss Leonora was still a Wentworth, and a woman. She had not shown any sympathy for her nephew on the previous night; but she had made up her mind to stand by him, without saying anything about her determination. This incident made a great impression on the mind of Carlingford. Most likely it interfered with the private devotions, from which a few heads popped up abruptly as she passed; but she was very devout and exemplary in her own person, and set a good example, as became the clergyman's aunt.

Excitement rose very high in St. Roque's when Mr. Wentworth came into the reading-desk, and Elsworthy, black as a cloud, became visible underneath. The clerk had not ventured to absent himself, nor to send a substitute in his place. Never, in the days when he was most devoted to Mr. Wentworth, had Elsworthy been more determined to

accompany him through every particular of the service. They had stood together in the little vestry, going through all the usual preliminaries, the Curate trying hard to talk as if nothing had happened, the clerk going through all his duties in total silence. Perhaps there never was a church service in Carlingford which was followed with such intense interest by all the eyes and ears of the congregation. When the sermon came, it took Mr. Wentworth's admirers by surprise, though they could not at the moment make out what it was that puzzled them. Somehow the perverse manner in which for once the Curate treated that wicked man who is generally made so much of in sermons, made his hearers slightly ashamed of themselves. As for Miss Leonora, though she could not approve of his sentiments, the thought occurred to her that Frank was not nearly so like his mother's family as she had supposed him to be. When the service was over, she kept her place, steadily watching all the worshippers out, who thronged out a great deal more hastily than usual to compare notes, and ask each other what they thought. "I can't fancy he looks guilty," an eager voice here and there kept saying over and over. But on the whole, after they had got over the momentary impression made by his presence and aspect, the opinion of Carlingford remained unchanged; which was—that, notwithstanding all the evidence of his previous life, it was quite believable that Mr. Wentworth was a seducer and a villain, and ought to be brought to condign punishment; but that in the mean time it was very interesting to watch the progress of this startling little drama, and that he himself, instead of merely being the Curate of St. Roque's, had become a most captivating enigma, and had made church-going itself half as good as a play.

As for Miss Leonora, she waited for her nephew, and, when he was ready, took his arm and walked with him up Grange Lane to her own

door, where they encountered Miss Wentworth and Miss Dora returning from church, and overwhelmed them with astonishment. But it was not about his own affairs that they talked. Miss Leonora did not say a word to her nephew about himself. She was talking of Gerald most of the time, and inquiring into all the particulars of the Squire's late "attack." And she would very fain have found out what Jack's motive was in coming to Carlingford; but as for Rosa Elsworth and her concerns, the strong-minded woman ignored them completely. Mr. Wentworth even went with her to lunch, on her urgent invitation; and it was from his aunt's house that he took his way to Wharfside, pausing at the green door to ask after the Miss Wodehouses, who were, John said with solemnity, as well as could be expected. They were alone, and they did not feel equal to seeing anybody—even Mr. Wentworth; and the Perpetual Curate, who would have given all he had in the world for permission to soothe Lucy in her sorrow, went away sadly from the hospitable door, which was now for the first time closed to him. He could not go to Wharfside, to "the district" through which they had so often gone together, about which they had talked, when all the little details discussed were sweet with the love which they did not name, without going deeper and deeper into that sweet shadow of Lucy which was upon his way wherever he went. He could not help missing her voice when the little choir, which was so feeble without her, sang the Magnificat, which, somehow, Mr. Wentworth always associated with her image. He read the same sermon to the Wharfside people which he had preached in St. Roque's, and saw, with a little surprise, that it drew tears from the eyes of his more open-hearted hearers, who did not think of the proprieties. He could see their hands stealing up to their faces, and a great deal of persistent winking on the part of the stronger members of the congregation. At the close of the

service Tom Bowman came up to the Curate with a downcast countenance. "Please, sir, if I've done ye injustice in my own mind, as went sore against the grain, and wouldn't have happened but for the women, I axes your pardon," said the honest bargeman, which was balm and consolation to Mr Wentworth. There was much talk in Prickett's Lane on the subject as he went to see the sick woman in No. 10. "There ain't no doubt as he sets our duty before us clear," said one family mother; "he don't leave the men no excuse for their goings-on. He all but named the Bargeman's Arms out plain, as it was the place all the mischief came from." "If he'd have married Miss Lucy, like other folks, at Easter," said one of the brides whom Mr. Wentworth had blessed, "such wicked stories couldn't never have been made up." "A story may be made up, or it mayn't be made up," said a more experienced matron; "but it can't be put out of the world unbeknowst no more nor a babby. I don't believe in stories getting up that ain't true. I don't say as he don't do his duty; but things was different in Mr. Bury's time, as was the real Rector; and, as I was a-saying, a tale's like a babby—it may come when it didn't ought to come, or when it ain't wanted, but you can't do away with it, anyhow as you like to try." Mr. Wentworth did not hear this dreary prediction as he went back again into the upper world. He was in much better spirits, on the whole. He had calmed his own mind and moved the hearts of others, which is to every man a gratification, even though nothing higher should be involved. And he had regained the moral countenance of Tom Bowman, which most of all was a comfort to him. More than ever he longed to go and tell Lucy as he passed by the green door. Tom Bowman's repentant face recalled Mr. Wentworth's mind to the fact that a great work was doing in Wharfside, which, after all, was more worth thinking of than any tantal-

ising vision of an impossible benefice. But this very thought, so consoling in itself, reminded him of all his vexations, of the public inquiry into his conduct which was hanging over him, and of his want of power to offer to Lucy the support and protection of which she might so soon stand in need; and having thus drawn upon his head once more his whole burden of troubles, Mr. Wentworth went in to eat his dinner with what appetite he could.

The Perpetual Curate sat up late that night, as indeed was his custom. He sat late, hearing, as everybody does who sits up alone in a hushed and sleeping household, a hundred fantastic creaks and sounds which did not mean anything, and of which he took no notice. Once, indeed, when it was nearly midnight, he fancied he heard the garden-gate close hurriedly, but explained it to himself as people do when they prefer not to give themselves trouble. About one o'clock in the morning, however, Mr. Wentworth could no longer be in any doubt that some stealthy step was passing his door and moving about the house. He was not alarmed, for Mrs. Hadwin had occasional "attacks," like most people of her age; but he put down his pen and listened. No other sound was to be heard except this stealthy step, no opening of doors, nor whisper of voices, nor commotion of any kind; and after a while Mr. Wentworth's curiosity was fully awakened. When he heard it again, he opened his door suddenly, and threw a light upon the staircase and little corridor into which his room opened. The figure he saw there startled him more than if it had been a midnight robber. It was only Sarah, the housemaid, white and shivering with terror, who fell down upon her knees before him. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth, it ain't my fault," cried Sarah. The poor girl was only partially dressed, and trembled pitifully. "They'll say it was my fault; and oh, sir, it's my character I'm a-thinking of," said Sarah,

with a sob; and the Curate saw behind him the door of Wodehouse's room standing open, and the moonlight streaming into the empty apartment. "I daren't go down-stairs to see if he's took anything," cried poor Sarah, under her breath; "there might be more of them about the place. But oh, Mr. Wentworth, if Missis finds out as I gave him the key, what will become of me?" Naturally, it was her own danger which had most effect upon Sarah. Her full good-humoured face was all wet and stained with crying, her lips quivering, her eyes dilated. Perhaps a thrill of private disappointment mingled with her dread of losing her character. "He used to tell me all as he was a-going to do," said Sarah; "but oh, sir, he's been and gone away, and I daren't go down-stairs to look at the plate, and I'll never more sleep in quiet if I was to live a century. It ain't as I care for *him*, but it's the key and my character as I'm a-thinking of," cried the poor girl, bursting into audible sobs that could be restrained no longer. Mr. Wentworth took a candle and went into Wodehouse's empty room, leaving her to recover her composure. Everything was cleared and packed up in that apartment. The little personal property he had, the shabby boots and worn habiliments, had disappeared totally; even the rubbish of wood-carving on his table was cleared away. Not a trace that he had been there a few hours ago remained in the place. The Curate came out of the room with an anxious countenance, not knowing what to make of it. And by this time Sarah's sobs had roused Mrs. Hadwin, who stood, severe and indignant, at her own door in her nightcap, to know what was the matter. Mr. Wentworth retired into his own apartments after a word of explanation, leaving the mistress and maid to fight it out. He himself was more disturbed and excited than he could have described. He could not tell what this new step meant, but felt instinctively that it denoted some new

development in the tangled web of his own fortunes. Some hidden danger seemed to him to be gathering in the air over the house of mourning, of which he had constituted himself a kind of guardian. He could not sleep all night, but kept starting at every sound, thinking now that the skulking rascal, who was Lucy's brother, was coming back, and now that his departure was only a dream. Mr. Wentworth's restlessness was not soothed by hearing all the night through, in the silence of the house, suppressed sobs and sounds of weeping proceeding from the attic overhead, which poor Sarah shared with her fellow-servant. Perhaps the civilities of "the gentleman" had dazzled Sarah, and been too much for her peace of mind; perhaps it was only her character, as the poor girl said. But as often as the Curate started from his uneasy and broken snatches of sleep, he heard the murmur of crying and consoling up-stairs. Outside the night was spreading forth those sweetest unseen glories of the starlight and the moonlight, and the silence which Nature reserves for her own enjoyment, when the weary human creatures are out of the way and at rest;—and Jack Wentworth slept the sleep of the righteous, uttering delicate little indications of the depth of his slumber, which it would have been profane to call by any vulgar name. He slept sweetly while his brother watched and longed for daylight, impatient for the morrow which must bring forth something new. The moonlight streamed full into the empty room, and made mysterious combinations of the furniture, and chased the darkness into corners which each held their secret. This was how Mrs. Hadwin's strange lodger, whom nobody could ever make out, disappeared as suddenly as he had come, without any explanations; and only a very few people could ever come to understand what he had to do with the after-events which struck Grange Lane dumb, and turned into utter confusion all the ideas and conclusions of society in Carlingford.

A RIDE THROUGH SUTHERLAND.

THE enterprise of exploring that portion of "the northern realms of ancient Caledon," commonly known as the county of Sutherland, is now by no means so novel or perilous as it has been within the memory of living men, and it may be thought that to write about it is only to travel over old ground. But it is scarcely possible that Sutherland can be yet exhausted. So late as the year 1848, one of the numerous literary clan of the St. Johns made a raid through it in a boat set on wheels, and accompanied by a naturalist and an interpreter, precisely as an arctic navigator approaches the north pole. In an otherwise excellent Tourist's Guide to Scotland, published in 1859, I am gravely informed that "the extensive county of Sutherland presents the striking peculiarity of having the whole of its surface of eighteen hundred square miles under sheep, with the exception of a narrow border of arable land along its coast." This certainly looks as if that extensive county were still rather a *terra incognita*, for it would be much more accurate to say that it is under deer. There would be no harm in mentioning that a considerable portion of it is under water, and the value of the fishings almost affords an excuse for asserting that it is also under salmon. There must be something to write about in Sutherland; and if not—well, one can always take something there.

Unless the traveller happens to come, like the red-haired Scandinavian conquerors, from Orkney and the further isles (in which case he may be safely left to his own devices, as he is from much too far north to be instructed by me), the easiest way of entering into Sutherlandshire and approaching Cape Wrath, is by the Heather Bell, which runs from Burghead, at the entrance of the Moray Firth,

to a place a little beyond Dornoch; and though this steamer is of very small size, that deficiency is amply redeemed by the enormous dimensions of the captain. Beautiful are these northern firths in a bright calm autumn day, with their clear air, flocks of sea-fowl, green shores, bold precipices, and the rolling hills around, rising in the distance into the more lordly mountains of Ross and Sutherland. It would be well, however, had the steamer to Little Ferry a little more horse-power, so that it might ascend to the quay without the aid of the tide, and never be kept for two hours, as we were at the mouth of the Fleet, running round after its own tail like a frolicsome puppy, or circling like a duck in a horse-pond. This movement may be amusing to the Heather Bell, but it is wearying to the passengers, and gives them a very confused idea of the scenery.

Golspie may be called a town; for, according to the ideas of the country, any place will pass for a village which has three houses within a mile of each other; and Dunrobin, the seat of the Sutherland family, with its castle and woods, attracts not a few tourists; so next day I drove on to Lairg, a distance of about twenty miles, passing through a district of country which seemed mostly under moss, and by the manse of Rogart, which enjoys the distinction of commanding a view of all the high mountains in Sutherland, and of being, in consequence, the windiest manse in all Scotland,—that is to say, the manse most exposed to storms.

Lairg is not so much a place as a post-office and an inn; but it is the centre of communications in Sutherland, and is the capital of a parish which has "about twenty lakes" and five rivers. Considering that one of these lakes, Loch Shin, is twenty-four miles long, has a mean breadth of a mile, and is in

some places as many fathoms deep as the place where Sir Patrick Spens and his Scottish lords repose, it must be admitted that the parish has taken an undue share of liquid, and, on this account, deserves attention. It has also something to do with Byron's 'Don Juan,'—not that the noble lord or his interesting hero ever sailed upon Loch Shin or drank of its dark water, but from Lairg Mansè came William Mackay, whose description of a shipwreck which he had experienced gave Lord Byron some striking incidents and imagery. Of the great Loch Sir Robert Gordoun says that "the salmon killed in it are the greatest and fairest of all Scotland, and none may compare with them for qualitie;" but the anglers at Lairg, when I was there, unanimously held that the salmon were not so much the greatest and fairest in all Scotland as the greatest and fiercest, especially in the upper part of the loch, where the *salmo ferox* becomes prodigious and rampant under the shadow of the wild and almost inaccessible cliffs of Ben More Assynt. The breed of salmon, however, had no reason to bless an English noble lady, who was to be seen daily angling in the river Shin, as if these fish were the proper game to be ensnared by her.

On Ord Hill, close to Lairg, the post-office, there is a long series of walls, cairns, and circular buildings, grown over with grass, and I leave it to some successor to decide whether these were built by the Fingalians, were a Pictish fort, or commemorate a bloody fight between the Sutherlands and Mackays, all of which are local theories. Some other strange antiquities are also to be found in one, if not both, of the churches which adorn this place. The practice of the precentor reading, in a most sing-song manner, every line of the psalm before it is sung, and starting off on the last word into the tune, is even now not altogether peculiar to Sutherland, though it is apt to a stranger to suggest a doubt as to which is

the music and which the recitation. So strong is the feeling in regard to this in some parts of the Highlands, that there have been known cases of what has been called "splitting upon a line," or actually seceding and setting up a new church, because the congregation was divided as to the practice. If two Scotch families were placed upon a desert island, the chances are that they would each found a sect. But a still stranger and older practice exists at Lairg, that of publicly reproving, in open congregation, unfortunate parties who have loved not wisely but too well. This interesting spectacle may be seen occasionally; and the trying ordeal is usually best endured by the woman, perhaps from the circumstance that she may have the aid of a hood in concealing her face. It must not be supposed, from the fact of the existence of this practice, that Sutherland is a specially immoral county. Judged by statistics, which, however, afford a very deceptive test, it is one of the most moral districts of Scotland.

One advantage of travelling on horseback in Sutherlandshire is, that in consequence you are not charged for a bed at most of the inns, it being supposed that you sleep on the horse's nose, or are such a good customer that the charge for an apartment is unnecessary. This alone dictates equestrianism as the proper method of travelling in that region, and almost the only choice is between it, pedestrianism, and the mail-gigs, which latter do not pass through some of the very finest scenery. Hence, amid a cloud of midges insufferable, I started from Lairg one evening to go through, or rather round, the country on an Irish horse of much worse character than he deserved.

It is a solemn ride, in dim moonlight, of about fifteen miles, to the little inn at Crask, over a melancholy moor. Not a soul was to be met with, and long lines of slumbering mountains were dimly seen in the distance; but as we moved

on, Paddy shying every now and then, the white stones on the dark plains seemed to glide along by our side. The snow-pcsts came upon us like thin ghosts, and the black moss pools looked ghastly in the fading moonlight. If any kind of country should be haunted by the spirits of the dead, this is one; and it is no wonder that the imaginative Highlanders do not care much to be out after dark. If the ghosts of slaughtered men ride upon the storm, and gather in the corries of the mountains, what hosts of spectral clansmen must sweep over Sutherland at midnight, and stand frowning on the hills where they were slain! Northern rovers, with long golden locks still briny from the sea-foam; mighty earls of Sutherland and Caithness; dark Celtic Mackays, short of limb, but passionate of heart; proud chiefs; faithful followers; those who died uttering the shout of victory or the yell of wrathful despair; the sinner and the sinned against; the lamented and the cursed,—do they still shake savagely their gory blades, as in autumnal midnight storms they float in long fierce array round the jagged front of Ben Hec? or in some serener air, free from the passions of earthly strife, do they rest calmly upon their great brown swords, and watch the standard, not of the Gael or the Pict, the Saxon or the Scandinavian, but of their British children, floating over a half-subdued world, waving on the orient gates of Dawn, pillowing the broad sun as it sinks to rest on the western wave from Oregon, or stiffened by the icy gale over the forms of the dead who have penetrated into the farthest north?

Sunday at Altnaharrow has its quiet pleasures, of which a venison pie is very likely to form part; but wherefore should that admirable portion of a modern dinner ever be called a venison-pasty? A venison-pasty and a flagon of sack are sacred things, which can never be known in the flesh. Let us, if we will, follow the example of the Highland

schoolmaster, who declared that he had "partaken of a copious repast," and who called potatoes "a pleasing beverage." That is allowable; but the last venison-pasty which appeared on earth was consumed hundreds of years ago, when we all were children. Every one knows who ate it. He was not a traveller on an Irish horse, nor a commercial gentleman out of a mail-gig, nor an English noble, hungry from slaying stags on Ben Clebrig. No! He was a fierce-eyed, solitary man, with a coat-of-mail under his doublet, and splashed over with mud. Far had he ridden and ill had he fared. Over mountains he had sped with terrible tidings of war and bloodshed. The damp earth had been his couch, the stream his wine, and old crumbs his bread. Enemies had crossed his path, and the convent dog smelt angrily at his sword, for within the scabbard there was blood. But now he basks in a brief sunshine of repose and plenty. Then it was that the paunchy monk staggered in with the last venison-pasty known on earth, and the tired rider plunged his knife into it, after raising the huge flagon to his lips and taking a long deep draught.

* The bare gigantic mass of Ben Clebrig, which rises up beside Altnaharrow to the height of 3200 feet, is famous as one of the best "deer forests" in Sutherland; and the story has before been told of the outlaw, Chisholm, who dwelt upon it in a cave, and supported himself by levying contributions on the surrounding country. The humour of "ta valiant Fairshon" is sometimes supposed to be based on extreme exaggeration of Highland valour and boasting; but there is, or at least was, a dreadful Highland irony, which gives a comical aspect to moments even of the greatest peril. This peculiarity is finely illustrated in the remark of the two men of the Clan Gunn, when, at last, after long and fruitless pursuit, they, with deadly in-

tent in their hearts, cut off the retreat of the famous depredator on the verge of a lofty precipice. Saxons in such circumstances would have proceeded in a business, police-like manner to summon him to surrender, to secure him, and perhaps even to pitch him into the lake below; but the men of Sutherland could not resist the opportunity of rolling the sweet morsel under their tongues; and so, affecting to be ignorant of the outlaw's person, jeeringly said to him, as a Highlander tells the story, "May pe ye have na seen ta Chisholm ta day?" "Na! na!" said that worthy; and meeting them in their own spirit, he asked what they would give if he laid Chisholm's two hands within theirs—carrying on the joke until he got an opportunity of pitching them both into Loch Furan. A critical historian might argue that, as Chisholm was the only survivor of this colloquy, his account of it is not to be implicitly relied on, and that, transmitted from mouth to mouth, it may have changed since first reported. A fioo for such cavils! Are we to inquire into the truth of that other story about Donald and the wolf's tail? The old chronicler said of this part of the country—"Heir never lack wolves more than is expedient;" but what a godsend a few of them would be now to modern sportsmen! King Dornadilla, whose mystic tower is within twenty miles of us here on Clebrig, "ordonit," according to Boece, "the slayer of ane wolf to have ane ox to his reward. Our eldares persecut this beist with gret care, for the gret murder of beistes done by the samen." Ah, well! they are all gone—wolves and lynxes, chiefs and freebooters—into the land of the great departed! Perhaps you may be fortunate enough to break your neck coming too rapidly down the mountain, but there is no Chisholm to chuck you over a precipice. The last worthy who distinguished himself on Clebrig did so in a milder manner. He is an elderly

Highlandman, shrewdly suspected of keeping concealed in a secret cave an old gun, with which he destroys deer, and is of a whiskey-drinking power which belongs rather to a past than to a present generation. Desirous of testing this power, an English nobleman supplied the liquor, and cunningly set his attendants to drink with Flaskie. Several relays of gillies were disposed of in the siege which occurred, and it was not until, as calculated, he had for his share disposed of seven bottles of double whiskey that the ancient warrior began to give signs of sinking to repose. He was left, with a sweet smile upon his countenance, his feet sticking up among the heather and his head lying in a bog-hole—there being an impression among the gillies that that position would be most conducive to his recovery. "He is certainly disposed of at last," remarked the sportsman to his head keeper; but the reply was—"Well, my lord, Flaskie is a very strange man, and it is impossible to say what he may do next." And so indeed it turned out; for they went up to the top of Ben Clebrig, where the first thing they saw was Flaskie himself, offering his snuff-horn, he having got up before them by some path through the bogs known to himself alone.

Before leaving Altnaharrow I had vainly put some questions as to the probabilities of the weather, the most definite answer received being from an old shepherd in a red cap, who ventured to say, "I hope she may keep up." There was also a tendency, though in a less degree, to report on distances in the spirit of the Irishman who replied, "And is it the distance you mane? sure and isn't it just as far as yer honour's worship's glory places to make it." This is not a matter of unimportance to the pedestrian who may take the road I went over, through Strathmore to Eriboll. An Englishman who had walked on it for a whole day without meeting a fel-

low-traveller, remarked to a man whom he found at last breaking stones by the wayside, "This seems a very unfrequented country, my friend." "Oh, it's na sae unfrequented," replied the undaunted Highlander. "Tere was a pit pedlar pody came by ta day before yesterday, and tere's yerself ta-day." The route is solitary, picturesque, and sublime in the highest degree, running through the Westmoin division of Sutherland. At first, indeed, the moorland near Altnaharrow presented a most dreary appearance; for ere we had half admired the wonderful appearance of Ben Loyal, rising up in the east like a black threatening monster, wild showers swept down from Ben Hee, shutting all the vast mountains round out of view. Sullen enough we and everything else appeared on as far as Loch Maddie, where one solitary cottage forcibly recalled the graphic description of the spot where Claverhouse is said to have shot John Brown—"it being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours." On entering into Strathmore, however, at the north base of the massive Ben Hope, the rain ceased, the clouds rolled up into fantastic lines and wreaths of mist lit by the sunshine. No mail-gig goes through this wonderful valley, and it contains only one human dwelling, but the visitor to Sutherland will do well to include it in his tour. Its grandest feature is the high rock-wall of stratified quartz which forms its eastern side, and along the top of which there rolled, as I passed, grey mist, that gave only occasional but varied glimpses of the higher slopes and ridges of Ben Hope. I have seen many ruins in more than one continent, but the tower of Dornadilla, in the centre of this valley, struck me as the *oldest-looking* structure I ever saw—as the most unmistakable thing of old. The massiveness of the stones, the greyiness of the lihen, the extraordinary position of the concentric walls, and even the strange shape of the structure,

are insufficient to account for the general effect, and for the irresistible desire which arises in the mind of the spectator to learn something about this King Dornadilla, who in ancient times "take gret delite in hunting," and is supposed to have built this tower as a summer residence, where he might quietly enjoy that pastime. It is as difficult, however, to learn about him as it is to discover where the twenty families have gone who formerly occupied this valley, and some of whose cottages may still be seen all smokeless and roofless. Much has been written, and much more has been said in regard to the Sutherland clearings, which is rendered useless by the mere fact that they were inevitable. Few are now disposed to doubt that it is much better for the universe and for Sutherland, that Sutherland should be peopled by its present sheep-farmers, southern shepherds, game-keepers, and transient sportsmen, rather than by its former poverty-stricken cottars; but there has always seemed to me something doubtful as well as cruel in the attempts made to show that the Sutherland clearings were for the benefit of the cottars themselves. What is that which is for my benefit, except to live the life most consonant to my nature? I may make mistakes on that subject, but, on the whole, I am a much better judge of it than any one else can well be. The Sutherland cottars may have been lazy and may have been dirty, as indeed there is little doubt they were. Sir Robert Gordoun said of them, so early as the seventeenth century, "The people of that country are so farr naturalie given to idleness that they cannot apply themselves to labour, which they esteem a disparagement and derogation." It is easy to show by engravings that the habitations prepared at Helmsdale for the ejected crofters or cottars were substantial cottages on improved modern models, while those which they left were wretched hovels,

with a hole in the centre to emit the smoke, or at best a barrel, fixed in the turf at one end of the roof, to serve as a chimney. It is also not difficult to expatiate on the industrious, cleanly life, free from all danger of starvation, which may now be led by those of the Sutherland people who remained in the country, and on the still greater material prosperity which befell some of those who carried their griefs into Canadian forests. Industry and its reward—abundant security of food, are good things, but they are not all; and there was something in their old condition which the Highlanders naturally considered better still. Even if it was their misfortune and sin to take such a view, it was in their nature to do so, and the violent wrenching of that nature into other ways of life could never be regarded by them in the light of a blessing or a boon. But there are many besides Celts who will be disposed to allow that the possessions lost by the people of Sutherland at the time of the clearings were of a very valuable kind. A stone cottage, held at a moderate rent, with glass windows and a good chimney, in a small village, has its advantages; but how many educated gentlemen are there who would not vastly prefer a bothie or a turf hut on a Highland hill-side, with square miles of heather, a plentiful supply of fuel in a peat-bog, two or three acres capable of growing oats or potatoes in a small way, and all held as their own property, or under such a feudal tenure as to make it virtually so? Great is the glory of the industry in these days, when the world is either working itself to death—as in Europe—or tearing itself to pieces in a drunken plethora of material success—as in America: but let us reason together a little on that subject, my ingenious friend. Industry is noble, “work is worship,” we are told; so you are called out of your bed at six o’clock every summer morning to chisel at stones in a Sutherland quarry or wooden

shed till six at night, with two brief intervals of about an hour each. The morning sun glistens the dew upon the heather, the lapwing sweeps after its mate, the deer browses in the dark-green corrie, while with you it is knock, knock, knock, till the monotony almost makes you sleep, your hardened hands begin to feel tender, and your only knowledge of the mid-day sun is, that it makes you wipe the perspiration from your brow. When the shadows of night are beginning to fall, you drag your weary limbs and carry your benumbed brain some three or four miles to your stone cottage, where, after a copious repast on a red herring, oat-cakes, butter, and tea, and smoking a cutty-pipe full of rank tobacco, you sink to rest, to rise day after day in order to go through the same round of heavy if not dreary toil, on seventeen shillings a-week. Tastes differ, but I might say that I, for one, would decidedly prefer the turf-hovel and the peat-bog. Let the editors of periodicals from here to Pekin denounce me as lazy, useless, a cumber of the ground; let the economists prove that I must speedily perish from off the face of the earth: let you, my dear readers, who prefer the reward of industry, be held up in local newspapers, tracts, and sensational religious journals, as according to the very type and model of all that is noble, manly, justly happy;—give me the Sutherland hillside: and, if the choice were fairly before them, nine men out of ten would choose with me. The question I refer to is not whether the Duke of Sutherland was justified in his clearings, but whether those who were cleared out had reason to bless the change. They may have had no right to retain their old mode of life, and yet it may have been rather preferable to that on which they were forced to enter. The land may have been bare and the houses miserable, which they and their ancestors had occupied for centuries, but it was sacred to them

by the traditions and memories of the past. The families in their neighbourhood were bound to them by sanguineous ties. If they suffered occasionally from poverty, and even semi-starvation in unfortunate years, they had the felicity of avoiding the drudgery of incessant toil; they could dream at their leisure, follow the chase, and be gentlefolks in a small way. The heroes they contributed to the "Sutherland Regiment" laid their bones with honour on a foreign soil, or came back to spend a green old age under the roofs of their fathers, and to charm the children with accounts of strange countries, and tales of siege and battle. Unfortunately for them there seems to have been some failing in the strength of their race, and a feeling of despair had taken possession of their minds before the innovating presence of southern civilisation. The ease of their life degenerated into feeble indolence, and some change of circumstance was probably necessary for the preservation of their race. It will be found, however, that, among intelligent men capable of judging, those who had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Highland peasantry, had the highest opinion of them, and the greatest sympathy for their distress. Though the virtue of exercising constant and enduring toil was absent—as might have been expected, from the circumstances of their environment and past history—yet were they distinguished beyond the rest of our population by some excellent and endearing qualities. Their intelligence and good-breeding was such, that gentlemen could freely and familiarly have intercourse with them. The purity of their disposition was sustained by feelings of chivalry, and by traditions tending to enhance the value of heroic character. Their occasional outbreaks of ferocity were redeemed by a tenderness unknown to less impulsive races; and even the poorest of them had too much pride to

expose their weakness or suffering. Dr. Norman Macleod says, "The real Highland peasantry are by far the most intelligent in the world. I say this advisedly, after having compared them with those of many countries." Mr. Campbell, of the 'Highland Tales,' makes a similar remark:—"I have wandered among the peasantry of many countries, and this trip but confirmed my old impression. There are few peasants that I think so highly of—none that I love so well. Scotch Highlanders have faults in plenty, but they have the bearing of nature's own gentlemen." Now, in these authorities, wide culture and varied experience may be fairly supposed to counterbalance the partiality arising from early associations; and in the only instance I have known of an Englishman who learned Gaelic and settled in the Highlands after attaining the age of manhood, his feeling of respect and affection for the peasantry was quite as strong. On me, almost a stranger to the Gael, the people of Sutherland left a highly favourable impression, in spite of their too apparent faults; while it is easy to believe that, when their circumstances were more independent, they were superior to what they are now. I have carefully studied the history of the Sutherland clearings, and think that, from a national point of view, Mr. Loch made good his point; but it is rather hard to deny the Sutherland crofters the consolation of believing it is the gods who are cruel, not they themselves who are in fault.

It used to be a complaint in Sutherlandshire that "the day of black cattle, of strong men, and of sma' stills" had passed away together. What particular connection the two last things thus mentioned have with one another, may be left to the discussion of those physiologists who seem feeling their way to the conclusion that alcohol is a nerve-giving food, though it may supply nothing of what has hitherto technically been

called "nourishment," and is unfavourably known as a destroyer of the nerves when taken to excess. Probably, however, it was the requirements of the Sutherland regiment, and the demand which it created for athletic persons, that kept up the supply of strong men rather than the black cattle and the small stils, though the two latter, judiciously combined, may not have been without their favourable effect. At the time of the clearings, the people of the country had evidently degenerated, or they would not have been so dependent on the proprietors for occasional supplies of food, and would have made a more effectual resistance than that which they offered when deprived of their holdings. Sir Robert Gordoun, referring to Sutherland, speaks of "the shippes that dae traffique in that countrey, to transport from thence their cornes, salt, cole, salmond, beiff, hyds, wool, lynyng, tallow, butter, cheese, plaids, and other commodities." In his day, in order to have indulged in such exports, Sutherland must have been a very different country from what it is now, or what it was half a century ago, for the imports at the time he refers to were almost nothing. A virtuous, but more particularly a fighting peasantry, the country's pride, must have had much more energy than belonged to the later crofters in order to quarrel among themselves as they did, and at the same time to load ships with such various productions. If we are to look for energy nowadays in these wild valleys, it is not among the few crofters that still linger, but in cottages such as that of this hospitable shepherd of Strathmore, where we meet such names as Armstrong, Douglas, and Scott; where the sturdy gudewife still thinks longingly of her native Scottish border, and where the voices of the ruddy, flaxen-haired children recall the sound of the waters which murmur over the pebbles of Ettrick and Tweed. It is very difficult to get

children educated among these lone mountains; but some of the shepherds from the south are so much in earnest on this subject, that several of them sometimes club together to engage the services of a private tutor, who passes a couple of months in each of their houses. One among them, I was told, had cured himself of a serious illness without the aid of a physician. Much responsibility rests upon them; they are men of sterling character, and are rather offended by the offer of payment for the simple hospitalities which they are willing to extend to passing travellers in the less frequented districts. In this latter respect all honour also to the Gael, whose will, as regards the duties of a host, is even more fervent than that of the southern interloper, though his means are not always sufficient.

Sutherland is rather an out-of-the-way country, but, after all, it is not a bad one to live in, especially for a time. The varieties among its population are quite as markedly distinct as are its physical characteristics. The wealthy sportsmen who go there for a few weeks in autumn to follow the deer on the gigantic mountains, to trace the peat-coloured streams alive with grilse and trout, and to float on the great, dark, deep lochs, have but little to do with any of the population except with the game-keepers and gillies that serve their behest. In so far they resemble many of the heights over which they roam, for these mountains rise abruptly and savagely out of the countryside, as if they had nothing in common with it, and looked down haughtily upon it. Where the grander features of the country are softened into stretches of sheep-pasture, and a substantial house is sheltered by trees, which are so welcome in this district "indigent of wood," we look naturally to see the substantial comfortable sheep-farmer leaning on his gate, or mounting his rough cob. Above the lonely valleys on the green slopes there is heard the faint bark-

ing of the shepherd's dog; while near the solitary cottage below, the shepherd's wife or daughter is driving in the kye. By the gloomy mountain tarn, once reddened with the blood of warriors, or on the long sweep of boggy hillside, a few green patches of oats or potatoes show where the cottars still linger. And in the calm inlets of the sea there ride, securely for the moment, the boats of the hardy fishermen from Caithness and the Western Isles, who have yet to beat round the huge, white, jagged, precipitous cliffs, as of Whiten Head and Cape Wrath, from which are seen the distant Orkneys, and against which the wild Northern Ocean roars and dashes in still whiter and ever-veered foam.

The steep road which leads up from the fresh water of Loch Hope to the salt water of Loch Eriboll commands a view of Ben Hope, which has not without reason been called "the finest of its kind in the kingdom," for that huge mountain is from thence seen rising abruptly from within a very few feet of the sea-level to upwards of three thousand feet, and though not without green stretches, plainly reveals the tremendous mass of stone of which it is composed. About the head of Loch Eriboll, on the other side of the pass which leads down to it, we have Ben Spennue, and a confused congeries of bare, white, wild mountains, amid whose desolation an Eastern prophet might find a congenial abode. Even so æsthetic a personage would also not be much disposed to quarrel with the luxury of the entertainment set before him at the Ferry Inn, or to complain that the dance which was kept up under our windows to a late hour, accompanied by the musical cry of "Hoosh," was at all calculated to mislead by any sensuous charm, or to recall the recollection of houses of entertainment.

"Where Paphian girls are known to sing and smile."

It being very rough in crossing the ferry next morning, the boat-

men congratulated themselves, probably not without good cause, on having what they termed "a sobering breeze;" but the festivities of the previous night seemed to have done them no harm and not to have injured their appetite for seaweed. This resting-place, however, is by no means the worst of those to be met with in the country. Though Sutherland is justly famed for the combined excellence and cheapness of its inns, yet there are small hostelries in which, if the pedestrian chooses to stop, as some of them are conveniently situated for him, he must content himself with salt herrings, oatcakes, and whisky—a species of fare which, with those unaccustomed to it, is apt to sink speedily into the whisky alone; for that pleasing beverage must be drunk in order to force over the oatcakes, while the salt fish incites to deep and ever deeper potations. At one of these public houses we found an unfortunate English artist, who, from the effect of the unusual diet, and of a special invention of the enemy called "double whisky," was in imminent danger of passing there the remainder of his natural days, and who showed us, with evident pride, his last sketch, which represented simply a haystack and a bottle.

The steep hill which must be crossed in going from Loch Eriboll to Durness commands a fine view of Whiten Head, where huge waves break on perpendicular cliffs of enormous height. At Rispen there were many wind-bound fishing-boats from Wick and the Western Isles; and many hundreds of dark Lewis men, ignorant of English, and fair-coloured Caithnessians, were loitering aimlessly about. Not only had they nothing to do—many of them had nothing to put into their stomachs, for they had eaten up all the oatmeal that the few houses within a circuit of ten miles could supply. In such circumstances it might have been expected that these small seakings would have been somewhat riotous and disposed to mischief of

some sort or another. Few other seafaring men could have been collected in such numbers in such a way without quarrelling among themselves, and being a terror to the inhabitants of the thinly-scattered houses. Perhaps the non-success of their fishing may have had some effect in keeping them quiet; but whatever may have been the cause, I never saw persons more sober, orderly, or better behaved. In the houses in which they took refuge from the rain, they were extremely civil, and quite under the control of the usual inmates, though they might easily have held the whole cottages of the coast. So far was their respect for the property of others carried, that, though it was not Sunday, I noticed one young man who had lifted a stone from a dyke in order to put against a companion, rebuked for this by one of the elder fishermen, and so sensible to the rebuke that he immediately restored the stone to its place, and quietly put on his coat. A hard life of it these fishermen must have, and one which ought to please the lovers of industry! Peril must become very familiar to them in their open and half-open boats, frequently without lights, on the stormy Northern Sea. One terrible night at Kinloch-Bervie I could scarcely sleep for the howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves; but while I was lying comfortable in bed, many of the poor boatmen were being dashed as on the rocks of doom on that iron-bound coast, while in the spray-swept Western Islands wives and children were trembling for those who would never again sail with hard-won earnings into the expectant haven.

Here, at Farout Head, we see to advantage "the great green sea upon the North," and may agree with Sir Robert Gordoun when he says, "I doe verilie think that there is no land directly north from the poynt of the nesse of Duriness called Arduriness; at least there is none found out as yet." We have

got about as far north now as we can on Scottish soil; and the waves breaking at that giddy depth beneath stretch uninterruptedly to the fields of polar ice. In June there is scarcely any darkness here, and to-night the polar lights will illumine the whole northern horizon. The world is at our back; but this, be it remembered, is Sutherland, Southerland, Sudeland, —the southern land. It is true that the name may have belonged originally to that portion of the present country where the Earls of Sutherland first established themselves, and which was a southern country to the people of Duriness and Caithness; yet tradition seems to indicate that the whole of this northern coast of Scotland was a southern land in the eyes of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, and that the point on which we rest was to them the commencement of a summer land of promise, when they first descried it dimly from the far Orkneys, or saw its white cliffs rising above their tossing barques.

Without attaching undue importance to "auntient traditions, and whatsoever els bairds and singers (delyting in decayed antiquitie) doe religiously father upon tymes out of mynd," it would be impossible to describe the state of Sutherland in the reign of Oorbred I., nineteenth king of Scotland, in the year of the world 4025, and in the three-score and third year of Christ. There is also some difficulty in tracing certainly the Caithnessians and a portion of the Sutherland people to the Catti and Vispi, who spread in Scotland northwards from the Tay; and, being from Germany, were probably the Catti of Tacitus, who were such excellent Malthusians, that when they killed men they declared they were only paying back the price of their birth. It is necessary to go on to the ninth century to find anything like historical facts, which even then emerge in such questionable shapes as the buck tooth of the native chieftain Malbride, which was so

wonderfully and terribly formed, that it caused the death of an invading Scandinavian called Sigurd, after that Jarl had cut off Malbride's head and suspended it from his saddle-bow. In this Sigurd, however, we have probably the origin of the earldom of Sutherland, for in the next century it was represented by an Earl Yhorsen Sigurdson. As we come downwards, the history of Sutherlandshire centres upon the rivalry between the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness, and upon the relationship to these potentates of the more Celtic Mackays, who at one time were lords of all Durness, which at that time included Assynt and Strathnaver.

On examining the chronicles of Sutherland down even to what may be called a modern period, a feeling of amazement can scarcely fail to gain possession of the mind at the amount of feuds, and bloody feuds, which they record. The wonder grows and grows how so small a district of country could accommodate so many fights, and how such small clans could give so many of their members up to grim death. It becomes a serious subject of speculation to consider how the human race continued to continue itself in these parts. We are told indeed, and as a matter of great congratulation, that previous to some of the most exterminating encounters, the warriors on both sides had fortunately taken care to get their wives with child; but the problem still remains unsolved how the warriors were allowed ever to reach that point of capacity, and how the children were permitted to develop into warriors in their turn. It is not merely that the Earl of Sutherland was eternally at war with the Earl of Caithness, and Y Mackay was always opposing one of the Earls, and all parties were agreed to oppress and exterminate the unfortunate Clan Gunn;—there are wars within wars; the house of Sutherland is divided against itself; the Mackays have two chiefs who

are enemies to death; and over and above all this, there constantly arise private difficulties of the most sudden and violent kind.

Down south, the Earls of Sutherland, or members of their family, appear at Otterburn, Bannockburn, Halidon Hill, and other famous fights. At one time, in the course of their long conflict with the Earls of Caithness, they narrowly escaped being extinguished; for, in 1567, the more northern lord contrived, by purchase from the Earl of Athole, to get the wardship of Earl Alexander of Sutherland, who was only fifteen years old; and, carrying this youth off to Caithness, married him incontinently to his (the Caithnessian's) daughter Lady Barbara Sinclair, who was not only of the mature age of thirty-two, but had also rather intimate relationships with Y Mackay of Far. From the dangers thus arising Earl Alexander was preserved by wonderful means; and the whole course of events in that part of Scotland was greatly complicated by left-hand connections, which do not seem to have been regarded as disreputable, and which gave special trouble from the ambitious children to which they gave rise. Thus, in 1519, an "Alexander Sutherland the Bastard" got his head placed on the end of a spear on the highest point of Dunrobin Tower, all owing to the fact that some witches had told him his head should be the highest in Sutherland; "which he did foolishly interpret that some day he should be earl." The position of these left-handed scions of the more powerful houses was at all times a difficult one, but it was nothing to that of the bishops of Caithness, who, notwithstanding their sacerdotal authority, and perhaps in consequence of it, seem to have incurred the wrath of all parties. One of them, at an early period, was put into a pot and boiled; and another, Bishop John, of the twelfth century, being "apprehended" by a certain Harold Chisholme, perhaps an ancestor of our friend of Ben Clebrig,

had his tongue and both his eyes pulled out, before being "killed most cruellie." In this latter case, however, little good came of the crime, for not only was the Chisholme dilapidated in consequence,—the whole of his family were served in a similar manner, and "their blood utterly extinguished, lest any succession should spring from so detestable a seed."

The Mackays, or sons of Y, were nominally supporters of the Lord of Sutherland, but just as frequently were to be found opposing him. At one time we find that the Earl made a proposal to the Earl of Caithness "for suppressing of Mackay;" but this particular chieftain was quite an irrepressible element, and by playing skilfully on the prejudices of both parties he managed to bring them both to grief. It is very amusing to read of the meetings for reconciliation and pacification which were frequently held, and which not unfrequently resulted in the reconciler and pacified falling upon both parties, sword in hand, and leaving matters in a doubly complicated state. In 1895, the Lord of the Isles held a meeting of this sort at Dingwall, to reconcile Nicolas of Sutherland with his enemy Y Mackay of Far and his son Donald Mackay, in a matter of "divers slaughters and spoils committed on either syd." The chief result of this was, that in the castle of Dingwall, Nicolas and Y Mackay "fell at some hot reasoning and altercation anent these particulars then in controversie betweine them, and being incensed in anger one against another upon the repetition of by-past injuries, with some reproachful words, he (that is Nicolas) killed Y Mackay and his sone Donald with his owne hands, and hardlie escaping from the followers and servants, he returned home with all speid into Sutherland, the yeir of God 1895." There is something very fine in the idea of the Earl's "reproachful words." Not in anger but in sorrow he did it with his own hand. Even the presence of

a common enemy was no security against disputes, as the battle of Culloden notably illustrates. Down to very late years we find sudden "accidents" happening in Sutherland when parties who have any dispute between them chance to meet. From words they fall to blows, till one or more of them is slain, and then the relatives of the deceased strive to get the survivors of the opposite side proclaimed "the King's rebels." At best, however, the killing of men seems to have been regarded only as a misdeemeanour; and even the clergy were not entirely exempt from being involved in these quarrels. In the sixteenth century, William and Thomas Paipe, two ministers at Dornoch, had a dispute with a certain John Macphail, who they thought had unseasonably asked them for drink, and who, in return to their threats, thrust an arrow, with a broad forked head, into the arm of the Rev. Mr. Thomas. This was bad enough, but it was not all; for meeting shortly afterwards in no less sacred a place than the churchyard, "they fell a-quarrelling, and from quarrelling to feighting;" the result being that one was killed, and the other two were left lying nearly dead. Like other Highlanders, and even more than some others, the men of Sutherland were prompt and eager in taking revenge, without much regard to place, time, age, cause, or person. They were also very apt to think themselves slighted—very suspicious in every way; and believing that the chief end of their neighbour was to injure them, made it their chief end to destroy him. There is a tombstone near Durness, bearing the date of 1619, which states that "Donald Mac Murchie heir lyes lo; was ill to his friend and var to his fo; true to his master in veind and vo." This must have been a delightful character to have had for a near neighbour; but he was a character by no means rare in the times in which he lived; and it is said that to this day the Gaelic population

of Sutherland is not entirely free from his defects.

The scenery on the east coast of Sutherland is in some places wild and grand indeed, while everywhere the traveller may enjoy a sense of great solitariness, or be oppressed by it, according as his disposition may dictate. A predecessor in this Magazine has spoken of "the howling wilderness" of the Gualin, but he would have been still more entitled to use the phrase had circumstances led him, as they did me, to ride through it at midnight in a storm of wind and hail. Though the inn at Rhiconich is small, it is well conducted, and the fishing in its vicinity may well tempt the angler to remain there for a few days. Down on the way to Kinlochbervie the Sutherland cottars may be seen in their most primitive state. At Scourie, the mighty cliffs of Handa are still white with sea-fowl, and re-echo the thunder of the Atlantic waves. The precipices which rise abruptly over the salt-water stream of Kyle Sku are unsurpassed in wild grandeur in the British Islands; and, after winding beneath the frowning gloomy front of Coinag, Loch Assynt smiles sweetly under a thin veil of golden mist. Alas! however, it is much pleasanter to wander through that scenery

than to write about it—to dream vaguely of its past heroes than definitely to reproduce them!

Would it, I wonder, have been any more interesting to have been a Scandinavian sea-king, or Macbride of the buck-tooth, or Nicolas Earl of Sutherland, or Y Mackay of Far, or even Donald Mac Murchie, than to ride, or shoot, or write in the present day? Were the hands of Jarl Sigurd never soiled with pitch, nor his heart sick with the incessant recurrence of tedious cares? Was the world really any more heroic or glorious to the fiercest son of Y who perished in battle, and whose bones lie deep down beside the white pine-trees in the black morass, than it is to the red-headed gamekeeper who shows that the race of Sutherland strong men has not altogether passed away? Was that life of the past any more worth living than this we lead? Was that a paradise behind? is yon a heaven before? Is the stone to be kept forever rolling, and the thirst forever unslaked? Out of the darkness of the grave we summon the dead that we may live their past lives free from earthly conditions; into the darkness of the grave our thoughts wander, that they may breathe the pure air of a prefigured but undiscovered heaven.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

We think highly, but not *very* highly, of these two volumes of Mr. Kirk. The events, which are often of an exciting and dramatic character, are narrated in a style which is generally pleasing, or which only occasionally offends; contemporary chronicles appear to have been ransacked for details which might bring the past epoch vividly before us; and we have presented to us another of those lively and graphic pictures of the middle ages, in which the literatures both of France and England have lately abounded. Nor are the higher qualities of the historian—critical acumen and philosophic generalisation—altogether wanting; but in these our author does not appear to us to be eminent. If to be critical is to be sceptical, he can occasionally be critical enough: he passes we know not what wholesale censure on the old chroniclers of English history; but this spirit of scepticism comes and goes in a somewhat capricious manner, and in cases where we have naturally looked for some critical investigation we have not found it. The reader may in such cases be told that the explanation he desired was not attainable by the historian himself, who had no other alternative than to narrate just what he found in the record, or to be silent altogether. On that other faculty of the historian, the ability to reason well on events—to see them as parts of some great whole—to form, in fact, great historical generalisations—the intelligent reader will form a more independent and decisive judgment, and we suspect that he will not, on this ground, close the book with a very high appreciation of Mr. Kirk. There is an effort to be original in his remarks, which does not always succeed. When he enters into dis-

cussions on some general topic, the page is more attractive on the first perusal than on the second; it grows obscurer under examination; we have to fall back on the old safe position, which appeared at first to be successfully attacked. In short, we cannot but express a wish that there had been in Mr. Kirk's work a less apparent striving after effect and the credit of originality, and that his style of writing had been more simple and less prolix.

That the life of Charles the Bold of Burgundy is not worth narrating, and narrating with all the careful research and cautious criticism which distinguish the modern historian, who will venture to assert? This Duke of Burgundy, with his love of pomp, with a certain thin sentiment of honor, and with a terrible atrocity at the bottom of his heart, might be selected as a typical figure of the *knighly tyrant* so rife in the middle ages. And his contest with Louis XI. of France gives to his reign a meaning and importance which in itself it would not possess. The great fief of Burgundy had been detached from the crown by the unfortunate but magnanimous John—magnanimous at least in one act of his life, in his surrender of himself as prisoner, in obedience to his given word, to the King of England. John gave it, by his testament, as an appanage to his younger brother. The succeeding Dukes of Burgundy had aggrandised themselves by subsequent acquisitions, especially by the rich towns of Flanders, and for a moment it hung in the balance whether the Duke of Burgundy, renouncing his allegiance to the crown of France, should convert his dukedom into an independent kingdom, or whether the great fief should revert to the crown, and be consoli-

"History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy." By John Foster Kirk. Two volumes octavo. John Murray, London.

dated with the French dominions. There are reasons good enough why the history of Charles of Burgundy should be told; but why exaggerate the importance of the man, or of the epoch in which he lived, by representing this conflict with the King of France as the conflict between feudalism on the one hand, and monarchy (as understood in modern Europe) on the other? It was the conflict, says Mr. Kirk, of "opposite principles;" Charles and Louis were "essentially men of different eras." It was the modern polity of Europe in contest with feudalism. All this is needless exaggeration and mere confusion. The battle against feudalism was fought in every country of Europe, and extended over many reigns. It was not more especially fought by Louis XI., than by one of his most distinguished predecessors, Philip Augustus. Every monarch who contends for the power of the throne and the consolidation of his territory was contending against feudalism, inasmuch as this monarchical power was the foundation of a new European polity. Louis XI. governed by the old feudal machinery, and one sees not how he could have done otherwise; he displaces one chief or duke by another, in whom he thinks he can better confide, nor does he always choose very skilfully. As M. Sismondi takes the pains to point out, his struggle is against the princes of the blood, and not against feudality. It is a very simple reason which Mr. Kirk gives for arraying his "principles" against each other, that the nobility as a body were at one time seen in opposition to Louis; the personal conduct of Louis towards his nobility being quite sufficient cause for a general feeling of animosity and distrust; not to say that the feudal monarch was always in antagonism to his nobility. It was the normal state of things: he was always either subjected by them, or struggling to reduce them to subjection.

On this subject of monarchy Mr.

Kirk enters into some elaborate discussions, in which we trace the constant effort to say something novel, but from which we rise with the sense of a fatigued unprofitable attention. It is a remark very generally made by our historians, that the circumstance of the institution of a standing army being introduced into England (owing to its insular position) later than in most countries on the Continent, gave to the English people the opportunity of fairly contesting for their liberties when the period came for such a contest. This remark Mr. Kirk undertakes, with great formality, to dispute. He is compelled — very unwillingly, he says — to enter the lists with Hallam and Macaulay; and proceeds to lash himself into a strain of turbid eloquence upon the subject. He points triumphantly to the well-known fact, that royalty became absolute in Spain and France, and almost absolute in England, without the aid of standing armies. Most assuredly neither Hallam nor Macaulay had overlooked so striking a fact as this. When the power of a warlike and turbulent nobility had retired from the field, who was there to call Majesty to account? An uneducated people may be, and frequently are, aroused to sudden outbreaks of violence and rebellion, but in general all they want is to be governed with some show of equity. The mass of mankind, in all early or rude periods, desire nothing but to be well governed: it is a later experience that teaches them that in order to be well governed, they must have some share in the government, some constitutional control over their governors. The people of England under the Tudors had not become alive to this necessity. When experience had taught them the lesson, and they had to contend against the Stuarts for a participation, through their representatives, in the government, it was surely a fortunate circumstance that the Crown was not supported by a standing army; that is, by armed men bound to the Crown by the mere

tie of military discipline. When the day of struggle came between the King and the Parliament, the King had to throw himself for support on his own *party* in the nation. It was a fair struggle between loyalty and liberty. The King was the head of one faction, the Parliament of the other. The nation fought out its own battle, Loyalist and Round-head fairly pitted against each other. If Charles had possessed any considerable standing army, the battle would have been most unequal. This is all that our historians have remarked. No one has ventured to say that if the standing army of Charles had been as large as that of any then raised upon the Continent, there would have been no struggle whatever. Mr. Kirk contrives, *à propos* of this very obvious and in-offensive remark, to put himself into a state of indignation not at all favourable to his own clearness of thought. He supposes that certain historians have reduced the whole question of political liberty, the whole problem of the various developments of European monarchies, to the one point—the institution or the non-institution of a standing army—and therefore he thus breaks out:—

“If these views be correct, the history of the principal European states, with a single exception, during several past centuries, and for as long a period in the future as the same state of things shall prevail, will hereafter deserve to be blotted from record, or to be remembered only with horror and dismay as that of long ages of withering barbarism, destitute of progress or development—a reign of brute force as exceptional, if aught can be considered as exceptional, to the general plan of human destiny as those brief intervals in Grecian and Italian history, when tyrants, encompassed by their armed satellites, bade defiance to the hate, and exacted obedience from the fear, of unwilling subjects—intervals that might be thought to exemplify the evanescent nature of all governments attempting to dispense with the assent of the governed.”—(Vol. ii. p. 885.)

Then follow many pages of mere

confusion of thought and wild, angry oratory, such as may be expected when vigorous writers will set up a man of straw and tilt furiously at it. We hasten to say, however, that this first quotation we have had occasion to make affords no fair specimen of the style or manner of Mr. Kirk. It is chiefly in his second volume that he indulges in prolix discussions, and a polemic strain which is anything but felicitous. When he confines himself to his narrative, which he does pretty steadily during the first volume, he is an agreeable writer, though somewhat too verbose. It is in his second volume that we have to complain of a loose, tedious, and controversial manner. This is in every respect to be regretted, for it is not only in itself a trial to the reader's patience, but it fills space which might have been so much better occupied. With due condensation, and by avoiding some needless digressions, Mr. Kirk might have given us the life of Charles the Bold in the two volumes before us, instead of which the story is half told, and we have to wait for a third volume to complete it.

We of course expect that one who re-writes a history which has been already told has some new views to put forth, and a biographer is at once presumed to have for his very object to set his hero before us in some novel aspect. It would be the exception to the rule if Mr. Kirk did not give us some new reading of the character of Charles the Bold. We are ready to receive whatever novelty of this kind he has to reveal. Where is the meaning, therefore—what is the necessity—of a long digression, introduced, too, midway in his narrative, to defend or apologise for this novelty of view? He has but to unfold his historical discoveries—we are all eager to hear them. He surely never for a moment feared that our attention would be turned away from them by such novelty as they might possess. Is not novelty the great source of attraction?

"A reluctance," he says—"a painful hesitation—must be felt in presenting, even without gloss or commentary, a recital of facts opposed to the received version, and irreconcilable with settled views. One would fain enjoy the confidence of one's readers; and there is no surer way of winning it than by repeating the story which they have always heard, and confirming the opinions which they have always entertained.

"When, however—with no fault of ours, but through the unfortunate industry of certain archivists and official mousers, ignorant or reckless of the mischief they were committing, as well as by the more culpable explorations of here and there a prying and discontented mind, bent upon resolving doubts which ought to have been resolutely stifled—a mass of documents and relations have been dragged from their hiding-places, cleansed from the dust of ages, and thrust into publicity, what resource have we but to accept the new and more authentic testimony thus adduced, subversive though it should prove to be of an established belief? To pass it over in silence, to adhere in preference to that which it refutes, would be hardly possible; for not only should we find our finery checked and our fervency damped, but many gaps which in the darkness we might have safely skirted unaware, would require to be boldly leaped, or crossed by a bridge of well-constructed fiction. For such a task we confess our incompetence. Truth-telling—however paradoxical the proposition may appear—is more natural and more easy than lying: a true report is the mere echo of the fact, the unstudied response that finds utterance for itself in language or other vehicle to the interrogatories, tacit or express, which always await it. Truth—to the extent of the knowledge possessed—flows from unconscious and innocent lips, drops from the mouth of the indolent, forces a passage through the embarrassment of the stammerer, writes itself on the forehead in contradiction of the spoken denial. Falsehood, or even evasion, demands invention, imposes a labour, and though not uncommon as a habit among any people or tribe at present known to the ethnological student, is the instinct only of a particular class of active and ingenious intellects."

It is scarcely credible that any earnest man, having some historical facts to impart, could fill several

pages with such needless and insufferable palaver as this. For we turn over several pages and find the writer still beating on the same string, till he works himself into the following strain, which, we presume, is intended to be extremely and bitterly ironical. Only the pity is one cannot understand to whom this pungent irony can apply, or who has brought it down upon his head:—

"May we not, at all events, hope to be pardoned if we should be so far carried away by the zeal of the biographer, as occasionally to remember that the man whose life we have undertaken to describe was, after all, an organised being, endowed with faculties, mental as well as physical; that he had his own mode of viewing the transactions and events in which he was a principal party; and that it might, on the whole, be as interesting to know in what light the world and its proceedings were looked at by him, as in what light he and his proceedings were looked at by the world? Such considerations may be thought the more excusable when it is recollected that, for the latter part of his career, we have no consecutive narrative of any value or note written with a personal knowledge, &c., &c. The accused having been convicted and condemned, there can now be no harm in noticing what, if a hearing had been granted, might possibly have been urged in the way of defence or palliation."

After all, Mr. Kirk appears to agree with all his predecessors in the general traits of his hero's character. The destroyer of Liège and Dinant is not a very mistakable sort of person. The point which he labours most is the behaviour of Charles towards the Swiss. We can readily believe that Charles did not willingly enter into war with the Swiss. His overbearing manner, and the insolence of Hagenbach, his governor in Alsace, very probably provoked a hostility which his pride would not allow him to conciliate, but which broke very inopportunistically upon him. The representations of Austria and the intrigues of France were driving the Swiss upon him, and he could condescend to no other measures than to answer threat with threat, and blow with blow. Having lost one battle, it was not in the temper of the man

to seek peace in any other way than by renewing the combat and conquering his enemies. It was thus he fell. Rather than temporise, he dashed himself to pieces on the phalanx of the Swiss. And his subtle rival, Louis XI., looking keenly on upon a contest he had aided to excite, stepped in to despoil the dead. The great fief of Burgundy was again in the hands of a king of France.

Neither Michelet nor Sismondi attribute to Charles any matured designs of invading Switzerland; and if it is this imputation Mr. Kirk undertakes to repel, we are at a loss to understand why he should feel burdened with the painful responsibility of the original discoverer of truth. But the most friendly biographer of the Duke of Burgundy must admit that, although he may have had no designs upon Switzerland, it was the intolerable arrogance of his own creature Haguenbach, and the threatening aspect which he allowed himself to assume, that threw the Swiss into the arms of France. But we are commencing our history at its conclusion. It is more natural that in such space as we have at our command we should revert to the earlier portions of the life of Charles, and of his great rival, Louis XI. For indeed these two men are so linked together in our imagination, that even the professed biographer of Charles finds himself as much occupied with Louis as with his own hero. Charles the Bold derives the greatest part of the interest we feel in him from the struggle maintained with his strongly-contrasted rival.

All men may be exposed more or less to misrepresentation, and even a character which appears so simple in its elements as that of Charles the Bold may have been wrongly interpreted. But if there is any one historical personage about whom we may justly acknowledge ourselves perplexed, it is his contemporary and rival, Louis XI. We fully expect to receive some day from the

hand of an ingenious historian a quite new portraiture of this curious complex mortal, who had assuredly some of the best qualities of a king mingled with some of the worst vices of a man. The French historians who have bestowed most pains upon their subject, and drawn his character most elaborately, still leave upon us the impression of a character but half understood. One thing must strike all readers, that the man who devoted himself entirely to the task of government, who, if he loved power, detested pomp, whose ambition sought no sympathy, who worked in solitary ways, and worked indefatigably for France, or for the royalty of France, was a most extraordinary man. Say that his great object was power, as we presume it was, yet here and there we catch glimpses of a shrewd intelligence, thinking and acting for the good of France. Who would have expected that the irremovability, or appointment for life, of the judges, the first requisite to their independence, and the impartial administration of the law, should date from a spontaneous act of this king?—who would have expected from this crafty despot such a self-denying ordinance? And again, in that prohibition of the chase by which he is said to have disgusted his nobility, and shown a most capricious tyranny, or most monopolising spirit, who would have been prepared to find an anxiety to protect the farmer or peasant, to secure his poultry or his cultivated fields? Yet this M. Michelet has shown, or at least rendered probable. Mr. Kirk alludes to this prohibition of the chase without any word of explanation, and apparently acquiesces in the hostile remark of some contemporary chronicler who accuses Louis, himself fond of the chase, of wishing to monopolise it entirely—of debarring others, out of mere envy, from a pleasure he was devoted to himself; adding that, if the King hunted for ever, he could not have

* Sismondi, vol. ix. p. 499.

exhausted the forests of France. It appears absurd to attribute such a motive to Louis. The prohibition of so favourite an amusement to the nobility was too dangerous a measure to have been prompted by the mere spirit of caprice. Of course it applied only to the lesser nobility; and even with regard to these it is difficult to understand how it could have been enforced, unless under the eyes of the sovereign himself.

We are far from attributing to Louis, what it is almost impossible he could have possessed, the ideas and principles of another era from that in which he lived. It was near at hand that he seemed to have found the model on which he formed himself. "It was Francis Sforza," says Sismondi, "his neighbour and ally, who had succeeded, by a mixture of audacity and address, of military talent and deep dissimulation, in acquiring the throne of Lombardy," who was the pattern and example according to which Louis regulated his conduct. He learnt from this Italian prince—if his own experience and temperament had not taught him the same lesson—that the administration of a State should be an affair of cold calculation, and not of the passions of the moment. He himself had no pleasures—he had no hatreds—that did not yield to a measure of policy. Had an able man injured him dexterously, he bought his services; had a friend served him foolishly, he dismissed him, to carry his blundering services elsewhere. One would say that he had no friends or enemies; he had an object to pursue, and some men were instruments for that object, and some were obstacles. That was his classification of mankind; and yet this solitary man, who could sacrifice revenge itself to a measure of policy, comes before us the next moment as in truth a social spirit, yearning for companionship, turning from pedants and ceremonious blockheads to any man who could give him an insight into any reality

of life. There was no one, we are told, who made acquaintance with so great a variety of men, or was so greedy of all manner of information. He was impatient of oratorical gentlemen, just as he was of pompous knights and all ceremonial; he could bid a chancellor in his solemn and complimentary oration "to be brief;" he bade, however, in vain: and on one occasion, when the erudite Cardinal Bessarion, an envoy of the Pope, was discoursing learnedly, he amused himself by playing with the beard of the learned cardinal. It was a patriarchal beard, and tempted him to put his hand into it.

Charles the Bold, his knightly adversary, had less of that amenity of manner which we generally associate with knighthood than his eccentric rival. He was somewhat more faithful to his word, less given to treachery and dissimulation; but he is described as violent and even brutal in his demeanour, striking his attendants, even if they were of noble birth, with his *baton*, in his fits of impatience. He was as ambitious as Louis, but desired to conquer his prize in open combat. He was still more proud than ambitious. A personal slight would have wounded him more than the loss of a province. With him, to govern men was itself a mere personal right; to govern well and skillfully for the sake of the governed, entered as little as it possibly could into his thoughts. Some place in the thoughts of the most tyrannical ruler that ever lived it must have. Only an idiot could escape entirely from the sense of responsibility which the possession of power brings with it. But to add territory to territory; to maintain in everything his right; to equal himself with kings and emperors, and make all others bend before him—were his sole conspicuous motives.

When Louis and Charles were young, they lived much together in the Court of Philip of Burgundy. Both were fond of the chase; and if Louis was indifferent to the joust

or the tournament, he was not deficient in bravery, nor averse to real war. There was one point of similarity in their lives; they both wrestled against paternal authority. Louis had escaped from the Court of his father Charles VII., where probably his life would have been in danger; and there was a moment when the Count of Charolais contemplated a similar escape, and thought of taking refuge in France. It would have been a strange state of things if the Dauphin had been sheltering in the Court of Burgundy and the heir of that great dukedom in the Court of Charles VII. "As to my cousin of Burgundy," said the King of France, reverting to the flight of his son, "he has given shelter to a fox that will one day devour his chickens."

The cause of strife between Philip of Burgundy and his son, lay in the rising power of the favourite De Croy. Mr. Kirk presents us with a narrative of one of the contests on this subject between the father and son, which brings the character of all parties very vividly before us:—

"The Count of Charolais had been ordered to confer a vacant post in his household on a son of John de Croy. Instead of complying, he issued an 'ordinance' appointing another person. Philip sent for him into his oratory, directing that he should bring with him this paper, which, as soon as he had entered, his father took from his hand and threw into the fire, bidding him draw up another of a different tenor. The Count answered with a direct refusal. 'You may, if you please,' he exclaimed, 'make these Croys your masters, but they shall never be mine.' A lighter provocation would have sufficed to throw Philip into an ecstasy of rage. He commanded Charles to depart from his dominions, and, drawing his dagger, rushed towards him with menacing gestures. The Duchess—who, anticipating an outburst which she hoped to allay, was present at the meeting—interposed to protect her son, and followed him from the apartment. This very natural proceeding was regarded by her husband as an inexpiable offence. Beside himself with passion, he hastily descended the stairs, and, calling for his

horse, rode unattended through the park into the adjoining forest of Soignies.

"It was the month of January. A violent hail-storm had been succeeded by a not less violent rain. But, heedless of the tempest, of the approaching night, and of the direction in which he went, the Duke galloped furiously along, until his progress was impeded by the thickness of the woods. His mind was haunted by gloomy but vague reflections, and with projects worthy of a truant school-boy. He would abdicate his power, withdraw from the Netherlands, and spend the remainder of his days in some wild and secluded part of Burgundy. Meanwhile his present situation had become a perilous one. He was compelled to dismount, and force his way on foot through brambles and underbrush. His face and hands were covered with blood. It was long after midnight when he discovered the fire of a charcoal-burner, by whom he was guided to the lonely hut of a huntsman or forester. Here he found shelter and warmth, and was made welcome to such refreshment as his host was able to provide. While eating his meagre supper, the unknown guest was edified by a description of his companion's pursuits, and by his philosophical and pertinent assurances of the happiness attendant on a life of solitude and poverty. In the morning the Duke was conducted to Genappe, where tidings of his safety were speedily transmitted to Brussels."

It must be remembered that Philip at this time was growing feeble, either with years or illness, else we might not be able to account for his thus playing the part of *King Lear* on so slight a provocation. At the palace the night was, of course, passed in the greatest anxiety. And indeed the poor Duchess, who must have encountered many such storms, though none perhaps so terrible as this finally came to the resolution to quit altogether both the splendours and the tumults of the Burgundian Court. She had founded a convent of 'Grey Sisters,' and to this she retired. It was happier, she thought, under such circumstances, to be a Grey Sister than a Duchess of Burgundy.

Louis, we are told, was on this occasion most solicitous to act the part of peacemaker. The Count of Charolais, for a time, retired to Dendermonde, and the Dauphin

undertook to assuage the anger of the old Duke. He threw himself at the old man's feet, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, addressed him as "his benefactor and his father." And he appears to have been a successful mediator.

Soon after this scene Louis quitted the Court of Burgundy to take possession of the throne of France. Charles VII., whose suspicion of his son and of other supposed enemies had assumed the form of monomania, was under the constant terror, of being poisoned. It is said that at length he refused to take any food whatever. He imprisoned one physician, another fled to escape the same fate; he suspected even his younger son Charles, who had hitherto tasted of everything that he ate. Mr. Kirk adheres to the story that he died of starvation brought on by this terror of being poisoned — a fearful death. But as we are told also that he had an abscess or ulcer in the throat, it seems more probable that the starvation was partly due to this cause.*

Louis, it is said, when he heard the news of his father's death, manifested his joy without disguise. It was not a case, we presume, where dissimulation would serve any purpose, and Louis despised the mere hypocrisies of virtue. The Duke of Burgundy with great parade accompanied him into France. Mr. Kirk gives us a full account of the ceremonies observed at the coronation. Some of them would hardly accord with our modern sense of decorum.

"First Louis, 'with bare head, his palms joined, and humbly on his two knees,' adored the *sainte ampoule* of miraculous oil, which had been brought with great solemnity, and beneath a canopy, to the portal of the church. He was then

placed between curtains, where the Duke of Burgundy and the other princes divested him of his clothes, stripping him completely naked down to the navel. (Michelet improves upon it, and writes, 'Dans sa naturelle figure d'Adam.') In this state he was escorted to the high altar, where he again knelt, while the archbishop anointed him from the *sainte ampoule* on the forehead, the eyes, the mouth, the breast, the arms, and the loins. He was then arrayed in royal robes of purple," &c., &c.

No wonder that Louis was heartily wearied by the time these pomps and ceremonies were completed, and was glad to dismiss the very magnificent Duke who presided over them. The parting was full of gratitude on one side and homage on the other. In a very few years there was war between them; and when the Count of Charolais becomes Duke of Burgundy, that duel commences between the two younger men which does not terminate till the death of one of them.

At first the battle goes sorely against the King of France. Louis commences his reign with conciliating every one by generous promises, which he does not, and perhaps cannot, fulfil — a terribly insecure method of proceeding, which makes friends for a day and enemies for life. Yet the object which he had at heart, and which prevented him from fulfilling certain of his promises, was good and patriotic. The towns on the Somme were in the hands of Burgundy; and there was a clause in the treaty of transfer which enabled Louis to redeem them on the payment of four hundred thousand crowns. These crowns he must have. He had promised to all his faithful burghers a remission of their taxes; but how without these taxes could he obtain his four hundred thousand crowns?

* Sismondi quotes for his authority the contemporary Pontiff, Pius II., who writes thus:—"Que Charles, dont l'esprit n'était pas exempt de la démence de son père, se figura qu'il était menacé de périr par le poison, et refusa toute nourriture; il ne voulut pas même se fier à son plus jeune fils Charles, qui goûtait devant lui les mets qu'on lui offrait. Ses amis, ses parents, que le voyaient périr de faim, le suppliaient en vain de manger; mais on disait aussi qu'un ulcère qui s'était formé dans sa gorge le lui rendait impossible."

Money for his own personal expenses he never can be accused of requiring. He had no palaces to build, no pomp or luxury to sustain; his old cap and cloak were symbolical of all his personal habits. He spent his revenue for France; and his subjects must pay their old taxes, and even some new ones in addition. To the Pope also he had made ample promises. The Pragmatic Sanction—which at bottom was a financial treaty extorted from the Holy See by his predecessor—should be annulled. He affected to believe that the soul of his father was in peril of damnation for the part he had taken in this matter. In the energetic language of Michelet, the dead man “à peine refroidi, eut à Saint-Denis l’outrage public d’une absolution pontificale.” But notwithstanding this ostentatious submission to the Pope, he very soon disgusted the clergy by instituting a rigid scrutiny into their possessions, to the end that he might resume whatever they might have obtained by slow encroachments on the Crown. For it was a proverbial expression, that the land of the Church grew in a very miraculous manner. Thus the burgher and the priest were both very soon alienated from their promise-making sovereign; and it is hardly necessary to add that the nobility, whose power he was bent on limiting, were prepared for hostilities. This latter class he had offended by what seems an act of unaccountable imprudence.

“By a still more singular ordinance—levelled, it would seem, at the whole mass of the nobility, whose lands were covered with forests, and who found their chief occupation in the chase—

hunting was expressly forbidden throughout the realm of France. Louis was himself the most ardent of sportsmen. Did he desire to monopolise the game for his own amusement? But if he should live to the age of Methusaleh, and apply himself to this sole pursuit, the woods of the royal domain were sufficiently extensive to furnish an inexhaustible supply.”

We have already remarked on the unsatisfactory manner in which this subject is alluded to by Mr. Kirk: we would here only notice that whatever the motive of Louis, the ordinance manifests a singular degree of courage, a cool audacity that could dare the resentment of the most fiery class of his subjects. He seems to have been desirous of proving to the world that he could defend the weak against the strong—the peasant against the noble. He could not follow the huntsman so closely as to compel him to make restitution for the poor man's field he had trampled, or the poor woman's goose he had killed (he himself made restitution in some cases), and therefore he forbade hunting altogether.* It was a rash, ill-advised attempt at legislation. His craft and his courage were both bringing down upon him the lordly of the whole kingdom; and there followed what is called, with very little propriety, *The War of the Public Weal*. Louis was worsted; and amongst other sacrifices he had to make, the towns on the Somme which he had redeemed were wrested from him.

With untiring perseverance our royal diplomatist had, soon after his defeat, organised a party strong enough to make head against the Duke of Burgundy. The war was on the point of being renewed;

* Michelet, as we have said, is struck with the incredibility of the narrative as handed down to us by some of the chroniclers, but he does not profess entirely to explain it; he says:—“Ce qui est authentique et certain, ce sont les articles suivants qu'on lit dans les comptes de Louis XI. (dans le peu de registres qui en restent encore): ‘Un écu à une pauvre femme dont les lévriers du Roi ont étranglé la brebis;—à une femme dont un chien du Roi a tué une oie;—à une autre, dont les chiens et lévriers ont tué le chat. Autant à un pauvre homme dont les archers ont gâté le blé en traversant son champ.’” He leaves us to draw our own inferences from these extracts.

but Louis, suspecting treachery amongst the nobles of his own party, and having far more confidence in his own arts of negotiating than in the bravery of his troops, became extremely desirous of having a personal interview with Charles of Burgundy. He had reason to dread his power on the battle-field; he hoped to make easy conquest of his fierce cousin, if he could only again put his arm round his neck and talk over their politics together. Moreover, England threatened an invasion, and he was anxious above all things to make a separate peace with Burgundy. To prevent these two enemies from acting in concert together was an object constantly before him. Thus ensued that famous visit to Péronne which Sir Walter Scott has made familiar to every man, woman, and child in the British dominions. The crafty fox was caught in his own wiles. He had been too bold. Never was a more unfortunate selection of an epithet than that which Hallam made when he said that "Louis was eminently *timid* and suspicious in his policy." Suspicious he was, but he could dare anything; the most suspicious of men had put his head into the lion's mouth. He had the cool courage of the lion-tamer. He suspected men, he did not fear them; he contemned them too much both to know when to fear and when to trust. This time he was glad to escape from the lion's den on any terms whatever.

All might have gone well even in this adventurous scheme of diplomacy, if the men of Liège had not risen unexpectedly. Louis had been tampering with them, offering them assistance, prompting them to what, in the language of the times, and in his own language, would have been called rebellion against their bishop, the protégé and relative of the Duke; and all this was revealed just as he had put himself into the power of the Duke, and walked, of his own accord, a prisoner into the castle of

Péronne. But we must not follow step by step the progress of Louis; we shall be in danger of forgetting that it is the life of Charles the Bold that Mr. Kirk has written, and not that of his far more interesting rival—far more intelligent, at all events, if not quite as amiable. We cannot better strike into the biography of Charles than at this period, when he is engaged with his turbulent city of Liège. A turbulent city, and one in which, as Hallam observes, liberty wears its least attractive appearance; but what are we to say to the great Duke who has no other idea of governing than simply to destroy it?

Mr. Kirk gives a very full account of Liège, of its history, its institutions, and its sufferings. It is a part of his work which will leave a favourable impression on the reader. Liège had this unfortunate peculiarity, that its bishop was also its temporal prince; and indeed the town itself, although it owed its prosperity to the mineral wealth beneath its soil, owed its existence in the first place to the monasteries which the external aspect of the spot had invited to it.

"Such," says Mr. Kirk, "was the origin of Liège. The Church became early enamoured of these wild hills and lovely valleys, and took them under her own protection. Numerous convents—oases of civilisation in the midst of a world of barbarism—were planted in the lonely depths of the Ardennes. The capital owed its existence to the tomb of St. Lambert, visited at first by crowds of pilgrims, and in times surrounded by a fixed population, which found in the ægis of the sanctuary and in the resources of the soil the means of social enfranchisement, the elements of material prosperity, and the basis of political rights. The modest chapel that enshrined the saint's remains grew into a noble temple. Liège became the head of a bishopric. The chapter of St. Lambert's, represented by the bishop, was the 'natural lord'—to use the expressive phrase of feudal times—of the land and the inhabitants; and by successive imperial grants it added to its original domain several counties and seignories lying on both banks of the Meuse.

"Armed with spiritual as well as temporal authority, the government of Liège exercised a certain restraint over the barbarous and warlike chiefs, whose grim abodes were perched on all the rocky pinnacles of the country, and whose violent feuds cast a sombre light on the earlier pages of its annals. It was impossible to banish altogether the right of private war claimed universally by the nobles; but this right was at least subject to restrictions stronger than existed elsewhere. If it was permitted to slay an enemy, it was forbidden to burn his house, to devastate his fields, or to exterminate his family. The bishop could proclaim a truce of forty days. If the truce were infringed, or the limits of allowed barbarity exceeded, those who had cause of complaint appeared before the episcopal palace, struck upon a massive brazen ring suspended at the portal, and, the summons being answered, announced the acts of violence that had been committed, and requested that my lord of Liège would appoint a day to sit in his 'tribunal of the peace.' Before this tribunal the most powerful offender, when summoned, dared not fail to appear; for among the penalties he would incur was one from which there was no escape, and against which there was no defence—the dreaded sentence of excommunication."

But in the historical period to which we have descended, it was no longer the aristocracy which the bishop had to control, but the democracy of a large and flourishing town. The problem of modern times stood already before these people of Liège—how to reconcile and harmonise the power of a prince with the power of popular assemblies. We have said that it was an unfortunate peculiarity that the prince here was also the bishop. We do not mean by this that an ecclesiastical ruler would have been less apt or less disposed than an ordinary feudal sovereign to accommodate himself to popular institutions. If the town had had the election of its own bishop-prince, the sacred character of this functionary might have assisted in solving the problem; for, on the one hand, it is fair to suppose that a churchman would not be so read-

ily prompted to arbitrary conduct as a layman, and, on the other hand, his power as a priest would assist him in controlling the violence of mobs and of democratic assemblies. But Philip, Duke of Burgundy, had obtained, through his influence with the Pope, the nomination to the bishopric of Liège. The ecclesiastical prince became the mere nominee of a foreign and military power. An incapable boy of eighteen, Louis of Bourbon, nephew of the Duke, was thrust upon the episcopal throne:—

"The new bishop was eighteen years of age, and had not yet completed his studies at the University of Louvain. He could not be admitted to holy orders, but he had obtained a Papal dispensation enabling him to exercise the temporal function of his office. Attired in a gay scarlet dress and plumed Burgundy cap, and escorted by a troop of Flemish cavaliers, he made his entrance into the capital, was inducted and enthroned. His accession was the commencement of a prolonged struggle between himself and his people. On the one hand, Louis of Bourbon, a mere youth of the most frivolous character, ignorant of his duties, with no capacity for government, provoked the nation by illegal extortions, by absurd commands, and by an open disregard of the popular immunities. No sooner did he encounter opposition than he had recourse to the tremendous powers which even the most arbitrary of his predecessors had appealed to only in the last resort."

He laid the town under an interdict. The people appealed against the interdict, but the Duke of Burgundy had sufficient influence in the Papal Court to procure its confirmation, followed by still further fulminations against the refractory people. Whenever Louis of Bourbon was entreated by the town or his own chapter to adopt a more moderate course, he had but one reply, "His uncle the Duke of Burgundy would maintain him in the possession of his rights."

It would have been the natural course for the people of Liège to appeal to their feudal lord paramount, the Emperor of Germany.

But the Emperor of Germany at this time was himself sorely pressed by financial and other difficulties, and could have rendered them no assistance. France was the only ally that could help them, and in France they found one who, at all events, was liberal in promises of help.

Charles, while his father Philip was still living, and he was still Count of Charolais, had made the invasion of the territories of Liège, which ended in the submission of the people, and what is called *The Piteous Peace*. From this peace, hard as its terms were, the neighbouring town of Dinant, part of the principality of Liège, was excluded. For that town a more terrible revenge was reserved. Dinant had personally offended, had dared to ridicule the Count of Charolais, had burnt him in effigy, declaring, in the coarse wit of a vulgar mob, that he was no true son of Philip, but a bastard of the old Bishop, Heinsberg, foisted on the Duke as his son. For this vulgar jest, perpetrated by a thoughtless rabble, the most dire revenge was deliberately planned and executed. Dinant was a populous and wealthy town, famous for all sorts of workmanship in copper, and what we now call *hardware*. Against this solitary town the Count of Charolais, with all his chivalry, advanced. There was no form of supplication or submission to which the terrified citizens did not resort. All was in vain! An insult had been thrown on the honor of the House of Burgundy, and no less exiation could be admitted than the destruction of Dinant. The incidents of the siege — if siege it is to be called — are not worth recording. The place was given over to pillage. The priests, the women, and the children were sent out of the town to take refuge where they could. Eight hundred of the men, bound two and two, were drowned in the Meuse. What would have been the next deliberate step cannot be known, for a fire accidentally broke out. This fire no means were used to check. Though it was not the work of the besiegers, it seems to have been

adopted by them. Other fires were purposely lit to complete the work of destruction; and the word went abroad that Dinant *was*! It ought, perhaps, to be added that the old Duke, Philip, now trembling on the borders of the grave, was as resolutely bent on this notable revenge — on this vindication of his honour — as his son. Such were the passions of these knightly times! and public opinion, it seems, could tolerate them without any burst of general execration.

Notwithstanding the fate of Dinant and its own "*Piteous Peace*," Liège rose again, and the insurrection was again quelled by Charles, now Duke of Burgundy. On this occasion the town was treated with the greatest severity; yet for the third time, relying partly no doubt on assistance from France, it again rebelled against its bishop. This last insurrection took place on the very day when Louis rode into Péronne, "resting his hand on Charles's shoulder, his sharp eager visage covered with smiles, his tongue going all the while with its usual velocity." The news of this insurrection, coupled with the fact that the insurgents had openly boasted of an alliance with France, was fatal to all hopes of an advantageous or even equitable treaty. Louis was reduced to purchase his liberty or his life by yielding to all the demands of the Duke; and, greatest of all indignities, he was compelled to accompany Charles on the expedition which he immediately set on foot for the chastisement of Liège.

Terrible indeed was this last chastisement. After some desperate but fruitless resistance, the town was at the mercy of its captors.

"The army" — we abridge Mr. Kirk's vigorous description — "entered the town with banners flying, trumpets sounding, and shouts of *Ville gagnée!* The streets leading to the great square had been deserted by all but a few stragglers, who were cut down, men and women, by the brutal and impatient soldiery. The houses too seemed vacant, though the tables spread for the morning repeat

showed how recently the occupants had fled. As soon as it was clear that no further resistance need be apprehended, the troops were distributed through the city, a separate district being assigned to each division. Within these limits all was to be theirs. On a former occasion they were defrauded of what they considered as the proper reward of their achievements; but now there was no restriction, no cause for secrecy or fear. Rapacity, cruelty, lust—all the foul desires of the unbridled heart—were to rage with licence and impunity.

"The greater number of the inhabitants had already retreated across the bridge to the southern shore, with the purpose of seeking refuge in the neighbouring woods. But many had concealed themselves in their dwellings; while others, as usual at such times, had sought sanctuary in the sacred edifices, taking with them the most valuable or the least bulky of their effects. There were more than four hundred churches in Liège, where as many masses were recited daily as in Rome itself. The pompous rite was even then proceeding.

In one church twenty-two persons were slain while kneeling in prayer; in another eleven were killed. In all or nearly all, the same atrocities were committed. The ornaments of the altars, the images, the reliquaries, were seized and appropriated. The convents were forced, the nuns violated. Where life was spared, it was in the hope of extorting ransom, or, more often, that death might be inflicted at greater leisure and with greater barbarity.

"A proclamation was issued on the following day, permitting aged persons, women, and children of tender years, to quit the place. The remaining inhabitants were left entirely to the discretion of their captors. It was not so much a wanton carnage that ensued, as a long series of cold-blooded murders. Hanging was a favourite mode of disposing of the prisoners. Some were thrown from the roofs of houses, and the mangled corpses left unburied in the streets; but in general they were collected in gangs, driven upon the bridge, tied together in 'twos or threes,' and hurled into the flood beneath. It would be idle to attempt any estimate of the numbers that perished.

"With the exception of the churches and monasteries, and about three hundred houses to be occupied hereafter solely by ecclesiastics, the whole city was to be destroyed by fire, and the ruins

levelled with the ground. . . . The Duke's instructions were duly carried into effect. . . . While Charles of Burgundy survived, Liège remained unpeopled and in ashes."

Louis of France performed his humiliating part in these transactions with an unexampled dissimulation. He was active at the siege, and entered the town apparently elate with triumph, waving his sword, and crying "*Vive Bourgogne!*" His discourse, which was vivacious as ever, was solely on the prowess and happy fortune of his fair cousin of Burgundy. How happy he must have been to escape from that fair cousin, and hide his deep mortification in retirement, we may easily conceive.

But Louis in his retirement was not cast down. He was ever ready to return blow for blow; and if he could not meet Charles of Burgundy in the field, he was resolved, if possible, to raise up enemies against him who should at least keep him within safe bounds. To what extent the Swiss would finally serve him he could not possibly have foreseen, but it was a policy he had long pursued to frame alliance with the Swiss, both to obtain troops from them, and also to make common cause with them against Burgundy.

Meanwhile Charles, in strong contrast to his rival, was advancing in his career of open prosperity. The circumstances which led to the conquest of Gueldres are worth a passing notice. The duchy of Gueldres, including the county of Zutphen, had been long governed by Arnold of Egmont, an easy, luxurious, good-natured prince, of whom nothing worse is recorded than that his idle and spendthrift life was a heavy burden on the exchequer of his little county. He had a son, Adolphus, who was impatient to take his father's seat. Some conspiracy to effect this purpose was discovered: Adolphus left his home, and occupied his leisure in a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre!

stitious observances. Prayers innumerable were to be offered up; Rome was ransacked for relics; he sent to Reims for the sacred oil; he would again be anointed. He tortured his physicians by his threats, and they in return tortured him by their remedies. It was at this epoch that the famous answer was made by the physician who had long attended him. "I know," said Jacques Cottier, "that some fine morning you will send me where you have sent so many others; but, *par la mort Dieu!* you will not live eight days after it." This seems to have been said, not from any *astrological point of view*, but simply because he, Jacques Cottier, was the only man who understood the malady of the King. We have intimations that Louis in his youth, and again in his old age, gave some attention to astrology, but we nowhere read that astrology gained any noticeable influence over him. His superstitions were those of the Church.

This superstition of Louis XI. stands forth in strange relief upon his character. It perplexes us, with our modern views of religion. The first theory is, that it was hypocrisy. But when we see it grow stronger with advancing years, and strongest of all at the very ebb of life, we are driven from this theory. No; it was sincere religion, but of a very miserable order. Louis XI., who was so very able a statesman, was on a par with the lowest of the people, or the lowest of the clergy, in his religion. There is nothing new in this; yet frequent as the examples are, we are constantly surprised when a man, great in statesmanship or science, is still a child in theology. Both Louis XI. and Charles the Bold were pious men after a certain pattern. Charles, whose dreadful revenges remind

us of some terrible passages in Roman history, and would indeed disgrace a pagan tyrant, esteemed himself a very good Christian, and would assuredly have committed to the flames with pious horror any number of heretics. Louis XI., while he was sending to Rome, and even to Constantinople, for relics, and founding convents, and fitting up two hermitages in the grounds of Plessis, that he might have prayers constantly offered up, so to speak, on the very spot where assistance was needed, did not employ Tristan l'Hermite the less. There was in both of these men a complete divorce between religion and morality. What they understood by religion, was some supernatural assistance to be got at by prayers and ceremonies for their own health, pleasure, or their ambitious designs, whatever they might be.

A reader of this history of Charles the Bold will rise from it with a feeling of gratitude that he lives in an age when more humane and more rational sentiments are prevalent than such as generally animated kings and politicians of the middle ages. The severest satirist of our own times will obtain a momentary gratification from the conviction that, bad as we may be, the Europe of three centuries ago was infinitely worse. And in no respect have we more conspicuously advanced than in the indissoluble alliance now formed in almost all minds between morality and religion. Not only a few eminent thinkers, but the general mass of the community, conceive of religion, not as a miraculous assistance for the gratification of all the wants and desires of a human being, but as being essentially a state of the affections towards man and God, and therefore in its very nature inseparable from morality.

ing the name of a mistress of the King, who probably owed her momentary celebrity amongst the parrots to the alliteration her name formed with Péronne. The King made matters worse by arresting all parrots and jays that had been taught these two seditious words. But Louis was too able and too resolute a man to be long the subject of ridicule. His subjects soon learned that he was recovering his lost ground. Normandy was again in his possession, and the princes of the royal blood hesitated between his friendship and his enmity — finding that if the first was treacherous, the second was very dangerous. He avoided open war as much as possible, and constantly employed himself in keeping his foes asunder, and on every opportune occasion putting forth his royal authority. The power and territory of the crown of France extended marvellously under a prince who never won a battle and never made a friend. He had for his vantage-ground the vague indefinite rights and the great prestige of a king of France, and he lay in wait to seize every opportunity either to put forth a claim, to bribe a strong opponent, or to crush a weak one. He could give largely for a political purpose. He owed much of his strength to his faculty of giving. There was no generosity in his gifts. So also it may be said there was no cruelty in the severity with which he punished. The money and the death he dealt were both means to an end. He was as liberal with his gold as he was with the cord of *Tristan l'Hermite*; and in the early part of his reign he would doubtless have preferred to use the gold to the cord. In the vivid portraiture of Sir Walter Scott it is well known that there are brought together, by what in a novelist or dramatist is a permissible anachronism, details and traits which belonged to different periods of his life. It was when old age had increased his tendencies to suspicion and credulity, that he became the detestable figure

we present to our imagination under the name of Louis XI. In the vigour of his mind he stands before us simply as one unscrupulous about his means, but absorbed in his purpose, and that purpose the highest object of ambition which the age and position in which he lived could have afforded him.

Successful he was. The great fiefs of Normandy and Burgundy were retained in their union with the crown; Picardy, Provence, Roussillon, Maine, Anjou, were gathered in, forming an outer circle of provinces, and protecting the centre of France from all sudden or casual inroads. A compact, united, and extended territory was governed by one strong will. An army which had been sparingly used, but which was unrivalled in Europe, imposed respect on all foreign powers. There was no king or emperor whose alliance was so courted, whose enmity was so feared. In his sixtieth year, sick and pale, surviving one stroke of apoplexy and dreading another, he was still *the great king*; and he died in full possession of his intellect, acting to the last his high and royal part with unflinching energy. Superstitious as he was, no superstition ever interfered with *the politician*. Here he was calm to the last, and terribly inflexible. He shrank from death with what seemed a personal cowardice; but death at hand, he calmly calls his successor "*thé king*," and gives the government, with some solemn advice, into his hands. But the last years of his life were to himself very tragical. Without a human being to love, without a servant to trust, unless it were some creature who might find no one but the King to protect him from public indignation, he had to battle with a sickness which all the while he was most solicitous to hide from others. He who had hitherto affected a most slovenly attire now arrayed himself in purple and fine linen, in the vain hope of disguising his ill-health. He redoubled his super-

ly viewed—the day was fixed. But round the weak and irresolute Emperor, councillors not friendly to Burgundy had crept. The electors were offended that they had not been consulted in a matter of so much importance to themselves. Some of them, very willing that their Emperor should be weak, foresaw with dislike the power that would accrue to him from a close alliance with Burgundy: with such a right hand their Emperor would be no longer a nominal potentate who might be safely trifled with. Others simply hated this haughty, ostentatious Duke, who came into Germany to outshine, to pillage, and despise. The Emperor was shaken in his resolution; he trembled at the step he was about to take. But how recede? How meet this haughty Duke, and tell him he had changed his mind? That was impossible. The knot was cut in a very simple but not very dignified manner. One evening, just as every one had gone to rest, imperial majesty, with a few friends, stepped out into the silent streets, walked to the river's side, took boat, and floated down the Moselle to the Rhine, landing safely at Cologne. Charles, whatever his rage might be, could do nothing but pack up the crown and sceptre, and quit Trèves as soon as possible.

It is not to be supposed that the Duke of Burgundy relinquished his project from this moment. On the contrary, there were several indications from which his contemporaries judged that he was more than ever bent on erecting his dominions into an independent kingdom. But for the present it was not a ceremonial, it was preparations for active war, that must occupy his mind.

It is here that Mr. Kirk digresses into some discussion about the character and projects of the Duke, and these last especially as they bear on his relations to Switzerland. As Mr. Kirk's History is not yet completed, and he appears prepared to bring forward some authority new to the historical world, it is right that we also should here ar-

rest our course. So far as he has unfolded his views, we do not find that they differ very much from the accounts generally received, or those put forth, let us say, by M. Michelet in his 'History of France.' The Duke of Burgundy found himself embroiled with the Swiss, partly from the conduct of his lieutenant Hagenbach, and from other causes, too numerous to mention here; he had given and he had received offence; he could not recede, could not conciliate, and rushed on to what he would have called the *punishment* of the Swiss. Whatever his dreams of ambition, he could not have deliberately entered at this time on the conquest of Switzerland. He had just made alliance with Edward IV. of England, and had promised to assist him with a large army in his designs against France. It was not the policy but the passion of the man that threw him on the phalanx of the Swiss. That Louis XI. had for years done all he could to conciliate those formidable mountaineers, and frame alliance with them, is a known fact; and we may be sure that in the course of his negotiations he used his best efforts to excite their suspicions against Burgundy. But Mr. Kirk can hardly intend to argue that without these kind offices of Louis there would have been no quarrel and no fighting between the Duke of Burgundy and the Swiss.

But we must wait for the continuation of the History of Mr. Kirk before we enter more fully into this part of the career of Charles. He died, as was fitting, on the battlefield. His life-long rival survived to reap the advantage of his defeat. We must give one parting glance at Louis, and then close our paper.

We left this indefatigable monarch after his woeful defeat at Péronne. To the mortifications he had endured from his enemies was added the ridicule of his own subjects. Even the parrots of Paris could talk of nothing else than *Perette and Péronne*, — Perette be-

thority and ungovernable passion. Over his armour of polished steel he wore a short mantle, so thickly set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other gems, that its value was estimated at two hundred thousand gold crowns. He carried in his hand a velvet hat, on the front of which blazed a diamond of inestimable price. (That diamond was one day to be picked up by a Swiss soldier in a deserted tent, and sold as a useless trinket for a five-franc piece, and was destined at length to decorate the crown of the King of France.) His jewelled helmet was borne behind by a page. His horse, a lofty black steed, which has obtained for itself mention in history, of incomparable strength and beauty, was covered with caparisons of violet and gold that touched the ground. The Emperor was dressed in one long robe of cloth-of-gold, bordered with pearls, worn in the Turkish fashion. He was now old; his reign, one of the longest and feeblest in the annals of the empire, had already lasted thirty-three years. But age, which had bent his form, could add nothing, we are told, to the dulness of an eye which had never expressed anything but indolence, irresolution, and incapacity. The long robe was partly worn to conceal a distorted foot, which some chronicler has said was the result of his lazy and inveterate habit of kicking open every door through which he had to pass. The doors of the palace must have been as ill-regulated as the mind of its owner; since it is only on the supposition that the doors were never properly fastened, that one can imagine a prince walking about kicking them open, because he was too idle to pull his hands out of his breeches pockets. This very disagreeable shadow of an emperor was accompanied by a youth of eighteen, his son Maximilian, of pleasing exterior and intelligent countenance. He rode side by side with an Ottoman prince, a brother of Mahomet II., who had been captured in war,

converted by the Pope, and finally attached to the Imperial Court. The Turk, in his Eastern dress, with his swarthy complexion, and long black hair twisted and knotted "in the Sarmatian mode," formed a striking figure in the procession; and to us, at this distance of time, he is also one of the most interesting figures there.

When the procession reached the marketplace, a new difficulty arose — was the Duke to conduct the Emperor to his lodgings, or the Emperor (merging the privilege of rank in the duty of host) to pay that honour to Charles? After the requisite degree of amicable altercation, it was decided that they should repair to their several quarters each with his own escort. The Emperor was lodged in the archiepiscopal palace, and Charles at a great conventual house.

Then ensued a series of shows and entertainments, jousts, banquets, and the like, of unexampled magnificence. As a place for public ceremonials, the Abbey of St. Maximin had been fitted up with furniture and decorations brought in numerous waggons from the Duke's palaces in the Netherlands. Here, in a chair of state, the Emperor took his seat, and on the same elevation, but a little in the rear, the Duke of Burgundy. His chancellor stepped forward and read a long harangue; and his first and main topic was — what? could the reader guess? — apologies from his great master for not having yet turned the whole force of his arms, triumphant in so many less worthy enterprises, against the Moslem! Of course it was that wicked Louis XI. who had prevented him from scourging the infidel. The ceremony of investiture of the duchy of Gueldres was performed with all due solemnity; but this was understood to be merely the prelude to a far more important ceremony, the granting of the royal title, the elevation of Burgundy into a kingdom. All things were prepared for this solemnity — the sceptre and the crown had been private-

And now the Duke of Burgundy culminates; he touches the zenith of his prosperity. He is about to take upon himself the royal title of King. Nor was it a mere empty title he was to obtain from the Emperor in return for the marriage of his daughter with the Emperor's son Maximilian. After many secret negotiations, it was agreed that he, Charles, should succeed the present Emperor, and transmit the empire to his son-in-law, Maximilian, thus interposing his own reign between that of the Emperor Frederick and his son. For this purpose, Mr. Kirk tells us, it was proposed "that in addition to the regal title, Charles should receive the appointment, 'irrevocably and for life,' of 'Vicar-General of the whole Empire,' with a pledge from the electors of his elevation to the throne when vacated by Frederick's death."

A formal investiture of the two fiefs, Guldres and Zutphen, which had been lately added to the dominions of the Duke, afforded an ostensible motive for an interview between these high contracting powers. This took place at the venerable city of Trèves, which stands on the right bank of the Moselle. Metz had been the place first appointed for this solemnity; but when the Duke approached Metz, he was met by a deputation from the city, between whom and the fiery Duke an altercation arose. The Duke requested that his troops or all of them who could find accommodation, should be lodged in the town; and, moreover, that the keys of one of the gates should be given over to him. Now Metz preferred very much to trust to its own fortifications, rather than to the forbearance or the good faith of the knightly lord of Burgundy, of whom it was reputed that he would soon be lord of Lorraine also, and their very near neighbour. They declined surrendering one gate of their city, and offered accommodation for five hundred men, and meat and wine for the rest outside

the walls. This churlish hospitality, as he called it, the Duke rejected, and Trèves was substituted as the place of interview.

Mr. Kirk gives us a full and entertaining description of all the magnificence of this meeting. The Duke was met at the entrance of the town by the Emperor and his son, and several of the electors and other princes of the empire. Charles uncovered, dismounted, and prepared to kneel, which last token of reverence was hastily prevented, and the attempt stifled in affectionate embraces. Then "a long half-hour" was lost before the modest Duke could consent to ride side by side with the head of the Holy Roman Empire. This matter arranged, a procession was formed, the equal of which for gorgeous magnificence of dress and the like Trèves had never witnessed. First came a troop of one hundred beautiful boys in garments of the most delicate fabric, their long yellow hair flowing over their shoulders—beautiful as women; then a band of trumpeters, in silken uniform of white and blue—their instruments of polished silver; these were followed by the gorgeous heralds-at-arms of the fourteen different states which acknowledged the Burgundian sway. Behind these came the Duke himself, side by side with the Emperor, a brilliant cortège of princes and nobles following. Even the troopers wore some robe of cloth of gold or silver over their steel harness, and had their embroidered saddle-cloths fringed with silver bells; while the archers of the ducal body-guard, picked men and veterans, surpassed probably all that had ever been seen of military splendour.

The two magnates of the day, though both gorgeous enough, presented a striking contrast. The Duke was in his fortieth year, and in the full vigour of his manly frame; his countenance (as we may partly judge by an engraving in Mr. Kirk's book) exhibiting in the highest degree self-will and stern au-

After an absence of several years he returned; the repentant prodigal was pardoned; and his return was celebrated by a sumptuous festival in the ducal palace at Nîmeguen.

"At midnight, while the revelry was at its height, Arnold, who had begun to feel the infirmities of age, retired, silently and without interruption to the gaiety of the guests, to his bed in another quarter of the palace. He was awakened from his first slumber by the bursting open of his chamber door, through which the blended sounds of distant mirth and music stole into the room. The Duke imagined that his friends were come to complain of his abrupt departure, and to press his return to the company. He began, therefore, some gentle apologies. But when the curtains were thrust aside and the glare of the lights fell on the steel casques and drawn swords of a throng of men surrounding his bed, a sudden alarm—yet not for his own safety—took possession of him. Starting up, he demanded whether any accident had befallen his son. 'Rise, quickly! resistance will be useless!' was the stern reply, in the voice of Adolphus himself! It was the depth of winter: some scanty covering was thrown over the old man's body, but his feet and legs were left bare; and in this state he was placed on horseback, dragged several leagues across the frozen waters of the Waal to the castle of Buren, and there thrust into a subterranean dungeon, lighted by a single window, small and closely barred.

"In this terrible captivity the dethroned Duke languished for more than five years. The peasants of the neighbourhood shuddered as they passed the spot, hearing, either in reality or imagination, the complaints and groans of the aged prisoner. It was even reported that the parricide came at times and stood beneath the window, cursing his victim, and taunting him with the tenacious love of life that enabled him to linger amid such miseries."

Some remission of taxes seems to have reconciled his subjects to this horrible crime, or to have purchased their silence. But the Duke of Cleves, a neighbour and kinsman of the miserable Arnold, appealed to the Emperor, who, as lord paramount, had some sort of jurisdiction. The Emperor made his authority of practical weight, by committing the case to the

Duke of Burgundy. Arnold was released from prison, and Adolphus summoned to appear before his judge.

"Philippe de Commines was present when the father and his unnatural offspring were confronted with each other, and when the grey-haired prince, bowed down by age and his unparalleled sufferings, but stung into a fit of passionate vigour by the sense of his wrongs and the brazen presence of the culprit, cast down his glove before the assembled court, and defied his enemy—his son—to mortal combat.

"The arrangement proposed by Charles seems to have been suggested by the political expediencies of the case. He decided that Arnold should retain the nominal sovereignty of Gueldrea, with possession of a single town, and an income adequate to his wants, while the government should continue to be administered by Adolphus. Yet it was Adolphus who rejected this proposal. 'I had rather,' he said, 'see my father thrown head-foremost into a well, and follow him myself, than submit to such terms. He has been duke four-and-forty years; it is time that I should begin to reign.'

This amiable son, whose moral obliquity would in our day by certain learned doctors have received the name of insanity, contrived to make his escape in the disguise of a Franciscan monk. He was, however, pursued and apprehended. Subsequently he was summoned before a chapter of the Golden Fleece, of which order he was a most unworthy member, was degraded, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. To restore the infirm old Duke to the actual government of his territories would have been absurd. There seemed really no wiser measure than that the Duke of Burgundy should take possession of them himself.

Shortly after this he purchased Alsace of the needy Emperor, which acquisition brought with it—what might be either an advantage or disadvantage—certain claims and certain quarrels of the House of Austria with the Swiss Confederacy. These quarrels a powerful Duke of Burgundy might either take upon himself or not, as circumstances were propitious.

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THE FLEET OF THE FUTURE.

In this age of rapid progress and sweeping change in the mechanical arts and in all branches of science, not the least remarkable is the extraordinary transformation which all matters relating to maritime affairs have undergone; whether we look to the Royal Navy or to the Mercantile Marine, whether to the form and mode of construction or to the method of propulsion, to the weapons of attack or to the means of defence. Half a century only has elapsed since steam navigation became an established possibility, while the introduction of this revolutionary principle into the navy dates some eight or ten years later; and yet in this comparatively short space of time what wonderful advance has been made, and what extraordinary changes have occurred! When the very first sea-voyage was made by any steamer—a small vessel creeping cautiously round the coast from the Clyde to the Thames—Lord Palmerston was Secretary at War, and had been some years in Parliament; and now, when our iron-clad leviathans are fast approaching to a fleet in numbers, while in point of efficiency for war purposes they are far more powerful than the largest fleet the world ever saw, the

same eminent statesman is at the head of the Government, and leads the House of Commons.

But in truth it is within the last twenty-three years that this progress has been chiefly made—that is to say, since the introduction of the system of screw propulsion. So long as paddle-steamers only were in existence, the exposure of their wheels and machinery to the effect of the enemy's shot rendered these vessels useful only as auxiliaries, the real fighting strength of the fleet remaining with the line-of-battle ships and frigates of olden days; while the great expense which attended paddle-steamers, owing to the necessity of constant steaming in consequence of their sluggishness under sail, rendered their employment for commercial purposes impracticable, except for coasting trade, and when heavily subsidised as mail-packets. Now all is changed, however; lines of powerful screw-steamers daily leave our ports with passengers and merchandise for all parts of the world, and, except for harbour service, not a sailing-vessel remains on the list of the British navy.

We may, however, narrow still more the period of strongly-marked

transition with regard to vessels of war. The introduction of iron-clad ships, and the tremendous ordnance which is now being manufactured, have indeed brought about a revolution in naval warfare which, so lately as ten years since, was not dreamt of, and which has caused the greatest interest and anxiety throughout the whole civilised world, giving birth to a fecundity of invention on all points bearing on these subjects perfectly unexampled. And what has tended most strongly to excite and keep up public interest with regard to this question of naval attack and defence, was the extreme uncertainty as to which side the superiority would remain with—the armour or the cannon; the conclusions arrived at by the result of the experiments and trials of to-day being utterly overthrown by the further experience of the morrow; and so on, day after day, week after week. This period of uncertainty seems, however, at length to have passed away, and the victory remains with the guns, as indeed all reflecting persons must have anticipated; for while the difficulties in the way of increasing the size and power of ordnance were of a mere mechanical nature, which the skill of our manufacturers would undoubtedly overcome in the course of time, it was very evident that the limits of weight of defensive armour for sea-going ships had almost, if not quite, already been reached. And even were this not so, and it were found possible to send ships to sea clothed in iron plates of double the present thickness, recent experiments have fully demonstrated the possibility of constructing guns and projectiles to pierce them.

The subject is therefore now divested of much of its previous uncertainty, and the question of attack and defence brought back much more nearly to its former position than could but a few months ago have been generally anticipated. It is no longer a question of invulnerable ships, but of what description

of gun and projectile is best calculated to destroy an iron-clad, and what is the best description of vessel to carry these necessarily heavy weapons. It was but yesterday that the best 4½-inch armour-plates, such as were used for our Warriors and Valiants, absolutely defied penetration except by solid shot at very short distances, and then only after repeated blows about the same place; whereas we have lately seen a single steel shell from the huge 600-pounder go clean through the Warrior target at one thousand yards' distance, not only smashing the armour-plate, but inflicting such terrible injury on the timber backing, and what represented the sides and beams of the ship, that such a shot striking at the water-line would infallibly sink in a few minutes any armour-cased vessel which was unprovided with water-tight compartments. As to resisting these huge projectiles by increasing the thickness of the plates, or by improving the quality of the iron or steel of which they are made; when we consider the momentum with which one of these 600-pound shot, fired with a charge of seventy pounds of powder, must strike the side of the vessel—the shot being made of hardened steel, so as not to break on impact—there can be no doubt that, even were the armour-plating not penetrated, the concussion would be so tremendous, that no combination of wood and iron in the shape of a sea-going ship could withstand it.

If, then, these monster cannon should come into general use, as seems in time highly probable, so far from armour-plating giving immunity to ships of war from the effect of shot and shell, they will be in even worse plight than formerly; seeing that, on the one hand, the armour will not keep out hardened steel projectiles, while, on the other, by its enormous weight, the vessel is rendered less manageable and buoyant, and its chances of sinking from the effects of shot are increased tenfold. The

case is, in fact, not unlike that of the body armour of the knights of old at the time of the invention of gunpowder. If this agent of destruction had remained undiscovered, we should probably have seen at this day our troops of the line, clothed in steel, belabouring their enemies with heavy two-handed swords; while the cavalry, clad in corslet and casque, with lance in rest, rushed on their foe as in olden days: but when it was seen that the cumbersome steel armour afforded no protection to the wearer against the newly-invented weapons, it was discarded and laid aside for ever.

Are we, then, to go on building iron cased ships when they can be riddled through and through by shell as well as by shot? The question cannot be answered without hesitation. In the first place, this heavy artillery is as yet only on trial; for although there has been no very great difficulty experienced in constructing immense guns to carry heavy shot with low charges, yet, when it comes to the proportion of powder required to give a velocity sufficient to penetrate iron plates of five or six inches in thickness, the enormous strain which the piece has to withstand by the explosion of sixty or seventy pounds of powder has tasked the skill and ingenuity of our manufacturers to the utmost; and as yet no very large gun has stood the test of repeated firing with heavy charges. In the next place, it still remains to be proved that these large guns can be mounted and worked on board sea-going ships.

Assuming however, that both these conditions can be fulfilled—that the guns can be made, and that ships can carry them—let us see how the question will then stand. It is an extremely important consideration, for our navy is undergoing a rapid transformation; enormous sums are being annually spent upon the construction of costly vessels, which, after all, may turn out in a very few years to be quite as

useless for the purposes of warfare, as are our fine three-deckers at the present day. And yet, if we wish to keep pace with other nations, and to maintain our position as the first maritime power, we must go on building these vessels; for whatever may be their value as fighting ships hereafter, there can be no doubt of their terrible power in that respect as matters stand at present.

That the size and power of land-ordnance will be soon very greatly increased is certain; for if the 600-pounders should prove too large and heavy for sea-service, there is no reason whatever why they may not be mounted in forts and batteries on the coast, while the defensive power of these may be strengthened indefinitely by plates or slabs of iron of almost any thickness. The chances, therefore, of ships against forts, decrease day by day, notwithstanding the armour-plating; which must be specially encouraging to those alarmists who have perpetually before their eyes the invasion of England and the destruction of the dockyards. And indeed this has a most important bearing upon the subject of home defence; it divests of much of its formidable aspect the possibility of a squadron of iron-clads threatening our coasts and harbours, and it will oppose a salutary check upon the aggressive policy of any strong maritime power.

If we consider the consequences of the introduction into naval use of artillery having sufficient power to penetrate armour-plating with as much ease as the 24-pounders of days gone by pierced the sides of the old line-of-battle ships, the question resolves itself into this—that an action between two iron-clad ships of equal strength, carrying such guns, will be a *combat à l'outrance*, the probability being that one if not both of the combatants would be sunk; and if this did not happen during the action, most certainly even the conqueror would be so damaged as to be completely at the mercy of any mode-

rate gale of wind that might overtake her before reaching port. For be it remembered, that stopping shot-holes and otherwise repairing damage after an action at sea in an iron-clad, as used to be done in former times in the old wooden ships, would be next to impossible. Were a general action to take place between two fleets of iron-cased ships, the results would be similar. Many vessels would be sunk, and the loss of life would be very great; while the victorious fleet would probably be rendered unfit for further service for months to come, and the cost of such a battle to each country could only be reckoned by millions sterling.

In all this, however, England has lost no advantage; her unrivalled resources and immense wealth would enable her to replace such a fleet in an incomparably shorter space of time than could be done by any other nation; and though the loss of life in any individual action would be in all probability much greater than in former days, yet there would be fewer battles fought, and the struggle could not be prolonged beyond a year or two, by reason of the enormous cost of the present system of warfare.

Seeing then that, for the present at all events, our naval strength consists in iron-clads, the first question that arises, in considering the nature of our new fleet, is, whether wood or iron is the better material wherewith to construct the ships. It is of course perfectly well known that opinions have been, and still are, greatly divided upon this point, the importance of which is only surpassed by the difficulty of solution, so much is to be said for and against both sides. And, in fact, this question, like many others relating to iron-cased ships, has assumed a different aspect from time to time in consequence of the varying results of the trial of guns *versus* plates. The Controller of the Navy, Rear-Admiral Robinson, has entered fully into this discussion in a paper laid before Parliament last session,

in which he sets forth the relative merits of each, and pronounces, on the whole, in favour of wood; but a distinguished French officer, Rear-Admiral Paris, has gone into the same question very minutely in a most valuable and instructive work written by him, entitled '*L'Art Naval à l'Exposition Universelle de Londres de 1862*,' and he arrives at the opposite conclusion, giving his opinion strongly in favour of iron.

It may be well here to enumerate briefly the principal points on both sides of this controversy as it stands at present.

The arguments, then, in favour of iron are these: An iron ship may be built of any size without loss of strength, as witness the Great Eastern; it is stronger, *as a whole*, than a wooden ship, and is also of less weight; it may be built in the shortest possible time without detriment; it will cost less to keep in repair; it will last considerably longer than a wooden ship, and, if hauled up out of water, or kept in a dry dock or basin, may be maintained in a state of perfect preservation for almost any period; it is not so easily *sunk* by submarine shot, by collision, or by striking a rock, in consequence of the arrangement of water-tight compartments; it presents much less inflammable material to the action of shells and other combustible missiles.

The disadvantages of the iron ship are: Its much greater first cost, when built on the cellular principle with a double bottom, as must be the case in vessels of war; it is much weaker, *locally*, than a wooden ship, and is thus more easily *penetrated* by submarine shot or by submerged "ram," and is more liable to damage by rocks; the impossibility of stopping shot-holes, or executing any other immediate repair to the hull; the difficulty of ventilation, from the stagnation of air in the confined spaces between the water-tight bulk-heads, renders the iron ship less healthy, and more subject to infec-

tious disease; the rapid falling-off of speed from the fouling of the bottom, which has been known to amount to as much as a knot an hour in the short space of six weeks, the only remedy at present being frequent docking, which entails great loss of time and much expense: moreover, on many foreign stations there are no docks in existence, and, consequently, no means of getting rid of the growth of weeds and zoophytes.

In favour of the wooden ship may be urged: Its first cost is cheaper; any number may be built with the present resources of our dockyards, whereas Chatham is the only yard as yet possessing the requisite plant and appliances for building with iron; it affords better resistance to penetration by submarine shot, a rocky bottom, or a "steam-ram" collision, being *locally* stronger than iron; temporary repairs may be more easily executed, such as stopping shot-holes, nailing on sheets of leads, &c.; the bottom is preserved from fouling by the copper sheathing, and the speed remains unimpaired.

But against this must be set: A wooden ship is heavier, and will draw more water than an iron ship of equal tonnage, and it cannot be built beyond a certain size without becoming weak *as a whole*. It cannot be built in great haste, to meet an emergency, without risk of rapid deterioration from imperfectly-seasoned timber; it is expensive to keep in repair, and will not last above a certain time, being liable, in particular, to a weakening of the stern from the working of the screw. If badly injured at the water-line—as by a heavy shot driving an armour-plate through the side with it—or if pierced by shot from submerged guns, the wooden ship is very much more liable to be sunk. The material of which the wooden ship is constructed is highly inflammable, and therefore it is exposed to great danger from shell, red-hot shot, and molten iron.

Looking at the question from an economical point of view, the following extract from Admiral Robinson's Report places it in a very clear light:—"As the progress that may be made by artillery, and all destructive agents of warfare, is quite without a limit, the immense price paid in an iron ship for durability may not be an advantage, as new forms for ships of war may, before long, be absolutely requisite: the iron ship of to-day, for which so large a price has been paid, may not be the weapon we require to-morrow. It may prove, therefore, wise and more economical to supply the wants of the moment by a cheaper and less durable structure, which at least is of the same quality as those with which we may have to contend." It will be seen from the above that although the Controller is on the whole in favour of building of wood, he is fully alive to the advantages of iron ships; and we gather from the general tenor of his report, that if our dockyards possessed the requisite means—and economical reasons apart—he considers the iron preferable.

For ourselves, in common with many of our brother seamen, so long as armour-plates were considered impenetrable, and before submarine guns were found practicable, we were always very strongly in favour of wood for the hull of the ship. We had an instinctive aversion to a ship built of a material which of itself will not float; and however much scientific men may ridicule such a confession, we are greatly mistaken if this feeling was not shared by the majority of seafaring men. Considering the question as one who might have to inhabit one of these vessels, our principal objection to ships built of iron arose from the water-tight bulkheads which in iron ships are indispensable; and which, dividing the lower part of the vessel into a series of small compartments, curtail the stowage, and, what is far worse, render proper ventilation impossible, and a free current of

air through the holds (which we had just arrived at before the introduction of iron-cased ships) out of the question. In ships built of wood, however, the lower part of the vessel remains as formerly—open fore-and-aft, and easy of ventilation; the importance of which, in a sanitary point of view, it is difficult to over-estimate. And as vessels, completely iron-cased can have no scuttles through the ship's side for admitting light and air, this circumstance tells more strongly in favour of the free circulation of air in the wooden ship, against the confined, well-like compartments of the iron one.

But this reasoning applied only so long as iron-cased ships continued practically invulnerable—that is, capable of resisting penetration in all but exceptional cases, such as a solid shot, with a high charge of powder, fired at a short distance exactly perpendicular to the surface of the plate. Now that it has been proved conclusively that even shell can be made to penetrate an armour-plate at considerable distances, and that guns can be constructed to carry huge shot with a velocity sufficient to crush in the side of the strongest iron-clad, the case assumes a very different aspect. If such monster guns can be carried by sea-going ships, and armour-plated vessels are still to be built, it would seem as if the only chance of safety from being sunk by the first 600-pound shot striking at the water-line, will lie in these very water-tight bulkheads; and therefore there is no longer room for choice in the matter—the ships must be built of iron; unless indeed, a plan should be devised for fitting these bulkheads in wooden vessels, which has never yet been done, so far as we are aware. It would almost now appear that an iron-clad vessel, encountering an antagonist armed with these 600-pounder guns, would be in a

worse plight than one of the now despised unarmoured wooden ships, since it might be possible to stop the shot-holes in the side of the latter; but in the event of an armour-plate smashed in at the water-line, and the fragments of it driven through the ship's side together with the projectile, as in the case of the *Warrior* target the other day, it would be impossible to stop the leak, and the hole made would be so great that the most powerful pumps would be unable to overcome it. In point of fact, the greater the resistance offered to an enormously heavy projectile, the greater the damage inflicted by it upon a yielding surface such as a ship's side.

We shall now proceed to consider how far the various types of vessels composing our iron-clad fleet are suited to the special purpose for which they were designed; but as in a recent Number* of this Magazine we entered somewhat fully into the particulars of the different vessels, as to their dimensions, armament, &c., we need not go again over the same ground: and, moreover, the lengthened cruise which the Channel squadron made round the coasts of Great Britain in the course of last summer, must have afforded opportunities to many of our countrymen to become acquainted with the peculiarities of the several classes of vessels composing it; so we will assume that the reader is conversant with the different principles upon which our iron-cased ships are constructed.

Proud as the country may be to possess such magnificent specimens of naval architecture as the six larger vessels—*Agincourt*, *Northumberland*, *Minotaur*, *Achilles*, *Warrior*, and *Black Prince*, each of which is half as large again as any vessel ever built, except the *Great Eastern*, and of a strength and excellence of construction hitherto unapproached—yet it is scarcely to

* December 1863—"The English and French Navies from a French Point of View."

be doubted that these ships pass the limits of size for manageable vessels of war. Their immense length makes them slow in turning, and difficult to steer—qualities for the want of which even great speed will not atone; for it must be borne in mind that actions will now be fought under steam alone, with all possible upper spars and rigging sent on deck, and that a ship will, therefore, now have to depend solely and entirely upon the helm to turn her, instead of, as in former days, the sails producing the principal effect. And when we consider how important it is that a vessel should be able to turn at least as quickly as her adversary, in order to bring the whole effect of her broadside to bear, and also to prevent her opponent taking up a position for raking her, or for attacking her screw and rudder, the slowness of manœuvring of these fine vessels becomes a very serious defect. This reasoning applies with special effect to the vessels with unarmoured extremities; for one well-directed shot, striking their exposed stern-post, would utterly disable them, and place them at the mercy of the smallest gunboat. But since Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, has publically declared that these very long vessels are a mistake, we may conclude that the Admiralty do not intend to build any more upon that scale.

Yet we cannot blame those who ordered and designed these splendid ships; it was considered at that time requisite, above all things, that our iron-clads should be very fast vessels, and the country would have been much dissatisfied had they turned out inferior in that respect to the French ships. At the same time, following our traditional principle, it was required that they should carry their ports sufficiently high to enable the guns to be fought in all weathers; and to combine these desiderata, as well as to carry the enormous weight of armour, such large dimensions were unavoidable.

Experience has shown, however, that although great speed is perhaps the chief requisite for a vessel of war, yet that if this can only be obtained by the sacrifice of other very essential qualities—which must always be the case—there is a limit beyond which it is not prudent to go; and the most perfect war-ship for general purposes is that which combines a fair rate of speed with those other virtues, without which she is liable to be taken at considerable disadvantage.

It would seem that the ships of the *Defence*, *Hector*, and *Royal Oak* classes are of nearly the maximum length which at present appears desirable for vessels of war—viz., about 280 feet; the longest of the French iron-clads does not exceed this dimension, and they are reported to have been quite handy and manageable throughout their recent experimental cruise, a most interesting and instructive account of which appeared in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' for January 1st, from the pen of our old acquaintance—M. Xavier Raymond. It may be found practicable hereafter to build longer vessels with perfect manageability; the difficulty at present consists in this, that great length requires a proportionately greater area of rudder-surface to act in turning the vessel, and the enormous power of the engine throws back by the screw such a volume of water against the rudder, and with such force, that it is found very difficult to put the helm over sufficiently so as to give the ship the full benefit of it. Indeed, every one accustomed to screw vessels knows that the only way to get the helm hard over in a long ship is to stop the engines while the rudder is being moved; but then, if the engines are started again at full speed while the helm is hard over—which is necessary in order to turn as quickly as possible—the strain thrown upon the rudder-head and stern-post is enormous, and but too often causes serious damage to those parts, besides the manifest disadvantage of

stopping the engines if in chase or being chased.

This difficulty of steering long screw-ships has been found such a serious drawback that a remedy has been diligently sought after, and many propositions have been made for that purpose. Rudders of various forms and principles have been suggested, but the plan which has received the greatest share of consideration amongst seamen is that of the double screw-propeller—i. e., instead of one screw amidships in the dead-wood, there is a screw under each quarter; and by easing, stopping, or reversing one or the other, the effect of the helm is assisted to such an extent that some small vessels in which the experiment has been tried have turned round in their own length as if pivoted at their stern. There are, however, some disadvantages attending this arrangement, of which not the least serious is the greater space it occupies in the vessel; while it still remains to be seen how far the desired effect will be produced in very long vessels, where it would be of infinitely more practical value than in shorter and handier ones. It may be found that, in vessels of great length, the leverage of the screws under the quarter will not be sufficient to produce the turning power required.

In a former paper (Dec. Number) we pointed to the Royal Oak as being the most efficient iron-cased ship which we have had at sea as yet; the accounts of her performances are of the most satisfactory nature, and, as we showed in the paper alluded to, there is little reason to doubt that she and her four sister ships are in every way much superior to the French iron-clads of the Gloire class, to which they are very similar. The Royal Oak was the only armour-plated ship in the Channel squadron of last year that was built of wood, but her superiority arose from her being completely protected by armour; whereas the others, as is well known, were only plated amidships, their bow and stern

being perfectly unprotected, and exposed to the full effect of the enemy's shot. It is a great pity that, for the more effectual comparison of iron as against wood for the construction of armour-plated ships, an iron ship was not built precisely similar to the Royal Oak or Prince Consort, and then a thorough trial instituted between the two as to their relative merits. It has been stated that the Hector and Valiant were built for this purpose; but there is a broad difference between them: the first-named ships are completely plated, as we have said, while the two latter have their bow and stern undefended at the water-line, like the Warrior and Defence, though their armour-plating is carried round the extremities on the gun-deck. Therefore, although the dimensions of these two classes of ships are somewhat similar, it cannot be said that the result of a trial between the two would be conclusive.

But while we have neglected this very obvious measure, the French, with their usual method and foresight, took steps from the very first to bring it about; and when the Gloire and her sister vessels were designed, two of them were ordered to be built of iron, one of which, the Couronne, formed part of the experimental squadron of last autumn; and although the dimensions of the Couronne differ slightly from those of the Gloire, &c., they are quite near enough for a fair comparison. We learn, then, from M. Raymond's account of their cruise, that the Couronne had a decided advantage over her wooden sisters, the Invincible and the Normandie. In the first place, although her displacement was greater, her immersion was less, consequently her draught of water was not quite so deep, and her ports were rather higher; and with these advantages in her favour to begin with, we are told that she rolled less than the others, was easier to manœuvre, and sailed better. M. Raymond says nothing about her speed

under steam, but he leads us to conclude that her performances were on the whole above those of the *Gloire* class, though he seems to consider the iron-clad two-deckers, *Magenta* and *Solferino*, superior to either.

There has been no authentic account published of the various trials of our iron-clads at sea, the only information available to any person outside the Admiralty upon this deeply interesting question being the imperfect and usually inaccurate accounts of chance newspaper correspondents, which are generally written by some one either belonging to, or prejudiced in favour of, some particular ship, and are therefore not much to be depended upon. But the public has manifested such a lively interest in all that concerns our new navy, that it is to be hoped some hon. member will move for the production of the reports of the gallant Admiral commanding the squadron; for since minutely detailed accounts of the particulars and dimensions of the various ships as they were building have appeared from time to time in the columns of the public press, and the results of the official trials at the measured mile are always duly recorded in the same manner, every facility being afforded to the newspaper reporters for this purpose, there can be no possible reason why the results of the various trials and experiments at sea should not likewise be made generally known.

Here again we cannot but admire the comprehensive way in which the French Naval Administration proceeds in order to obtain the most accurate and complete system of comparative trials of their iron-clads. As soon as a squadron of five or six of these vessels of different classes could be got ready, a commission was appointed to go to sea in them, consisting of Vice-Admiral Penaud commanding the squadron, as President, who likewise holds a high position in the Ministry of Marine, a Rear-Admiral, three captains, M. Dupuy de Lôme,

the world-renowned designer of the *Gloire* and Chief Constructor of the French Navy, and two naval architects of the first class. And in order that nothing might be wanting to render the experiments complete, two screw-ships of the line were ordered to accompany the iron-clads for the purpose of comparison—one, the *Napoleon*, specially designed for the screw, and the most successful ship of her class; the other, the *Tourville*, a converted ship, which had been built on the lines of the *Jena*, one of the finest sailing-vessels in the French Navy. The cruise extended over a period of two months, during which time the squadron visited Madeira and the Canaries, returning to Cherbourg on the 25th of November; having, therefore, ample time for trials and experiments of all descriptions, and being subject at that season of the year to every sort of weather. It was so arranged that one of the members of the Commission should be on board each vessel, and that each member should take every ship in turn.

It cannot be doubted that a commission so constituted and arranged could scarcely fail to arrive at a thorough and accurate knowledge of the qualities of the different ships, their virtues and their vices; and the report which they transmitted must be an invaluable guide and authority for the Minister of Marine in deciding upon what sort of vessels it would be advisable to construct in future. And it would surely be only common prudence if our Government had acted in a similar manner, and had directed a commission of scientific men and practical seamen to consider this important matter; for the entire responsibility now rests with the Controller of the Navy, subject, of course, to the overruling authority of the Board of Admiralty. And although this arrangement worked well in former days, and produced magnificent ships when there was but the one type of vessel as a standard, and the question was

merely one of lines and dimensions; yet now that all preconceived ideas have to be given up, and an entirely new creation of ships has sprung into existence—giving rise to a perfect host of plans and inventions, some of them of great merit, others absurd in the extreme—it is of the very deepest importance that there should be no room for doubt that the vessels building for the navy are upon the most approved principles. The responsibility of deciding such a question is too great for any one individual, however able and talented; and we do not doubt that the gallant and accomplished officer who now presides over the shipbuilding department of the navy would gladly have it in his power to guide his judgment and strengthen his decision by the recommendations of such a commission. A Royal Commission was appointed to consider the question of Fortifications; an Ordnance Select Committee is constantly sitting; and other matters of divers degrees of importance are continually being referred to a similar mode of investigation; why, then—looking to the immense expense involved in the reconstruction of the fleet, and the grave consequences which might ensue from an error in judgment—should not this question of iron-cased ships be treated in a similar manner, and a commission of eminent men directed to examine and report upon it?

An opinion widely prevails among naval men that some of the ships now building are not the style of vessel best adapted for the purposes for which they are intended; and an equally strong conviction exists in the minds of many, that the turret-principle of Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., is of infinitely more practical value than the Admiralty appear disposed to accord it. One might almost say that this most ingenious plan, which occupied so much public attention, has been condemned by the authorities without even a trial,

notwithstanding the very strong opinions expressed in favour of it by some of the most able and experienced naval officers and ship-builders; notwithstanding, also, that it has been adopted by nearly every maritime nation except France, who, justly priding herself on her own skill and ingenuity, is averse to following the footsteps of other countries. We say this, because not only were Captain Coles's plans pooh-poohed and set aside for years, and were taken up at last only because they had been warmly approved of in the very highest quarter, but when his system was eventually directed to be tried, and two vessels ordered to be prepared on his plans, his designs were only allowed to be partially carried into effect, and were mutilated and altered from time to time in spite of his protestations; while, if but half the haste had been shown in getting Captain Coles's ships ready as has been exhibited in the case of Mr. Reed's vessels, they might have been now at sea and under trial.

It may be objected here by some readers that this system has been tried and failed in the case of the Monitors at Charleston; and this opinion has been expressed by certain newspapers, who seem never tired of lauding Mr. Reed's ships to the skies, and of depreciating, indirectly if not openly, any plans and propositions which do not emanate from him. But there never was a greater injustice committed than this, and the conclusion drawn from the failure of the Monitors is perfectly erroneous. The only thing in common between these Monitors and Captain Coles's ships, is the principle of mounting a heavy gun upon a revolving platform inside a turret; in all else their paternity is American, or Swedo-American, since Ericsson the Swede claims their design: but it has been shown before in these pages* that Ericsson borrowed his idea of the turret from Captain Coles, and in all proba-

* See Blackwood's Magazine, June 1862—"Who Planned the Monitor?"

bility took it from the drawings and description of that invention contained in an article upon "Iron-clad Ships of War" published in this Magazine for December 1860.* It is therefore quite as unjust to run down the turret system and Coles's ships because of the failure of these Monitors, as it would be to condemn aeronautics and Mr. Coxwell's balloon on account of the breakdown of M. Nadar's *g  ant*. Judging from the very short space of time in which the American iron-clads were built, the extreme difficulty which is even in this country experienced in procuring good iron, and the vigilance required to be exercised in order to prevent the use of inferior materials in contract-built vessels, as also the notorious frauds committed by contractors in the United States upon the Government—we may readily conclude that neither the workmanship employed nor the quality of the material used in the construction of the Monitors was of the best description; which alone is quite sufficient to account for their failure.

Since, then, it appears that we are not to have any vessels upon the turret principle except the two experimental ones, Royal Sovereign and Prince Albert, what style of vessel are we to have? What are these ships of Mr. Reed's which, it seems, are now being exclusively adopted for the navy? We were lately on board the *Research*, the first of Mr. Reed's ships ready for sea: she is a wooden corvette of 1250 tons and 200 horse-power, barque-rigged, with a belt of armour-plating entirely round the ship, extending a few feet above and below the water-line; but in the midship part of the vessel the plating extends upwards to a level with the top of the very high bulwarks for a space sufficient for two ports of a side, this space being decked over and closed at each end by armour-plated 'thwart-ship bulkheads. The upper deck is

thus completely cut in two by this central fighting compartment in precisely the same way as in the coasting screw-steamers, where there is a deck-house amidships extending from side to side. The funnel is included in this armoured enclosure, and thus its lower part is protected, a matter of no light importance. The *Research* is to mount four guns, two of a side; and since this is a very small number in proportion to the size of the ship, we may be sure that the intention is they shall be as heavy as possible. And now here comes the point. So far as we have described, there is nothing in the *Research* very peculiar or different from other vessels already built; the principle is exactly that of the *Achilles* on a small scale, and the belt of armour round the ship had been previously suggested by Captain Coles and others. But Mr. Reed, acknowledging the necessity for bow and stern fire from guns protected equally as well as those on the broadside, seeks to obtain this desideratum by means of ports in the 'thwart-ship bulkheads, to which the broadside guns are to be transported when required; and the upholders of his plans strenuously assert that this arrangement is superior to the turret system. We will proceed to show how erroneous is this assertion, and what a fallacy is the idea that such a vessel is capable of fore-and-aft fire.

In the first place, then, it is for the smaller class of vessels more especially that Mr. Reed claims the excellence and suitability of his principles. Our readers will remember that, in the series of letters he wrote to the "*Times*," he combated the then prevalent idea, that iron-cased ships could not be built on a small scale, and stated that he was prepared to construct vessels of small dimensions and light draught, as well protected by armour as the large ships then building. As, however, this possibility

* And from the accounts of the Monitors it appears that the turret was almost the only thing belonging to them that did not fail in principle.

had already been established by Captain Coles, naval men in general not startled by the novelty of the proposal; and the next step, therefore, was to endeavour to demonstrate the superiority of the Reed system over the cupola principle; in which, however much he failed in convincing the great majority of naval officers, he perfectly succeeded as regards the Admiralty; and Mr. Reed's ships are now being rapidly brought forward under his special supervision as Chief Constructor of the Navy. Well, then, we have to see how this principle will answer in small-class vessels, say under 1500 tons, and for the sake of illustration we will keep before us in particular the *Research*. Of what guns her armament is to be composed we know not; but as Mr. Reed's great point is, that he can put as heavy guns on board his vessels as Captain Coles can in his cupolas, and as we know that the latter could mount 800-pounders, if required, in his turrets, on board such a ship as the *Research*, we must conclude that this vessel's guns will be at least of that formidable size, and would weigh, therefore, some twelve or fifteen tons each, including carriage. Now it is manifestly at sea that bow and stern fire would be chiefly required, and we would ask those of our readers who have witnessed the difficulty and hazard of working our present 68-pounders of only 6½ tons weight, carriage and slide included, with merely a moderate amount of sea on, how they would like to find themselves inside a small compartment with four of these monster guns cast loose, the ship rolling, and the order given to transport them to the bow and stern ports in the midst of the excitement and noise of battle, perhaps with men being struck down killed and wounded around. Why, the very notion is preposterous; and we will venture to say the experiment would, under such circumstances, never be attempted, and the guns would be left in the

broadside ports. But suppose the sea to be smooth, and the ship to have no motion, what then? We must premise that the deck upon which the guns stand inside this fighting battery is upon the same level as without, and that the bulwarks forward and aft of the battery are exceedingly high: therefore the only way of delivering the bow and stern fire from the ports in the 'thwartship bulkheads, is through long ports cut in the bulwarks a few feet distant on each side; those on the fore side of the battery being about where the sheet-anchor would come, and on the after side about half-way between the main and mizen rigging. The arrangement, therefore, is precisely the same as if one gun of a side were trained fore-and-aft upon a corvette's gangway to fire from there through the after fore-castle port, and another from the same place to fire through one of the quarterdeck ports. Now it is very evident that nothing like fire in a line with the keel is possible with such an arrangement; and to get at anything at all approaching to it, the ports in the 'thwartship bulkhead have to be placed so close to the ship's side, that we venture to say it will be found extremely difficult to work them there on board the *Research* even in harbour. But if we suppose, for the sake of argument, that the guns can be worked in those ports, we should like to ask—what would be the effect of firing a 300-pounder with a charge of thirty pounds of powder or more across a ship's deck through a small open space in the bulwarks? We are much mistaken if such an explosion would not clear the deck, and blow away bulwarks, rigging, anchors, and everything movable. And besides all this, the great length of time it will require to transport these heavy guns backwards and forwards must also be taken into consideration; while another disadvantage this plan labours under is, that, from the small angle of training that the narrow ports in iron-clad ships

admit of, there is a considerable *dead angle* between the extreme training of the guns in the broad-side and 'thwartship ports—that is, a space upon which no gun could be brought to bear—as well as the direction straight fore-and-aft. This arrangement of the midship battery is also objectionable for another reason—it stands as a sort of castle with respect to the other part of the ship; and if a body of men succeeded in boarding and establishing themselves on the top of it, they would have the command of the upper deck at once, and it would be extremely difficult to dislodge them from their vantage-ground; while nothing could be easier than for them to throw shells down the hatchways and funnel upon their opponents.

Not one of the objections we have pointed out exists in the turret system; the guns may be trained very nearly in a line with the keel both forward and aft, and will sweep the entire intervening space; the bulwarks are all let down before going into action, and there is no rigging to be blown away, since the tripod mast does away entirely with all lower rigging; the gun-carriage is fixed upon a movable platform, and therefore there is neither difficulty nor danger in working the heaviest ordnance; added to which, the entire weight of armament is kept amidships, whereas in Mr. Reed's vessels the immense weight of these huge guns at the side of the ship will undoubtedly cause her to labour and strain greatly, as in the case of our recently-built heavy frigates, where it was found necessary to reduce the armament for this very reason.

If the *Research* is not intended to carry such large guns as we have described, her inferiority is at once manifest; for it cannot be denied that, in an action between two iron-clads, the superiority would belong to the vessel that carried the heaviest ordnance; and had the *Research* been built upon the turret principle, she would, as a matter

of course, be armed with the heaviest guns that could be manufactured; for the experience of the *Monitors* proves that such artillery can be worked in a turret with great ease.

We have shown enough, surely, to prove that Mr. Reed's vessels do not possess that decided superiority over all others which alone should entitle them to be adopted as the sole type of our future ships of war. They have some merits, no doubt; and the large ships which Mr. Reed is now constructing will be free from some of the defects of his smaller vessels. If no other plans had been brought forward, we should gladly have seen numbers of these ships built; but what the country requires, and what the credit of our navy demands, is the very best description of vessel that the inventive genius of this country can produce; and this is most certainly not the character of Mr. Reed's ships, as we have endeavoured to show. It may possibly be found hereafter that the turret-ships do not fulfil all the expectations of their numerous admirers; but this is quite an open question as yet, and can only be determined by a full and impartial trial; and we are very sure that the result of this trial will be most anxiously looked for, not only by naval men, but by the scientific world in general.

A paper upon the future of our navy would be incomplete without a notice of another plan which has occupied a good deal of attention, and has given rise to much discussion—the steam-ram; by which we mean any iron-clad with a so-called "ram" bow. We believe that there never was a greater delusion than the firm belief which exists in the public mind, and indeed in the minds of some naval officers as well, of the practical utility of this arrangement. We do not mean to say that an iron-clad ship, armed with such a contrivance, striking a vessel not armour-plated, would not stove her in, and in all probability sink her; for we are quite alive to

the fact that this was done in the case of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads; but it must be remembered that the vessel she sank was an old sailing-frigate, and at anchor, and that such a condition of affairs is extremely unlikely ever to occur again; for sailing-vessels are now defunct, and no steam-vessel would ever lay in such close proximity to a hostile squadron without steam up, and in readiness to slip her cable in an instant. And we should very much like to ask any steam-ram advocate how he proposes to run down a vessel steaming away from him at full speed, or manoeuvring round and engaging him. For it cannot be denied that, even allowing a great superiority in speed to the ram, the chased has always the advantage over the chaser in being able to turn before the other can follow her. The case is exactly that of the hare and the greyhound, where poor puss makes up by doubling for her want of speed, and is only caught at last by sheer exhaustion—a calamity which cannot befall the steam hare, unless her coal-bunkers should unfortunately be nearly empty. But there is another point which seems always to have been ignored by our friends the steam-rams, and that is the effect which would be produced upon the *rammer*, even supposing she succeeded in sinking the *rammee*; and we must consider what these effects would be in the case of the *rammee* being iron-clad, for were she not so, there would be no particular advantage to be gained in trying to sink her by the “ram” process, since it is obvious that the unarmoured ship would be no match for the iron-clad, and that a few rounds from the latter’s big guns would have the desired effect without risk to herself. We know that after the *Merrimac* had sunk her wooden antagonist, she took one charge at the *Monitor*, and then retired from the field of battle in consequence of some damage sustained, the nature of which did not transpire; but there is little doubt that it proceeded from the effects

of the collision, and not from the enemy’s shot. We will suppose, then, the case in which an iron-cased “ram” rushes at full speed against another iron-clad and gives her the stem, and we will venture to predict that, if such a case shall ever occur, with heavy ships such as ours are, the *rammer* will be dismastered by the shock to begin with, and that in all probability the concussion would either start the boilers, break the steam-pipes, or throw the engines out of adjustment, if all three of these did not happen. And let those who know the effects of the escape of steam of twenty pounds pressure into an engine-room imagine the result. It seems to us that the damage sustained by the steam-ram in such an encounter would be far more serious than that inflicted upon her antagonist.

It would appear that some such conviction has struck the authorities at Whitehall, for we have observed that in one of the recently-commenced iron-clads the stem is curved backwards in such a manner that the most salient part of it is far beneath the water-line, and in fact only a few feet above the line of the keel, so as to strike her foe below the armour, where, of course, the resistance would be much less; and therefore the “ram” would not experience quite so severe a shock, while whatever damage she inflicted upon herself in this case, the bottom of the *rammee*, if of iron, would assuredly be knocked in like an old kettle, and her water-tight bulkheads alone prevent her from sinking instantly. But this only supposes the possibility of the “ram” getting a fair chance of charging her opponent, which we have shown is not quite such a matter of course as seems generally to be imagined.

There is another view to take of this question also; the bow of the “ram” requires to be so enormously strong to withstand such a shock, that it entails immense additional weight, which would otherwise be made available for bow-guns; and

these valuable adjuncts to the means of offence are wanting in most iron-clads, though many persons will consider with us, that they are of far more practical importance than the "ram" bow.

Reviewing, then, the whole subject, it would seem that our future iron-clads of the largest class, if they are to carry broadside guns, should be ships somewhat similar to the Royal Oak, but built of iron; and these will constitute the line of battle. For swift vessels of a smaller size, to play the part of our frigates in former days, there is no doubt that the turret principle is most suitable; and we are convinced that in the course of time the advantages of this principle will become so very manifest that the Admiralty will be constrained by the force of general opinion to adopt it. For the protection of our commerce in all parts of the world, and for the general purposes of the navy in time of peace, the unarmoured frigates and corvettes of the present time will still be available; and for the defence of our harbours and dockyards, we trust we may see before long some armoured vessels of light draught carrying submarine guns.

In a former part of this article we have alluded to this novel mode of warfare. Until quite lately it was generally supposed that water effectually resisted the propulsion of shot; but the following experiments, which were carried out at Portsmouth in the summer of 1862, prove conclusively both the possibility and the terribly destructive effects of submarine fire. A 110-pounder Armstrong gun was placed horizontally on a platform on the mud at low water, loaded with the usual service charges, and pointed at the side of a target ship twenty feet distant from the muzzle. The gun was fired when the tide had risen to a height of six feet above it, and this was repeated day after day with various sorts of projectiles. A flat-headed shot penetrated the side, through twenty-

one inches of solid timber, and the ship filled directly; but a conoidal-headed shot went through both sides of the hulk, passing through thirty-three inches of timber as well as the intervening water (for the hulk was then full). A shell, fired in a similar manner, burst in passing through the side, entirely destroying a large portion, breaking beams and deck, and leaving a gaping aperture some two or three feet square. A thickness of iron of three inches, composed of six half-inch boiler plates, was then attached to a sound part of the hulk's side, and the experiments were repeated. The flat-headed shot failed to penetrate, although it shattered the plates; but the conoidal-headed projectile passed clean through both armour and side, driving the fragments of the iron along with it, and making a huge breach. This demonstrates a singular fact—that while the flat-headed projectile has always above water proved most efficacious in penetrating iron plates, yet, for submarine purposes, the conoidal shape has a very decided superiority.

The result of these experiments was as unexpected as it is important in its bearing upon future naval warfare; but an apparently insuperable difficulty presented itself at the outset—viz., how to apply the principle of submerged guns for use on board a ship. Here again, however, the peculiarly inventive genius of Captain Coles comes to our aid, and brings out a solution of this difficult problem; and we have seen a plan of that gallant officer's, which he has just patented, by which submerged guns may be worked and fired on board a ship with the greatest facility; so that all a vessel, armed with such weapons, would have to do, would be to range up alongside of her adversary, give her two or three shot in her bilge, and then—down she goes.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the Admiralty will not neglect this invention, and allow such a terrible and destructive means of

warfare to be adopted by other countries before it is introduced into our navy: for woe betide the fleet attacked by vessels so armed; nothing could possibly save it from destruction if the vessels composing it were constructed as at present. Should, however, this new description of naval warfare come into practice, the corresponding means of defence will of course be sought for in armour-plated bottoms as well as upper works, if such a thing is possible. And so we go on, one new invention leading to another, a novel mode of attack calling forth additional means of defence, a new source of expenditure entailing still further cost—Pelion heaped upon Ossa.

If, then, this country should ever

again be engaged in a great naval war, which in the present clouded aspect of affairs seems but too probable, it is most certain that the mode of warfare will be very different from any which has hitherto been witnessed; but if our Government will only resolve to maintain the British navy in its traditional position as the first navy of the world, by taking advantage of the latest discoveries and inventions which the progress of science and of the mechanical arts gives rise to, so as to leave no opportunity for other nations to pass ahead of us, we may rest fully assured that the future history of this country will contain records of achievements as brilliant, and successes as decisive, as the annals of the past disclose to us.

TONY BUTLER.

PART VI.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MINISTER'S VISIT.

WHILE Tony was absent that morning from home, Mrs. Butler had a visit from Dr. Stewart; he came over, he said, to see Tony, and ask the news of what he had done in England. "I hope, ma'am," said he—and there was something dry and reserved in his manner—"I hope, ma'am, your son has brought you good tidings of his late journey. A big city is a big temptation, and we dinna want temptations in this world of ours."

"I know it well, Doctor," said she, with a sigh, "and if it had been any other than Tony—Ah, Doctor! why do you shake your head?—you make me think you've heard something or other. What is it, sir?"

"It's just nothing at all, Mrs. Butler, but your own fears, and very proper fears too they are, for a young lad that goes away from home for the first time in his life, and to such a place too. Ah me!" cried he, in a sort of apostrophe,

"it's not so easy to be in grace down about Charing Cross and the Haymarket."

"You're just frightening me, Dr. Stewart, that's what it is you are doing."

"And I say it again, ma'am, it's yourself is the cause o' it all. But tell me what success he has had—has he seen Sir Harry Elphinstone?"

"That he has, and seen a greater than Sir Harry; he has come back with a fine place, Doctor; he's to be one of the Queen's—I forget whether they call them couriers or messengers—that bring the state despatches all over the world; and as poor dear Tony says, it's a place that was made for him, for they don't want Greek or Latin, or any more book-learning than a country gentleman should have. What are you sighing about, Dr. Stewart? there's nothing to sigh over getting five, maybe six, hundred a-year."

"I was not sighing; I was only

thinkin'. And when is he to begin this new life?"

"If you are sighing over the fall it is for a Butler, one of his kith and kin, taking a very humble place, you may just spare your feelings, Doctor, for there are others as good as himself in the same employ."

"And what does Sir Arthur say to it, ma'am?" asked he, as it were to divert her thoughts into another course.

"Well, if you must know, Dr. Stewart," said she, drawing herself up and smoothing down her dress with dignity, "we have ventured to take this step without consulting Sir Arthur or any of his family."

A somewhat long silence ensued. At last she said, "If Tony was at home, Doctor, he'd tell you how kindly his father's old friend received him—taking up stories of long ago, and calling him Watty, just as he used to do. And so if they did not give my poor boy a better place, it was because there was nothing just ready at the moment, perhaps—or nothing to fit him—for, as Sir Harry said, laughingly, 'We can't make you a bishop, I fear.'"

"I dinna see anything against it," muttered the old minister, not sorry for the chance of a ~~shot~~ against Episcopacy.

"I'm thinking, Dr. Stewart," said she, tartly, "that your rheumatism must be troubling you to-day; and, indeed, I'm ashamed to say I never asked you how the pains were?"

"I might be better, and I might be worse, ma'am," was the qualified reply, and again came a pause.

"Tony was saying the other day, Doctor," resumed she, "that if you will try a touch of what he calls the white oils."

"I'm very much obliged to him, Mrs. Butler; he put a touch of the same white oils on my pony one day, and the beast that was always a lamb before just kicked me over his head when I got into the saddle."

"You forget, Doctor, you are not a beast of burden yourself."

"We're all beasts of burden, ma'am—all of us—even the best, if there be any best! heavy laden wi' our sins, and bent down wi' our transgressions. No, no," added he, with a slight asperity, "I'll have none of his white oils."

"Well you know the proverb, Doctor, 'He that winna use the means must bear the moans.'"

"'Tis a saying that hasna much sense in it," said the Doctor, crankily; "for who's to say when the means is blessed?"

Here was a point that offered so wide a field for discussion, that the old lady did not dare to make a rejoinder.

"I'll be going to Derry to-morrow, Mrs. Butler," resumed he, "if I can be of any service to you."

"Going to Derry, Doctor? that's a long road for you!"

"So it is, ma'am; but I'm going to fetch back my dochter Dolly; she's to come by the packet to-morrow evening."

"Dolly coming home! How is that? You did not expect her, did you?"

"Not till I got her letter this morning; and that's what made me come over to ask if Tony had maybe told you something about how she was looking, and what sort of spirits she seemed in; for her letter's very short—only says, 'I've got a kind of longing to be back again, dear father; as the song says, 'It's hame, and it's hame, and it's hame I fain wad be;' and as I know well there will be an open heart and an open door to greet me, I'm off to-night for Liverpool.'"

"She's a good girl, and whatever she does it will be surely for the best," said the old lady.

"I know it well," and he wiped his eyes as he spoke. "But I'm sore troubled to think it's maybe her health is breaking, and I wanted to ask Tony about her. D'ye remember, ma'am, how he said she was looking?"

Now, if there was anything thoroughly repugnant to the old lady's habits, it was untruthfulness; and yet, as Tony had not mention-

ed Dolly since his return, her only escape was by a little evasion, saying, "When he wrote to me his first letter from London, Doctor, he said, 'I was sorry to find Dolly looking pale, and I thought thin also; besides,' added he, 'they have cut off her pretty brown hair.'"

"Yes, she told me of that," sighed the Doctor. "And in her last note she says again, 'Dinna think me a fright, father dear, for it's growing again, and I'm not half so ugly as I was three weeks ago; for the lassie knows it was always a snare to me, and I was ever pleased wi' her bright cheery face.'"

"And a bright cheery face it was!"

"Ye mind her smile, Mrs. Butler. It was like hearing good news to see it. Her mother had the same." And the old man's lip trembled, and his cheek too, as a heavy tear rolled slowly down it. "Did it ever strike you, ma'am," added he, in a calmer tone, "that there's natures in this world g'en to us just to heal the affections, as there are herbs and plants sent to cure our bodily ailments?"

"It's a blessed thought, Doctor."

"Eh, ma'am, its more than a thought, it's a solemn truth. But I'm staying ower long; I've to go over to John Black's and see his sister before I leave; and I'd like, too, to say a word o' comfort to auld Matty M'Clintock."

"You'll be back for the Sabbath, Doctor?" asked she.

"Wi' His help and blessing, ma'am."

"I was thinking if maybe you and dear Dolly would come and take dinner here—Saturday—there will be nothing ready for you at home; and it would be such a pleasure to Tony before he goes away."

"I thank you heartily, Mrs. Butler; but our first evening under the auld roof we must e'en have it by ourselves. You'll no think the worse o' us for this, I am sure, ma'am."

"Certainly not: then, shall we

say Monday? Dolly will be rested by that time, and Tony talks of leaving me so soon."

"I'll just, wi' your good leave—I'll just wait till I see Dolly; for maybe she'll no be ower strong when she comes. There's nothing I can do for you in Derry, is there?"

"Nothing, sir—nothing that I think of at this moment," said she, coldly; for the Doctor's refusal of her second invitation had piqued her pride; and whether it was from his depression or some other cause, the Doctor himself seemed less cordial than was his wont, and took his leave with more ceremony than usual.

The old lady watched him till he was out of sight, sorely perplexed to divine whether he had really unburdened his conscience of all he had to say, or had yet something on his mind unrevealed. Her kindly nature, however, in the end mastered all other thoughts; and, as she sat down once more to her knitting, she muttered, "Poor man! it's a sore stroke of poverty when the sight of one's only child coming back to them brings the sense of distress and want with it." The words were not well uttered when she saw Tony coming up the little pathway; he was striding along at his own strong paces, but his hat was drawn down over his brow, and he neither looked right nor left as he went.

"Did you meet the Doctor, Tony?" said she, as she opened the door for him.

"No: how should I meet him? I've not been to the Burnsides."

"But he has only left the house this minute—you must have passed each other."

"I came down the cliff. I was taking a short cut," said he, as he threw himself into a seat, evidently tired and weary.

"He has been here to say that he's off for Derry to-night with the mail, to meet Dolly."

"To meet Dolly!"

"Yes, she's coming back; and

the Doctor cannot say why, for she's over that fever she had, and getting stronger every day; and yet she writes, 'You must come and fetch me from Derry, father, for I'm coming home to you.' And the old man is ~~seem~~ distressed to make out whether she's ill again, or what's the meaning of it. And he thought, if he saw you, it was just possible you could tell him something."

"What could I tell him? Why should he imagine I could tell him?" said Tony, as a deep crimson flush covered his face.

"Only how she was looking, Tony, and whether you thought she seemed happy where she was living, and if the folk looked kind to her."

"I thought she looked very sickly, and the people about her—the woman at least—not over kind. I'm not very sure, too, that Dolly herself wasn't of my mind, though she didn't say so. Poor girl!"

"It's the poor old father I pity the most, Tony; he's not far off seventy, if he's not over it; and sore work he finds it keeping body and soul together; and now he has the poor sick lassie come back to him, wanting many a little comfort, belike, that he can't afford her. Ah, dear! isn't there a deal of misery in this life?"

"Except for the rich," said Tony, with an almost savage energy. "They certainly have fine times of it. I saw that fellow Maitland, about an hour ago, lolling beside Alice Lyle—Trafford, I mean—in her carriage, as if he owned the equipage and all it contained; and why? just because he is rich."

"He's a fine handsome man, Tony, and has fine manners, and I would not call him a fellow."

"I would, then; and if he only gives me the chance, I'll call him a harder name to his face."

"Tony, Tony, how can you speak so of one that wanted to befriend you?"

"Befriend me, mother! You make me ashamed to hear you say such a word. Befriend me!"

"What's the matter with you, Tony? You are not talking, no, nor looking like yourself. What's befallen you, my dear Tony? You went out this morning so gay and light-hearted, it made me cheery to see you. Ay, and I did what I've not done for many a day—I sang to myself over my work without knowing it, and now you're come back as dark as night. What's in it, my boy? tell your poor old mother. What's in it?"

"There's nothing in it, my own little mother, except that I'm a good-for-nothing, discontented dog, that sees himself in a very shabby condition, without having the pluck to try and get out of it. I say, mother, when are we to begin our lessons? That confounded river Danube goes between me and my rest. Whether it rises in the Black Sea or the Black Forest, is just as great a puzzle to me as whether the word is spelt *peo* or *poe* in people."

"Oh, Tony!"

"It's all very well saying, 'Oh, Tony;' but I tell you, mother, a stupid fellow ought never to be told two ways for anything: never say to him, You can do it in this fashion or in that; but, There's the road straight before you; take care you never go off it."

"Mr. Maitland made that same remark to me last week."

"Then don't tell it to me, for I hate him. By the way, there's that gun of his. I forgot to take it back to Lyle Abbey. I think it was precious cool in him to suppose a stranger—a perfect stranger, as I am—would accept a present from him."

"If you are going to the Abbey, Tony, I wish you'd leave these books there, and thank my lady for all her kind attentions to me; and say a word to Sir Arthur, too, to excuse my not seeing him when he called. Tell Gregg, the gardener, not to send me any more vegetables now; it's the scarce season, and they'll be wanting them for themselves: and if you should chance to see Mr. Lockyer, the steward, just mention to him that the new sluice is just

no good at all, and when the rain comes heavy, and the mill is not working—the water comes up to the kitchen door. Are you minding me, Tony?"

"I'm not sure that I am," said he, moodily, as he stood examining the lock of the well-finished rifle. "I was to tell Lady Lyle something about cabbages, or the mill-race—which was it?"

"You are not to make a fool of yourself, Tony," said she, half vexed

and half amused. "I'll keep my message for another day."

"And you'll do well," said he; "besides, I'm not very sure that I'll go farther than the gate-lodge;" and so saying, he took his hat, and, with the rifle on his shoulder, strolled out of the room.

"Ah! he's more like his father every day!" sighed she, as she looked after him; and if there was pride in the memory, there was some pain also.

CHAPTER XII.—A COMFORTABLE COUNTRY-HOUSE.

If a cordial host and a graceful hostess can throw a wondrous charm over the hospitalities of a house, there is a feature in those houses where neither host or hostess is felt which contributes largely to the enjoyment of the assembled company. I suspect, indeed, that republics work more smoothly domestically than nationally. Tilney was certainly a case in point. Mrs. Maxwell was indeed the owner—the demesne, the stables, the horses, the gardens, the fish-ponds, were all hers; but somehow none of the persons under her roof felt themselves her guests. It was an establishment where each lived as he liked, gave his own orders, and felt, very possibly, more at home, in the pleasant sense of the phrase, than in his own house. Dinner alone was a "fixture;" everything else was at the caprice of each. The old lady herself was believed to take great pride in the perfect freedom her guests enjoyed; and there was a story current of a whole family, who partook of her hospitalities for three weeks, meeting her once afterwards in a watering-place, and only recognising her as an old woman they saw at Tilney. Other tales there were of free comments of strangers made upon the household, the dinners, and such-like, to herself, in ignorance of who she was, which she enjoyed vastly, and was fond of relating, in strict confidence, to her few intimates.

If there were a number of pleasant features in such a household, there were occasionally little trifling drawbacks that detracted slightly from its perfect working—mere specks in the sun, it is true, and, after all, only such defects as are inseparable from all things where humanity enters and influences. One of these—perhaps the most marked one—was the presumption of certain *habitués* to instal themselves in certain rooms, which, from long usage, they had come to regard as their own. These prescriptive rights were so well understood that the frequenters of Tilney no more thought of disturbing them than they would of contesting their neighbours' title-deeds, or appropriating to themselves some portions of their wardrobes. Occasionally, however, it did happen that some guest of more than ordinary pretension arrived—some individual whose rank or station placed him above these conventionalities—and in such cases some deviations from ordinary routine would occur, but so quietly and peacefully withal, as never to disturb the uniform working of the domestic machinery.

"I find my rooms always ready for me here," said Mrs. Trafford; "and I have no doubt that Mrs. Maxwell has given orders about yours, Mr. Maitland; but it's your own fault, remember, if you're not lodged to your liking."

Maitland was not long in making his choice. A little garden pavilion, which was connected with the house by a glass corridor, suited him perfectly; it combined comfort and quiet and isolation; who could ask for more?—within an easy access of society when it was wanted. There was the vast old garden, as much orchard and shrubbery as garden, to stroll in unobserved; and a little bath-room, into which the water trickled all day long with a pleasant drip, drip, that sounded most soothingly.

"It's the Commodore's favourite place, sir, this garden-house," said the butler, who did the honours to Maitland, "and it's only a chance that he's not here to claim it. There was some mistake about his invitation, and I suppose he's not coming."

"Yes, I passed him a couple of miles off; he'll be here almost immediately."

"We'll put him up on the second floor, sir; the rooms are all newly done up, and very handsome."

"I'm sorry if I inconvenience him, Mr. Raikes," said Maitland, languidly; "but I've got here now, and I'm tired, and my traps are half taken out; and, in fact, I should be sorrier still to have to change. You understand me—don't you?"

"Perfectly, sir; and my mistress, too, gave orders that you were to have any room you pleased; and your own hours, too, for everything."

"She is most kind. When can I pay my respects to her?"

"Before dinner, sir, is the usual time. All the new company meet her in the drawing-room. Oh, there's the Commodore now; I hear his voice, and I declare they're bringing his trunks here, after all I said."

The old sailor was now heard, in tones that might have roused a maindeck, calling to the servants to bring down all his baggage to the pavilion, to heat the bath, and send him some sherry and a sandwich.

"I see you're getting ready for me, Raikes," said he, as the somewhat nervous functionary appeared at the door.

"Well, indeed, Commodore Graham, these rooms are just taken."

"Taken! and by whom? Don't you know, and haven't you explained that they are always mine?"

"We thought up to this morning, Commodore, that you were not coming."

"Who are 'we'—you and the housemaids, eh? Tell me who are 'we,' sir?"

"My mistress was greatly distressed, sir, at George's mistake, and she sent him back late last night."

"Don't bother me about that. Who's here—who has got my quarters? and where is he? I suppose it's a man?"

"It's a Mr. Norman Maitland?"

"By George, I'd have sworn it!" cried the Commodore, getting purple with passion. "I knew it before you spoke. Go in and say that Commodore Graham would wish to speak with him."

"He has just lain down, sir; he said he didn't feel quite well, and desired he mightn't be disturbed."

"He's not too ill to hear a message. Go in and say that Commodore Graham wishes to have one word with him. Do you hear me, sir?"

A flash of the old man's eye, and a tighter grasp of his cane—very significant in their way—sent Mr. Raikes on his errand, from which, after a few minutes, he came back, saying in a low whisper, "He's asleep, sir—at least I think so, for the bedroom door is locked, and his breathing comes very long."

"This is about the most barefaced—the most outrageously impudent——" he stopped, checked by the presence of the servant, which he had totally forgotten. "Take my traps back into the hall—do you hear me?—the hall."

"If you'd allow me, sir, to show the yellow rooms upstairs, with the bow-window——"

"In the attics, I hope?"

"No, sir—just over the mistress's own room on the second floor."

"I'll save you that trouble, Mr. Raikes; send Corrie here, my coachman—send him here at once."

While Mr. Raikes went, or affected to go, towards the stables—a mission which his dignity secretly scorned—the Commodore called out after him, "And tell him to give the mare a double feed, and put on the harness again—do you hear me?—to put the harness on her."

Mr. Raikes touched his hat respectfully; but had the Commodore only seen his face, he would have seen a look that said—"What I now do must not be taken as a precedent—I do it, as the lawyers say, 'without prejudice.'"

In a glow of hot temper, to which the ascent of two pairs of stairs contributed something, the old Commodore burst into the room where his daughters were engaged unpacking. Sofas, tables, and chairs were already covered with articles of dress, rendering his progress a matter of very nice steering through the midst of them.

"Cram them in again—stow them all way," cried he; "we're going back."

"Back where?" asked the elder, in that tone of dignified resistance years of strong opposition had taught her.

"Back to Port Graham, if you know such a place. I've ordered the car round to the door, and I mean to be off in a quarter of an hour."

"But why—what has happened? what's the reason for this?"

"The reason is, that I'm not going to be packed up in the top storey, or given a bed in a barrack-room. That fellow Raikes—I'll remember it to him next Christmas—that fellow has gone and given the garden-house to that Mr. Maitland."

"Oh, is that all?" broke in Miss Graham.

"All, all! why, what more would you have? Did you expect that he had told me to brush his coat or

fetch his hot water? What the d—! do you mean by all?"

"Then why don't you take Mrs. Chetwyn's rooms? they are on this floor. She's going now. They are most comfortable, and have a south aspect: by the way, she was just talking of Maitland; she knows all about him, and he is the celebrated Norman Maitland."

"Ah, let us hear that. I want to unearth the fellow if I only knew how," said he, taking a chair.

"There's nothing to unearth, papa," said the younger daughter. "Mrs. Chetwyn says that there's not a man in England so courted and fêted as he is; that people positively fight for him at country-houses; and it's a regular bait to one's company to say, 'We're to have Maitland with us.'"

"And who is he?"

"She doesn't know."?

"What's his fortune?"

"She doesn't know."

"Where is it?"

"She's not sure. It must be somewhere abroad—in India, perhaps."

"So that this old woman knows just as much as we do ourselves, which is simply nothing; but that people go on asking this man about to this dinner and that shooting just because they met him somewhere else, and he amused them."

"Tis pretty clear that he has money, wherever it comes from," said Miss Graham authoritatively. "He came to Hamilton Court with four hunters and three hackneys, the like of which were never seen in the county."

"Tell papa about his yacht," broke in the younger.

"I don't want to hear about his yacht; I'd rather learn why he turned me out of my old quarters."

"In all probability he never heard they were yours. Don't you know well what sort of a house this is—how everybody does what he likes?"

"Why didn't Alice Lyle—Mrs. Trafford, I mean—tell him that I always took these rooms?"

"Because probably she was thinking of something else," said Miss Graham, significantly. "Mrs. Chetwyn watched them as they drove up, and she declares that, if Maitland hadn't his hand in her muff, her eyes have greatly deceived her."

"And what if he had?"

"Simply that it means they are on very excellent terms. Not that Alice will make any real conquest there; for, as Mrs. Chetwyn said, he has seen far too many of these fine-lady airs and graces to be taken by them;" and she added, "a frank, outspoken, natural girl, like your sister there, always attracts men of this stamp."

"Why didn't he come over on Wednesday, then? It was his own appointment, and we waited dinner till seven o'clock, and have not had so much as one line—no, not one line of apology."

"Perhaps he was ill, perhaps he was absent; his note might have miscarried. At all events, I'd wait till we meet him, and see what explanation he'll make."

"Yes, papa," chimed in Beck, "just leave things alone. 'A strange hand on the rod never hooked the salmon,' is a saying of your own."

"There's that stupid fellow brought the car around to the door, just as if our splendid equipage hadn't attracted criticism enough on our arrival," said Miss Graham, as she opened the window, and by a gesture, more eloquent than graceful, motioned to the servant to return to the stableyard; "and there come the post-horses," added she, "for the Chetwyns. Go now and secure her rooms before you're too late," and, rather forcibly aiding her counsel, she bundled the old Commodore out of the chamber, and resumed the unpacking of the wardrobe.

"I declare I don't know what he'll interfere in next," said Miss Graham.

"Yes," said Beck, with a weary sigh, "I wish he'd go back to the American war, and what we did or did not do at Ticonderoga."

Leaving these young ladies to

discuss, in a spirit more critical than affectionate, the old Commodore's ways and habits, let us for a moment return to Maitland, who had admitted young Lyle after two unsuccessful attempts to see him.

"It's no easy matter to get an audience of you," said Mark. "I have been here I can't say how many time, always to hear Fenton lisp out, 'In the bath, sir.'"

"Yes, I usually take my siesta that way. With plenty of eau-de-Cologne in it, there's no weakening effect. Well, and what is going on here? any people that I know? I suppose not."

"I don't think it very likely; they are all country families, except a few refreshers from the garrison at Newry and Dundalk."

"And what do they do?"

"Pretty much the same sort of thing you'd find in an English country-house. There's some not very good shooting. They make riding-parties. They have archery when it's fine, and billiards when it rains; but they always dine very well at seven, that much I can promise you."

"Not such a cook as your father's, Lyle, I'm certain."

"Perhaps not," said Mark, evidently flattered by the compliment. "But the cellar here is unequalled. Do you know that in the mere shadowy possibility of being one day her heir, I groan every time I see that glorious madeira placed on the table before a set of fellows that smack their lips and say, 'It's good sherry, but a trifle too sweet for my taste.'"

"And this same heritage—how do the chances look?"

"I shall want your power of penetration to say that. One day the old woman will take me aside and consult me about fifty things; and the next she'll say, 'Perhaps we'd better make no changes, Mark. Heaven knows what ideas they may have who'll come after me.' She drives me half-distracted with these capricious turns."

"It is provoking, no doubt of it."

"I'd not care so much if I thought it was to fall to Bella; though, to be sure, no good-looking girl needs such a fortune as this. Do you know that the timber thrown down by the late gales is worth eight thousand pounds? and Harris the steward tells me it's not one-fourth of what ought to be felled for the sake of the young wood."

"And she has the whole and sole disposal of all this?"

"Every stick of it, and some six thousand acres besides!"

"I'd marry her if I were you. I declare I would."

"Nonsense! this is a little too absurd."

"Amram married his aunt, and I never heard that she had such a dower; not to say that the relationship in the present case is only a myth."

"Please to remember that she is about thirty years older than my mother."

"I bear it most fully in mind, and I scout the vulgar impertinences of those who ridicule these marriages. I think there is something actually touching in the watchful care and solicitude of a youthful husband for the venerable object of his affections."

"Well, you shall not point the moral by my case, I promise you," said Mark, angrily.

"That sublime spectacle that the gods are said to love—a great man struggling with adversity—is so beautifully depicted in these unions."

"Then why not——" He was going to say, "Why not marry her yourself?" but the fear of taking such a liberty with his distinguished friend just caught him in time and stopped him.

"I'll tell you why not," said Maitland, replying to the unuttered question. "If you have ever dined at a civic fête, you'll have remarked that there is some one dish or other the most gluttonous alderman will

suffer to pass untasted—a sort of sacrifice offered to public opinion. And so it is, an intensely worldly man, as people are polite enough to regard me, must show, every now and then, that there are temptations which he is able to resist. Marrying for money is one of these. I might speculate in a bubble company, I might traffic in cotton shares, or even 'walk into' my best friend at faro, but I mustn't marry for money—that's positive."

"But apparently I might," said Mark, sulkily.

"You might," replied Maitland, with calm dignity of manner.

"It is a privilege of which I do not mean to avail myself," said Mark, while his face was flushed with temper. "Do you know that your friends the Grahams are here?"

"Yes; I caught a glimpse of the fair Rebecca slipping sideways through life on a jaunting-car."

"And there's the old Commodore tramping over the house, and worrying every one with his complaints that you have turned him out of his rooms here—rooms dedicated to his comfort for the last thirty years."

"Reason enough to surrender them now. Men quit even the Treasury benches to give the Opposition a turn of office."

"He's a quarrelsome old blade, too," said Mark, "particularly if he suspects he's been 'put upon.'"

"No blame to him for that."

"A word or two, said as you well know how to say it, will set all right; or a line, perhaps, saying that having accidentally heard from me——"

"No, no, Mark. Written excuses are like undated acceptances, and they may be presented unexpectedly to you years after you've forgotten them. I'll tell the Commodore that I shall not inconvenience him beyond a day or two, for I mean to start by the end of the week."

"They expect you to come back with us. Alice told me you had promised."

"*L'homme propose*," said he

sighing. "By the way, I saw that young fellow you told me about—Butler; a good-looking fellow too, well limbed and well set up, but not a marvel of good-breeding or tact."

"Did he attempt any impertinences with *you*?" asked Mark, in a tone of amazement.

"Not exactly—he was not, perhaps, as courteous as men are who care to make a favourable impression; but he is not, as you suspected—he is not a snob."

"Indeed!" said Mark, reddening; for though provoked and angry, he did not like to contest

the judgment of Norman Maitland on such a point. "You'll delight my sisters by this expression of your opinion; for my own part, I can only say I don't agree with it."

"The more reason not to avow it, Lyle. Whenever you don't mean very well by a man, never abuse him, since after that, all your judgments of him become '*suspect*.' Remember that where you praise you can detract; nobody has such unlimited opportunities to poison as the doctor. There now—there's a bit of Machiavelism to think over as you dress for dinner, and I see it's almost time to do so."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DINNER AT TILNEY.

When Maitland entered the drawing-room before dinner, the Commodore was standing in the window-recess pondering over in what way he should receive him, while Sally and Beck sat somewhat demurely watching the various presentations to which Mrs. Maxwell was submitting her much-valued guest. At last Maitland caught sight of where they sat, and hurried across the room to shake hands with them, and declare the delight he felt at meeting them. "And the Commodore, is he here?"

"Yes; I'll find him for you," said Beck, not sorry to display before her country acquaintance the familiar terms she stood on with the great Mr. Maitland.

With what a frank cordiality did he shake the old sailor's hand, and how naturally came that laugh about nothing, or something very close to nothing, that Graham said, in allusion to the warm quarters they found themselves in. "Such madeira!" whispered he, "and some old '84 claret. By the way, you forgot your promise to taste mine."

"I'll tell you how that occurred when we've a quiet moment together," said Maitland, in a tone of such confidential meaning that the old man was reassured at once.

"I've a good deal to say to you, but we'll have a morning together. You know every one here? Who is that with all the medals on his coat?"

"General Carnwroth; and that old woman with the blue turban is his wife; and these are the Grimsbys; and that short man with the bald head is Holmes of Narrow Bank, and the good-looking girl there is his niece—an heiress too."

"What red arms she has!" whispered Maitland.

"So they are, by Jove!" said Graham, laughing; "and I never noticed it before."

"Take me in to dinner," said Mrs. Trafford, in a low voice, as she swept past Maitland.

"I can't. Mrs. Maxwell has ordered me to give her my arm," said he, following her, and they went along for some paces conversing.

"Have you made your peace with the Grahams?" asked she, smiling half-maliciously.

"In a fashion; at least I have put off the settling-day."

"If you take to these morning rambles again with the fair Rebecca, I warn you it will not be so easy to escape an explanation. Here's Mrs. Maxwell come to claim you."

Heaving with fat, and velvet, and

bugles, and vulgar good-humour, the old lady leaned heavily on Maitland's arm, really proud of her guest, and honestly disposed to show him that she deemed his presence an honour. "It seems like a dream to me," said she, "to see you here after reading of your name so often in the papers at all the great houses in England. I never fancied that old Tilney would be so honoured."

It was not easy to acknowledge such a speech, and even Maitland's self-possession was pushed to its last limits by it; but this awkward feeling soon passed away under the genial influence of the pleasant dinner. And it was as pleasant a dinner as good fare and good wine and a well-disposed company could make it.

At first a slight sense of reserve, a shade of restraint, seemed to hold conversation in check, and more particularly towards where Maitland sat, showing that a certain dread of him could be detected amongst those who would have fiercely denied if charged with such a sentiment.

The perfect urbanity, tinged, perhaps, with a sort of racy humour, with which Maitland acknowledged the old Commodore's invitation to take wine with him, did much to allay the sense of distrust. "I say, Maitland," cried he from the foot of the table, "are you too great a dandy to drink a glass of wine with me?"

A very faint flush coloured Maitland's cheek, but a most pleasant smile played on his mouth as he said, "I am delighted, my dear Commodore—delighted to repudiate the dandyism and enjoy the claret at the same time."

"They tell me it's vulgar and old-fashioned and I don't know what else, to take wine with a man," resumed the old sailor, encouraged by his success to engage a wider attention.

"I only object to the custom when practised at a royal table," said Maitland, "and where it obliges you to rise and drink your wine

standing." As some of the company were frank enough to own that they heard of the etiquette for the first time, and others, who affected to be conversant with it, ingeniously shrouded their ignorance, the conversation turned upon the various traits which characterise different courtly circles; and it was a theme Maitland knew how to make amusing—not vaingloriously displaying himself as a foreground figure, or even detailing the experiences as his own, but relating his anecdotes with all the modest diffidence of one who was giving his knowledge at second-hand.

The old General was alone able to cap stories with Maitland on this theme, and told with some gusto an incident of his first experiences at Lisbon. "We had," said he, "a young attaché to our Legation there—I am talking of, I regret to say, almost fifty years ago. He was a very good-looking young fellow, quite fresh from England, and not very long, I believe, from Eton. In passing through the crowd of the ball-room, a long streamer of lace which one of the princesses wore in her hair caught in the attaché's epaulette. He tried in vain to extricate himself, but fearing to tear the lace, he was obliged to follow the Infanta about, his confusion making his efforts only the more hopeless. 'Where are you going, sir? What do you mean by this persistence?' asked a sour-faced old lady-of-honour, as she perceived him still after them. 'I am attached to her Royal Highness,' said he in broken French, 'and I cannot tear myself away.' The Infanta turned and stared at him, and then instantly burst out a-laughing, but so good-humouredly withal, and with such an evident forgiveness, that the duenna became alarmed, reported the incident to the Queen, and the next morning our young countryman got his orders to leave Lisbon at once."

While the company commented on the incident, the old General sighed sorrowfully—over the long

past, perhaps—and then said, “He did not always get out of his entanglements so easily.”

“You knew him, then?” asked some one.

“Slightly; but I served for many years with his brother, Wat Butler, as good a soldier as ever wore the cloth.”

“Are you aware that his widow and son are in this neighbourhood?” asked Mrs. Trafford.

“No; but it would give me great pleasure to see them. Wat and I were in the same regiment in India. I commanded the company when he joined us. And how did he leave them?”

“On short rations,” broke in old Graham. “Indeed, if it wasn’t for Lyle Abbey, I suspect very hard up at times.”

“Nothing of the kind, Commodore,” broke in Mrs. Trafford. “You have been quite misinformed. Mrs. Butler is, without affluence, perfectly independent, and more so even in spirit than in fortune.”

A very significant smile from Maitland seemed to say that he recognised and enjoyed her generous advocacy of her friend.

“Perhaps you could do something, General, for his son?” cried Mrs. Maxwell.

“What sort of lad is he?”

“Don’t ask me, for I don’t like him; and don’t ask my sisters, for they like him too well,” said Mark.

“Have you met him, Mr. Maitland?” asked the General.

“Yes, but passingly. I was struck, however, by his good looks and manly bearing. The country rings with stories of his courage and intrepidity.”

“And they are all true,” said Isabella Lyle. “He is the best and bravest creature breathing.”

“There’s praise—that’s what I call real praise,” said the General. “I’ll certainly go over and see him after that.”

“I’ll do better, General,” said Mrs. Maxwell; “I’ll send over and ask him here to-morrow. Why do you shake your head, Bella? He’ll not come?”

“No,” said she, calmly.

“Not if you and Alice were to back my request?”

“I fear not,” said Alice. “He has estranged himself of late from every one; he has not been even once to see us since he came back from England.”

“Then Mark will go and fetch him for us,” said Mrs. Maxwell, the most unobservant of all old ladies.

“Not I, madam; nor would that be the way to secure him.”

“Well, have him we must,” said Mrs. Maxwell; while she added, in a whisper to Mrs. Trafford, “It would never do to lose the poor boy such a chance.”

“Beck says, if some one will drive her over to the Causeway,” cried the Commodore, “she’ll vouch for success, and bring young Tony back with her.”

“Mr. Maitland offers himself,” said Alice, whose eyes sparkled with fun, while her lips showed no trace of a smile.

“Take the phaeton, then,” said Mrs. Maxwell, “only there will be no place for young Butler; but take a britscha, and order post-horses at Greeme’s Mill.” And now a sharp discussion ensued which road was the shorter, and whether the long hill or the “new cut” was the more severe on the cattle.

“This was most unfair of you,” said Maitland to Mrs. Trafford, as they rose from table; “but it shall not succeed.”

“How will you prevent it?” said she, laughing. “What can you do?”

“Rather than go I’d say anything.”

“As, how, for instance?”

He leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear, and suddenly her face became scarlet, her eyes flashed passionately, as she said, “This passes the limit of jest, Mr. Maitland.”

“Not more than the other would pass the limit of patience,” said he; and now, instead of entering the drawing-room, he turned short round and sought his own room.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE FIRST NIGHT AT TILNEY.

Maitland was not in the best of tempers when he retired to his room. Whatever the words he had whispered in Alice's ear—and this history will not record them—they were a failure. They were even worse than a failure, for they produced an effect directly the opposite to that intended.

"Have I gone too fast?" muttered he; "have I deceived myself? She certainly understood me well in what I said yesterday. She, if anything, gave me a sort of encouragement to speak. She drew away her hand, it is true, but without any show of resentment or anger; a sort of protest rather, that implied 'We have not yet come to this.' These home-bred women are hard riddles to read. Had she been French, Spanish, or Italian—ay, or even one of our own, long conversant with the world of Europe—I never should have blundered." Such thoughts as these he now threw on paper, in a letter to his friend Caffarelli.

"What a 'Fiasco!' I have made, Carlo mio," said he, "and all from not understanding the nature of these creatures, who have never seen a sunset south of the Alps. I know how little sympathy any fellow meets with from you, if he be only unlucky. I have your face before me—your eyebrows on the top of your forehead, and your nether lip quivering with malicious drollery, as you cry out, 'Ma perche? perche? perche?' And I'll tell you why: because I believed that she had hauled down her colours, and there was no need to continue firing.

"Of course you'll say, 'Meno male,' resume the action. But it won't do, Signor Conte, it won't do. She is not like one of your hardened coquettes on the banks of the Arno, or the slopes of Castellamare, who think no more of a declaration of love than an invitation to dinner; nor have the slight-

est difficulty in making the same excuse to either—a pre-engagement. She is English, or worse again, far worse—Irish.

"I'd give—I don't know what I wouldn't give—that I could recall that stupid speech. I declare I think it is this fearful language has done it all. One can no more employ the Anglo-Saxon tongue for a matter of delicate treatment, than one could paint a miniature with a hearth-brush. What a pleasant coinage for cajolery are the liquid lies of the sweet South, where you can lisp duplicity, and seem never to hurt the Decalogue."

As he had written so far, a noisy summons at his door aroused him, while the old Commodore's voice called out "Maitland! Maitland! I want a word with you." Maitland opened the door, and without speaking returned to the fire, standing with his back to it, and his hands carelessly stuck in his pockets.

"I thought I'd come over and have a cigar with you here; and a glass of brandy-and-water," said Graham. "They're hard at it yonder, with harp and piano, and except holystoning a deck, I don't know its equal."

"I'm the more sorry for your misfortune, Commodore, that I am unable to alleviate it. I'm deep in correspondence just now, as you see there, and have a quantity more to do before bed-time."

"Put it aside, put it aside; never write by candle-light. It ruins the eyes; and yours are not so young as they were ten years ago."

"The observation is undeniable," said Maitland, stiffly.

"You're six-and-thirty? well, five-and-thirty, I take it?"

"I'm ashamed to say I cannot satisfy your curiosity on so natural a subject of inquiry."

"Sally says forty," said he in a whisper, as though the remark required caution. "Her notion is

that you dye your whiskers; but Beck's idea is that you look older than you are."

"I scarcely know to which of the young ladies I owe my deeper acknowledgments," said Maitland, bowing.

"You're a favourite with both; and if it hadn't been for the very decided preference you showed, I tell you frankly they'd have been tearing caps about you ere this."

"This flattery overwhelms me; and all the more that it is quite unexpected."

"None of your mock modesty with me, you dog!" cried the Commodore, with a chuckling laugh. "No fellow had ever any success of that kind that he didn't know it; and, upon my life, I believe the very conceit it breeds goes half-way with women."

"It is no small prize to learn the experiences of a man like yourself on such a theme."

"Well, I'll not deny it," said he, with a short sigh. "I had my share, some would say a little more than my share, of that sort of thing. You'll not believe it, perhaps, but I was a devilish good-looking fellow when I was—let me see—about six or eight years younger than you are now."

"I am prepared to credit it," said Maitland, dryly.

"There was no make-up about me; no lacquering, no paint, no padding—all honest scantling from keel to taffrail. I wasn't tall, it's true. I never, with my best heels on, passed five feet seven and half."

"The height of Julius Cæsar," said Maitland, calmly.

"I know nothing about Julius Cæsar; but I'll say this, it was a good height for a sailor in the old gun-brig days, when they never gave you much head-room 'tween decks. It don't matter so much now if every fellow in the ward-room was as tall as yourself. What's in this jar here?"

"Selzer."

"And this short one—is it gin?"

"No; it's Vichy."

"Why, what sort of stomach do you expect to have with all these confounded slops? I never tasted any of these vile compounds but once—what they called Carlsbad—and, by Jove, it was bad, and no mistake. It took three-fourths of a bottle of strong brandy to bring back the heat into my vitals again. Why don't you tell Raikes to send you in some sherry? That old brown sherry is very pleasant, and it must be very wholesome too, for the doctor here always sticks to it."

"I never drink wine, except at my dinner," was the cold and measured reply.

"You'll come to it later on, you'll come to it later on," said the Commodore, with a chuckle; "when you'll not be careful about the colour of your nose or the width of your waistcoat. There's a deal of vanity wrapped up in abstemiousness, and a deal of vexation of spirit too." And he laughed at his own drollery till his eyes ran over. "You're saying to yourself, Maitland, 'What a queer old cove that is!'—ain't you? Out with it, man. I'm the best-tempered fellow that ever breathed—with the men, like, mind you; not with every one. No, no; old G. G., as they used to call me on board the Hannibal, is an ugly craft if you board him on the wrong quarter. I don't know how it would be now, with all the new-fangled tackle; but in the old days of flint-locks and wide bores I was a dead shot. I've heard you can do something that way?"

"A little," said he, dryly.

"Every gentleman ought; I've always maintained it: as poor old Bowes used to say, with a strong head for port, and a steady hand for a pistol, a man may go a long way in this world. There, I think it's your turn now at the pump. I've had all the talk to myself since I came in, and the most you've done has been to grunt out 'Indeed!' or 'Really!'"

"I have listened, Commodore—listened most attentively. It has been my great privilege to have

heard your opinions on three most interesting topics — women, and wine, and the duel; and, I assure you, not unprofitably."

"I'm not blown, not a bit run off my wind, for all that, if I wasn't so dry; but my mouth is like a lime-burner's hat. Would you just touch that bell and order a little sherry or madeira? You don't seem to know the ways of the house here, but every one does exactly as he pleases."

"I have a faint inkling of the practice," said Maitland, with a very peculiar smile.

"What's the matter with you this evening? You're not like yourself one bit. No life, no animation about you. Ring again; pull it strong. There, they'll hear that, I hope," cried he, as, impatient at Maitland's indolence, he gave such a jerk to the bell-rope that it came away from the wire.

"I didn't exactly come in here for a gossip," said the Commodore, as he resumed his seat. "I wanted to have a little serious talk with you, and perhaps you are impatient that I haven't begun it, eh?"

"It would be unpardonable to feel impatience in such company," said Maitland, with a bow.

"Yes, yes; I know all that. That's what Yankees call soft sawder; but I'm too old a bird, Master Maitland, to be caught with chaff, and I think as clever a fellow as you are might suspect as much."

"You are very unjust to both of us, if you imply that I have not a high opinion of your acuteness."

"I don't want to be thought acute, sir: I am not a lawyer, nor a lawyer's clerk—I'm a sailor."

"And a very distinguished sailor."

"That's as it may be. They passed me over about the good-service pension, and kept 'backing and filling' about that coast-guard appointment till I lost temper, and told them to give it to the devil, for he never had been out of the Admiralty since I remembered it; and I said, 'Gazette him at once,

and don't let him say, You're forgetting an old friend and supporter.'"

"Did you write that?"

"Beck did, and I signed it, for I've got the gout or the rheumatism in these knuckles, that makes writing tough work for me, and tougher for the man it's meant for. What servants they are in this house!—no answer to the bell."

"And what reply did they make you?" asked Maitland.

"They shoved me on the retired list, and Curtis, the Secretary, said, 'I had to suppress your letter, or my Lords would certainly have struck your name off the Navy List'—a thing I defy them to do—a thing the Queen couldn't do!"

"Will you try one of these?" said Maitland, opening his cigar-case; "these are stronger than the pale ones."

"No; I can't smoke without something to drink, which I foresee I shall not have here."

"I deplore my inhospitality."

"Inhospitality! why, you've nothing to say to it. It is old mother Maxwell receives us all here. You can be neither hospitable nor inhospitable, so far as I see, excepting perhaps letting me see a little more of that fire than you have done hitherto, peacocking out the tail of your dressing-gown in front of me."

"Pray draw closer," said Maitland, moving to one side; "make yourself perfectly at home here."

"So I used to be, scores of times, in these very rooms. It's more than five-and-twenty years that I ever occupied any others."

"I was thinking of going back to the drawing-room for a cup of tea before I resumed my work here."

"Tea! don't destroy your stomach with tea. Get a little gin—they've wonderful gin here; I take a glass of it every night. Beck mixes it, and puts a sprig of, not mint, but marjoram, I think they call it. I'll make her mix a brew for you; and, by the way, that brings me to what I came about."

"Was it to recommend me to take gin?" asked Maitland, with a well-assumed innocence.

"No, sir—not to recommend you to take gin," said the old Commodore sternly. "I told you when I came in that I had come on an errand of some importance."

"If you did, it has escaped me."

"Well, you shan't escape me—that's all."

"I hope I misunderstand you. I trust sincerely that it is to the dryness of your throat and the state of your tonsils that I must attribute this speech. Will you do me the very great favour to recall it?"

The old man fidgeted in his chair, buttoned his coat, and unbuttoned it, and then blurted out in an abrupt spasmodic way, "All right—I didn't mean offence—I intended to say, that as we were here now—that as we had this opportunity of explaining ourselves—"

"That's quite sufficient, Commodore. I ask for nothing beyond your simple assurance that nothing offensive was intended."

"I'll be hanged if I ever suffered as much from thirst in all my life. I was eighteen days on a gill of water a-day in the tropics, and didn't feel it worse than this. I must drink some of that stuff, if I die for it. Which is the least nauseous?"

"I think you'll find the Vichy pleasant; there is a little fixed air in it too."

"I wish there was a little cognac in it. Ugh! it's detestable! Let's try the other. Worse! I vow and declare—worse! Well, Maitland, whatever be your skill in other matters, I'll be shot if I'll back you for your taste in liquors."

Maitland smiled, and was silent.

"I shall have a fever—I know I shall—if I don't take something. There's a singing in my head now like a chime of bells, and the back of my throat feels like a coal-bunker in one of those vile steamers. How you stand it I don't know; but to be sure you've not been talking as I have." The old Commodore rose,

but, when he reached the door, seemed suddenly to have remembered something; for he placed his hand to his forehead, and said, "What a brain I have! here was I walking away without ever so much as saying one word about it."

"Could we defer it till to-morrow, my dear Commodore?" said Maitland, coaxingly. "I have not the slightest notion what it is, but surely we could talk it over after breakfast."

"But you'll be off by that time. Beck said that there would be no use starting later than seven o'clock."

"Off! and where to?"

"To the Burnside—to the widow Butler's—where else? You heard it all arranged at dinner, didn't you?"

"I heard something suggested laughingly and lightly, but nothing serious, far less settled positively."

"Will you please to tell me, sir, how much of your life is serious, and how much is to be accepted as levity? for I suppose the inquiry I have to make of you amounts just to that, and no more."

"Commodore Graham, it would distress me much if I were to misunderstand you once again to-night, and you will oblige me deeply if you will put any question you expect me to answer in its very simplest form."

"That I will, sir; that I will! Now then, what are your intentions?"

"What are my intentions!"

"Yes, sir—exactly so; what are your intentions?"

"I declare I have so many, on such varied subjects, and of such different hues, that it would be a sore infliction on your patience were I only to open the budget; and as to either of us exhausting it, it is totally out of the question. Take your chance of a subject, then, and I'll do my best to enlighten you."

"This is fencing, sir; and it doesn't suit me."

"If you knew how very little the whole conversation suits me, you'd not undervalue my patience."

"I ask you once again, what are your intentions as regards my youngest daughter, Miss Rebecca Graham? That's plain speaking, I believe."

"Nothing plainer; and my reply shall be equally so. I have none—none whatever."

"Do you mean to say you never paid her any particular attentions?"

"Never."

"That you never took long walks with her when at Lyle Abbey, quite alone and unaccompanied?"

"We walked together repeatedly. I am not so ungrateful as to forget her charming companionship."

"Confound your gratitude, sir! it's not that I'm talking of. You made advances. You—you told her—you said—in fact, you made her believe—ay, and you made me believe—that you meant to ask her to marry you."

"Impossible!" said Maitland; "impossible!"

"And why impossible? Is it that our respective conditions are such as to make the matter impossible?"

"I never thought of such an impertinence, Commodore. When I said impossible, it was entirely with respect to the construction that could be placed on all my intercourse with Miss Graham."

"And I didn't go up to your room on the morning I left, and ask you to come over to Port Graham and talk the matter over with me?"

"You invited me to your house, but I had not the faintest notion that it was to this end. Don't shake your head as if you doubted me; I pledge you my word on it."

"How often have you done this sort of thing? for no fellow is as cool as you are that's not an old hand at it."

"I can forgive a good deal——"

"Forgive! I should think you could forgive the people you've injured. The question is, Can I forgive? Yes, sir, can I forgive?"

"I declare it never occurred to me to inquire."

"That's enough—quite enough;

you shall hear from me. It may take me twenty-four hours to find a friend; but before this time to-morrow evening, sir, I'll have him."

Maitland shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and said, "As you please, sir."

"It shall be as I please, sir; I'll take care of that. Are you able to say at present to whom my friend can address himself?"

"If your friend will first do me the favour to call upon me, I'll be able by that time to inform him."

"All right. If it's to be Mark Lyle——"

"Certainly not; it could never occur to me to make choice of your friend and neighbour's son for such an office."

"Well, I thought not—I hoped not; and I suspected, besides, that the little fellow with the red whiskers—that major who dined one day at the Abbey——"

Maitland's pale cheek grew scarlet, his eyes flashed with passion, and all the consummate calm of his manner gave way as he said, "With the choice of my friend, sir, you have nothing to do, and I decline to confer further with you."

"Eh, eh! that shell broke in the magazine did it? I thought it would. I'll be shot but I thought it would!" And with a hearty laugh, but bitter withal, the old Commodore seized his hat and departed.

Maitland was much tempted to hasten after the Commodore and demand—imperiously demand—from him an explanation of his last words, whose taunt was even more in the manner than the matter. Was it a mere chance hit, or did the old sailor really know something about the relations between himself and M'Caskey? A second or two of thought reassured him, and he laughed at his own fears, and turned once more to the table to finish his letter to his friend.

"You have often, my dear Carlo, heard me boast, that amidst all the shifting chances and accidents of my life, I had ever escaped one

signal misfortune—in my mind, about the greatest that ever befalls a man. I have never been ridiculous. This can be my triumph no longer. The charm is broken! I suppose, if I had never come to this blessed country, I might have preserved my immunity to the last; but you might as well try to keep your gravity at one of the Policinello combats at Naples as preserve your dignity in a land where Life is a perpetual joke, and where the few serious people are so illogical in their gravity, they are the best fun of all. Into this strange society I plunged as fearlessly as a man does who has seen a large share of life, and believes that the human crystal has no side he has not noticed; and the upshot is, I am supposed to have made warm love to a young woman that I scarcely flirted with, and am going to be shot at to-morrow by her father for not being serious in my intentions! You may laugh—you may scream, shout, and kick with laughter, and I almost think I can hear you; but it's a very embarrassing position, and the absurdity of it is more than I can face.

"Why did I ever come here? What induced me ever to put foot in a land where the very natives do not know their own customs, and where all is permitted, and no-

thing is tolerated? It is too late to ask you to come and see me through this troublesome affair; and indeed my present vacillation is whether to marry the young lady or run away bodily; for I own to you I am afraid—heartily afraid—to fight a man that might be my grandfather; and I can't bear to give the mettlesome old fellow the fun of shooting at me for nothing. And worse—a thousand times worse than all this—Alice will have such a laugh at me! Ay, Carlo, here is the sum of my affliction.

"I must close this, as I shall have to look out for some one, long of stride and quick of eye, to handle me on the ground. Meanwhile order dinner for two on Saturday week, for I mean to be with you; and therefore say nothing of those affairs which interest us, '*ultra montani*.' I write by this post to M'C. to meet me as I pass through Dublin; and, of course, the fellow will want money. I shall therefore draw on Cipriani for whatever is necessary, and you must be prepared to tell him the outlay was indispensable. I have done nothing, absolutely nothing, here—neither seduced man nor woman, and am bringing back to the cause nothing greater or more telling than

"NORMAN MAITLAND."

THE ECONOMY OF CAPITAL.

Of all the inventions of which necessity is the stern mother, the inventions of economy are the most prominent at the present day. Many new forces have recently been discovered and placed under the control of man, but it is the utilisation of hitherto useless things which still more peculiarly characterises our times. What our forefathers neglected or despised, we have learnt to appreciate; what they threw away, we carefully gather up. Nothing is too small or too mean to be disregarded by our scientific economy. The seeming rubbish and fag-ends of creation, which our ancestors would gladly have thrown over the garden-wall of the world into the limbo of chaos or of space, are now converted to profitable purposes, conducive to the greater comfort and prosperity of life. "Waste nothing" is the key-note of our material industry. In the farm and in the manufactory, and not least among the vast hives of population in our great cities, the word "refuse," in its old sense, is wellnigh exploded. We now see that everything is of use, if we take it to the right place, or put it to its right purpose. Just as the farmer turns even the weeds to account, as a manure for the fields which they encumbered, so is it in all the other branches of industry. The making of many small gains is now considered a safer and more profitable mode of business than aiming at a few large ones. It is the utilisation of neglected resources, the accumulation and concentrated appliance of a thousand forces or savings, each trifling of itself, which is the basis of our extending power. We are economising our Money, like everything else; and this economy of capital, almost as much as the new gold-mines, is the agency which is now giving to commerce its enormous expansion.

The first gold-seekers in Califor-

nia, we are told, did their work so rudely and imperfectly that their successors, when they came into the field with new and better appliances, found it a profitable business to occupy the old diggings, and extracted from the despised heaps of refuse about as much of the precious metal as had been obtained by the first workers. The first comers thought only of nuggets and large prizes; the later ones sought their chief gain in concentrating and extracting the invisible grains of precious ore from over a wide and apparently unpromising field. The appliances of Banking have a similar effect in our social system. They have economised enormously the wealth of every country in which, like our own, they have been well developed. But even in England, until lately, banking was in a rudimentary state. The private banks of London, indeed, were perfect of their kind: their proprietary possesses the wealth which is requisite to insure confidence, and the practised ability (in most cases an hereditary experience) which ensures efficient administration. The private banks throughout the country, on the other hand, could not be relied on as possessing either of these requisites, and were especially deficient as regards their amount of capital. The introduction of the joint-stock system — only recently adopted in England, though it has existed for more than a century and a half with marked success in Scotland — has given an immense expansion to banking, and has proportionately increased the available capital of the nation.

It is to Scotland that we must still look to see the economy of capital in the most perfect form that has yet been devised. There, every little country town has its bank or banks, branches of the

parent institutions in the capital. Each of these branch-banks becomes a reservoir for the spare money of the surrounding district. The sheep-farmer, as he returns with heavy purse from the fair, and the grain-farmer, as month by month he receives payment for his sales, hasten to deposit their money in the bank,—where it is not only kept securely and at call, but where a moderate rate of interest is paid on the amount deposited. The country shopkeeper, in like manner, and even the cottar, take thither their small gains, to be ready for the payment of wages or of rent; and the great landowners of the district receive their rents through the same medium. The managers of these branch-banks, living in the midst of each district, and knowing well the character and circumstances of those who deal with the bank, are ever ready to lend timely aid to any of their customers who are in need of it, and who are deserving of confidence. In this way two great objects are gained. Each man in the district, instead of (as formerly) keeping his savings in a strong chest, or hid in an old stocking, is now richer by receiving interest on his money from the bank; and the industry of the district is at the same time fostered by the advances (in the shape of cash-credits) which the bank-managers are ever ready to make upon moderate terms to worthy customers. While the district is thus benefited, the greater part of its surplus money is transferred to the central banking establishment, where it is profitably employed in the discount of mercantile bills,

and in other ways which are all more or less conducive to the development of industry and the expansion of commerce. The spare money of the country, the accumulation of hundreds of petty savings, is transferred to the chief seats of industry, and is made to quicken the wheels of trade and manufacture, and thereby increase alike profits and employment throughout the whole country. In short, the general commerce and prosperity of the country is immensely increased, at the same time that each district is separately benefited. Hence it is that a country so poor and so thinly peopled as Scotland has, during the last hundred years, made such rapid advances.

England, in proportion to her population, still more in proportion to her wealth, lagged far behind Scotland in her progress in the appliances of banking. Nevertheless, her progress in this line during the last fifteen years has been remarkable. Irrespective of private banks, the joint-stock banks already established, along with their branches, amount to about 1600—spread over the country, and forming so many centres for receiving and utilising the spare money of the nation. So successful have been the joint-stock banks of London (of which there are now twelve), that the amount of deposits intrusted to them at present is upwards of £71,000,000. The following statement of the deposits, paid-up capital, and the rate of profit during the last half-year, demonstrates the success which has attended the leading establishments of this kind in the metropolis:—

	Paid-up Capital.	Deposits.	Net Profits on the Six Months.	Percentage of Profit per Annum.
London and Westminster, ..	£1,000,000	£15,629,095	£147,816	29.56
Union Bank,	720,000	16,472,279	114,324	88.11
London Joint Stock,	600,000	14,056,731	80,573	26.86
Bank of London,	300,000	4,179,294	34,924	23.28
City Bank,	400,000	3,525,976	33,030	16.51

In the English provinces, the introduction of the system of joint-stock banks has proved equally successful—especially in the great seats of manufacturing industry. For example, for the first six months of 1863, the Birmingham Joint-Stock Bank paid a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent per annum; the Sheffield Union Bank, 10 per cent per annum; the Sheffield and Rotherham Bank, 12½ per cent; the Bradford Banking Company, 17½ per cent; the Leeds Banking Company, 25 per cent; the Huddersfield Banking Company, 26 per cent; the Yorkshire Banking Company, 29½ per cent; and the West Riding Union Banking Company, 47½ per cent! For the last half-year these rates must have been still greater; for it appears from the returns of the London joint-stock banks that, owing to the recent high rate of discount, the profits of banking have been one-fourth greater in the last six months of 1863 than in the previous half-year.

In the United Kingdom, the number of existing banks and branch-banks is about five thousand. In Scotland there are thirteen banks (five of which are minor and provincial), with 615 branches. All of these banks issue notes of their own, of the value of £1 and upwards. The currency of Scotland consists entirely of paper-money—gold-money, which the English people prize so much, being regarded by the Scotch as alike cumbersome and expensive. The paper-money issued by the Scotch banks amounts to four and a half millions sterling; against which they hold nearly two and a half millions of specie. Indeed, so thoroughly secured are not only the issues, but also the deposits, of the Scotch banks, that in no case has any one of them failed to discharge every

farthing of its liabilities. In Ireland there are six banks of issue, with a note-circulation of about six millions,—of which amount two and a half millions belong to the Bank of Ireland. In England there are 204 banks of issue, and the amount of their notes in actual circulation averages about twenty-six millions. Of this amount, fully twenty millions belong to the Bank of England,—three millions to joint-stock banks of issue, of which there are 61,—and three and a quarter millions to private banks of issue, of which there are 142.*

Since 1844-5, the normal expansion of the use of paper-money in this country has been checked. By the Acts then passed, no new bank of issue was allowed to be established; and for all additional issues of notes on the part of existing banks, it was made imperative that they should keep on hand an equal amount of gold. In England and Ireland, where there are no notes of less value than £5, and where consequently cheques serve almost all the purposes of bank-notes, this restriction is of little moment. But in Scotland, where the greater part of the currency consists of £1 notes, the restriction is felt as a hardship, and as an unjustifiable interference on the part of the Government. It was an interference with the freedom of banking which had previously prevailed in Scotland, and it has also produced a great waste of capital in the Scottish currency. For every addition to the note-circulation of Scotland, the banks have had to purchase and keep on hand an equal amount of specie—a condition which wholly neutralises the economy of capital, which it is the sole use of bank-notes to effect. Moreover, by the failure of the Western Bank in 1857, a portion of the Scotch note-issues against

* We may add that, on the 30th January, the capital deposited in Savings-banks—in other words, the spare money of the lower classes concentrated and economised—amounted in the United Kingdom to £43,615,000 sterling. Of this amount 3½ millions have been deposited in the recently established Post-Office Savings-banks.

which it was not necessary to hold specie, amounting to £337,000, lapsed, and has not yet been restored. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, with a view to anticipate discussion on a private Bill which raises this question, has introduced a Bill of his own, to replace this lapsed portion of the Scottish currency. He acknowledges the justice of the demand for the restoration of these lapsed issues, and he professes to concede it; but his Bill is essentially a manœuvre and an evasion. He offers to empower the existing banks to replace the lapsed issues, on condition of paying to the Government £2, 7s. 6d. per cent on their amount. Now, as gold may be held in ordinary times at a cost (from loss of interest) of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—and as the banks have it already in their power to issue any amount of notes (on which they pay a stamp-duty of only 8s. 4d. per cent) by keeping on hand an equal sum in specie—Mr. Gladstone concedes only one-third part of what he professes to do. The practical result will be the same as if he gave back only £120,000 of the lapsed issues, instead of the whole amount (£337,000), which ostensibly his Bill purports to do. Moreover, why this extra 2 per cent to Government upon these issues? It is not, nor does it profess to be, in any respect a guarantee or security for the convertibility of these notes—which Mr. Gladstone admits will be adequately secured by the amount of gold which the Scotch banks are already compelled to hold. It is simply a tax—a tax upon paper-currency—upon a currency, moreover, which (unlike the notes of the Bank of England) owes none of its value, either directly or indirectly, to the Government. It is a new doctrine that bank-note issues in Scotland are to be regarded as the property of the State. We trust, therefore, that when the Bill goes into Committee the Scotch members will unanimously support a motion to the effect that the clause

by which this tax is imposed be struck out: or rather, that in place of the proposed "£2, 7s. 6d." there be inserted "8s. 4d.," the ordinary stamp-duty on bank-notes. By this means alone will the Bill be made to accord with its professed object, and the currency of Scotland be replaced on the footing which was assigned to it by the Act of 1845.

In no other country in the world does the economy of capital approach to the comparative perfection which has been attained in the British Isles. But there are improvements yet to be made; and in London itself a change is at work which ere long will effect a revolution in our banking-system. The day of the private banks is drawing to a close. They are still as sound and as ably managed as ever, but it is easy to see that they are destined to wane before the new rivals that are taking the field. The great private banks will last, indeed, for many a day,—and will continue to yield large profits—but no new private banks will be started.* The private banks in London, like the Bank of England, used to pay no interest to their depositors, however large the amount deposited, or however long it might lie in the bank. This was a great drawback on their popularity, after the joint-stock banks started; and quite recently some of the private banks have begun to give interest on nearly the same terms as their new rivals. On the other hand, they have certain advantages peculiar to themselves. From having a narrower and more select range of business, and consequently knowing their customers unusually well, they are more ready to make advances to their customers, and (which is a great point with men in business) do so more privately, than is the case with joint-stock banks—which are necessarily fettered by rules, and where the managing power is a board of directors. Men who are engaged in an extensive business, not seldom require a temporary advance in order to enable them to execute some large

order, but, most naturally, they are exceedingly reluctant to make a statement of their affairs which will be brought under the notice of a board of directors; whereas they need have no such delicacy in applying to the head of a private banking establishment. Again, as regards efficiency of management, the private banks of London cannot be surpassed—we may say, cannot be equalled; for they are managed by the proprietors themselves, who have a deeper interest in the welfare of the establishment than a salaried manager can have, and who also, in most cases, have an hereditary experience in banking. Nevertheless it is found that, as a rule, the joint-stock system of banking is the more popular and profitable: and this in the end will decide the question between the rival systems. A board of directors, elected by the shareholders, and each having a separate business of his own to attend to, certainly does not constitute a very efficient management; although the defect is partially redeemed by the appointment of a permanent manager. But it is found that the immense sums at the disposal of joint-stock companies, compared with those at the command of private bankers, give them an advantage which enables a moderately good management to realise greater profits than can be attained by the most talented management of lesser sums. The large amount of subscribed capital which joint-stock banks offer as security, the publicity given to their balance-sheets, and, most of all, the interest which they allow upon money deposited with them, render them more popular

than the private banks; their system of branches, and their large number of shareholders, give them a wider sphere of operations; and the higher profits which they generally pay render them more attractive to capitalists who desire to engage in banking. Joint-stock banks will continue to increase, and the private banks will slowly die out. The private banks of London, indeed, as was suggested some years ago by Mr. M'Leod, might themselves unite together, and form a joint-stock bank of unequalled prestige and resources; but so many private questions of punctilio and precedence would have to be overcome before such a corporation could be established, that it is not likely to be realised. Nevertheless, that the private bankers of London are not blind to the tendency of affairs, is evidenced by the union that has recently taken place between two of these banks (Messrs. Heywood and Kennards' and Messrs. Hankey's) and the Bank of Manchester—which three banks, uniting the advantages of both systems, now form a powerful joint-stock company under the name of the "Consolidated Bank."

The English joint-stock banks are still, we think, defective in some of their arrangements. These lack simplicity—and simplicity, as has been proved abundantly, is a matter of first-rate importance in the promotion of business. Most of them pay interest only on current accounts which never fall below a certain amount (generally £500), and vary their rates according to the length of time the money is placed at their disposal.* This is a great

* There is a great and perplexing diversity in the practice of the London joint-stock banks in this respect. Some of them pay no interest at all upon current accounts which at any time during the year happen to fall below £500. Of the more liberal class of banks we may take the case of the recently-established Alliance Bank, the custom of which is as follows:—If the balance shall not at any time during the half-year have been below £500, interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum will be allowed on the minimum monthly balances; if not below £200, 1 per cent will be allowed; if below £200, no interest. It is obvious that, under the general system of these banks, a current account which may average £1000 or more on the whole year may yield no interest at all, owing to a temporary fall below the limit of £500; and on accounts which keep above this limit, as interest is paid only on the lowest

improvement on the system of the Bank of England, which gives no interest at all,—but it is still defective. The immemorial practice of the Scotch banks has been to pay a uniform rate of interest on every sum deposited with them, however small and for however short a time. Recently (in November last) they resolved to allow their customers the option of having interest calculated as before, *i. e.*, on the daily balance, or on the minimum monthly balance of their accounts,—allowing in the latter case, and also on deposit-receipts, one per cent higher interest. But this change is only nominal, and the rate of interest paid substantially remains the same on all sums: for it is obvious that, though the interest given in the latter case is higher than in the former, it is paid upon a lesser amount. The practice of the Scotch banks is entirely opposed to the peculiar feature of the English joint-stock banks—namely, the non-payment of interest except upon comparatively large sums. The English practice has these advantages, that it saves the bank a little trouble, and also enables it to pay a higher rate of interest upon the larger sums deposited with it, by paying none at all upon the smaller sums. But it has this great defect, in a national point of view, that it holds out no temptation to the small capitalists, the average cash-balance of each of whom may be only £100 or £200, but whose capital in the aggregate would amount to a very large sum. Too large to be received by the savings-banks, too small to obtain interest from the banks, these little capitals have not yet been looked after in England. In Scotland, on the other hand, they are attracted into the common reservoir, and constitute no insignificant portion of the motive power which drives the wheels of industry

and commerce. England is so enormously wealthy, and the habits and ideas of the English are so much in accordance with their condition, that they are still careless of this portion of the national resources; but the Scotch, in the school of necessity, have become more careful in economical science, and in this matter their example may be followed with advantage by their English brethren. If the English joint-stock banks are to establish branches throughout the country in the manner of the Scotch banks (as we hope will be done in course of time), they will find it indispensable to alter their practice and frame their rules so as to suit the wants of the small capitalists (farmers and shopkeepers) who form the bulk of the population in the country districts.

It is only that portion of a nation's capital which exists in an available form that adds to the power and resources of a State. Twenty million pounds sterling lying in the strong-boxes of half a million little tradesmen and farmers, is so much money lost to the national industry; but the same sum concentrated and lent out in the form of discounts, and other commercial advances, would give additional employment to the working classes, increased wealth to the trading community, and greater power to the State. Banking is the agency by which this desirable end is accomplished; and we are not surprised that both in this country and on the Continent banks and credit companies should stand high in public favour. Within the last dozen years, France has done wonders in supplying her defects in this respect. The shares of the Credit Foncier (250 francs paid) are now at 1300 francs; those of the Credit Agricole (100 francs paid) are at 670 francs; and those of the

sum at which the account may stand during the month, the depositor will in general receive interest on little more than one-half or two-thirds of the average amount which he has in bank throughout the month. Upon sums received *in deposit*, the Alliance Bank pays interest at the current rates.

Credit Mobilier (500 francs paid) are selling at 1065 francs: and before the present tightness of the money-market, their value was very much higher. Hitherto France has had only one bank of issue (the Bank of France), and as the use of cheques is almost unknown, there has been a great waste of capital—the amount of the metallic currency (estimated at from £200,000,000 to £280,000,000) being immensely in excess of what needs be in a country so advanced in civilisation. At present there is a likelihood of another bank of issue being established. Under the treaty by which Savoy was annexed to France, the Bank of Savoy is entitled to exercise all the rights and privileges which it possessed prior to the annexation, and among these is the right of issuing notes of its own. It is a controverted point whether or not the Bank of France was really endowed with a monopoly of the right of issuing notes; but even if such a monopoly had been originally conferred upon it, it has obviously been suspended so far as regards the Bank of Savoy by the treaty of annexation. The Bank of France has been admirably managed, and has rendered important services to the State and to the country; but it has few branches, it has not occupied the country, and, over and above the objection to the pernicious system of monopoly, there is abundant room for the establishment of another bank of issue in France. The Bank of Savoy is now in the hands of the well-known capitalist M. Pereire, who intends to develop it into a great institution. In Turkey, British and French capital is reaping great profits by the establishment of banks. But of all the countries of the Continent, Austria (bating the political shocks by which she is menaced) is the one which presents the finest field for banking. While there are some 5000 banks and branch-banks in the United Kingdom, with a population of thirty millions, there are (or were, prior to the banks now being established

by English capital) only seven banks, with 140 branches in the Austrian dominions, which have a population of thirty-six millions. So unavailed of as yet are the appliances of banking in that country, that the Austrian Government actually keeps its balances (about five or six millions sterling) locked up in its own vaults!—thereby losing interest on the money, and keeping idle and useless a large sum which, if confided to a bank, would be employed in giving direct support and expansion to the commerce and industry of the Empire. In India, also, new banks are being rapidly established. In Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, British Columbia, Mexico, and among the States of South America—indeed, all over the world—English capital is seeking investment in the formation of banking establishments. In truth, it is a remarkable fact that the age of Gold is becoming also the age of Banks,—and that the extraordinary increase in the supply of the precious metals has been accompanied by a not less extraordinary increase in the means for economising them!

That banking is a highly profitable business is evidenced by the statement which we have given of the profits yielded by some of the leading banking companies. A successful bank, it appears, pays a dividend ranging from 15 to 25 per cent, with no trouble whatever on the part of its shareholders. Sometimes, as in the case of the West Riding Union Banking Company, the dividend reaches the enormous rate of 50 per cent. How comes it, it will naturally be asked, that banking yields such very large profits? The essential requirement of good banking is security for the depositors. Individual traders, whose failure or success affects only themselves, may employ their money in any way that appears to them most likely to yield the largest profits. But a Bank trades with other people's money; and the paramount consideration with the public, when placing their money in bank, is

security. The science of banking consists not in employing money at the highest rates, but in the safest manner. And this is generally done. The explanation of the large dividends paid by successful banking companies is, that they obtain a profit on their depositors' money as well as on their own. The capital of a banking company may be two or three millions sterling—that amount being liable to be called up, if necessary, to meet the engagements of the bank; but only a part of that sum is paid up. The larger the capital, the greater is the security for depositors; and the greater the security, the greater is likely to be the amount of money intrusted to the bank's keeping. On the other hand, the smaller the amount of capital *paid up*, the greater (*ceteris paribus*) will be the percentage of profits to the shareholders. Say that a bank (which may have a subscribed capital of two or three millions) has £1,000,000 paid up, and that its deposits amount to £15,000,000—then it can deal with sixteen times the amount of money invested by its shareholders; and thus, instead of paying say 4 per cent, it will pay (theoretically) 64 per cent. Actually, of course, the profits are much less,—because the interest paid to depositors, costs of management, &c., have to be deducted; nevertheless, it is easy to see how such a bank will pay 25 per cent.* This, then, is the secret of the high dividends paid by banking companies; and as long as they ably and honourably discharge their duty to their depositors they are well entitled to these profits, for their operations confer an equal boon upon the community at large. Nevertheless, it seems to us that the present high profits derived from banking are now bringing so many companions

into the field, that, under the pressure of competition, the banks will have to concede better terms to their depositors than is yet done by such establishments in England.

The heart of this great system of banking, which now overspreads the whole country, is the Bank of England. It was founded in 1694, and the Bank of Scotland in the year following. Both of these banks owed their origin to the same man—William Paterson, M.P. for Dumfries. The project of the Bank of England was ultimately taken out of his hands, but he had his own way in the establishment of the Bank of Scotland. And the issue in the two countries was very different—fraught with great benefit to the one, and with repeated disaster to the other. In Scotland the first established bank claimed no monopoly: banking was made a free trade. In England the Bank soon claimed and obtained a monopoly. No other joint-stock bank (no banking company having more than six partners) was allowed to be established in England. In 1826, after more than a century of complete restriction, this monopoly was narrowed to the district within sixty-five miles of London; in 1844 it was finally abolished, but the right of issuing notes was taken away.

Mark the results on the welfare of the two countries. One by one, as they were needed, joint-stock banks were established in Scotland, having their head-offices in the capital, and gradually extending their operations by the establishment of branches throughout the provinces. In this way a small number of banks sufficed. Banking, free and unshackled, grew with the growth of Scotland. Each branch bank had a local manager, and all were in perfect union with the head-office in the capital. The head-offices in Edinburgh again—

* The proportion which the amount of interest paid to depositors bears to the net profits of a bank is dependent partly on the skill of the management and partly on the state of the money-market. In the case of the Union Bank of London, during the last half-year, the proportion was one of equality,—the interest paid and due to depositors being £112,000, and the net profits, after making ample provision for bad and doubtful debts, being £114,000.

the parent-establishments—were all in connection with one another; each receiving the notes of the others; having a weekly “clearance,” or balancing of mutual accounts; and each having a pretty good idea of the general business and position of the others. Thus banking in Scotland was (1) established in the best form—namely, almost entirely upon the joint-stock principle; and (2) the banks, established in the capital, while ramifying through the country, can mutually support one another in times of temporary difficulty or panic.* In England, the monopoly of the Bank prevented for more than a century the formation of any other joint-stock bank; neither did the Bank of England occupy the field itself by establishing branches throughout the country. But, as a want of banks was felt, private individuals came forward to do what would have been far better done by joint-stock companies. Private bankers started up in every town, receiving deposits and issuing notes of their own—many of them able and honest men, some of them not, but none of them possessing the extended resources of a joint-stock company. Moreover, by a sad fatality, even when the monopoly of the Bank began to be relaxed, in 1826, the provision that no joint-stock bank should be established within 65 miles of London was one of the most injurious that could possibly be devised. The consequence has been, that there is neither system nor connection among the English banks. The banking establishments do not ramify from London, as a centre; they exist, for the most part, independently of one another—head-banks being found all over the country, with few or no branches, and with no point of union with

their neighbours. This is an expensive system, for head-banks are established sometimes where branch-banks would suffice; it is chaotic and without method; and it is needlessly perilous. The Scotch banks can, and do, help one another most efficiently; the English banks can do so but imperfectly. They have had to grow up everywhere except in the metropolis; and accordingly they have no central representatives, and find it difficult to combine for mutual support. Banks exist upon credit; let that be broken, and not even the best and strongest of them can exist for a day. It is alike the duty and the interest of banks to support credit. If, in times of panic, a run be made upon one of their number whose position they know to be sound, they ought at once to unite in support of that bank; and by so doing, check the panic—that wild unreasoning fear which grows with every disaster which it produces. The fall of one bank only increases the run upon the others; but united action upon the part of the banks is adequate to resist a greater panic than has ever yet arisen.

Without union, no banking system can resist the effects of a panic. A panic strikes at the root of all banking. The rules of banking are based upon the amount of money necessary to meet the ordinary demands made upon them, whether in the casting of notes or withdrawing of deposits. But if all the notes of a bank are brought to be cashed at once, or if a run takes place for any considerable portion of deposits, the bank must close its doors. Banking was never designed to meet such emergencies. It is no slur upon a bank that it cannot sustain such an abnormal pressure.

* After lasting for a century and a half, free-trade in banking was brought to an end in Scotland by Sir R. Peel's Act of 1845, which propitiated the existing banks for the restrictions then imposed upon them, by conferring upon them a monopoly. Happily, as the Scotch banks compete eagerly with one another in the establishment of branches, leaving no district unoccupied, the monopoly has not acted injuriously—unless it be in making the banks chime in too readily with any proposals of the Government for the sake of having their monopoly undisturbed. But the principle is a bad one, and in course of time may produce evil fruits.

The Bank of England itself would break down at once under such a trial. Panic is a temporary collapse of public credit—a rupture of our whole fabric of material civilisation—a national epilepsy. To think that any legislation will suffice to render banks able to withstand such an abnormal pressure, is simply absurd. If banks had always to keep at hand resources adequate to meet a panic, there would be no banks at all. It could only be done by keeping their deposits, unemployed, in their vaults: in which case there would be no profit (only expense) to the bankers, no aid to commerce and employment—in fact, no banking at all. Nevertheless, strange to say, the banks themselves, by their action, have frequently induced this most terrible of monetary tempests.

As this is a point of great importance, we shall illustrate it by referring to some cases where the facts are so clear as not to admit of dispute. Let us take first the panics of 1793 and 1797. In 1793 trade had been unusually, if not excessively, brisk; and at the same time, as the year progressed, political agitation assumed formidable proportions. Acts of riot and insurrection took place, and when war with France was declared at the end of the year, the public inquietude almost amounted to panic. Bankruptcies had doubled in number before the close of the year, and “the declaration of war gave a shock to credit which was already staggering.” On the 15th February a house of considerable magnitude failed; and on the 19th the Bank of England refused the paper of Lane and Company, who stopped next morning with liabilities to the amount of nearly a million sterling. “In the meantime, the panic spread to the bankers.” The run commenced on the banks in Newcastle, which

were perfectly solvent, but which, in consequence of the run upon them, were obliged to stop payment. “The panic immediately spread throughout the country.” In the west of Scotland, also, there was “the greatest distress from the total destruction of credit,” which calamity was produced by “the refusal of the Glasgow, Paisley and Greenock banks to discount.” The monetary pressure extended also to the London banks. “The extraordinary state of credit [or rather the total collapse of credit] had obliged every person connected with trade and money-transactions to gather in and husband every resource to meet all demands”—thereby of course greatly lessening the ordinary circulation. In these circumstances, “the Government urged the Bank to come forward and support credit, but they resolutely declined. When the Bank adopted this perverse course, universal failure seemed imminent.” But the Government wisely took the matter into their own hands, and, at the urgent advice of Sir John Sinclair, made an issue of Exchequer bills, which acted like magic in sustaining public credit, and at once put an end to the crisis.*

The panic of 1797 was produced entirely by political causes. There had been no over-trading of any kind. In December '96 took place the French expedition under Hoche for the invasion of Ireland, and in the February following a French frigate landed 1200 men on the Welsh coast. “At this time the banks at Newcastle had a more than ordinary demand upon them for cash; because, in addition to the manufactories and collieries, the number of troops stationed in that part of the country had been considerably augmented. The banks had imported an extra supply of

* See M'Leod's 'Theory and Practice of Banking,' vol. ii. p. 68-72. We prefer to make our quotations from this work, because it is the ablest on the subject of which it treats; and still more, because on this point Mr. M'Leod's statement of facts is, to a considerable extent, that of an antagonist to the deductions which we make from them.

cash to meet their expenses, and were negotiating for more," when the panic broke upon them and compelled them to stop. "The news of the stoppage of the Newcastle banks spread like wildfire throughout the country, and soon reached the metropolis. The drain upon the bankers' coffers now became a run," till on the 25th the specie was reduced to £1,272,000. "Before this, the Directors, in a state of utter bewilderment at the state of the country, had used the most violent efforts to contract the issues. In five weeks they had reduced them by nearly £2,000,000. But even this gave no true idea of the curtailment of mercantile accommodation, for the private bankers were obliged, for their own security, to follow the example of the Bank." Next day (Sunday), to prevent the total stoppage of the Bank, an Order in Council was issued, authorizing it to suspend cash payments. And yet the position of the Bank was not only perfectly solvent, but such as to show a surplus of nearly £4,000,000 sterling—over and above the debt due by the Government to the Bank, which amounted to £11,686,000. So suicidal was the policy of restriction pursued by the Bank, that even the Bullion Committee of 1810, despite their morbid dread of "over-issues," explicitly condemned its conduct in this respect, both in 1798 and in 1797.*

The other case to which we shall refer, in illustration of this fatal but common error in banking, is that of the American crisis of 1857. The crisis began in the August of that year with the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, which held deposits to the amount of £1,200,000, and of two or three other large firms. By this stoppage of payments great embarrassment and partial loss were occasioned to individuals, and also to the banks which had made advances to these firms; at the same time railway

property became greatly depreciated, partly owing to the efforts of an organized band of speculators. Thereupon all the banks took alarm, and began to curtail their advances to the commercial community, by refusing to discount their bills,—the New York banks reducing their discounts to the amount of £5,000,000 sterling between the 8th of August and the 10th of October. Right and left they ruthlessly withdrew their customary advances, and commercial houses went down in dozens. By the middle of October, nine hundred failures were reported. What was the upshot? The banks sacrificed their customers with the view of strengthening their own position, but their conduct had quite the opposite effect. Seeing firms go down in dozens—the good as well as the bad, the strong as well as the weak—and knowing that many of those firms were connected with the banks, either as shareholders or debtors, the public in turn caught the panic, and began a run upon the banks for their *deposits*. The banks, too late, now found that they could no more conduct their business without credit or faith than their customers the merchants could; and on the 14th October a general suspension of payments in specie had to take place. The American banks were thus taught a sharp lesson. A week before they were forced to suspend, they announced that they would alter their policy, and meet the panic by its natural remedy—an expansion of credit; and it was the publication of their returns in the week following, showing that instead of expanding they were carrying the work of contracting still further, which brought on the general run for deposits which compelled them to stop. It is important to observe that not only were the New York banks perfectly solvent, but their notes were never mistrusted: and even after the suspension of pay-

* M'Leod's 'Theory and Practice of Banking,' vol. ii. p. 88-92.

ments in specie, the notes continued to circulate at par. It was a run for deposits which shut up the banks: and a similar run would shut up any and every bank in existence.

"Convertibility"—the ability of banks to redeem their notes in gold—in the absence of confidence, is a myth. No legislative enactments, no prudence on the part of bankers, can suffice to preserve the convertibility of paper-money when the public loses faith in the bankers. The sole object and advantage of paper-money is, that it economises gold. In ordinary times it is found that an amount of specie equal to a third or a fourth of the issue of notes is more than sufficient to maintain the convertibility of these issues. It is upon this basis that paper-money is issued. The banks act upon the rule; it is impossible to provide against the exception. The Bank of England itself could not at any time redeem all its notes in specie. In fact, paper-money would be of no use at all, if an equal amount of gold were to be kept in the banks. The whole system is based upon the maintenance of the ordinary relations of credit; and without the maintenance of credit, no amount of gold that the banks can command will ever suffice to secure the convertibility of the note. In our own country, where the issues of paper-money have been fenced round with the most rigid restrictions, there are about £40,000,000 of notes afloat, while only half that amount of specie is available for all the purposes of banking put together.*

But in times of panic, the demand upon the banks is a more fatal one even than this. At such times the run is not, or is not merely, for gold for the notes; in fact, in this country, during the present century, the solidity of the notes has hardly ever been questioned. The run is for

deposits; and no bank can pay up its deposits at once, whether in gold or in notes. But it is easy to see how this run for deposits is occasioned. The ordinary business of banking consists in the discount of commercial bills—i. e., in the purchase of the current debts of commerce. A manufacturer supplies a merchant with £1000 of goods, and receives from (or draws upon) him a bill for the same amount; and as the merchant's money is nearly all invested in his business, the bill is not made payable until after the lapse of such time (say three months) as may be required by him to sell at least a portion of the goods which he has purchased. The manufacturer, in like manner, having his capital invested in his business, and not being able to wait till the three months have expired, takes the bill to his banker, and gets it cashed,—receiving the £1000 minus the interest for three months at the current rate. All commerce is carried on in this way, and in this way a great economy of capital is effected. What, then, is commerce to do when the banks refuse to discount? A general crash must follow. In ordinary times, when credit is good, a merchant may afford to wait a little before getting his bills cashed, for at such times he is little pressed by his fellow-merchants to whom he is indebted; but in times of a monetary or commercial crisis, he cannot wait. Every man, to secure himself, is then pressing his debtors for payment; and if the banks at such times refuse to discount bills as usual, nothing but bankruptcy can be the issue, even for firms which are superabundantly solvent. The banks, when they take this course (which they generally do in the first period of a crisis) doubtless act from a good and legitimate motive. They think of, securing their own safety. They

* The total amount of specie held by the banks of the United Kingdom, in ordinary times, is under £20,000,000; of which amount the Bank of England holds on the average 14½ millions, the Irish banks rather more than 2 millions, and the Scotch banks not quite 2½ millions.

think of the convertibility of their notes, and the increasing scarcity of gold; and, by refusing to discount the ordinary amount of bills, they seek to lessen the amount of their own liabilities. In case a run upon them should arise, they seek to lessen the amount upon which the run can be made. But this is a fatal mistake, as experience has abundantly demonstrated. The very means which they take to prepare against a run, produces a run. It occasions a panic, and the panic produces a run; and quite reasonably. No other consequence is possible. When the commercial public find that it is becoming difficult or impossible for them to get their bills discounted, they call up every shilling of their deposits. When they cannot get money the one way, they take it in another. The general public, catching the infection, join in the run on the banks; and the result is (if the panic be kept up by the continued refusal of discounts), that the banks, after a feverish scramble among themselves for the possession of the small stock of gold, stop one after the other, or by agreement simultaneously—as was the case with the New York banks in 1857.

Banks exist for the community, not a community for the banks. And whenever banks forget this, and (like those in America) begin slaughtering a community from a false notion of strengthening themselves, it is not an evil, but a good, when they are pulled up in their course. The run for deposits which immediately arises in such circumstances is a natural and inevitable result of the banks refusing to discount. At the same time, it is a natural and most obvious means of retaliation; and as such, we believe, to some extent, it was adopted by the commercial classes in New York in 1857. The language then used in some quarters was this:—“If you (the banks) think yourselves justified, in a time of crisis, in bringing down scores of good firms, as solvent and reputable as

yourselves, the public are still more justified in checkmating you, by requesting you to fulfil your ‘promises to pay.’ Since it is on the plea of preserving the convertibility of the note (which we had no thought of questioning) that you produced this widespread suffering, the outraged community may well turn round upon you, and say, ‘Very well, gentlemen, let us see if you can do it.’ Moreover, since you will not lend us your money, give us back ours: give us our deposits.” The banks, of course, *could not do it*; and thereupon, perceiving that they had been sacrificing the substance for the shadow, they reversed their policy, discounted freely, though they had hardly a dollar in their tills—and the crisis was at an end! This is a lesson and a danger to which all banks should give good heed. The American public is not likely to forget the experience which it acquired in 1857, of its power to checkmate the banks; and it is by no means improbable that the lesson has been observed and noted on this side of the Atlantic, and may be put in practice if ever the banks foolishly challenge the commercial classes to a trial of strength.

Having shown how monetary crises may be, and often are, aggravated into destructive panics by a mistaken policy upon the part of the banks, let us complete the lesson by showing the chief means by which panic and a run upon banks are stayed. In 1793 we have shown how the monetary panic was produced, or at least intensified, by the Bank of England curtailing its discounts, and refusing to support the public credit; and how the Government wisely came to the rescue by making an issue of Exchequer bills. The amount authorised to be issued was £5,000,000 in sums of £100, £50, and £20; but not half of that amount (only £2,302,000) was needed, and the whole of this sum was punctually repaid. What was the

effect of this aid to the commercial classes? "It operated like magic," we are told: "its success was perfect and complete. All contemporary writers bear witness to the extraordinary effects produced. Macpherson says that the *very intimation of the intention* of the Legislature to support the merchants operated like a charm all over the country, and in a great degree superseded the necessity of the relief by an almost instantaneous restoration of confidence."* In the crisis of 1797, when the Bank again took the course of enormously curtailing its discounts, the run upon it became so overwhelming that it was left almost without a sovereign in its coffers, and the Government had to come to its relief by ordering the total suspension of payments in specie. What followed? "The relief produced on the instant by the definite determination to suspend cash-payments and extend their issues of paper was very great; within one week the Bank increased its accommodation by nearly £2,000,000 sterling"—or nearly one-fourth! Here, then, we see plainly that the convertibility of the note—for the sake of which the Bank had curtailed its discounts so enormously (one-fourth during five weeks)—had never really been questioned by the public,—for an issue of notes was the very thing that was desired, and which stopped the panic; and the notes were taken as readily by every one when it was known that there was no gold to cash them, as when the Bank was abundantly supplied with specie.†

Let us next look at the great crisis of 1826. The crisis was at its height in London from Monday the 12th to Saturday the 17th December. For six months the Bank

had been "violently contracting its issues" (i.e., by refusing to discount), and it continued this policy down to the night of Tuesday the 14th. During the previous forty-eight hours, said Mr. Huskisson afterwards, even the best Government securities could not to any extent be converted into money; other stock, of course, was still more unsaleable; and Mr. Baring said that persons would not part with their money on any terms, nor for any security. But "on Wednesday the 14th the Bank totally changed their policy, and discounted with the utmost profuseness." In the words of the Deputy Governor, "they had [at length] taken a firm and deliberate resolution to make common cause with the country." Instead of refusing to discount, they forced out their money in loans in all directions. "We lent it by every possible means," said Mr. Harman, "and in modes we had never adopted before; . . . we were not on some occasions over-nice: seeing the dreadful state in which the public were, we rendered every assistance in our power." Between the Wednesday and Saturday, the Bank made issues of notes to the amount of £5,000,000! This policy, says Mr. M'Leod, "was crowned with the most complete success: the panic was stayed almost immediately." The mere sight of the bank-notes was enough. "At Norwich," said Mr. Richards, "when the Gurneys showed upon their counter so many feet of bank-notes of such a thickness, it stopped the run in that part of the country." By the 24th of December the panic was completely allayed all over the country; and by the end of the month, the credit of the banking world was completely restored.‡

* M'Leod's 'Theory and Practice of Banking,' vol. ii. p. 72-75.

† See M'Leod, vol. ii. p. 92-100.

‡ M'Leod, vol. ii. p. 245-251. The immediate cause of the panic in London was the stoppage of Pole & Co., bankers, with whom forty country banks were connected on Monday, the 12th. "The fall of this great banking-house," says Mr. M'Leod, "was the signal for a general run upon all the London bankers, and three or four more gave way—spreading universal consternation among the country

The next great crisis was that of 1847; previous to which (by the Act of 1844) all liberty of action had been taken from the Bank in regard to its issues of notes, which were made entirely dependent upon the amount of specie in its possession. The extreme pressure in this crisis began on the 28d September, "when the Bank adopted more stringent measures for curtailing the demand upon its resources." On the 15th October it refused to make advances either on Government stock or on Exchequer bills: the consequence of which was that all the banks hastened to sell their public securities, and, for their own safety, hoarded the notes received in payment,—thus still further reducing the circulation. What they could not get from the Bank in advances on their securities, they got by the sale of them: so that the only effect of the Bank's restrictive policy was to create panic and hoarding, and thereby immensely increase the difficulties of its position. Everything became worse day by day. Several large banks stopped payment in Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and other towns: and the drain on the Bank of England became greater than ever. "As the whole of the commercial world knew that the resources of its banking department were being rapidly exhausted, a complete panic seized them. A complete cessation of private discounts took place. No one would part with the money or notes in his possession." On the 28d of October the terrible game was played out. The Bank Act had to be suspended; and the Government with the view "to restore confidence to the mercantile community," recommended the Bank Directors to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances. What followed? The Government letter "was made public about one o'clock on Monday the 25th, and no sooner was this done than the panic vanished like a dream. Mr. Gurney stated that it produced its effects in ten minutes! No sooner was it known that notes *might* be had, than the want of them ceased." From the conduct as well as the statements of the Bank Directors on this occasion, it appears evident that they had no desire to contract their advances to the public, apart from the necessity to do so imposed upon them by the Act of 1844. They told the Chancellor of the Exchequer that "they could save themselves—that is, they could comply with the law; but that they could not do so without pressing more stringently on the commercial world." In how great a degree the crisis was artificial—how immensely it was aggravated by the restrictive policy imposed upon the Bank—cannot be better shown than in the following extracts from the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject:—

"Evidence was laid before the Government, which proved not only the existence of severe pressure, but also that it was aggravated in a very great degree by the hoarding of gold and bank-notes to a very large extent—in consequence of which an amount of circulation, which under ordinary circumstances would have been adequate, became insufficient for the wants of the community. . . . Parties of every description made application to us, with the observation, 'We do not want notes, but give us confidence.' They said, 'We have notes enough, but we have not confidence to use them; say you will stand by us, and we shall have all that we want; do anything, in short, that will give us confidence. If we think that we can get bank-notes, we

banks, sixty-three of which succumbed to the crisis, though a considerable number paid 20s. in the pound, and eventually resumed business." Yet it was proved that Pole & Co., whose stoppage produced all this disaster, had a surplus of £170,000, after payment of all claims against them—besides large landed property belonging to Sir Peter Pole, and about £100,000, the private property of other members of the firm! Ought not such a firm to have been supported, instead of being pulled to the ground?

shall not want them.' . . . Parties said to me, 'Let us have notes—charge 10, 12 per cent for them—we don't care what the rate of interest is. We don't mean, indeed, to take the notes, because we shall not want them; only tell us that we can get them, and this will at once restore confidence.' . . . As soon as the letter of 25th October appeared, and the panic ceased, thousands and tens of thousands of pounds were taken from the boards; some from boxes deposited with bankers, although the parties would not leave the notes in their bankers' hands. Large parcels of notes were returned to the Bank of England cut into halves, as they had been sent down into the country. And so small was the real demand for an additional quantity of notes, that the whole amount taken from the Bank, when the unlimited power of issue was given, was under £400,000! The restoration of confidence released notes from their boards, and no more was wanted—for, the trifling quantity of additional notes is hardly worth notice." *

Here, again, we see that the sufficiency of the Bank's notes was never questioned; that the crisis was mainly due to the hoarding of notes and gold by the public, owing to the breakdown of credit and confidence; that the restrictive policy of the Bank of England was the chief cause of this collapse of all credit, aggravating a season of commercial difficulty into one of most destructive panic; and that, immediately on the reversal of this policy, the panic and hoarding were at an end, and confidence returned.

The crisis of 1847 was the most severe which had occurred; but it was surpassed in disaster by that which followed ten years afterwards. In 1857 a wave from the American crisis crossed the Atlantic, and produced an equal crisis in our own Islands. Towards the close of October, the news from the United States assumed so sinister an aspect as to forebode some great monetary catastrophe; and, ere the month ended, came the announcement of a universal suspension of cash payments throughout the Union. This naturally put a severe strain upon

the British firms engaged in the American trade, and upon the banks connected with them. The position of these houses were simply this, that they had to lie out of all the money due to them by American firms, and to lose a part of it. The actual loss, serious as it was, was the least part of the embarrassment; for although the American firms, in consequence of their inability to procure gold, had suspended, the greater part of them were perfectly solvent, and able to resume as soon as the effects of the panic were over. The main difficulty with our firms was, how to get their bills upon America discounted by our banks, seeing that the American banks and firms had suspended payments in specie—specie being, of course, the only medium in which payment for bills upon America could be received in this country. The embarrassment was essentially of a temporary character; and the true way to have tided over the difficulty would have been by supporting to the uttermost all the *sound* firms imperilled, until the monetary equilibrium should be restored in America, and the usual remittances reach this country. This course was adopted by the Bank of England *after* the Bank Act was suspended, but as long as the Act remained in force such a course was impracticable. No crisis was ever so unexpected, none ever culminated so rapidly, or proved so destructive. Credit was shaken, and a run commenced upon several banks which were known or supposed to be connected with the suspended firms. The Liverpool Borough Bank, closely connected with the American trade, stopped payment; and after reeling for some time under the run made upon it, the Western Bank of Scotland likewise closed its doors. Great exertions were made in Glasgow by the authorities and leading merchants to arrest the panic; the other Scotch banks, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and urged thereto by the community, at length came forward to check the distrust, and

* Hansard, Third Series, vol. xcv. p. 383.

gave their united and most energetic support to some of their number which were run upon. Thursday the 12th was the last day of the panic in Scotland.

Meanwhile the crisis had spread to London. The Bank had raised its rate rapidly from 5 to 10 per cent, at last picking out only the finest bills for discount; and as all the discount-houses in London ceased to make advances, the accommodation given (or which under the Act could be given) by the Bank was totally inadequate. The more tight became the money-market, the faster were gold and notes withdrawn from the Bank. Every bank or firm sold its securities, and kept beside it the gold or notes thus obtained. In order to meet the run upon them, the Scotch banks had ordered about £1,000,000 sterling in sovereigns from London—which they obtained by selling a portion of their Government stock (which, being readily convertible, they always hold in reserve for such emergencies), and thereafter getting the notes received in payment cashed at the Bank of England. The English and Irish banks took similar precautions; and altogether, in consequence of the panic, the banks found it necessary to keep by them about three millions more than their ordinary amount of specie. On Wednesday the 11th the great discount-house of Sanderson & Co. was forced to suspend, with liabilities to the amount of £5,000,000 sterling. The great American firm of Peabody & Co. also was known to be *in extremis*—it was perfectly solvent, but, like other firms, it had for the time to lie out of its money, and thus was unable to meet its engagements. It was of the utmost importance to support this firm, as it was known its fall would bring down many others, and establish a general panic in London. The firm required assistance to the extent of nearly £1,000,000 sterling; and the Bank, as fettered by the Act, had

not this sum to advance. But no sooner was the Act suspended (on the afternoon of the 12th) than the Bank advanced the required sum to Peabody & Co., and in like manner extended its aid to many other firms, and to some of the English banks. In London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, indeed, all over the country—as every one will remember, and as is proved by the Trade reports now lying before us—the beneficial effect produced by the suspension of the Act, and the resolution of the Bank to extend its issues, was instantaneous. But so tremendous had been the calamity, that Trade remained nervous and palpitating for several days; and four days after the suspension of the Act, the 'Times' remarked, "The liability to an extension of panic has still been such, that the principal banking institutions would have incurred a grave responsibility if they had suffered any mischief to take place which was fairly preventible;" that is to say, if they had not freely made advances to all sound firms which needed assistance.

The number of solvent, indeed very wealthy, firms which had to suspend during this crisis was very great, and throws an important light upon the character of such crises, and upon the best means of averting them. The suspension of Dennistoun & Co., for example, which was one of the first houses that gave way, was so entirely artificial that, after providing for every shilling of their liabilities, "the accountant on the estate declared them possessed of a surplus of nearly three-quarters of a million." The suspension of Naylor, Vickers, & Co. was of a similar character,—the firm having assets to discharge all their debts, with a balance in their favour of £250,000. A large portion of the other suspended firms were proved to be in like manner perfectly solvent.* If these firms could have been assisted, as Peabody &

* For example, the accounts of Messrs. Arthur & Co., of Glasgow, showed a *bona*

Co. were after the suspension of the Bank Act, it is obvious that the crisis would have been greatly mitigated, and the run upon the banks proportionately lessened, if not altogether prevented. The stoppage of any large firm not only gives a great shock to credit of itself, but a similar stoppage is produced of dozens of small firms in connection with the large one, and thus panic spreads over the country. Commerce cannot go on without credit,—still less can banking. Commerce, indeed, is the first to suffer in times of crisis; but no sooner do the merchants begin to reel, than the pressure is communicated to the banks. Every great failure, by the distrust and apprehension which it produces, is equivalent to a heavy draft upon the banks. The credit of commerce and of banking cannot be dissociated, and any policy on the part of the banks which seeks to strengthen themselves by sacrificing the merchants is a suicidal mistake.

We have narrated the measures by

which all the great commercial crises have been stayed during the last seventy years. Credit, as we have shown, is the only means of economising capital; and in times of crisis such economy is peculiarly called for. It is a defect of the English system of banks (if that can be called a system which is totally unsystematic), that it does not offer the facilities for co-operation and mutual support which are possessed by the Scotch banks. And hence, with all their immense resources, their machinery of resistance to a panic is clumsy and unreliable, compared with that of their northern rivals. In course of time, doubtless, order and system will arise out of the present chaos of English banking. The new joint-stock companies, with their headquarters in London, are gradually establishing branches in the provinces; and it is to be hoped that, by the offer of suitable terms, many of the private banks throughout the country will consent to change their character, and become

vide surplus of £90,800. Messrs. Sewell & Neck, engaged in the Norway trade, exhibited a surplus of £57,581, after paying their creditors 20s. in the pound, with 5 per cent interest. Messrs. Pelly & Co., with liabilities to the amount of £36,316, showed a surplus of £49,425—"a result," justly observed the 'Economist,' "which excites surprise that the house should have been allowed to succumb." In like manner, the assets of Mr. Johnstone of Glasgow were proved by the accountant to be nearly double his liabilities (the assets being £21,580, and the liabilities £11,440), "after deducting all ascertained and probable losses." O. Waud & Co., with liabilities to the amount of £60,000, showed a surplus of £20,000. Rew, Prescott, & Co. paid 20s. in the pound, with a surplus of £8000. T. & H. Elmenhorst paid 20s. in the pound, with a surplus of £3114. Mr. Peter Brown, whose suspension was caused by the pressure of a single creditor, had a surplus of £7719. Heine, Simon, & Co., after paying 20s. in the pound, with interest, had a surplus of £53,000. Crossley & Leemings of Halifax, Craven & Harrop of Bradford, Woodhall & Smith of Dudley, T. Callender & Co., and others, paid 20s. in the pound and 5 per cent interest. This list of solvent or wealthy firms, who figured in the bankruptcies of 1857, could be greatly extended. But even among those who had to compound with their creditors, there were very many cases in which the apparent insolvency was produced purely by the stoppage and bankruptcy expenses. In Scotland, the expenses of winding up an estate under sequestration are about 15 per cent—in England, about 45 per cent; and as the trade, and consequently the bankruptcies, in England are very much greater than in Scotland, 35 per cent will not be an over-high estimate of the average cost of each bankruptcy in the United Kingdom. In this way, a firm whose liabilities and assets balance one another—in other words, which is solvent—may, in a crisis like that of 1857, be not only forced to suspend, but have more than one-third of its assets swallowed up in bankruptcy expenses, and figure in the newspapers as paying only 12s. in the pound! Indeed, the magnitude of bankruptcy expenses is such, that the leading firms in the City seek to avoid driving their debtors into bankruptcy, and prefer to have the business wound up "under inspection," which is a much cheaper process.

branches of the great banks in the metropolis. Not until this revolution is accomplished can an economy of capital be efficiently established among the English banks. All banking, undoubtedly, effects an economy of capital on the part of the public; what is now urgently called for is, that there should be a corresponding economy of capital effected among the banks themselves. When great banks are established in London (with branches throughout the country), all acting harmoniously together, the fabric of public credit will be rendered as nearly proof against the shocks of panic as need be desired. The great burden of sustaining credit, which, in times of panic, is at present thrown entirely upon the Bank of England, will then rest upon a wider basis; and a cordial co-operation among the banks will suffice to reduce to manageable proportions crises such as at present overwhelm the whole country with disaster. It is not more gold that is needed to fortify our banking system,—it is more system and co-operation.

But if we do not need more gold, at least let us have the use of what we possess. The Bank Act of 1844 wholly nullifies six millions of gold. A single sentence will show how this waste of capital is occasioned, and how serious are the results. For every note issued above the arbitrarily fixed sum of £14,475,000, the Bank of England is required by the Act to hold a corresponding amount in gold; and as the ordinary amount of notes required for the wants of the public is upwards of £20,000,000, it follows that £6,000,000 in gold is the very lowest amount that must be in the Bank to allow of this amount of notes being kept in circulation.

When only six millions of gold are in its coffers, and fully twenty millions of notes in circulation, all the notes which the Bank is allowed to issue are in the hands of the public: so that, when this point is reached, not only must all discounting cease, but the Bank *cannot pay a shilling of its deposits, whether*

in notes or in gold, under penalty of breaking the Act,—and compliance with that Act is the condition of its existence. If a depositor were then to ask even for a single note, the Bank could not give it, for its legal power to issue notes is exhausted; and if the depositor were to say, “Then give it me in gold, of which you have fully six millions,” the Bank must reply that every sovereign of that sum must be kept in its coffers, in order that the Act be not infringed. Thus, at such times the Bank can neither discount the commercial bills by which trade is carried on, nor make payment of a single note or sovereign to any of its depositors. It must stop payment, not merely in specie, but entirely. With fully six millions of gold in its possession, it becomes bankrupt by Act of Parliament: not a shilling of its deposits can be paid; the twenty millions of its notes in circulation cease to be a legal tender, and trade of every kind must be stopped. No country, of course, will stand being strangled in this manner, for the sake of maintaining a legalised crotchet; and the Government has always to interfere and suspend the Act before things come to a total deadlock. Every one knows now, as he sees the bullion in the Bank running down to seven millions, that next day the Act will be suspended. The Act remains in force simply on the condition that it shall be suspended during the very seasons of difficulty which it was designed to prevent. But why not suspend it sooner,—or altogether? Great practical injustice, immense individual hardship, are produced by the manner in which these suspensions of the Act are made. For example, why should banks and mercantile houses be compelled to fail, at half-past two o'clock on the 12th of November 1857, when other firms in similar difficulties at three o'clock are freely assisted, and go on as before? Why should dozens of highly respectable and solvent firms be

sacrificed—losing their good name, which is everything to a merchant, and having to lose also a heavy percentage of their capital in the shape of bankruptcy expenses,—merely because the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not suspend the Act of 1844 an hour or two sooner? It is not right that any man—be he who he may—should be allowed to exercise such a power. Although the Act were harmless, or even wise in other respects, it were ten times better that it should be blotted from the Statute-book than that any Minister should have such a power, or that the community should be subjected to such arbitrary and capricious injustice.

But even with the provision that it be recurrently suspended, the Act of 1844 is a mistake and an evil. In the first place, it renders monetary panics more frequent than formerly, or than they would be but for its operation. By nullifying six millions of gold, the Act produces, when the bullion in the Bank has fallen to eight millions, a panic as violent as used to occur when the gold was reduced to two millions. The Bank has to stop when it has still six millions of gold, just as if the gold had fallen to zero. In this way every trifling ebb of specie is converted into a serious catastrophe. The Bank Act, in fact, makes us sail in shallower waters than before. Although our commerce has now become a veritable "Leviathan"—achieving prodigious results, and only the more exposed on that account to great embarrassments—the Bank Act strikes six fathoms of water from beneath her keel, so that the least ebb of the tide now brings the huge fabric aground. The nullifying of these six millions of gold is complete; yet what might they not effect if they remained available as formerly? The issue of half that sum, we believe, judging from the history of past crises, in timeous assistance to solvent but embarrassed firms, would suffice to have averted the worst

panic that has yet arisen. Surely, then, it is a great mistake to condemn such potent agents of good to virtual non-existence in the vaults of the Bank. Like some of the shadowy things shown to us in the world of metaphysics, these six millions of gold at once *are*, and *are not*. They are a fixture in the Bank, which only one or two persons within that establishment, and not a soul beyond its pale, ever sees, and from which the public derives not the slightest advantage. If any one were to abscond with them, the public need not know anything of the loss, nor (so long as the Bank Act exists) would be a whit the worse for it.

The only argument that is adduced in support of this strange arrangement, which thus aggravates every commercial difficulty into a crisis—creating panics by Act of Parliament—is, that it tends to maintain the credit of the Bank's notes. But the danger thus provided against in a manner so costly and fraught with disaster is purely imaginary. When has the credit of the Bank of England's notes ever been questioned? Not, certainly, in the experience of this generation, nor of that which preceded it. During the most dreadful panics which have afflicted this country during the last hundred years, when has the credit of these notes ever been mistrusted? We have no fear for the credit of these notes—neither has any sane man in the country. During the worst monetary crises, these notes have been the very thing that people have made a run upon the Bank to get. It is not gold that is wanted, but discounts—the ordinary accommodation of commerce. Let the public have notes, and that is all they care for. This is proved by the evidence given before every Parliamentary Committee that has investigated the subject. In disregard of this fact, the Act of 1844 took the most stringent precautions against a danger which never occurs, and totally overlooked a dan-

ger which is now more recurrent than ever. Its framers thought only of preserving the credit of the notes, and neglected to provide for the general credit, alike commercial and monetary of the country. They acted like engineers who should fortify the part of a position which will not be attacked by transferring to it the defences which previously guarded the key of the position. By nullifying these six millions of gold, the Act prevents the Bank of England, in times of crisis, from continuing that aid to commerce which is alike its business and its duty, and by the curtailment of which a collapse of credit takes place, creating panic and involving our commercial world in bankruptcies and disaster.

It is curious to observe how principles long exploded in every other department of business or legislation lie at the root of our present Bank Act. The principle of forbidding, or restricting, the export of the precious metals, which many Governments acted upon in mediæval times, has been entirely condemned for the last two hundred years. Yet what but this is the principle of the Bank Act of 1844? Its object is to restrict the export of the precious metals, totally irrespective of the purpose for which they are sent abroad. The export may take place for the purchase of corn, to avert famine—in which case the export is alike a necessity and an advantage. Or it may take place for the purchase of supplies for our army abroad—in which case it is a necessity imposed upon us in order to maintain the honour and interests of the State. Or it may take place for the conduct of sound and highly profitable commercial undertakings, which will increase the capital of the country. But the Bank, as now fettered, is bound to look only at

the fact of the export, and cares nothing for the object or the probable result. No one would dare nowadays to propose an export-duty on the precious metals,—nevertheless such a frank return to an exploded principle would in reality be wiser and more advantageous for the community, than the covert adoption of it in the mischievous form which it assumes in the existing Bank Act. Such an export-duty, rising and falling with the varying amount of specie in the Bank of England—as the rate of discount does at present—would at least have this advantage, that it would relieve from the present ever-recurrent convulsions the internal currency of the country; and at the same time it would impose no burden upon those who export the gold, save that to which they are at present subjected. We say this for the purpose of bringing more clearly into view the working of the Act of 1844. Every commercial or monetary crisis during the last seventy year has been primarily occasioned by a drain of specie for exportation.* And the evil of the Bank Act is, that by the provisions which it makes to arrest an external drain on the Bank, it produces an internal one also. In order to prevent the efflux of a million or two of gold, the Bank, by raising its rate of discount, and curtailing its usual advances, gives a shock to credit. And this increasing tightness of the money-market, joined to the spectacle of the Bank rapidly approaching the limit at which it must stop discounting altogether, tends to suspend the ordinary relations of credit throughout the country, producing numerous failures, and ultimately panic and a run upon the banks. Under the present system, therefore, *an external drain inevitably produces an internal drain also*—which is like

* In 1857, the export of specie to America was not large (only £1,225,000); but then the effect of this drain was rendered as great as if the amount of the drain had been twice or thrice as much, because of the stoppage of the usual remittances of gold from America.

lighting a candle at both ends. Indeed, during the last crisis (1857) the amount of gold withdrawn from the Bank of England to meet the internal drain was three times greater than the amount which during the same period was sent abroad! Thus, the crises which ever and anon inflict widespread ruin and suffering amongst us, are actually of our own making. Temporary difficulties we aggravate into stupendous calamities—panics and bankruptcies by Act of Parliament!

Moreover, let us say a word about these external drains, against which the Bank Act takes such ruinous precautions. We have already shown for what purposes they take place—namely, either as a matter of necessity, or for profitable employment. Now, let us see how long the gold thus exported remains abroad. Is it lost to us?—or is it so long of returning that we must act as if we had lost it? By no means. It will hardly be credited how short a time the gold remains abroad. In most cases it simply does its work and returns. Take for example the great crisis of 1857, the facts of which have been more fully placed on record than those of previous times. The whole amount of specie sent from this country to the ports of the United States, in the two months preceding the suspension of the Bank Act, was £1,225,000; and in two months afterwards we had not only got back from America all that we had sent, but nearly three times as much—namely, £3,200,000. It cannot be said that this large amount was attracted back by the operation of the Bank Act,—for the Act had been suspended. Neither was it even owing to a high rate of interest in this country; for, two months after the suspension of the Act, the Bank's rate of discount was lower than it had been two months before that event. On the 1st of October the rate stood at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent,—on the 14th of January it was only 5 per cent, and in a fortnight after-

wards it was reduced to 4 per cent. Moreover, in the ten weeks which followed the suspension of the Act, the specie in the Bank increased from about £7,000,000 to £15,400,000! Manifestly, the suspension of the Act was even more efficacious in increasing the Bank's stock of bullion, than the operation of the Act had been in dispersing it. Surely, then, it is a folly unworthy of grown men, not to say of a highly-civilised nation, to regard with such trepidation the sudden but brief ebbing of bullion from the bank. And surely—but for the machinery of terror set in operation by the Bank Act—it would require no great exercise of common sense to enable our people to remain composed during the two or three months that the two or three millions of our usual amount of gold may be on its travels abroad.

The Act of 1844, instead of being (as its author chose to call it) the supplement of the Act of 1819, was the spoiling of it. The present Act is totally different from that of 1819, alike in its spirit and in its working. By alternate fits, it expands and contracts credit,—depreciates and enhances the value of the currency. And it does so in the most perverse manner possible. When the currency is superabundant, the Act increases it; when credit is easy, it expands it still more. Again, when money becomes scarce, the Act makes it still scarcer; and when credit is contracted, it contracts it further, and eventually destroys it. When gold overflows in the Bank, all kinds of trading are promoted to the uttermost; when gold becomes scarce, they are remorselessly checked. The consequence is, that what is very moderate trading at one time is treated as over-trading at another. What was very slow trading in 1852, is set down as reckless speculation in 1857. In 1852 the Bank had $22\frac{1}{2}$ millions of gold in its vaults; whereupon, in accordance with the spirit of the Act of 1844, and equally in accord-

ance with the interests of the shareholders, the Bank reduced its rate of discount to 2 per cent, and, by offering money on such easy terms, succeeded in pushing into circulation *nearly five millions of extra paper-money*. The circulation of the Bank rose from its ordinary amount of £20,000,000 to £24,500,000 in the autumn of 1852. There are very few kinds of speculation that will not pay when money can be borrowed at 2 per cent; and if the British public, in those years of low discounts, did not rush into all manner of rash and uncalled-for schemes, it was because they knew better what was good for them than their legislators did. In little more than three years afterwards, the Bank rate was raised to 7 per cent, and the circulation reduced to only £18,142,000 — not three-fourths of what it had been in 1852! Since 1844, there have been fluctuations in the amount, and consequent alterations in the value, of the currency — and variations still more striking in the value of loanable capital, as expressed by the rate of discount — such as were unknown under the Act of 1819. In fact, the Act of 1844 has failed in the object which it was designed to achieve, and has subjected the country to new evils, of which its framers never dreamt.

It is full time that the mistakes of the Bank Act should be recognised. It is time also that the Bank of England were restored to that freedom of action without which there can be no sense of responsibility on the part of the Directors, no scope for real ability in the management, and no adequate support to public credit in times of monetary and commercial difficulty. At present the Bank is simply a machine — a mechanism — which knows not good from evil, and never distinguishes between the rule and the exception. Of the two supports of industry and commerce — gold-money and credit — the Bank kills the latter in an attempt to preserve the other more palpable, but less

fundamental and indispensable, basis of trade and prosperity. And, by a strange fatuity, the very measures which it takes to preserve the one destroy both. It is on the sagacity of experienced men, not on the dead formalism of a machine, that this country, and every country, must rely for an able and beneficial direction of so important a branch of the national resources. In England we have had too much legislation for the welfare of banking. Left free and unfettered in Scotland, banking assumed a form as near perfection as could be devised. In England it has been so swaddled and cramped by legislation that its natural growth was arrested and all symmetry made unattainable. First Monopoly, and now Restriction, have exercised their baneful influence upon English banking. Both are pernicious in principle, injurious to the community, and incompatible with the due use and economy of capital.

The importance of the subject which we have been discussing will be acknowledged. The reasonableness of the discussion will soon be, if it is not already, apparent. On the one hand, we see banks springing up in all directions. It is important, alike for themselves and for the country, that their establishment and organisation should be framed upon the principles of system and centralisation, which are so favourable for mutual co-operation and support in times of difficulty. Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that, under the present erroneous system, the very magnitude of these enterprises, by stimulating industry and increasing our fabric of credit (things excellent in themselves), may bring upon us disaster should any temporary diminution occur in the narrow basis of gold in the Bank, upon which legislation has made our whole prosperity dependent. The present position of the money-market is not such as to make us regard the future with much complacency.

The high rate of discount which

has prevailed of late—we may say for several years past—is certainly a remarkable fact, when we consider the vast addition which, during the same period, has been made to the world's stock of metallic currency. To some extent, this shows that the moral effect of the gold-discoveries, in giving an impulse of hopefulness to all forms of industrial enterprise, has been greater than the addition which they have made to the currency by which trade is carried on. As regards the immediate cause of the present tightness of the money-market, apart from the general increase of trade which has been in operation of late years, it is obviously due to the establishment of a vast number of new companies, and to the peculiar form which the cotton-trade has assumed since the stoppage of our supplies of cotton from America. The new companies consist chiefly of banks and credit-companies of various kinds; and hence they have this peculiarity, that they will economise a larger amount of capital than they absorb. The present expansion of associative enterprise, therefore, is quite different from the railway mania of 1847, or from any other in which the capital subscribed is sunk in enterprises of a temporarily unremunerative kind. In fact, the very establishment of these banking and credit-companies is a natural result of the recent dearness of money; and if they are conducted with ordinary prudence, the whole community will benefit by them. Should the credit-companies engage in the support of great industrial enterprises *abroad*, the result, it is true, will be disastrous, even should these enterprises be very profitable; for, as we have shown, any drain of gold for exportation, howsoever produced, brings our present monetary system to a deadlock. The change which has taken place in the cotton-trade is a more serious cause of embarrassment. Formerly, when we ob-

tained our cotton-supplies from the United States, the people of the States took from us an almost equal amount of manufactures; so that, on the whole, the balance of trade was pretty well maintained. But now, Egypt, India, and the other countries from which we draw our new supplies, take a comparatively small proportion of our goods in exchange; and hence we have to pay to them a heavy balance in the precious metals. We cannot avoid it: in fact, we are only too glad to get cotton upon these terms, and it would be a national misfortune if we could not get it. Lancashire is idle for want of cotton. The most important branch of our national industry, next to the cultivation of the land, has been for two years almost at a stand-still for want of the raw material; and an immense national subscription has been requisite to keep half a million of our working-classes from absolute starvation. Cotton, therefore, means employment for these suffering myriads. It means also, not only ordinary, but extraordinary profits for the master-manufacturers. As the trade-reports from all quarters show, the world's stock of cotton clothing has become scanty, and our cotton goods will now find a ready market everywhere. To obtain a supply of cotton, therefore, has become a matter of great importance, even in a national point of view; yet our monetary system creates superfluous obstacles to our obtaining it. At this moment, and for four months past, the Bank of England has regarded the importers of cotton as its peculiar enemies. "In November last it refused discounts to purchasers of cotton, not because their bills were doubtful, but because of the dread of a drain of gold.*" It thus checks the import of cotton, and thereby prevents the revival of our cotton-trade, and the employment of our manufacturing population. In fact, to talk of "free trade" under our present mon-

* 'Bankers' Magazine' for February, p. 92.

etary system is a mockery. Instead of trade being "free," it is restricted alike in whole and in every part, and to an extent far greater than could be affected by customs-duties. The Bank, indeed, is not to blame. The Act of 1844, by binding it to the observance of certain rules, compelled it to regard all other considerations as extraneous when the observance of these rules is imperilled.

But while the high rate of discount which prevails at present, and which to a lesser degree has prevailed for several years past, has been due to the various causes which we have specified, it is in part ascribable to another cause which merits attention. To a great extent it has been produced by a change in the practice of the Bank of England—a change chiefly local in its effects, it is true, yet exercising an important influence upon the money-rates of all Europe. The Bank now raises its rate of discount to 8 per cent in circumstances where formerly it only charged 4 per cent. In other words, in similar circumstances, it charges twice as much for its money as it used to do. This change, so little noticed, but so important to the commercial classes, has been introduced during the last half-dozen years. Previous to 1857, when the amount of bullion in the Bank was between thirteen and fourteen millions, the rate of discount usually stood at 4 or 4½ per cent: but now, when the bullion stands at a similar amount, the rate is raised to 8 per cent. In December last, when the Bank rate was 8 per cent, the amount of bullion ranged from £13,048,000 to £13,678,000. In truth, the Bank Directors, taught by two failures, find that the Act of 1844 is so

unworkable in exceptional times, and so aggravates the difficulties of their position, that they now seek to save the reputation of the Bank by throwing an extra burden upon the commercial community.* Since they could not save themselves by the rates which they charged in 1847 and '57, they are resolved to try what immensely higher rates will do. By nullifying six millions of gold in the Bank, the Act of 1844 laid a new and heavy burden upon the Bank, which the Bank has now quietly transferred (by nearly doubling its rates of discount) to the shoulders of the commercial classes. An artificial crisis is thus produced, while the Bank has fully thirteen millions of gold in its vaults; and the Bank exacts, and the community pays, nearly double the rates that used to prevail, or which, but for the Act, would prevail. For several months past, the Bank of France, with equal liabilities to those of the Bank of England, has had only half as much bullion;† and yet its rate of discount is only 7 per cent (which is fully higher than the average rate on the Continent), and more confidence prevails in the commercial world of France than in ours. We think it important to direct attention to this matter, for, whenever a crisis like that of 1857 recurs, we believe that the Directors, stung by their former inability to observe the Act of 1844, will raise the rate to an exorbitant amount, and will charge 20 per cent where they used to charge 10. Bound and fettered by the Act, and intent only on saving themselves, they will raise the rate, and reject good bills as they think best for themselves, leaving the commercial classes to pay a Shylock rate of

* This plan is not original—it was suggested by Mr. M'Leod in 1856; but, enlightened by the disaster of 1857, the Bank finds that it must charge far higher rates than those proposed by Mr. M'Leod, if the Act is to be observed.

† The last published monthly statements show that the amount of bullion in the Bank of France, during December and January, averaged exactly £7,000,000. If the Bank of England were so circumstanced (as it was in 1847 and '57) the country would be covered with bankruptcies from end to end, and tens of thousands of our working-classes would be thrown out of employment.

usury or go into the Gazette. The Bank, we believe, is now well satisfied with the Act, which, it finds, justifies it in charging double profits upon its money. But surely rather than await the suicidal conflict which is certain to arise between the Bank and the commercial classes, on occasion of another monetary crisis, it were better for both parties to reconsider betimes the laws affecting our monetary system, and obtain the abolition of such enactments as have proved to be injurious and unworkable.

As regards the immediate future, the new influences likely to affect our money-market are of two kinds:—Firstly, it is not improbable that a drain of specie may ere long be made upon this country, by the operations of the Bank of France—just as the recent high rates of the Bank of England have been calculated to draw specie from France. It is worthy of notice, that the two Banks pursue widely different courses in order to attain the same end. The Bank of England seeks to obtain gold by raising its rate of discount, whereby our whole industry is checked and employment is restricted. The Bank of France, on the other hand, avoids raising its rate to a similar extent—it refuses to check industry, and subject the community to such a strain; nevertheless, it obtains gold by a process quite as efficient as that adopted by the Bank of England. It purchases the ordinary commercial bills upon other countries, forwards them to be cashed, and gets the specie. The difference between the two methods is, that in supplying themselves with gold, the one Bank gets high rates of discount, and the other gives them. The Bank of England, in times of crisis, makes a profit for itself at the expense and to the detriment of the community; the Bank of France, at such times, incurs a loss in order to protect the community from disaster. Yet the loss is more in appearance than reality. Suppose the Bank of France, keeping its own

rate at 7 per cent, buys up bills upon London, where the Bank (we shall say) has raised its rate to 9 per cent. In such a case, ostensibly the Bank of France will lose fully 2 per cent on all the bullion which it obtains; but as this bullion becomes the basis of twice or thrice as much paper-money, which the Bank lends at 7 per cent, the balance is redressed—besides the inestimable advantage of sustaining commercial credit, and preserving the national industry from the convulsions of panic and the pressure of exorbitant rates of discount.

Secondly, our money-market may not improbably be subjected to the influence of a serious war on the Continent. The normal effect of war is to check international trade, and thereby to make loanable capital more plentiful, by lessening the demand for it. Probably, also, many persons who at present hold Continental securities will sell them, and send or bring their money to this country to be invested in English securities, as the safer. Both of these effects, to a small extent, are already taking place. Thus far, a Continental war would tend to ease our money-market. But there is another side to the question. Belligerent Governments in almost all cases require loans: and these loans will absorb the loanable capital set free by the inaction of trade, and, it may be, a great deal more. If the loans be subscribed by the subjects of the Governments which require them, the effect on this country will be little—always supposing that England is not drawn into the *mêlée*. But if English capitalists should subscribe largely for any of these foreign loans, the effect upon our money-market would be instantaneous, and very injurious to the community. For it would create a drain of gold—the main cause of all our monetary panics and commercial calamities, and an embarrassment which our present system of monetary legislation invests with artificial but most disastrous consequences.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AS A GENERAL.

THERE is only one man living who knows what the feeling is of having the whole civilised world intent on his words and gestures. Individual opinions may differ widely respecting his capacity, his statesmanship, his power of thought. The manner in which he attained to, and has continued to hold, his present eminence, may be criticised in language more or less strong. But of the fact of his power no man can doubt. There he stands, absolute master of a great empire. The population of that empire is pre-eminently warlike; and to push it through such enterprises as its belligerent propensities may impel it to begin, there exist in the nation resources greater than it ever before possessed, developed by intelligence which has never till now been employed to such practical ends. Manufactures and commerce flourish in France beyond precedent. But they by no means absorb the energies of the nation or the attention of its ruler. For the military power of the country is great, even in proportion to the resources that support it. Nor is that power dependent, as has been often the case with great military monarchies, on mere numbers. All that science can do by its researches, all that mechanical art can effect by its practised skill, all that industry can ascertain by experiment, is brought to complete the organisation and material necessary for the effective action in modern war of this great numerical force. Inces-

sant discipline, vast arsenals, organisation at once comprehensive and minute, for the supply, equipment, and movement of the troops; a trained staff and trained commanders—all aid in giving the utmost efficiency to the vast machine. Thus complete, it is moved by the will of one man; and this it is which causes all nations, great and small, to watch, as Swiss peasants might watch a poised avalanche, as villagers on the slopes of Vesuvius watch the aspect of the volcano, the signs from which they may divine the intentions of the French Emperor.

It becomes, then, a matter of much importance to estimate justly the nature and degree of that intelligence which will, in a great European war, direct the operations of the French army. Means for forming a fair estimate of that intelligence have existed ever since the campaign of 1859. These are rendered almost perfect by the important supplement they have received in the work which we propose to review. We are not acquainted with any campaign which has been recorded, explained, and illustrated so splendidly as this 'Campaign of Napoleon III.' The text is printed on sumptuous paper, and is illustrated by two atlases—one of battles, the other of marches. The first, besides a general map of the theatre of war, supplies not only accurate plans of the various fields of action, but professes also to divide each engagement into "moments," or interesting and critical stages. The second places all the troops on both sides in the positions they occupied on the surface of the map every day throughout the campaign. Thus to know what any particular corps was doing, or how posted, on a particular day, it is only necessary to refer to the map of that date; and thus the two atlases by themselves form, to the instructed eye, a very complete symbolic record of the operations; and the beauty of the maps fur-

'Campagne de l'Empereur Napoléon III. en Italie, 1859, redigée au Dépôt de la Guerre, d'après les documents officiels, étant Directeur le Général Blondel, sous le Ministère de son Excellence le Maréchal Comte Randon, 1860, 1861.' Paris, 1862.

nishes brilliant testimony of the skill and care which preside over the topographical department of the French Staff.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to rely on this magnificent work as absolutely trustworthy. It is not likely that a book written and published under the Imperial eye will point out Imperial errors. It is not likely that the information derived from French marshals will be otherwise than highly favourable to the generalship of their chief. If the biographers of great commanders always claim for generals (what generals never claim for themselves) that it is impossible they could ever be wrong, the present case is not likely to be an exception, where the editor is a French General, and the subject the generalship of his Imperial master. It is therefore especially necessary to examine this work carefully—not, indeed, to scrutinise statements of facts, which are no doubt well considered and reliable, but to weigh the inferences of judgment and sagacity drawn from those facts. Such an investigation we now propose to enter on; premising that if our explanations should seem too technical for the general reader (which we shall try to avoid), it is a circumstance almost inevitable in the treatment of a subject the elements of which are not very generally known.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that *no* military disquisition can be read to any advantage except with a map. In the present instance a small one, such as Keith Johnston's Travelling Map of Italy, will serve to illustrate our narrative and remarks.

On the 1st January 1859, France could produce in arms, without any effort more than usual, 640,000 men; a numerical establishment which, besides furnishing troops for home service and for Algeria, maintained the army of Italy, from the time of the battle of Magenta to the time of the battle of Solferino, at the force of about 180,000 men. Of

these about 10,000 were cavalry; and the force of field-artillery was, at various epochs, from 312 to 400 guns.

These guns, nearly all rifled, carried with them ammunition for a great battle. Every corps of the army was accompanied by 110 carriages, containing a second supply of ammunition for artillery and infantry. Finally, a grand park of 430 carriages, organised at Lyons, carried fresh supplies to St. Jean de Maurienne, from whence artillery-horses drew them over the Mont Cenis to Susa.

The arsenals in France were in full operation, converting the old Napoleon field-gun into a rifled weapon. The whole army was supplied with rifled muskets. Besides the field-artillery, 200 guns and 70 mortars were provided for the siege of the Italian fortresses, each supplied, on the average, with 900 rounds of ammunition.

Tents were provided to contain nearly a million of men—almost enough to house the population of Paris, and covering an area much greater than the city.

For the necessary supplies of forage and grain the French markets were exhausted, and the vast total was completed by purchases in other countries. The civil bakeries of France were charged with the supply of the troops in the interior, and the Government establishments were thus free to devote all their resources to providing bread for the army of Italy, and to amassing reserves for its future subsistence. But these conversions could not take place in a moment; and to give time for the organisation of supplies, provisions for 100,000 men and 10,000 horses, for twenty days, were collected at various towns in Piedmont.

Thus far, then, the French soldiery might survey with great satisfaction the enormous provision made for its comfort and efficiency. But there is another set of items in the account, very interesting and significant, though by no means

equally cheering to contemplate. For instance, 868,000 kilogrammes of lint were provided, being 10,000 dressings a-day for more than three months. About 1000 cases of surgical instruments also figure grimly in the list. Every battalion was followed by a mule bearing surgical instruments and dressings for 200 wounded. Every division, besides instruments, was provided with 2000 dressings. "In view of ulterior wants," we are told there was a reserve of lint and bandages representing 2,800,000 dressings. The medical arrangements comprised everything necessary for 15,000 sick for three months. Besides the field-hospitals which first received the wounded and diseased, military and civil establishments were organised in the interior of France, to relieve the army of such encumbrances by accommodating 17,000 patients. Such are some of the colours used in painting the gloomier pictures that hang in the temple of Fame, where the bright eye of glory is covered with a patch, and where the exulting tread of conquest is exchanged for a painful hobble upon wooden legs.

At risk of being tedious, we have given some of these details, because, for want of them, readers of military operations are often insensible to the vast preparations required for the commencement of war between great Powers, and to the nature of certain facts which must enter into military calculations, and which, though they seldom appear on the surface of history, form the great elements of perplexity for governments and generals. Sending forth an army is like sending forth a city equal to the capital of a great state, transporting it, with all its means of food and shelter, from place to place at uncertain times and in unforeseen directions, and leaving it all the time entirely dependent on the territory from which it set forth for the maintenance of its numbers and the supply of its daily wants. We here lay especial stress on this, because,

for the appreciation of the present campaign, it is particularly necessary to bear in mind the necessities which bind an army by indissoluble ties to certain points in its rear.

The theatre of war was the fertile, flat, well-watered basin of North Italy, enclosed like a vast amphitheatre by the Alps and Apennines. Giants or ancient gods might be figured, by a fancy imbued with classic lore, as sitting on the lofty summits to watch the strife in the spacious arena at their feet. The most striking feature it contains is the river Po, flowing from west to east along the plain; while on all sides the enclosing mountains pour down their tributary streams to swell its flood, so that it and its affluence look on the map like the spine and ribs of some huge saurian extending across the Italian peninsula. One of these ribs, the Ticino, flowing from the Northern range, formed with the Po the frontier of the Austrian territory. By passing either the Ticino on the one side or the Po on the other, the Austrians would at once be in Sardinian territory, and by moving on the Novara-Vercelli road, after crossing the Ticino, they would threaten the capital. Turin was manifestly in imminent danger, for the Sardinian forces were incapable of coping single-handed with their powerful adversary. They had abandoned all the territory north of the Po, and sought to make of the Dora Baltea stream their first defensive line. It was not expected that the Austrians would attempt to operate by the south bank of the Po, because to do so they must first pass the broad river, then take or mask Alessandria and Casale, and they would then find their movements embarrassed by the woody and mountainous region which extends south of the Po, between Alessandria and Turin. After providing for the defence of Genoa, Alessandria, and Casale, the remainder of the Sardinian forces, about 20,000 in number, were therefore concentrated on the Dora Baltea, in the

hope of covering Turin on that side by which an attack might be expected.

Under existing circumstances it was for the Austrians to commence hostilities. The French could not move their troops over the frontier before war was declared, without appearing as the aggressors in the quarrel begun at their instigation by the Italians. They must therefore await the moment when Austria should decide to advance, and must then act with promptitude sufficient to prevent the Sardinian army from being overwhelmed and the capital seized. The most convenient route by which the French could enter the theatre of war was by sea from their southern ports to Genoa, and thence to Alessandria. But it was evidently of the utmost importance to move with all possible celerity to the aid of the Sardinian corps that covered Turin; and therefore, while three French corps were to be transported by sea to Genoa, two others were to cross the Alps by the passes of Mont Cenis and Mont Genevre to Susa, where they would be within a march of the menaced capital. On the 21st April it was no longer doubtful that Austria would resort to arms to enforce her demands on Sardinia. On the 25th the French columns were in movement for the Alps, which they began to cross on the 28th; while on the 26th the first French troops, moving by the sea route, disembarked at Genoa.

The time fixed in the Austrian ultimatum had expired on the 26th, nevertheless the advance was not commenced till the 29th; and though it was manifestly of the greatest importance to strike a blow against the Italian army before its ally could be in a position to aid it, yet the movement was extremely slow, even for Austrian troops. It was not till the 2d May that they occupied the line of the Sesia river.

In the mean time the French Marshal, Canrobert, had accompanied the Emperor in a reconnaissance of the position on the

Dora Baltea. As it never became the scene of operations, it is only necessary to say that, though strong on the flanks (the left at Mazze resting on the lowermost spurs of the Alps, the right on the Po), yet it was very defective in the centre, where the banks were flat and the river easy of passage, while it might be entirely turned by the road from Biella to Ivrea. Canrobert, therefore, rightly judging that the Sardinian forces were incompetent to hold so faulty a position, judiciously advised the King to abandon the line of the Dora, and to transfer the whole force by the south bank of the Po to Casale. At that point, which is a little higher up the stream than the junction of the Sesia with the Po, the Sardinians possessed strong fortifications, covering the bridge, and commanding the great roads by which the Austrians must advance from the Sesia towards Turin. Should the Austrians continue their forward movement, disregarding Casale, an advance of the Sardinian force from thence would sever their communications. Should they detach a corps to watch Casale while advancing on the capital, they could never be certain that the Allies might not defeat this covering force, and cut off the retreat of the advancing troops, which might, moreover, be met in front by the head of the French column from Mont Cenis. Thus the occupation of Casale indirectly covered the capital, and in fact checked Giulay's advance.

During this time it is clear that the Austrian general had great, perhaps decisive, opportunities open to him. First, he saw before him the Sardinian army unaided by, and for the moment beyond the aid of, its ally. His advance should therefore have followed on the rejection of his ultimatum as the report of a shot follows the flash. Three days' vigorous marching would take him from the Ticino to the Dora Baltea; a well-directed attack would have crushed the Sardinian troops there had they awaited the onset, and the French columns, crossing the Alps,

would have found the road to Turin barred by the victorious Austrians, and the capital already lost. All this might have been effected before the French corps arriving at Genoa could have been put in motion. But this opportunity was lost by the tardiness of the first steps of the Austrians. It was not till the 8d or 4th of May that Giulay prepared to advance from the Sesia; and before doing so he thought it expedient to mislead his enemy by false attacks on other points. Demonstrations were made at Frassinetto, at Valenza and Cornale, the last in force, the whole of the 8th corps under Benedek being allotted to the operation, and having for its object not merely to deceive the enemy, but to destroy the railway communications by which the Allies might make a counter-attack by way of Stradella on the Austrian left. These precautions taken, and the 8th corps having recrossed the Po, the line of that river was abandoned, except by posts of observation, and the Austrian army concentrated behind the Sesia for its movement against Turin.

This movement was what is termed a *point*—that is, the whole army was not committed to the enterprise, because, as we have said, the occupation of Casale threatened the Austrian flank and rear; but corps were thrown forward supporting each other, till the most advanced should reach the capital, the line of retreat being guarded on its exposed side by the 5th corps, and a brigade of the 7th placed astride of the road Casale-Vercelli. Thus, if the thrust of the Austrian general were successful, it might be followed up; if it failed, he might step back and recover his guard. All these arrangements were in themselves scientific and judicious; the error and cause of failure lay in the tardiness of execution. For Giulay, whose information seems to have been lamentably defective, had till now believed apparently that the Sardinians were still post-

ed on the Dora Baltea, and were still unsupported by the French. He was prepared to force the passage of the Dora, but he was not prepared for the total want of resistance in that quarter. Everywhere along the stream he found the way suspiciously open to his troops, while in the works of Casale were seen, not only Sardinian, but *French* troops. He paused and faltered in his design, believing that the Allies were about to burst upon his flank and rear; and while Turin was aghast at his menaced attack, against which the city was defenceless, he recalled his troops and returned behind the Sesia.

Thus the operation that might have had great results on the 28th April, proved a weak failure on the 8th May. Yet even at that later date the seizure of Turin would have been very damaging to the Italian cause. "Without doubt," says the work before us, "the occupation of the capital of Piedmont, had it only lasted a few days, would have produced a great moral effect, besides cutting the communications between Alessandria and Susa, and stopping the convoys coming from Mont Cenis." Giulay, however, doubtful what bolt might be hidden in the thunder-cloud gathering behind Casale, yielded to that fear of committing himself which was so powerful a motive with him throughout the campaign, and which is the point in generalship that chiefly serves to divide greatness from mediocrity. He might, no doubt, have succeeded in holding Turin for some days, and in securing a retreat whenever an attack on his flank should render the abandonment of the capital necessary. For on the 9th the Sardinian army was scattered along the Po, guarding the various points of passage; the two French corps that had come by Mont Cenis were at Alessandria; and the three that had come by Genoa were only emerging from the Apennines on to the plain of Novi. Some days must have

elapsed before a sufficient force could be assembled to issue from Casale against the Austrian covering corps, and that corps, forewarned by its outposts, would be reinforced successively by those which were between Vercelli and Turin. Moreover, the first impulse of the commanders of the 8d and 4th French corps at Alessandria, on hearing that Turin was in the hands of the enemy, and their own line of supply broken, would be, not to advance, but to attempt to restore their communications by retracing their steps towards Turin. Thus, besides the immediate advantages attendant on occupying the capital, the Austrian leader would probably for a time have disconcerted the designs and distracted the attention of his adversaries.

Nor even now did Fortune cease to offer to him opportunities; for in the double line of advance of the French, dictated by the potent considerations already mentioned, there was a radical defect. The two wings of the army were separated by a large tract of difficult country between Genoa and Turin, where communication was difficult, and combined operations impossible. A glance at that portion of the map, showing us no railways, few roads, no plains, but many torrents, many valleys and ravines, many mountain-passes, will tell at once that the tract of the Maritime Alps is not easy to traverse. The three French corps advancing from Genoa were then, until their junction in the great plain between Novi and Alessandria, completely isolated, while opposite their intended point of junction lay the entire Austrian army. Any one accustomed to consider military operations will recognise at once the dangerous situation of the French, and the great opportunity presented to the Austrian general. Bringing his army across the Po and massing it on the Scrivia, he could thence have issued into the plain, and throwing out his right wing in observa-

tion of the Sardinian troops and fortresses, have rolled back with superior force the tide of blue-clad soldiery advancing from Genoa. Nor need he have regarded as ominous of evil the village of Margengo, that has made that wide flat border of the Po so famous, but should rather have seen in it an invitation to wipe out the memory of that fatal field by a counter-triumph over another Napoleon.

It was not, however, till the separated French wings were in connection with each other and with the Sardinians, between the Bormida and the Scrivia, that he made any demonstration against them. His opportunities of dealing with them separately were then at an end, and he must await another turn of the wheel for an advantage. Once united with the Sardinians, the French, far from finding further inconvenience in their double line, hitherto so perilous, derived from it great benefits, for their supplies reached them by two short lines of railway, leading directly on the extremities of their front, and passing thence behind it. But it was now that Giulai began to operate against them; and his mode of operation showed that he wanted that quality of a general, so highly rated and so frequently exemplified by Napoleon, of knowing how to get information. The Italians do not bear the character of being universally incorruptible patriots; in the Milanese there must have existed many active, acute, and intelligent natives, who would have been quite competent to procure for the Austrian commander full particulars of the enemy's movements, and who might, by certain simple arguments, have been induced to exercise their talents. Yet Giulai could hit on no better method of finding out what his adversary was about, than the uninventive blundering resource of a *reconnaissance in force*—that is, an advance of a large body of troops, who, by threatening action and by partially engaging, may oblige the enemy to

show his array on the point where his presence is suspected, and to confess either his strength or his weakness there. Such is the character that has been affixed to this movement by Giulay himself—and its employment is all the more to be condemned, except in case of necessity, because the troops so used, retiring when the object is accomplished, are certain to fall back with a feeling of defeat, and to leave to the enemy the credit of a victory.

The command of this reconnaissance was intrusted to Count Stadion. Part of the troops allotted to this service were already on the right bank of the Po about Stradella; the remainder crossed the river at the fortified bridge established by the Austrians at the junction of the Po and Ticino. Moving in the defile between the river and the mountains, they met part of Forey's division, forming the extreme right of the Allies, and placed there expressly to guard against an advance of the enemy from the defile, on the ground between Casteggio and Montebello, the same field where Lannes, in the campaign of Marengo, defeated the Austrian Ott, and won his title. The ground, though flat, is by no means favourable for the deployment of troops, being intersected throughout with canals of irrigation, small streams, ditches, and vineyards. Thus restricted to the few roads that exist, the Austrians could not manage to bring their superior numbers to bear. Forey held his ground gallantly till reinforced by the rest of his division; and Stadion retired, reporting to his chief that 40,000 men had been brought against him. The French account, on the contrary, claims for Forey a victory achieved by 7000 French over 25,000 Austrians, with a loss less than half of Stadion's in killed and wounded. The result of the measure was not even to procure the information desired, for Stadion's report impressed Giulay with a false belief that the French were in great force about Voghera, and meditated

an advance against his left. Satisfied with this conclusion, he now confined his attention entirely to watching and baffling the enemy, leaving the Emperor to mature his plans and complete his arrangements in security.

Louis Napoleon had arrived at Alessandria on the 14th May. A great step had been made in the campaign when the junction of his troops was effected without mischance or interruption. The position of the Allies was for the present secure. The Sardinian army was massed on the left about Casale; from thence the French divisions extended along the Po, watching the passages, and the first division, thrown back on the right, guarded the issue of the defile of Stradella, and covered the road to Genoa. The railway from thence, after bringing supplies to the right wing of his army, traversed the rear of the position, and the Imperial headquarters, shifted at will, were at once nowhere and everywhere, contributing not a little to the bewilderment of the enemy, to whom the position of the commander-in-chief often indicates the nature of the plan. Thus secure, and well supplied from Genoa and Alessandria, the Emperor spent some time in organising his forces, while meditating on the next step in the campaign. And to understand the nature of that step, it is necessary to revert to the features of the country within range of the contending armies.

The Austrian army had its right towards the Sesia, near Vercelli (where Giulay had caused the bridge to be blown up), extending along that river to Candia at its confluence with the Po. Thence the Austrian divisions extended along the Po (less than 800 yards wide in this part of its course), watching the principal points of passage as far as Belgiojoso, numerous bridges having been thrown over the Ticino below Pavia, to render the communications easy. The left of the army, the 9th corps,

was on the right bank of the Po, in the valley of Stradella, echeloned (that is, the different bodies of troops placed one behind another, like the steps of a ladder) from that town to Piacenza, so as to close the defile of the Trebbia against the enemy, should he seek to penetrate to the Po by that route.

The general direction of the Austrian front being, then, parallel to the course of the Sesia and Po from Vercelli to below Pavia, the next important step towards appreciating their position is to ascertain their lines of communication with the Quadrilateral, their immediate base. They were linked to it by four roads: the northern through Milan and Brescia; that on the left bank of the Po by Pavia, Pizzighittone, and Cremona; that on the right bank, by Stradella and Piacenza, also to Cremona; and lastly, that from Piacenza, by Parma and Guastalla, to Mantua. Of these the first was not to be relied on, lying through great towns, the disaffection of whose inhabitants might grievously aggravate the disasters of a retreat. The Austrian lines of communication lay then along the banks of the Po on both sides of the river.

It is manifest that, if the Emperor would direct his attack in the most effective way, he would assail the Austrian *left* at Piacenza: for, could he force a passage there, he would be on the Austrian lines of communication, would drive his antagonist on the northern road, and would intercept all those troops who could not gain the Adda before him. Such was the course of the first Napoleon in the same circumstances in 1796. Leaving a division to watch and threaten the Austrian right and cover the road to Genoa, he moved rapidly on Piacenza, crossed there; defeated the first Austrian troops that moved to oppose him; and endeavoured, by forcing the bridge of Lodi, to cut off the Austrian right. The movement was decisive, and freed all Lombardy from the enemy.

But a certain adverse fact prevented Louis Napoleon from imitating the illustrious example of his uncle; for the Austrians, in anticipation of such a movement, had not only, as we have seen, placed a corps across the defile of Stradella, but had erected a formidable intrenched camp on the right bank below the confluence of the Ticino. The Apennines, after receding from the Po round Alessandria and Novi, close in upon it again at Tortona, so that between the mountains and river there is a narrowing space of a few miles at the widest, in which lies the road leading to Piacenza. Should the French seek to penetrate that way, they would first be met in the narrowest part of the pass by the Austrian corps awaiting them there; while from the *tête-de-pont* of La Stella, and other passages over the Po, the Austrian columns would issue, separating them from Turin and Genoa, and forcing them back upon the Apennines.

If the French Emperor, deterred by these considerations from moving against the left, should attempt the passages on the Austrian centre and right in the space between the Scrivia and Vercelli, advantages so decisive were not to be hoped for. It was not likely that any of the Austrian troops could be thus cut from their communications; and the passage of so considerable a stream as the Po in presence of an enemy is always a doubtful operation. Nevertheless, that mode of operation would have possessed this inestimable advantage, that it would have covered both the French lines of communication (that to Genoa and that to Turin), while, if successful, it would have forced the enemy either to give battle, probably before his left wing could join him, or else to retire behind the Ticino.

Now, it is to be observed that the first method—that of advancing on Piacenza—required both generalship and resolution, but principally generalship. The second—that of

forcing a passage near the centre—required also both qualities, but principally resolution. A third course remained—that of turning the Austrian right by Novara; and as this was the course followed by the Emperor, and affords the first test of his quality as a leader, let us try to estimate the measure apart from the success which attended it.

The project was, first, by demonstrations on the right, to induce the Austrians to believe that the attack would be towards Piacenza; then to withdraw the army, with all possible speed and secrecy, to the other side of the Po by the bridge of Casale, and thence to Vercelli. The Sardinian army, which was already between Casale and Vercelli, was to cross the Sesia and cover this flank-march. The Austrians, under the false impression with which their own reconnaissance and the French demonstrations had inspired them, had withdrawn forces from their right to mass them on their left towards Pavia. Thus the line of the Sesia was almost unguarded, and it was calculated that the Sardinians, reinforced by a French corps, would be able to resist any force that could be directed against them in that quarter till the whole army should have passed Vercelli on its way to Novara. Should all this fulfil expectation, the movement was to be prolonged, the Ticino passed, and Milan occupied. Thus the problem of crossing the Po would be solved by effecting the passage at Casale, a point in the possession of the Allies; the passage of the Sesia and Ticino, smaller streams and less formidably guarded, would be an easier task; the seizure of Milan would entail great political consequences, and the two armies might put matters to the issue of a battle on the plains of Lombardy.

All the preliminary arrangements were executed with great skill and foresight. After the feint of advancing on Piacenza had been made, the 8d corps was transferred from Ponte Curone to Casale by

railway; the others moved along the roads bordering on the Po. Demonstrations were made along the river by troops left for that purpose, as if to prepare for a passage; and when the 1st corps, last of all, quitted its position near Voghera, it broke up the roads and destroyed the bridges behind it to prevent pursuit. It does not appear that any troops, except the 8d corps, were moved by the railway, which, however, must have been of great use in disembarassing the army of many of those encumbrances, the transport of which so often complicates military problems and perplexes generals.

During this movement from right to left, the Sardinian army crossed the Sesia and took a sufficiently well-chosen position, where it was reinforced by Canrobert with the 8d corps. These were destined to front the enemy, while behind the shelter they afforded the rest of the French army moved to the Ticino. But as soon as they passed the Sesia at Vercelli a new feature in the case became apparent. The French and Sardinians were dependent for their supplies and their connection with France on the two points, Turin and Genoa. It was there that they had accumulated their vast stores of provisions and ammunition, and established their hospitals; it was through these towns that reserves of troops must come to supply the waste of the campaign. Up to the time when the French army reached Vercelli, it covered its line of communication with Turin; but as soon as it advanced from Vercelli on the Novara road, it exposed that line to the incursions of the Austrians. True, the Sardinians and 8d corps, fronting towards the enemy, were intended to guarantee the movement; and they would probably have sufficed to make head against an advance of the Austrians towards Vercelli till the rest of the Allied troops should come into line. But even so the Allies would be fighting in what is termed a *flank position*—that is,

instead of covering their line of retreat by the *front* of their army, they would be linked to it by one flank only. The fault of such a position is, that, in case of defeat, not merely is the battle lost, but with it the means of retreating, rallying, and renewing the conflict. For if Napoleon's army were defeated while parallel to the road Vercelli-Novara, what was to become of it? Behind it rose the Alps and the neutral territory of Switzerland. From its last point of reliance, Turin, it would be separated, and the enemy would be on the roads to that capital. It is not too much to say that in this case the Allied host would have been ruined, and the King and Emperor captives or fugitives. Even could they have made the disadvantages of their position reciprocal, and entailed a similar fate on the enemy by defeating him, still prudent generals would hesitate before placing matters on such a desperate issue, except under sternest necessity. But such was not the case here. The Austrians, delivering battle on a front parallel to the road Vercelli-Novara, and being defeated, would have a secure retreat on Pavia, from whence they might at will retire on either bank of the Po, or pause to defend the Ticino.

That the Austrian Generals were aware of the advantage which the enemy offered them appears certain. Zobel, who commanded the corps on the extreme right, knew, by the information of his outposts on the morning of the 1st June, that the French were moving on Novara, and he urged Giulay to attack them. In fact, it was impossible for any Austrian to be ignorant of the advantages of the position, since they had been illustrated in the strongest manner by Radetzky in 1849. He too, commanding an Austrian army, had seen an enemy attempt to turn his right and seize Milan—he too, pushing across the lower Ticino on Mortara (round which Giulay's reserves now lay), had seen his enemy concentrate at Novara. He moved

to attack him. Charles Albert then, like Louis Napoleon now, was dependent on Turin, and the result of his defeat was the dissolution of his army, destitute of a line of retreat, and his own abdication.

The action of Palestro (fought by the divisions on the right of the Austrian line, and the Sardinians and 8d corps covering the Emperor's flank-march) took place on the 31st May. Up to that time the nature of the Allied movement had been concealed from Giulay—and even the presence of the Sardinians in force on his right did not reveal it, because they had hitherto formed the *left* of the Allied line; and on the supposition that they still formed the left, their advance might be meant as a diversion to cover a general movement across the Po about Valenza, or lower down. But on the 1st June there was no more doubt of the Emperor's design, since the Imperial Guard were known to be among the corps making for the Ticino. The distance from Vercelli to the bridge over that stream at San Martino is only twenty-three miles. The Allies took three days to accomplish it. On the 2d, Giulay might have brought three corps to bear on either portion of their divided forces. On the 3d, he might, had he acted promptly on the information gained on the 1st, have attacked them, still divided, with his whole army except the 9th corps. On that day Canrobert and the 3d corps were still between Vercelli and Robbio—the rest of the Allies about Novara, except a division directed on Turbigo. Had Giulay, then, been prompt and resolute in collecting his troops on the 1st and 2d, between the line Vercelli-Novara and Mortara, he might, on the 3d, covering his right flank with one corps, have attacked Canrobert and the Sardinians with 90,000 men; and should he defeat them, the Emperor's communications with Turin would be lost. All these operations were perfectly practicable; for though, as we have said, the general front of the Austrians

on the 31st May was towards the Po, yet their second line and reserves were near Mortara, and all the corps except the 9th were within an easy march of that town.

We grant, however, that Giulay might have expected the Emperor to begin the passage of the Ticino on the 8d at latest, and that therefore it might be judicious to direct his forces towards the enemy, not by the roads intermediately between the two rivers, but by that lying along the right bank of the Ticino, which would bring him on their flank during the passage. This he did, though much too slowly; and on the 2d his whole army, except the 9th corps—that is to say, five corps—was assembled in the space between Vespolate, Vigevano, and Garlasco. Had he attacked vigorously that day along the front Treccate-Novara, he would have engaged the Allies separated from the 2d corps, which was then crossing at Turbigo, and massed in considerable confusion, from the encumberment of baggage and disorder of the march, around Novara. But on the following day (the 4th) the greatest opportunity of all was offered to Giulay, had he still kept his position on the right bank. On that day the 2d corps and a division of the Imperial Guard were moving from Turbigo on Magenta; the Sardinians were following them; the rest of the Imperial Guard was passing at San Martino, to attack the bridges of the canal held by part of the Austrian 1st corps. Giulay could have fallen with his five corps on the 1st, 3d, and 4th French corps—that is to say, with 95,000 men on 60,000; and should he crush them, as he could scarcely fail to do, no success of the Allies on the other bank could avail to arrest their utter ruin.

The design of the Austrian commander, much less bold and decisive than that we have indicated, still promised great results. He trusted to the *tête-de-pont* of San Martino and the destruction of the railway bridge there to arrest the French

at that point, and to drive them to follow the movement of the 2d corps by Turbigo. While they were making this detour, he meant to bring all his forces to the *left* bank, and to draw up his army with its left on the Ticino and its right beyond Magenta. He calculated that he would thus defeat with superior forces all the Allied troops that had effected the passage at Turbigo, and would also take in flank any that might force the passage at San Martino, whose advance from the river, even should they be successful in crossing and establishing themselves on the bank, would be effectually checked at the canal (Naviglio Grande). The whole course of the battle of Magenta proves that this plan, if executed, would have been successful, and that the Allies would have suffered—certainly a defeat, probably a great disaster. His previous movements had been conducted in the following manner: On the 30th May, when his right was attacked at Palestro, he drew his second line closer to Mortara. On the 31st, when he ordered Zobel to retake Palestro, he had massed the three corps composing his second line between Mortara and Vercelli. On the 1st June, when he knew of the French movement on Novara, he, pivoting on Mortara, drew his three corps on to the arc Robbio-Vespolate-Vigevano, thus fronting the enemy; while the 5th and 8th corps were drawn from the Po, and directed on the Ticino at Bereguardo. On the 2d his troops were massed opposite the two points of passage, Vigevano and Bereguardo. On the 3d, then, the whole army would be across the Ticino—the three corps from Vigevano ready to form line at Magenta, the two that were to cross lower down the stream ready to come into second line—in fact, the whole army would be ready to deliver battle on the 4th, except the 9th corps, which, though moving towards the main body, was still between Pavia and Piacenza.

But the evil genius of Austria, who has so often played treacher-

ously the game of her French enemy, now took the direction of affairs. The troops were stopped on their march on the banks of the Ticino. Giulay himself says this halt was caused by "an incident which circumstances do not permit to be revealed." But it is known that Marshal Hess, an emissary of the Emperor of Austria, interfered at this time, and this interference was doubtless the cause of the check. Nevertheless Giulay's representations prevailed, and the advance was resumed. He trusted that the passage at San Martino would still be disputed by the troops of his 1st corps from Milan, long enough to enable him to bring his other corps into line of battle. But the *tête-de-pont* had been abandoned; the bridge was only injured, not destroyed, by the explosion of the mine; the attack of the French on the field he had selected was made when he had scarcely a third of his troops in hand; and at the close of the battle nearly half his forces had not reached their places in the line.

That the French Emperor knew nothing of the real position of the enemy's forces is evident from the following passage in the work under review. "It was necessary," says the narrative, in accounting for the Emperor's movements of the 3d June, "while establishing himself on the Lombard (left) bank of the Ticino, to hold still a strong position on the Piedmontese bank; for it was still unknown at the French headquarters what the design of Giulay might be, and the Emperor was not sure he would not be attacked in front. It was this uncertainty which prevented the Emperor from carrying, as he desired, all his forces to the left bank, and which determined him to choose for his line of battle the great line Olengo-Magenta, upon which his army was to be placed astride the Ticino."

The reader should now have some idea of the situation of the 3d June. Three French corps were on one side of the river, from Novara to

San Martino; two French corps on the other bank, the Sardinians following the movement to the left bank; the line of the Allies was further divided by the Naviglio Grande or Great Canal, which was no obstacle to the Austrians, who held the bridges; and next morning Giulay might throw nearly the whole of his forces upon either wing of the Allies. On whichever point the concentrated attack might be made, defeat would be nearly certain; so far as the communications of the Austrians with Pavia could influence the direction of their attack, they might make it indifferently on either bank; the attack on the right of the French about Novara would be most decisive, as cutting the Sardinians and MacMahon from their line of retreat; and that the concentrated attack was not made did not arise from any precautions taken by the Allies, nor from any failure on Giulay's part to estimate rightly the position of the two armies, and to make his dispositions for the attack, but from that unforeseen and unaccountable interference of the Emperor's emissary, which rendered the fulfilment of the design impossible.

We can now fairly estimate this flank movement by some other criterion than the success which attended it. We see that from the moment of quitting Vercelli the Allied army was connected with its last point of possible retreat, Turin, by a very slender and precarious link. Nevertheless, the fact that it was acting in one mass, while the Austrians were as yet scattered, and that its forces were on the whole superior, may be considered thus far to warrant the movement. But as the Allies advanced this slender link was strained more and more; the weight to be brought against it, on the other hand, increased hourly; till at last, by throwing his army astride the Ticino, Louis Napoleon lost the advantage of his superior force, and placed himself absolutely at the discretion of his adversary. Of course it was not to be expected

that the compilers of the French narrative would expose these errors in their Imperial master's strategy, but we should scarcely have supposed that scientific soldiers would venture to address others in this strain: "If, as was possible, this plan should be executed as it was conceived, great advantages would follow."

"The first of all was to cause Milan to fall into the power of the Allies."

"Next, if Count Giulay should attempt the passage of the Ticino at Bereguardo and Vigevano, the Emperor, master of the left bank of the river, could, with all his forces united, fall upon the isolated corps whilst they effected their passage."

"If the Austrian army should cross the river at Pavia, to retire by Belgiojoso and Pizzighittone, it would be obliged to execute a *vast flank movement* in face of the Allies united and massed, which might out it in two and drive it back against the Po."

The audacity with which the fact is here ignored that the Emperor was himself executing a vast flank movement, on the chance that if he were successful the Austrians might be forced to make one of the same kind, is hardly to be surpassed by military annalists. Any one who looks at the map can see that the Austrian communications could only be menaced on the supposition that Giulay should quietly retain his army in its original position towards the Sesia and Po till the Allies had reached Milan. Even in such a case the French communications were more exposed than his own. Throughout the movement, then, the Emperor was incurring an enormous peril for the sake of the chance of obtaining a very doubtful advantage. As to the importance of occupying Milan, those who speak of it seem to imagine that the acclamations of the populace of the Lombard capital would compensate for the loss of all those vast depôts of supplies which we have seen the

Emperor accumulating at the outset of the campaign, and his possession of which he was thus, in his very first movement, risking, not on his own skill nor the valour of his troops, but on the chance of the enemy's blunders.

We can now also appreciate the alternatives presented to the Emperor, and can consequently infer something of his quality as a general from his choice. To operate by the right towards Piacenza, to cross the Po on the centre, to turn the left, were all difficult, because the Austrian position was strong and advantageous. In fact, there can be no better condition for a defensive army than a flank position on a great river. It can only be turned on its inner flank at the price of the exposure of the assailant's flank. It can only be forced in front by downright fighting, and with the advantage on its side. If turned on the outer flank, it changes front, and covers its lines of retreat. That the Emperor should, under these circumstances, have chosen the most feasible, though the least decisive course, would have afforded no ground for blame. That he should prefer to cross the Po quietly at Casale, and concentrate on the Sesia, was perhaps the most judicious course he could adopt. It brought him unawares, in a combined mass, on the flank of the adversary's long line; but, in order to improve the opportunity to the utmost, and at the same time to comply with the most imperative rule of war—namely, to give his communications with his base the greatest possible security—he should have formed his troops on the Sesia, with their *left* on Vercelli, their *right* in front of Candia, and thence have moved on Mortara. These two operations might have been effected on the 30th and 31st May. The utmost that the Austrians could hope to do by the promptest decision and action, would be to bring their available troops into line for a pitched battle about Mortara. If they failed to do this, they would

be rolled up piecemeal, or must retire to a new line either on the right or left bank of the Ticino. Should they stand to fight anywhere between the Sesia and Ticino, they must engage without the 9th corps. And what more could the Emperor desire than to meet his enemy on equal terms, and having his own retreat on Casale and Vercelli secure? Master of Mortara, his next step would have been to take up the line Mortara-San-Nazaro, and to secure his communications with Alessandria and Novi by the four roads over the Po—viz., Porto Cornale, Gambarana, and the two at Valenza. He would thus have been absolutely secure; for the Austrians could not move against his communications by the right bank of the Po without giving him the opportunity of coming on their flank by the roads just mentioned. His only problem now would have been the passage of the Ticino, a river not a third as broad as the Po, with banks more favourable for concealing movements, and where his attempts must have been weak indeed if they exposed him to half the risk which he actually incurred in the passage between Novara and Magenta. It would appear, then, that he made the whole false movement—that is to say, the march from Vercelli to the Ticino—with the view of avoiding a battle and gaining Milan, if his errors should be undetected and unpunished. Nobody, we suppose, will venture to assert that he would not have hazarded less in advancing on Mortara than on Novara; nobody will say that he could gain more by moving on Novara than on Mortara. The one would have been legitimate, justifiable, safe, and skilful; what the other is we have endeavoured to show. We say, then, that his course in this case was essentially the gambler's course. It sought to evade difficulties by the aid, not of skill, but of chance. His own stake was enormous compared with that of the enemy; and not only the stakes, but the chances of

winning; were vastly against him. And the inference we draw from this specimen of his generalship is, that whenever he may, as a leader, again have a choice of alternatives presented where he must either overcome obstacles by resolute and persistent hardihood, or evade them at tremendous risk, his policy will be evasion.

Chance, however, stood his friend. His adversary had other enemies besides the Emperor to contend with—namely, Austrian counsellors and Austrian slowness. Giulay's forces, massed on the 8d, were dislocated on the 4th. The French fought gallantly; and though the day seemed to close on an indecisive battle, yet the morrow showed them masters of the field; and the Austrians, with their communications intact, whole corps as yet unengaged, and a great opportunity for retrieving their affairs still offered, abandoned Lombardy, and retired to the Mincio.

But while censuring, in spite of its success, the Emperor's plan, we must, in justice, say that the arrangements for its execution were excellent. The feint to the right, which preceded the general movement to the left—the prompt march and concentration—the precautions for securing the rear from molestation, and for deceiving the Austrians, and the guarded march between the Sesia and Ticino, were all operations that could not have been better performed by veterans practised in their art than by the Imperial novice. Giulay, on the other hand, though his plans were for the most part sagacious and scientific, seems to have failed most in the execution. His point upon Turin was very well designed, but marred by slowness, and rendered a failure by irresolution. His troops were well posted to guard the Po, except that his 9th corps, echeloned from Stradella to Piacenza, could not aid him if his right were attacked. His final design on the 2d for delivering battle on the Ticino, though we think he chose the

wrong bank, yet deserved to be successful. But though the preceding movements showed indecision, yet for the failure to concentrate at Magenta it would be unjust to blame him. The fault, as we have said, lay elsewhere.

The battle-field of Magenta is by no means a complicated piece of topography, and its features are easily understood with the aid of a map. Standing on the bank of the Ticino at San Martino, at the foot of the railway bridge, the spectator sees before him flat moist meadows on the left bank, terminated by a huge mound or rampart three-quarters of a mile off, and spreading in a wide semicircle. From the bridge of San Martino three roads diverge, piercing this mound at different points; that to the left, a low road nearly level with the meadows, runs to Buffalora; the centre road is raised fifteen feet above the level, and leads to Ponte di Magenta; the railway, three hundred yards from it, is similarly raised; and a fourth road runs from a lower point on the river through the mound at Ponte Vecchio, piercing it at twelve hundred yards from the railway. All these roads meet at Magenta, two miles behind the centre of the mound.

At first sight an advance by the road towards the rampart, in presence of an enemy, would seem absolutely hopeless. Troops and artillery posted there would sweep the whole segment of ground, and would concentrate a fire on the central roads. But, passing on, the mound is found to be the embankment of a canal, which runs close behind it in a deep cleft between steep bushy banks thirty feet high. The canal, very unlike those we are accustomed to see, is a deep rapid stream thirty yards wide. Thus troops lining the mound would have no retreat; and the defensive points were therefore limited to the bridges of the canal and a small space on each side—and a work armed with guns was constructed across the railway.

Louis Napoleon naturally felt the extreme disadvantage at which his troops would be placed in advancing over this flat open ground and along the raised roads, swept throughout by artillery, to attack the bridges by which alone he could cross the canal. He knew by information received on the 3d, that Giulay was coming up the Ticino, though he knew not by which bank to expect him, since the Austrian general was free to act on either. He concluded rightly, therefore, that there could be no considerable force of the enemy between the canal and Magenta, and he therefore resolved to wait till McMahon's advance had pressed these Austrian detachments back, before making his own attack, when he might hope that his own assault on the bridges, thus aided by MacMahon, would be a comparatively easy task. At length he heard the guns of his lieutenant towards Buffalora, and he at once sent the division of his Guard against the bridges.

MacMahon had been sent with his own corps and the other division of the Guard to cross at Turbigo. His advanced-guard passed both the river and the canal there with very little opposition. On the 3d, the passage was completed, and his advanced-guard drove the feeble Austrian detachments out of Robecchetto. From thence there are two roads, one leading by the bank of the canal to Buffalora, the other by Marcallo to Magenta. The space between the roads, from two miles to two and a half wide, is very much cut up with vineyards, groves, and wet ditches. So close is the country, that the only point visible on which to direct the march was the tall church tower of Magenta. On these two roads, then, the French general pushed forward his two divisions. The leading troops of that division which moved on the canal bank entered Buffalora without serious opposition; and it was their musketry which the Emperor had heard, and which he, supposing that MacMahon was seriously engaged,

took as a signal to launch his own troops against the canal.

But MacMahon, not knowing what force the enemy might have concealed in that close country, and seeing nothing of his other division towards Marcallo, resolved to halt and form line across the space between the roads, with the two divisions extending left and right, and to support them with his division of the Guard, before advancing further. To this end he recalled from Buffalora the troops already in action there; and thus the troops of the Guard sent by the Emperor against the canal were engaged, without support, in a bloody and for some time fruitless conflict.

Let us pause here for a moment to consider what would have been the state of affairs had Giulay made at this time an attack by either bank, such as his position on the morning of the 3d would have rendered easy of execution on the 4th.

First, if he had advanced with his five corps on the right bank against Novara and Trecate, he would have found before him in position three French corps and a division of the Guard. The French narrative, contemplating such a movement, says that in that case one corps would have opposed him at Novara, while two others would have fallen on his right flank there. This theory supposes, first, that a great army having two roads by which to attack its enemy's line would restrict itself to one; and, secondly, that an army already very inferior in numbers can keep two-thirds of its forces available for a flank attack, while the remaining third keeps in play the whole army of the enemy. Secondly, this marvellous way of making war having proved successful, the Emperor (says the narrative) would meanwhile have recalled the Sardinian army and MacMahon's force from the other bank of the Ticino to crush the enemy. Now, although MacMahon was so near the Emperor in space that they could hear each

other's musketry, yet they were separated in fact by two obstacles which could only be crossed, as they had been before, at Turbigo. He must therefore march fifteen miles before he could present himself in line. The Sardinian army, which had marched the day before from Palestro to Galliate, was now following MacMahon, and must also countermarch before it could help the French right wing. Under these circumstances, it is most probable that the Austrian attack would have prevailed before the Sardinians could have arrived—that they would have reached the field only to see the road to Turin lost; and that MacMahon never could have reached the field at all.

Scarcely less disastrous for the Allies would have been the position had Giulay's actual plan been executed. The Austrian army was to have been massed on the Magenta road fronting to the north. It is needless to say that, had it been assembled there on the night of the 3d, the left wing would easily have stopped the passage of the French right wing at the canal, or perhaps at the river, while the centre and right would have crushed MacMahon, cutting him probably from his bridge and rolling up the Sardinians, who were then on the march, but who did not arrive at Magenta till nightfall on the 4th. After such a success, the initiative would have rested with the Austrians, who would have been free next day to advance by Abbiate Grasso against the communications of the weakened Allies, unless they should already have begun their retreat across the Sesia.

But in the actual case only a part of the 1st and 2d Austrian corps were ready to meet the first attack. The remainder of the 2d corps, which had formed the head of the Austrian left wing massed at Vigevano, was the first reinforcement to arrive. The other corps had been marching most of the night to redeem, if possible, the time lost in the mysterious halt; and the 3d

and 7th, following the 2d from Vigevano, arrived in long processional array on the field, and, as they arrived, were directed piecemeal on the points where aid was most urgently needed. The 5th and 8th from Bereguardo only reached the field when darkness was closing the strife.

The general course of the battle, then, was this: The Austrians held the bridges of the canal on their left, and made head against MacMahon in front till he had deployed his whole force. Then his advance drove the defenders from Buffalora and the other two bridges over the canal. In the mean time, the Emperor's anxiety had been extreme. The division of the Guard was maintaining alone and with heavy losses the attacks on the bridges. The three French corps left to meet a possible attack on the side of Novara had encumbered the road with their trains, and reached the river slowly, and with intervals between them which were black abysses in time, threatening to engulf the army. Gradually, however, divisions from two of these corps came up to aid the Guard, and, in combination with MacMahon, seized the bridges and restored the connection of the French wings. The Austrian line now extended from Magenta on the right, into the space between the canal and river on the left, where the French 3d corps was opposing the Austrian 8d corps, which had crossed the canal at the bridge of Robecco. MacMahon, secure now on his right by his junction with the Emperor, brought his whole corps to the attack of the Austrian right in Magenta, and, after a severe struggle, carried the village; while the whole of his artillery (thirty-nine guns), arrayed on the railway, swept the Austrian line between Magenta and the canal. At nightfall the armies remained in presence of each other. The Austrians had lost the four bridges of the canal, but they retained that of Robecco, and with it the power of operating between the

canal and river. They had been reinforced by the 5th and 8th corps, not yet engaged; on the other hand, the French 1st corps and the Sardinians would reinforce the enemy's line. But the Allies still offered to a bold assailant the fatal defect of a flank position. If beaten, and the bridges recaptured, their left wing—perhaps almost their whole force—would be ruined. With such prospects of retrieving his affairs, Giulay had resolved to renew the battle on the 5th. But the dawn showed him the mortifying spectacle of his 1st and 2d corps, which had defended Magenta, already far from the field of battle, and on their way to the Adda. Nothing was left for him but a retreat, which he effected unpursued.

It is, of course, very doubtful whether Giulay, in renewing the battle, would have gained a decisive success. All experience shows that, with equal numbers, French troops can generally prevail over Austrians. The rifled guns also gave the Allies a superiority in the power, though not in the numerical force of their artillery. No Austrian corps was a match either for the Imperial Guard or the African regiments of MacMahon. On the other hand, the Austrian troops were better than the Sardinians, and the French losses had fallen heavily on their choicest troops. It was known at the time that the Emperor had beheld the slaughter of the Guard with dismay, and that his feelings on the night of the 4th were by no means those of an exalting conqueror; while the fact that no pursuit was attempted till the 8th, when two corps were sent against the Austrian rear-guard on the Adda, proves that the Allies were by no means in the best possible plight for a renewal of the battle.

But though there was sufficient reason on the 5th, in the superiority of the Allies, for Giulay's withdrawal from the field, there is no apparent justification for the abandonment of Lombardy. The 9th

corps was now at S. Angiolo, thus covering the line of retreat by Pizzighittone; and, by withdrawing with the main body to Pavia, he would again menace the French line of communication by Vercelli. Pavia and Piacenza were both fortified places; and, resting on them, he could manœuvre in security, while the original defects in the French line of operation, still existing, would continue to be aggravated with every aggressive movement beyond Milan. However, though his first movements seem to point to such a course, yet Giulay may have had sufficient reason for distrusting the spirit of his 1st and 2d corps. But whatever his reasons, they led him, on arriving at Pavia, to dismantle that fortress of artillery, to withdraw its war material, and to commence, by the roads of Crema and Cremona, a retreat towards the great stronghold on the Mincio. From the 8th to the 20th June the two great hostile armies continued to traverse the vast plains of Lombardy, with the interval of a march or two between their nearest troops, till on the 21st the French were in position on the *Obiese*, while the Austrians had, the day before, assembled on the eastern bank of the Mincio.

Half-way between these rivers the great battle of Solferino was fought on the 24th June, and a description of the region of which they are the boundaries is necessary for a full understanding of the circumstances that produced the engagement.

Taking these rivers, then, as the eastern and western sides of a square, the other two sides will pass, the northern along the edge of Lake Garda, being the road from Lonato to Peschiera, the southern from the confluence of the *Obiese* and Oglio to Mantua. If a line be drawn parallel to the upper *Obiese* on its eastern bank from Lonato to Castiglione, and then turns at an angle, traversing the square diagonally to a point on the *Obiese* above Mantua, it will be the line of demarcation

between the two very different regions that formed the scene of operations: for while all north of that line is hilly and undulating ground, all south of it is one unbroken level. The first district is indeed a kind of middle ground between the Alpine range and the valley of the Po. The last swells of the great upheaval are there subsiding, and partake of the fertile character of the plains; while close to their edge, like a calm sea bathing the roots of the cliffs, stretches the green expanse of vineyards, cornfields, groves, and meadows, with hamlets and farms embowered in trees standing like an archipelago in the sea of verdure. Near the middle of the line, where the hill region is about to subside, it suddenly shoots up to its tallest pinnacle at Solferino; and the traveller who passes along the shore of Lake Garda marks it as it stands conspicuous above the surrounding hills, crowned with the square old black tower which, from its commanding position, has been called the "Spy of Italy." It well deserves the name. From here the spectator sees through the transparent atmosphere Lake Garda lying like a turquoise in the brown setting of the Alps—eastward are the hills that bound the Adige on the other side of the quadrilateral—away on the Mincio are the towers of Mantua—southward across the Po the blue outlines of the Apennines in the Italian peninsula—while, looking westward, the panorama is completed by the great garden of Lombardy rolling past him at the bases of the hills he stands on, till on the extremest verge of the horizon he may almost fancy he sees the last level broken by the pinnacles of Milan.

In retreating through Lombardy, Giulay had halted his army behind the *Obiese*, and taken a position for battle. With three corps he had occupied the line of hills from Lonato to Castiglione—the remainder with the cavalry were thrown back in a line along the plain till

they covered the bridge over the Mincio at Goito. Thus the right might be expected to maintain itself in its commanding position, while in the plain superior numbers and cavalry would find an open field; and if the French were defeated at such a distance from their base, they would be compelled to a disastrous retreat, and would be forced to abandon all the ground they had conquered. If, on the other hand, the Austrians should be defeated, they had numerous bridges by which to regain the shelter of the Mincio. Moreover, by occupying this advanced position the 5th French corps, then in the Duchies under Prince Napoleon, would be prevented from effecting that junction with the Emperor which would be easy if the Austrians were behind the Mincio.

To this judicious plan the Emperor of Austria at first gave his concurrence; but as it had originated with Count Schlik, to him was intrusted its execution. The Austrian force opposing the French was reorganised; it was to consist of two armies commanded by Field-Marshal Schlik and Wimpffen, Giulay being removed from his command; and the Emperor was to be commander-in-chief of both.

But scarcely had this plan of defence been settled when it was abandoned. The Emperor was fearful of the consequence of defeat with a river at his back. It was determined, in conformity with the advice of Baron Hess, to defend the line of the Mincio. This was a course which Giulay had objected to, because the left bank does not throughout afford the means of observing what passes on the right, and an enemy might therefore mass his forces undiscovered to force a passage. We have little doubt that this objection was just. All experience tends to prove that it is difficult to defend twenty-five miles of river against a skilful and resolute adversary. On the other hand, the idea that prevails of the great disadvantage which an army is

under when it fights with a river at its back, is in great measure a delusion; for what better shelter can a discomfited army hope for than a river like the Mincio, if the passages be numerous and susceptible of defence? Here the rear-guards and artillery of the various retreating columns can stop pursuit, while behind the stream the disorganised masses are restored to order and confidence. And, looking at the map of North Italy, how is it possible for an army to deliver battle without a river at its back? Happy the army that has on the river a prepared line of retreat and means of defence.

The Austrian army, then, took position on the Mincio; but a change came once more over its counsels; the arguments against fighting with a river behind were set aside, and it was resolved to move and confront the enemy on the Chiese, though not precisely in the manner proposed by Giulay. One corps, Benedek's, was to move through the midst of hilly country: it was to oppose the Allied left there, and to advance on Lonato, while three corps skirted the edge of the hills by Cavriana and Solferino, and moved on Castiglione. Three other corps were to move across the flat region to the Chiese, where it was hoped the whole would direct a concentrated attack against the Allies supposed to occupy the bank from Montechiaro to Carpenodolo; while a division of the 2d corps from Mantua was to move round the French right, and join, by this flanking movement, in the general attack.

On the 23d July, the Austrians, having first felt their way by a reconnaissance, which, being imperfectly executed, gave them erroneous information of the position of the Allies, moved from the river in the intended order of march, and bivouacked that night midway between the Mincio and the Chiese. When they halted, the space included by the heads of their columns from right to left was of about

the same extent as their line of battle (some eight or nine miles), so that they could deploy from their line of march into fighting order on the ground they embraced. In the centre their most advanced troops were posted on the commanding height of the "Spia," where daylight would afford great advantage for directing subsequent movements: these brigades formed the apex of the army, which extended from thence backwards on the right across the hills to Pozzolengo, while, on the left, the heads of columns and reserve cavalry were on the plain from Cavriana to Goito, with an advanced-guard at Medole.

Totally unaware of the movements or design of the enemy, the Allies, in the early dawn of the 24th, had begun to advance across the scene of operations on the very same lines as their adversaries, and in an array much the same as they would have assumed had they known the position of the Austrians and intended to attack it. For while the Sardinian army moved through the hill region towards Pozzolengo, where the Austrian right under Benedek was posted, the Allied centre, consisting of the 1st and 2d French corps, followed by the Imperial Guard as a general reserve, was directed on the Austrian centre by the two roads (the one in the hills, and the other near it in the plain) which pass by Solferino and Guidizzolo. Thus the 1st corps was advancing directly against the isolated height of the Spia, while the 2d was moving close at hand in the flat region. The 4th and 3d French corps, forming the Allied right, were directed also across the open country on Medole and Castel Goffredo, while the flat space between MacMahon (2d corps) of the centre, and Niel (4th corps) of the right, was filled by the cavalry divisions. Thus the general direction of the Allied march was by diagonal lines across the field of operations, the left (Sardinians) being most advanced, and the right (Canrobert's 3d corps) nearest the Chiasso, as if

to guard against the meditated turning movement in that quarter, which had been begun on the 23d by one of Lichtenstein's divisions from Mantua. Such being the relations between the stationary Austrian line and the advancing front of the French, it was inevitable that they should first come into serious contact by their centres at Solferino. But though advancing on the same lines as the French, the Austrians were placed at great disadvantage by the fact that only the heads of their lengthened columns were on the field; for the corps in rear of Solferino and of Guidizzolo extended backwards towards the Mincio so far that they could not take their place in the line for some hours. On the other hand, the French, already in motion, in compact order, and at convenient distances for forming line, were in excellent condition for joining battle; and as they were in motion at three in the morning, while the Austrian arrangements did not contemplate an advance towards the Chiasso till nine, the collision had for the army of Francis Joseph doubly the character of a surprise.

No region in the world could be so filled with memories inspiring to the French as this. They had just traversed the fields of Lonato and Castiglione; before their right was Medole; away in the hollows of the hills above Verona was the famous plateau of Rivoli; on the other side of Verona, beyond the Adige, was the scarcely less glorious field of Arcola, with its swamps and causeways; and on the verge of the plain was Mantua, where Wurmser and an Austrian army had crowned by their surrender this chain of victories. The French soldiery had but to look at the colours of their regiments to read the military history of the surrounding country. Nor was it destitute of triumphant recollections for the Austrians, who left behind them on the Mincio the fields of later victories over the Italian section of their foes.

The Austrian troops on the Spia were very strongly posted against an attack in front. The old tower stands on a huge mound, on one side of which is an old castle; on the other, next the plain, a hill crowned with cypresses. Beyond the castle are a cemetery and chapel, enclosed by a wall, and standing on the verge of an abrupt slope, almost a precipice, descending to the general level of what we have termed the hill-region. Such was the position in its width of the Austrian troops on the Spia. In front the French could only approach either by a road from the plain through the steep streets of a village, the roofs of which are seen from the Spia, amidst groves and bushes that clothe the ascent; or else by a path along a ridge leading to the cemetery. Thus the tower formed the rearmost central point of the Austrian position on this eminence, making, with the more advanced points of the cemetery and cypress hill, a concave line, the hollow of which was closed by the troops in the steep village and in the broken ground around it. The post offered a most formidable aspect to an assailant; but it had its weak point. In rear the ground was precipitous; and the only communication between these advanced brigades and the supporting corps in rear was by a steep narrow road from the castle down to the village. Moreover, the slopes which ascended from the plain to the Spia were much less difficult to advance over than those in front. While, therefore, an attack in front would be difficult and dangerous for the assailants, they might render their task easier by advancing on these gentler slopes from the plain; and if they could surround the hill, its defenders would be isolated and lost. Also it was evident that the difficulty of communicating by the rear would prevent reinforcements from reaching the defenders of the post.

For these reasons — especially after viewing the ground—we have always considered it as a misfor-

tune for the Austrians that their centre should have advanced so far as Solferino. Had it halted on the 28d at Cavriana, the unity of their line would have been much more complete; while, on the other hand, the possession of the Spia would have been of little advantage to the French, since, being two miles and a half from Cavriana, it was too distant for guns to bear from thence upon the opposing line.

About the same time as the first French division, finding the Spia strongly occupied, formed for the attack in front, General Niel, marching in order of battle on the road to Medole, drove the Austrian advanced-guard from that village, and, pushing on, met the heads of two Austrian corps between it and Guidizzolo, on a line extending between the roads that pass through those places. MacMahon, filling with the cavalry the gap between Niel and Solferino, and seeing heavy masses of the enemy forming between Cavriana and Guidizzolo, halted, and remained long in doubt whether he would be most usefully employed in a direct advance to close the gap in the line, or in aiding the attack on the centre.

When the Emperor, roused from his quarters on the Chiese by the news of battle, reached the heights above Castiglione at half-past seven, he saw the stream of fire extending from Pozzolengo, where the Sardinians were engaged with Benedek, through Solferino, where the 1st corps was persisting in its attack, down towards Guidizzolo and Medole in the plain where Niel was gallantly making head against the first brigades which two Austrian corps could bring into action. Assured that he looked on no affair of outposts, but a general action, he at once galloped towards Solferino by the road on which MacMahon had advanced, hurrying at the same time the movement of the Imperial Guard in the same direction. The first corps was in need of support, for it found its task a difficult and bloody one. In vain Forey, the hero of

Montebello, and since Marshal in Mexico, had led his division again and again through the steep street of the village, which at each attempt was loaded with the wounded and slain of both parties—in vain Bazaine and L'Admirault seconded his fierce attacks—the Austrian brigades of the 5th corps gallantly maintained their position. But when the Imperial Guard arrived the aspect of affairs here was shortly changed. MacMahon was now secure on his right, since Niel had deployed towards him, and the cavalry filled the intervening space; he was free, therefore, to direct a great part of his corps against the troops in rear of Solferino; and thus, at this important point, nearly three French corps, and those the *élite* of the army, were brought against less than two Austrian corps. Nevertheless the hill of the Spia was still made good, till the Guard penetrated from the flank to the village in rear, and ascended the slopes from the plain. The defenders, thus surrounded, attempted to break through; the 1st corps, pressing on, stormed the points still held by the rear-guard, and many prisoners and guns fell into the hands of the French.

In the mean time, Niel, in the plain, resolutely confronted the constantly increasing forces of the enemy. Three Austrian corps were advancing towards him. That he was unsupported was owing to information received by the Emperor, and transmitted to Canrobert, of the intended attack on the flank by Lichtenstein from Mantua. Canrobert therefore held himself ready to meet this expected foe, and did not, till after some hours had passed without any sign of an enemy in that quarter, think himself at liberty to afford his colleague effectual aid. That Niel was enabled, under these circumstances, to hold his ground, was owing greatly to his own skill and resolution, and the bravery of his troops, but also in no small degree to the customary ill-luck of Austria. The columns of the left

wing were not only so far extended along the road to the Mincio that they could only come piecemeal into action, but were also destitute of the supreme directing authority necessary for any combined action and decisive success. The Emperor Francis Joseph had passed the night in his headquarters behind the Mincio. Rouse!, like his Imperial foe, by the sound of conflict, he too had made for the field, but, less fortunate than Napoleon, had wandered astray in the hills, and only arrived to find the battle already general, and in an advanced stage, and the corps already committed to action. During his absence the perplexed commanders of corps, knowing nothing of each other's movements or designs, could only move to the points where their aid seemed most needed. The result, of course, was a series of unconnected and indecisive engagements. Moreover, a whole cavalry brigade under Lauingen, of the force opposing Niel, had quitted the field without a blow, and retired to a distance beyond recall. Thus inferior in cavalry, the Austrians were also at a disadvantage in artillery, for the French rifled guns swept the field, and were an overmatch for the Austrian batteries. The Emperor of Austria, seeing then his centre thus rudely broken by the capture of Solferino, and by the subsequent advance of the three French corps upon Cavriana, resolved to retreat. As the French were pressing close upon his centre, he covered the withdrawal of his troops there by directing a general attack to be made by the corps in the plain. On his right he might feel secure: there the Sardinians had had the misfortune to engage Benedek, the most skilful and resolute of the Austrian leaders, who, meeting their too diffuse attacks in compact order, had pushed them back constantly towards the lake. He received with tears of vexation the orders of his Imperial chief to abandon the ground he had won and join the general retreat.

To a hurricane which arose suddenly at the close of the battle, raising whirlwinds of dust, and accompanied by a deluge of rain, the French accounts ascribe the unmolested withdrawal of the Austrians. But the Allied losses had been very severe, especially of their best troops; in killed and wounded, though not in prisoners, they had suffered more heavily than the enemy. Whatever the cause, however, no pursuit was attempted; the Emperor was content, as at Magenta, to see his foe leave him master of the field; and another proof was added to the many which exist, that the skill to gain a victory is a common possession compared with the ability necessary to render the gain decisive by pushing the vanquished to the uttermost.

Lichtenstein had never completed the turning movement for which he was destined, by appearing on the right of the French. His excuse was, that during his march he had observed the heads of the columns of Prince Napoleon's corps approaching from the south, and had therefore thought it expedient to disregard his orders and to prepare to oppose this fresh enemy. But the court-martial which investigated the case, thought, as most military men would think, that his plain duty was to obey orders and join in the general movement; and he was deprived of his command. Still, as the rumour of the part he was to take kept Canrobert for a long time from entering the line, the end was, perhaps, as well answered, under the circumstances, as if Lichtenstein had appeared on the field.

The record of the remainder of the campaign occupies but a brief space. The Austrians rallied behind the Mincio, but though it afforded adequate protection to a beaten host, its banks were not deemed suitable for more permanent occupation, and the army retired to the other side of the Quadrilateral, its wings taking post at

Verona and Legnago. The Allies followed slowly, and, while the Sardinians commenced the siege of Peschiera, the French crossed the Mincio, and took post on its eastern bank, to cover the investment. Both armies were now reinforced—the French by the 5th corps under Prince Napoleon, the Austrians by their 6th and 10th corps; and as the French must stand on the defensive till the besieged fortress should fall, the next great event to be looked for was an attack by the whole Austrian army on the position of the Allies.

The Emperor's dispositions to meet this onset were very judicious. But he was far from desirous to put matters to the further issue of battles. He professed to be apprehensive of the menacing aspect of Europe, and to think that France had done enough for glory. Probably the bloody and protracted engagements of the campaign, the sacrifice of so many of his best troops, and the doubtful issue of the conflict in which he must presently stand on the defensive against superior forces, with a long line of retreat behind him in case of defeat, are circumstances of the case sufficient to account for the abandonment of that portion of his programme, which had at the outset announced his intention to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. He made then his pacific overtures to Francis Joseph, backing them with the spectacle of his army ranged in order of battle; and they were not likely to be rejected. For though the Austrian monarch might on fair grounds hope to wipe out his late defeats in the approaching battle, yet he had other and new causes for anxiety. The French fleet had already effected a disembarkation of troops in Venetian territory, and the Quadrilateral might be assailed in rear. Hungary was, of course, about to change her state of chronic revolt for open insurrection, and the finances of the Empire were in a condition not far from desperate. A treaty of

peace would then be of advantage to all parties concerned, except the Venetian people and the Sardinian King.

We can now, on something like certain grounds, estimate the qualities of Louis Napoleon as General. But first we must eliminate from the problem certain contingent circumstances which had their share in the result. It would be unfair to French troops to estimate them as only equal to Austrians, for the cases in which they have established their superiority are so numerous as to render it incontestable. In this campaign, too, they had the advantage of their Algerian experience, and their leaders had been trained in the school of African warfare. The counsels of those generals must have been of immense service to the Emperor; while the other than military tenure by which he held supremacy over them, must have prevented their opinions or suggestions from ever tending to embarrass him. Since they could not be jealous of their Emperor, and since he had it in his power magnificently to reward faithful services, they had every inducement to place the fruits of their sagacity and experience at his disposal; while in matters of execution his position insured implicit obedience of his orders. Very different was the position of poor Gfûlay, whose subordinates could scarcely be expected to contribute largely to the reputation of him who had little power to reward them, and whom the most conspicuous of them might hope to supplant; while behind, and holding the strings that fettered his movements, was an Emperor without experience or weight, and who might, as he did, give ear to counsels prompting him to mar important designs in the moment of execution. It would be impossible that a plan of Louis Napoleon's, once settled, should be disturbed by such influences as affected Gfûlay's movements before the battle of Magenta. We should always take this into account in estimat-

ing, not merely campaigns between French emperors and Austrian generals, but all campaigns between responsible and irresponsible leaders.

The French mode of fighting in this campaign, made fashionable by the Turcos and Zouaves, was also of a novel character. The self-reliance and intelligence of the individual soldier, hitherto displayed chiefly in effective skirmishing, took the new form of independent onsets with the bayonet. The troops are described as excited beyond control, when on the verge of an encounter, and instead of waiting to be led, impelling their officers with them in their rush against the enemy. This mode of fighting may have its advantages in an intersected country, like that about Montebello, where the continuity of ranks must necessarily be broken at any rate; or in the attacks of villages like Magenta. But in the open field, against steady troops, it is of very doubtful efficacy. We cannot recall any example of Crimean warfare, where Russian stolidity allowed itself to be awakened to a due sense of the formidable nature of this mode of fighting; and possibly, if tried against British troops, it might appear in a still more dubious light. But whatever its merits, it has one undeniable drawback, that of causing inextricable confusion of troops at the close of an engagement. Thus, after Magenta, we are told that, not merely were regiments confounded, but whole divisions and even corps were mixed together and disorganised. Under such circumstances it is easy to imagine why there was no pursuit.

Anxious, then, to do justice to Louis Napoleon's abilities, we must admit, after deducting the advantages he possessed in better troops, better weapons, more experienced generals, and irresponsible authority, that he showed remarkable talent for conducting military operations. His movements were far from rapid, but they were very com-

plete. His orderly and careful advance on the morning of the 24th July, so different from the straggling array of the Austrians, was a main cause of the victory of Solferino. And, setting aside the policy of the flank-march to the Ticino, the march itself, though not faultless, was reasonably well conducted; while the preliminary feint and movement across the Po were excellently arranged. He showed, too, a right judgment in directing the mass of his force against Solferino. All these feats were surprising in a man who not only then first held a command, but who then first saw war, and who began his military career with directing two great armies. Nevertheless, we think the march to Magenta fatal to his character for generalship. We grant that at any phase of that movement, except when his army was astride the Ticino, he had a reasonable chance of assembling sufficient forces upon any point that Giulay might attack, to have a fair prospect of victory. But a gambler who should wager a hundred to one on an even chance would be as likely to win as to lose; yet, if he did lose, his stake would be enormous compared with his possible gain. And this was the case with the flank-march: it was showy, unexpected, and therefore praised as brilliant; but it was extremely perilous, and all the danger was run without the prospect of a corresponding success. Nothing but the fighting of his troops, and the friendly aid of that emissary from the Austrian Emperor to Giulay, extricated him from a position that might easily have been absolutely fatal. Neither was he forced into this dangerous course; on the contrary, by moving on Mortara he would gain all that the flank-march could possibly give him, and without risking his communications. We believe,

then, that the sole reason for incurring the danger was the hope of evading a battle. This is a very grave defect in the character of a commander, who, though he should, of course, be properly careful of the lives of his troops, should never hesitate to gain an adequate advantage by fighting for it. But it is a common thing to see generals, though regardless of their personal safety, yet nervously alive to the risk of engaging. Subsequent events seem to confirm this view of the Emperor's character. On the 5th June he hesitated, though with superior numbers and in face of a beaten enemy, to renew the contest, or to pursue. He equally failed to follow the retiring foe from Solferino; and, lastly, when another great pitched battle was imminent, he made his overtures for peace, forgetting alike his own proclaimed intention and the interests of his ally. Should he, then, take the field in another war, we should expect that his combinations would be well calculated, his movements methodical and accurate; but we should doubt the resolution, not of the man, but of the general, and we should expect that, opposed to a skilful and resolute adversary, prompt and ready to fight, he might play for a high stake and lose it.

In conclusion, we may remark that we could have made shift with less splendour in the volumes we have been reviewing for the sake of more accuracy in the figures and statistics, the confusion in which is sometimes misleading; and in a French work of such authority we should not have expected to find the position of a general out from his base spoken of as similar to that of "Melas at Ulm." If Melas was the general meant, the place was Marengo; if Ulm was the place meant, the general was Mack.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WILL do what I can for you," said Mr. Morgan; "yours is a very hard case, as you say. Of course, it would not do for me to give any opinion—but such a thing shall not occur in Carlingford, while I am here, without being looked into," said the Rector, with dignity; "of that you may be sure."

"I don't want no more nor justice," said Elsworthy—"no more nor justice. I'm a man as has always been respected, and never interfered with nobody as didn't interfere with me. The things I've stood from my clergyman, I wouldn't have stood from no man living. The way as he'd talk, sir, of them as was a deal better than himself! We was a happy family afore Mr. Wentworth came nigh of us. Most folks in Carlingford knows me. There wasn't a more industrious family in Carlingford, though I say it as shouldn't, nor one as was more content, or took things more agreeable, afore Mr. Wentworth come to put all wrong."

"Mr. Wentworth has been here for five years," said the Rector's wife, who was present at this interview; "have things been going wrong for all that time?"

"I couldn't describe to nobody what I've put up with," said the clerk of St. Roque's, evading the question. "He hadn't the ways of such clergymen as I've been used to. Twice the pay wouldn't have made up for what I've suffered in my feelings; and I ask you, sir, is this how it's all to end? My little girl's gone," cried Elsworthy, rising into hoarse earnestness—"my little girl as was so sweet, and as everybody took notice on. She's gone, and I don't know as I'll ever see her again; and I can't get no satisfaction one way or another; and I ask you, sir, is a villain as could do such a thing to hold up his

head in the town, and go on the same as ever? I ain't a man as is contrairy, or as goes again' my superiors; but it's driving me mad, that's what it's doing," said Elsworthy, wiping the moisture from his forehead. The man was trembling and haggard, changed even in his looks—his eyes were red with passion and watching, and looked like the eyes of a wild beast lying in wait for its prey. "I can't say as I've ever slept an hour since it happened," he cried; "and as for my missis, it's a-killing of her. We ain't shut up, because we've got to live all the same; and because, if the poor thing come back, there's always an open door. But I'll have justice, if I was to die for it!" cried Elsworthy. "I don't ask no more than justice. If it ain't to be had one way, I'll have it another. I'll set the police on him—I will. When a man's drove wild, he ain't answerable for what he is a-doing; and to see him a-walking about Carlingford, and a-holding up his head, is a thing as I won't stand no longer, not if it was to be my ruin. I'm as good as ruined now, and I don't care." He broke off short with these words, and sat down abruptly on the chair Thomas had placed for him in front of the Rector's table. Up to this moment he had been standing, in his vehemence and agitation, without taking advantage of the courtesy accorded to his misfortune; now the poor man sat down by way of emphasis, and began to polish his hat round and round with his trembling hands.

As for Mr. Morgan, he, on the contrary, got up and walked instinctively to the fireplace, and stood there with his back to the empty grate, contemplating the world in general with a troubled countenance, as was natural. Not to speak of his prejudice against

Mr. Wentworth, the Rector was moved by the sight of Elsworthy's distress; but then his wife, who unluckily had brought her needle-work into the library on this particular morning, and who was in the interest of the Curate of St. Roque's, was seated watchful by the window, occasionally looking up, and entirely cognisant, as Mr. Morgan was aware, of everything that happened. The Rector was much embarrassed to feel himself thus standing between the two parties. "Yours is a very hard case—but it is necessary to proceed with caution, for, after all, there is not much proof," he said, faltering a little. "My dear, it is a pity to detain you from your walk," Mr. Morgan continued, after a momentary pause, and looked with a flush of consciousness at his wife, whose absence would have been such a relief to him. Mrs. Morgan looked up with a gracious smile.

"You are not detaining me, William—I am very much interested," said the designing woman, and immediately began to arrange and put in order what the Rector knew by experience to be a long piece of work likely to last her an hour at least. Mr. Morgan uttered a long breath, which sounded like a little snort of despair.

"It is very difficult to know what to do," said the Rector, shifting uneasily upon the hearthrug, and plunging his hands into the depths of his pockets. "If you could name anybody you would like to refer it to—but being a brother clergyman—"

"A man as conducts himself like that, didn't ought to be a clergyman, sir," cried Elsworthy. "I'm one as listened to him preaching on Sunday, and could have jumped up and dragged him out of the pulpit, to hear him a-discoursing as if he wasn't a bigger sinner nor any there. I ain't safe to stand it another Sunday. I'd do something as I should be sorry for after. I'm asking justice, and no more." With these words Elsworthy got up again,

still turning round in his hands the unlucky hat, and turned his person, though not his eyes, towards Mrs. Morgan. "No man could be more partial to his clergyman nor I was," he said, hoarsely. "There was never a time as I wasn't glad to see him. He came in and out as if it belonged to him, and I had no more thought as he was meaning any harm than the babe unborn; but a man as meddles with an innocent girl ain't nothing but a black-hearted villain!" cried Elsworthy, with a gleam out of his red eyes; "and I don't believe as anybody would take his part as knew all. I put my confidence in the Rector, as is responsible for the parish," he went on, facing around again: "not to say but what it's natural for them as are Mr. Wentworth's friends to take his part—but I'll have justice, wherever it comes from. It's hard work to go again' any lady as I've a great respect for, and wouldn't cross for the world; but it ain't in reason that I should be asked to bear it and not say nothing; and I'll have justice, if I should die for it," said Elsworthy. He turned from one to another as he spoke, but kept his eyes upon his hat, which he smoothed and smoothed as if his life depended on it. But for the reality of his excitement, his red eyes, and hoarse voice, he would have been a ludicrous figure, standing as he did in the middle of Mr. Morgan's library, veering round, first to one side and then to the other, with his stooping head and ungainly person. As for the Rector, he too kept looking at his wife with a very troubled face.

"It is difficult for me to act against a brother clergyman," said Mr. Morgan; "but I am very sorry for you, Elsworthy—very sorry; if you could name, say half-a-dozen gentlemen—"

"But don't you think," said the Rector's wife, interposing, "that you should inquire first whether there is any evidence? It would make you all look very ridiculous

if you got up an inquiry and found no proof against Mr. Wentworth. Is it likely he would do such a thing all at once without showing any signs of wickedness beforehand—is it possible? To be sorry is quite a different thing, but I don't see—"

"Ladies don't understand such matters," said the Rector, who had been kept at bay so long that he began to get desperate. "I beg your pardon, my dear, but it is not a matter for you to discuss. We shall take good care that there is plenty of evidence," said the perplexed man—"I mean, before we proceed to do anything," he added, growing very red and confused. When Mr. Morgan caught his wife's acute eye, he got as nearly into a passion as was possible for so good a man. "You know what I mean," he said, in his peremptory way; "and, my dear, you will forgive me for saying this is not a matter to be discussed before a lady." When he had uttered this bold speech, the Rector took a few little walks up and down the room, not caring, however, to look at his wife. He was ashamed of the feeling he had that her absence would set him much more at his ease with Elsworthy, but still could not help being conscious that it was so. He did not say anything more, but he walked up and down the room with sharp short steps, and betrayed his impatience very manifestly. As for Mrs. Morgan, who was a sensible woman, she saw that the time had come for her to retire from the field.

"I think the first thing to be done is to try every possible means of finding the girl," she said, getting up from her seat; "but I have no doubt what you decide upon will be the best. You will find me in the drawing-room when you want me, William." Perhaps her absence for the first moment was not such a relief to her husband as he had expected. The mildness of her parting words made it very apparent that she did not mean to take of-

fence; and he perceived suddenly, at a glance, that he would have to tell her all he was going to do, and encounter her criticism single-handed, which was rather an appalling prospect to the Rector. Mrs. Morgan, for her part, went up-stairs not without a little vexation, certainly, but with a comforting sense of the opportunity which awaited her. She felt that, in his unprotected position, as soon as she left him, the Rector would conduct himself rashly, and that her time was still to come.

The Rector went back to the hearthrug when his wife left the room, but in the heat of his own personal reflections he did not say anything to Elsworthy, who still stood smoothing his hat in his hand. On the whole, Mr. Morgan was rather aggravated for the moment by the unlucky cause of this little encounter, and was not half so well disposed towards Mr. Wentworth's enemy as half an hour before, when he recognised his wife as the champion of the Curate, and felt controlled by her presence; for the human and even the clerical mind has its impulses of perversity. He began to get very impatient of Elsworthy's hat, and the persistent way in which he worked at it with his hands.

"I suppose you would not be so certain about it, if you had not satisfactory evidence?" he said, turning abruptly, and even a little angrily, upon the suppliant; for Mr. Morgan naturally resented his own temper and the little semi-quarrel he had got into upon the third person who was the cause of all.

"Sir," said Elsworthy, with eagerness, "it ain't no wonder to me as the lady takes Mr. Wentworth's part. A poor man don't stand no chance against a young gentleman as has had every advantage. It's a thing as I'm prepared for, and it don't have no effect upon me. A lady as is so respected and thought a deal of both in town and country—"

"I was not speaking of my wife,"

said the Rector, hastily. "Don't you think you had better put down your hat? I think you said it was on Friday it occurred. It will be necessary to take down the facts in a business-like way," said Mr. Morgan, drawing his chair towards the table and taking up his pen. This was how the Rector was occupied when Thomas announced the most unexpected of all possible visitors, Mr. Proctor, who had been Mr. Morgan's predecessor in Carlingford. Thomas announced his old master with great solemnity as "the late Rector"—a title which struck the present incumbent with a sense of awe not unnatural in the circumstances. He jumped up from his chair and let his pen fall out of his startled fingers when his old friend came in. They had eaten many a good dinner together in the revered hall of All-Souls, and as the familiar countenance met his eyes, perhaps a regretful thought of that Elysium stole across the mind of the late Fellow, who had been so glad to leave the sacred brotherhood, and marry, and become as other men. He gave but a few hurried words of surprise and welcome to his visitor, and then, with a curious counterpoise of sentiment, sent him up-stairs to see "my wife," feeling even while half envious of him, a kind of superiority and half contempt for the man who was not a Rector and married, but had given up both these possibilities. When he sent him up-stairs to see "my wife," Mr. Morgan looked after the elderly celibate with a certain pity. One always feels more inclined to take the simple view of any matter—to stand up for injured innocence, and do right the wronged—when one feels one's self better off than one's neighbours. A reverse position is apt to detract from the simplicity of one's conceptions, and to suggest two sides to the picture. When Mr. Proctor was gone, the Rector addressed himself with great devotion to Elsworthy and his evidence. It could not be doubted that the man

was in earnest for his own part, and believed what he said; and things unquestionably looked rather ugly for Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Morgan took down all about the Curate's untimely visit to Elsworthy on the night when he took Rosa home; and when he came to the evidence of the Miss Hemmings, who had seen the Curate talking to the unfortunate little girl at his own door the last time she was seen in Carlingford, the Rector shook his head with a prolonged movement, half of satisfaction, half of regret; for to be sure he had made up his mind beforehand who the culprit was, and it was to a certain extent satisfactory to have his opinion confirmed.

"This looks very bad, very bad, I am sorry to say," said Mr. Morgan; "for the unhappy young man's own sake, an investigation is absolutely necessary. As for you, Elsworthy, everybody must be sorry for you. Have you no idea where he could have taken the poor girl?—that is," said the incautious Rector "supposing that he is guilty—of which, I am afraid, there does not seem much doubt."

"There ain't no doubt," said Elsworthy; "there ain't nobody else as could have done it. Just afore my little girl was took away, sir, Mr. Wentworth went off of a sudden, and it was said as he was a-going home to the Hall. I was a-thinking of sending a letter anonymous, to ask if it was known what he was after. I read in the papers the other day as his brother was a-going over to Rome. There don't seem to be none o' them the right sort; which it's terrible for two clergymen. I was thinking of dropping a bit of a note anonymous—"

"No—no—no," said the Rector, "that would never do; nothing of that sort, Elsworthy. If you thought it likely she was there, the proper thing would be to go and inquire; nothing anonymous—no, no; that is a thing I could not possibly countenance," said Mr. Morgan. He pushed away his pen and paper,

and got very red and uncomfortable. If either of the critics up-stairs, his wife, or his predecessor in the Rectory, could but know that he was having an anonymous letter suggested to him—that anybody ventured to think him capable of being an accomplice in such a proceeding! The presence of these two in the house, though they were most probably at the moment engaged in the calmest abstract conversation, and totally unaware of what was going on in the library, had a great effect upon the Rector. He felt insulted that any man could venture to confide such an intention to him almost within the hearing of his wife. "If I am to take up your case, everything must be open and straightforward," said Mr. Morgan; while Elsworthy, who saw he had said something amiss, without precisely understanding what, took up his hat as a resource, and once more began to polish it round and round in his hands.

"I didn't mean no harm, sir, I'm sure," he said; "I don't seem to see no other way o' finding out; for I ain't like a rich man as can go and come as he pleases; but I won't say no more, since it's displeasing to you. If you'd give me the list of names, sir, as you have decided on to be the committee, I wouldn't trouble you no longer, seeing as you've got visitors. Perhaps, if the late Rector ain't going away directly, he would take it kind to be put on the committee; and he's a gentleman as I've a great respect for, though he wasn't not to say the man for Carlingford," said Elsworthy, with a sidelong look. He began to feel the importance of his own position as the originator of a committee, and at the head of the most exciting movement which had been for a long time in Carlingford, and could not help being sensible, notwithstanding his affliction, that he had a distinction to offer which even the late Rector might be pleased to accept.

"I don't think Mr. Proctor will

stay," said Mr. Morgan; "and if he does stay, I believe he is a friend of Mr. Wentworth's." It was only after he had said this that the Rector perceived the meaning of the words he had uttered; then, in his confusion and vexation, he got up hastily from the table, and upset the inkstand in the embarrassment of the moment. "Of course that is all the greater reason for having his assistance," said Mr. Morgan in his perplexity; "we are all friends of Mr. Wentworth. Will you have the goodness to ring the bell? There are few things more painful than to take steps against a brother clergyman, if one did not hope it would be for his benefit in the end. Oh, never mind the table. Be so good as to ring the bell again—louder, please."

"There ain't nothing equal to blotting-paper, sir," said Elsworthy eagerly. "With a bit o' blotting-paper, I'd undertake to rub out ink-stains out o' the finest carpet—if you'll permit me. It ain't but a small speck, and it'll be gone afore you could look round. It's twenty times better nor lemon-juice, or them poisonous salts as you're always nervous of leaving about. Look you here, sir, if it ain't a-sopping up beautiful. There ain't no harm done as your respected lady could be put out about; and I'll take the list with me, if you please, to show to my wife, as is a-breaking her heart at home, and can't believe as we'll ever get justice. She says as how the quality always takes a gentleman's part against us poor folks, but that ain't been my experience. Don't you touch the carpet, Thomas—there ain't a speck to be seen when the blotting-paper's cleared away. I'll go home, not to detain you no more, sir, and cheer up the poor heart as is a-breaking," said Elsworthy, getting up from his knees where he had been operating upon the carpet. He had got in his hand the list of names which Mr. Morgan had put down as referees in this painful business, and it dawned faintly

upon the Rector for the moment that he himself was taking rather an undignified position as Elsworthy's partisan.

"I have no objection to your showing it to your wife," said Mr. Morgan; "but I shall be much displeased if I hear any talk about it, Elsworthy; and I hope it is not revenge you are thinking of, which is a very unchristian sentiment," said the Rector, severely, "and not likely to afford comfort either to her or you."

"No, sir, nothing but justice," said Elsworthy, hoarsely, as he backed out of the room. Notwithstanding this statement, it was with very unsatisfactory sensations that Mr. Morgan went up-stairs. He felt somehow as if the justice which Elsworthy demanded, and which he himself had solemnly declared to be pursuing the Curate of St. Roque's, was wonderfully like revenge. "All punishment must be more or less vindictive," he said to himself as he went up-stairs; but that fact did not make him more comfortable as he went into his wife's drawing-room, where he felt more like a conspirator and assassin than an English Rector in broad daylight, without a mystery near him, had any right to feel. This sensation confused Mr. Morgan much, and made him more peremptory in his manner than ever. As for Mr. Proctor, who was only a spectator, and felt himself on a certain critical eminence, the suggestion that occurred to his mind was, that he had come in at the end of a quarrel, and that the conjugal firmament was still in a state of disturbance; which idea acted upon some thoughts in the hidden mind of the Fellow of All-Souls, and produced a state of feeling little more satisfactory than that of the Rector of Carlingford.

"I hope Mr. Proctor is going to stay with us for a day or two," said Mrs. Morgan. "I was just saying it must look like coming home to come to the house he used to live in, and which was even fur-

nished to his own taste," said the Rector's wife, shooting a little arrow at the late Rector, of which that good man was serenely unconscious. All this time, while they had been talking, Mrs. Morgan had scarcely been able to keep from asking who could possibly have suggested such a carpet. Mr. Proctor's chair was placed on the top of one of the big benquets, which expanded its large foliage round him with more than Eastern prodigality—but was so little conscious of any culpability of his own in the matter, that he had referred his indignant hostess to one of the leaves as an illustration of the kind of diaper introduced into the new window which had lately been put up in the chapel of All-Souls. "A naturalistic treatment, you know," said Mr. Proctor, with the utmost serenity; "and some people objected to it," added the unsuspecting man.

"I should have objected very strongly," said Mrs. Morgan, with a little flush. "If you call that naturalistic treatment, I consider it perfectly out of place in decoration—of every kind——" Mr. Proctor happened to be looking at her at the moment, and it suddenly occurred to him that Miss Wodehouse never got red in that uncomfortable way, which was the only conclusion he drew from the circumstance, having long ago forgotten that any connection had ever existed between himself and the carpet on the drawing-room in Carlingford Rectory. He addressed his next observation to Mr. Morgan, who had just come in.

"I saw Mr. Wodehouse's death in the 'Times,'" said Mr. Proctor, "and I thought the poor young ladies might feel—at least they might think it a respect—or, at all events, it would be a satisfaction to one's-self," said the late Rector, who had got into a mire of explanation. "Though he was far from being a young man, yet having a young daughter like Miss Lucy——"

"Poor Lucy!" said Mr. Morgan. "I hope that wretched fellow, young Wentworth"—and here the Rector

came to a dead stop, and felt that he had brought the subject most to be avoided head and shoulders into the conversation, as was natural to an embarrassed man. The consequence was that he got angry, as might have been expected. "My dear, you must not look at me as you do. I have just been hearing all the evidence. No unbiassed mind could possibly come to any other decision," said Mr. Morgan, with exasperation. Now that he had committed himself, he thought it was much the best thing to go in for it wholly, without half measures, which was certainly the most straightforward way.

"What has happened to Wentworth?" said Mr. Proctor. "He is a young man for whom I have a great regard. Though he is so much younger than I am, he taught me some lessons while I was in Carlingford which I shall never forget. If he is in any trouble that I can help him in, I shall be very glad to do it, both for his own sake and for —" Mr. Proctor slurred over the end of his sentence a little, and the others were occupied with their own difficulties, and did not take very much notice—for it was difficult to state fully the nature and extent of Mr. Wentworth's enormities after such a declaration of friendship. "I met him on my way here," said the Fellow of All-Souls, "not looking quite as he used to do. I supposed it might be Mr. Wodehouse's death, perhaps." All Mr. Proctor's thoughts ran in that channel of Mr. Wodehouse's death, which, after all, though sad enough, was not so great an event to the community in general as the late Rector seemed to suppose.

It was Mrs. Morgan at length who took heart to explain to Mr. Proctor the real state of affairs. "He has been a very good clergyman for five years," said Mrs. Morgan; "he might behave foolishly, you know, about Wharfside, but then that was not his fault so much as the fault of the Rector's predecessors. I am sure I beg your pardon, Mr.

Proctor—I did not mean that you were to blame," said the Rector's wife; "but, notwithstanding all the work he has done, and the consistent life he has led, there is nobody in Carlingford who is not quite ready to believe that he has run away with Rosa Elsworthy—a common little girl, without any education, or a single idea in her head. I suppose she is what you would call pretty," said the indignant woman. "Everybody is just as ready to believe that he is guilty as if he were a stranger or a bad character." Mrs. Morgan stopped in an abrupt manner, because her quick eyes perceived a glance exchanged between the two gentlemen. Mr. Proctor had seen a good deal of the world in his day, as he was fond of saying now and then to his intimate friends; and he had learned at the university and other places that a girl who is "what you would call pretty," counts for a great deal in the history of a young man, whether she has any ideas in her head or not. He did not, any more than the people of Carlingford, pronounce at once on *a priori* evidence that Mr. Wentworth must be innocent. The Curate's "consistent life" did not go for much in the opinion of the middle-aged Fellow of All-Souls, any more than of the less dignified populace. He said, "Dear me, dear me!" in a most perplexed and distressed tone; while Mrs. Morgan kept looking at him; and looked very much as if he were tempted to break forth into lamentations over human nature, as Mr. Morgan himself had done.

"I wonder what the Miss Wodehouses think of it," he said at last. "One would do a great deal to keep them from hearing such a thing; but I wonder how they are feeling about it," said Mr. Proctor—and clearly declined to discuss the matter with Mrs. Morgan, who was counsel for the defence. When the Rector's wife went to her own room to dress for dinner, it is very true that she had a good cry over her cup of tea. She was not only disap-

pointed, but exasperated in that impatient feminine nature of hers. Perhaps if she had been less sensitive, she would have had less of that redness in her face which was so great a trouble to Mrs. Morgan. These two slow middle-aged men, without any intuitions, who were coming lumbering after her through all kind of muddles of evidence and argument, exasperated the more rapid woman. To be sure, they understood Greek plays a great deal better than she did; but she was penetrated with the liveliest impatience of their dulness all the same. Mrs. Morgan, however, like most people who are in advance of their age, felt her utter impotence against that blank wall of dull resistance. She could not make them see into the heart of things as she did. She had to wait until they had attacked the question in the

orthodox way of siege, and made gradual entrance by dint of hard labour. All she could do to console herself, was to shed certain hot tears of indignation and annoyance over her tea, which, however, was excellent tea, and did her good. Perhaps it was to show her sense of superiority, and that she did not feel herself vanquished, that, after that, she put on her new dress, which was very much too nice to be wasted upon Mr. Proctor. As for Mr. Leeson, who came in as usual just in time for dinner, having heard of Mr. Proctor's arrival, she treated him with a blandness which alarmed the Curate. "I quite expected you, for we have the All-Souls pudding to-day," said the Rector's wife, and she smiled a smile which would have struck awe into the soul of any curate that ever was known in Carlingford.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was the afternoon of the same day on which Mr. Proctor arrived in Carlingford that Mr. Wentworth received the little note from Miss Wodehouse which was so great a consolation to the Perpetual Curate. By that time he had begun to experience humiliations more hard to bear than anything he had yet known. He had received constrained greetings from several of his most cordial friends; his people in the district, all but Tom Bowman, looked askance upon him; and Dr. Marjoribanks, who had never taken kindly to the young Anglican, had met him with satirical remarks in his dry Scotch fashion, which were intolerable to the Curate. In these circumstances, it was balm to his soul to have his sympathy once more appealed to, and by those who were nearest to his heart. The next day was that appointed for Mr. Wodehouse's funeral, to which Mr. Wentworth had been looking forward with a little excitement—wondering, with indignant misery, whether the co-

vert insults he was getting used to would be repeated even over his old friend's grave. It was while this was in his mind that he received Miss Wodehouse's little note. It was very hurriedly written, on the terrible black-edged paper which, to such a simple soul as Miss Wodehouse, it was a kind of comfort to use in the moment of calamity. "Dear Mr. Wentworth," it said, "I am in great difficulty, and don't know what to do: come, I beg of you, and tell me what is best. My dear Lucy insists upon going to-morrow, and I can't cross her when her heart is breaking, and I don't know what to do. Please to come, if it were only for a moment. Dear, dear papa, and all of us, have always had such confidence in you!" Mr. Wentworth was seated, very disconsolate, in his study when this appeal came to him: he was rather sick of the world and most things in it; a sense of wrong eclipsed the sunshine for the moment, and obscured the skies; but it was com-

forting to be appealed to—to have his assistance and his protection sought once more. He took his hat immediately and went up the sunny road, on which there was scarcely a passenger visible, to the closed-up house which stood so gloomy and irresponsible in the sunshine. Mr. Wodehouse had not been a man likely to attract any profound love in his lifetime, or sense of loss when he was gone; but yet it was possible to think, with the kindly, half-conscious delusion of nature, that had he been living, he would have known better; and the Curate went into the darkened drawing-room, where all the shutters were closed except those of the little window in the corner, where Lucy's work-table stood, and where a little muffled sunshine stole in through the blind. Everything was in terribly good order in the room. The two sisters had been living in their own apartments, taking their forlorn meals in the little parlour, which communicated with their sleeping-chambers, during the week of darkness; and nobody had come into the drawing-room except the stealthy housemaid, who contemplated herself and her new mourning for an hour at a stretch in the great mirror without any interruption, while she made "tidy" the furniture which nobody now disturbed. Into this sombre apartment Miss Wodehouse came gliding, like a gentle ghost, in her black gown. She, too, like John and the housemaid and everybody about, walked and talked under her breath. There was now no man in the house entitled to disturb those proprieties with which a female household naturally hedges round all the great incidents of life; and the affairs of the family were all carried on in a whisper, in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion—a circumstance which had naturally called the ghost of a smile to the Curate's countenance as he followed John up-stairs. Miss Wodehouse herself, though she was pale, and spent half her time, poor soul!

in weeping, and had, besides, living innumbrances to trouble her helpless path, did not look amiss in her black gown. She came in gliding without any noise, but with a little expectation in her gentle countenance. She was one of the people whom experience never makes any wiser; and she could not help hoping to be delivered from her troubles this time, as so often before, as soon as she could have transferred them to somebody else's shoulders, and taken "advice."

"Lucy has made up her mind that we are to go to-morrow," said Miss Wodehouse, drying her tears. "It was not the custom in my young days, Mr. Wentworth, and I am sure I don't know what to say; but I can't bear to cross her, now that she has nobody but me. She was always the best child in the world," said the poor lady—"far more comfort to poor dear Papa than I ever could be; but to hear her talk you would think she had never done anything. And oh, Mr. Wentworth, if that was all I should not mind; but we have always kept things a secret from her; and now I have had a letter, and I don't know what it is possible to do."

"A letter from your brother," asked Mr. Wentworth, eagerly.

"From Tom," said the elder sister; "poor, poor Tom! I am sure Papa forgave him at the last, though he did not say anything. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, he was such a nice boy once; and if Lucy only knew, and I could summon up the courage to tell her, and he would change his ways, as he promised—don't think me fickle or changeable, or look as if I didn't know my own mind," cried poor Miss Wodehouse, with a fresh flow of tears; "but oh, Mr. Wentworth, if he only would change his ways, as he promised, think what a comfort it would be to us to have him at home!"

"Yes," said the Curate, with a little bitterness. Here was another instance of the impunities of wickedness. "I think it very likely indeed that you will have him at

home," said Mr. Wentworth—"almost certain; the wonder is that he went away. Will you tell me where he dates his letter from? I have a curiosity to know."

"You are angry," said the anxious sister. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth, I know he does not deserve anything else, but you have always been so kind. I put his letter in my pocket to show you—at least, I am sure I intended to put it in my pocket. We have scarcely been in this room since—since—" and here Miss Wodehouse broke down, and had to take a little time to recover. "I will go and get the letter," she said, as at last she regained her voice, and hurried away through the partial darkness with her noiseless step, and the long black garments which swept noiselessly over the carpet. Mr. Wentworth for his part went to the one window, which was only veiled by a blind, and comforted himself a little in the sunshine. The death atmosphere weighed upon the young man and took away his courage. If he was only wanted to pave the way for the reception of the rascally brother for whose sins he felt convinced he was himself suffering, the consolation of being appealed to would be sensibly lessened, and it was hard to have no other way of clearing himself than by criminalizing Lucy's brother, and bringing dishonour upon her name. While he waited for Miss Wodehouse's return, he stood by Lucy's table with very little of the feeling which had once prompted him to fold his arms so caressingly with an impulse of tenderness upon the chair which stood beside it. He was so much absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not hear at first the sound of a hesitating hand upon the door, which at length, when repeated, went to the Curate's heart. He turned round rapidly, and saw Lucy standing on the threshold in her profound mourning. She was very pale, and her blue eyes looked large and full beyond their natural appearance, dilated with tears and

watching; and when they met those of Mr. Wentworth, they filled full like flower-cups with dew; but besides this Lucy made no demonstration of her grief. After that momentary hesitation at the door, she came in and gave the Curate her hand. Perhaps it was a kind of defiance, perhaps a natural yearning, which drew her out of her chamber when she heard of his presence; both sentiments sprang out of the same feeling; and the Curate, when he looked at her, bethought himself of the only moment when he had been able to imagine that Lucy loved him; that moment by her father's bedside, of which the impression had been dulled since then by a crowd of events, when she looked with such reproach and disappointment and indignation into his face.

"I heard you were here," said Lucy, "and I thought you might think it strange not to see us both." And then she paused, perhaps finding it less easy than she thought to explain why she had come. "We ought to thank you, Mr. Wentworth, for your kindness, though I——"

"You were angry with me," said the Curate. "I know you thought me heartless; but a man must bear to be misconceived when he has duty to do," the young clergyman added, with a swelling heart. Lucy did not know the fuller signification of his words; and there was a loftiness in them which partly affronted her, and sent all the sensitive woman-pride in her heart in arms against him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, faltering, and then the two stood beside each other in silence, with a sense of estrangement. As for Lucy, all the story about Rosa Elsworthy, of which she had not yet heard the last chapter, rushed back upon her mind. Was it to see little Rosa's lover that she had come out of the darkness of her room, with a natural longing for sympathy which it was impossible to restrain? The tenderness of the instinctive feeling which had moved her, went back

upon her heart in bitterness. That he must have divined why she had come, and scorned her for it, was the mildest supposition in Lucy's mind. She could almost have imagined that he had come on purpose to elicit this vain exhibition of regard and triumph over it; all this, too, when she was in such great trouble and sorrow, and wanted a little compassion, a little kindness, so much. This was the state of mind to which Lucy had come, in five minutes after she entered the room, when Miss Wodehouse came back with the letter. The elder sister was almost as much astonished at Lucy's presence as if she had been the dead inhabitant who kept such state in the darkened house. She was so startled that she went back a step or two when she perceived her, and hastily put the letter in her pocket, and exclaimed her sister's name in a tone most unlike Miss Wodehouse's natural voice.

"I came down-stairs because—I mean they told me Mr. Wentworth was here," said Lucy, who had never felt so weak and so miserable in her life, "and I wanted to thank him for all his kindness." It was here for the first time that Lucy broke down. Her sorrow was so great, her longing for a word of kindness had been so natural, and her shame and self-condemnation at the very thought that she was able to think of anything but her father, were so bitter, that the poor girl's forces, weakened by watching, were not able to withstand them. She sank into the chair that stood nearest, and covered her face with her hands, and cried as people cry only at twenty. And as for Mr. Wentworth, he had no right to take her in his arms and comfort her, nor to throw himself at her feet and entreat her to take courage. All he could do was to stand half a yard, yet a whole world, apart looking at her; his heart beating with all the remorseful half-angry tenderness of love. Since it was not his to console her, he was almost impatient of her tears.

"Dear, I have been telling Mr. Wentworth about to-morrow," said Miss Wodehouse, weeping too, as was natural, "and he thinks—he thinks—oh, my darling! and so do I—that it will be too much for you. When I was young it never was the custom; and oh, Lucy, remember that ladies are not to be expected to have such command over their feelings," said poor Miss Wodehouse, dropping on her knees by Lucy's chair. Mr. Wentworth stood looking on in a kind of despair. He had nothing to say, and no right to say anything; even his presence was a kind of intrusion. But to be referred to thus as an authority against Lucy's wishes, vexed him in the most unreasonable way.

"Mr. Wentworth does not know me," said Lucy, under her breath, wiping away her tears with a trembling, indignant hand. "If we had had a brother, it might have been different; but there must be somebody there that loves him," said the poor girl, with a sob, getting up hastily from her chair. She could not bear to stay any longer in the room, which she had entered with a vague sense of possible consolation. As for the Curate, he made haste to open the door for her, feeling the restraint of his position almost intolerable. "I shall be there," he said, stopping at the door to look into the fair, pallid face which Lucy would scarcely raise to listen. "Could you not trust me?" It looked like giving him a pledge of something sacred and precious to put her hand into his, which was held out for it so eagerly. But Lucy could not resist the softening of nature; and not even Miss Wodehouse, looking anxiously after them, heard what further words they were that Mr. Wentworth said in her ear. "I am for your service, however and wherever you want me," said the Curate, with a young man's absolutism. Heaven knows he had enough to do with his own troubles; but he remembered no obstacle which could prevent him from dedicating all his time and life to her as he

spoke. When Lucy reached her own room, she threw herself upon the sofa, and wept like a woman inconsolable; but it was somehow because this consolation, subtle and secret, had stolen into her heart that her tears flowed so freely. And Mr. Wentworth returned to her sister relieved, he could not have told why. At all events, come what might, the two had drawn together again in their mutual need.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, how can I cross her?" said Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands. "If we had a brother—did you hear what she said? Here is his letter, and I hope you will tell me candidly what you think. If we could trust him—if we could but trust him! I dare say you think me very changeable and foolish; but now we are alone," said the poor lady, "think what a comfort it would be if he only would change his ways as he promised! Lucy is a great deal more use than I am, and understands things; but still we are only two women," said the elder sister. "If you think we could put any dependence upon him, Mr. Wentworth, I would never hesitate. He might live with us, and have his little allowance." Miss Wodehouse paused, and raised her anxious face to the Curate, pondering the particulars of the liberality she intended. "He is not a boy," she went on. "I daresay now he must feel the want of the little comforts he once was used to; and though he is not like what he used to be, neither in his looks nor his manners, people would be kind to him for our sakes. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, don't you think we might trust him?" said the anxious woman, looking in the Curate's face.

All this time Mr. Wentworth, with an impatience of her simplicity which it was difficult to restrain, was reading the letter, in which he perceived a very different intention from any divined by Miss Wodehouse. The billet was disreputable enough, written in pencil, and without any date.

"MARY,—I mean to come to my father's funeral," wrote Mr. Wodehouse's disowned son. "Things are changed now, as I said they would be. I and a friend of mine have set everything straight with Waters, and I mean to come in my own name, and take the place I have a right to. How it is to be after this depends on how you behave; but things are changed between you and me, as I told you they would be; and I expect you won't do anything to make 'em worse by doing or saying what's unpleasant. I add no more, because I hope you'll have sense to see what I mean, and to act accordingly.—Your brother,

"THOMAS WODEHOUSE."

"You see he thinks I will reproach him," said Miss Wodehouse, anxiously; perhaps it had just glanced across her own mind that something more important still might have dictated language so decided. "He has a great deal more feeling than you would suppose, poor fellow! It is very touching in him to say, 'the place he has a right to'—don't you think so, Mr. Wentworth? Poor Tom! if we would but trust him, and he would change his ways as he promised! Oh, Mr. Wentworth, don't you think I might speak of it to him to-morrow? If we could—bury—everything—in dear Papa's grave," cried the poor lady, once more breaking down. Mr. Wentworth took no notice of Miss Wodehouse's tears. They moved him with sentiments entirely different from those with which he regarded Lucy's. He read the note over again without any attempt to console her, till she had struggled back into composure; but even then there was nothing sympathetic in the Curate's voice.

"And I think you told me you did not know anything about the will," he said, with some abruptness, making no account whatever of the suggestion she had made.

"No," said Miss Wodehouse; "but my dear father was a busi-

ness man, Mr. Wentworth, and I feel quite sure—quite sure——”

“Yes,” said the Perpetual Curate; “nor of the nature of his property, perhaps,” added the worldly-minded young man whom poor Miss Wodehouse had chosen for her adviser. It was more than the gentle woman could bear.

“Oh, Mr. Wentworth, you know I am not one to understand,” cried the poor lady. “You ask me questions, but you never tell me what you think I should do. If it were only for myself, I would not mind, but I have to act for Lucy,” said the elder sister, suddenly sitting upright and drying her tears. “Papa, I am sure, did what was best for us,” she said, with a little gentle dignity, which brought the Curate back to his senses; “but oh, Mr. Wentworth, look at the letter, and tell me, for my sister’s sake, what am I to do?”

The Curate went to the window, from which the sunshine was stealing away, to consider the subject; but he did not seem to derive much additional wisdom from that sacred spot, where Lucy’s work-table stood idle. “We must wait and see,” he said to himself. When he came back to Miss Wodehouse, and saw the question still in her eyes, it only brought back his impatience. “My dear Miss Wodehouse, instead of speculating about what is to happen, it would be much better to prepare your sister for the discovery she must make to-morrow,” said Mr. Wentworth; “I cannot give any other advice, for my part. I think it is a great pity that you have kept it concealed so long. I beg your pardon for speaking so abruptly, but I am afraid you don’t know all the trouble that is before you. We are all in a great deal of trouble,” said the Perpetual Curate, with a little unconscious solemnity. “I can’t say I see my way through it; but you ought to prepare her—to see—her brother.” He said the words with a degree of repugnance which he could not conceal, and which wounded his companion’s tender heart.

“He was so different when he was young,” said Miss Wodehouse, with a suppressed sob—“he was a favourite everywhere. You would not have looked so if you had known him then. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, promise me that you will not turn your back upon him if he comes home, after all your kindness. I will tell Lucy how much you have done for him,” said Miss Wodehouse. She was only half-conscious of her own gentle artifice. She took the Curate’s hand in both her own before he left her, and said it was such a comfort to have his advice to rely upon; and she believed what she said, though Mr. Wentworth himself knew better. The poor lady sat down in Lucy’s chair, and had a cry at her ease after he went away. She was to tell Lucy—but how? and she sat pondering this hard question till all the light had faded out of the room, and the little window, which was not shuttered, dispersed only a grey twilight through the empty place. The lamp, meantime, had been lighted in the little parlour where Lucy sat, very sad, in her black dress, with ‘In Memoriam’ on the table by her, carrying on a similar strain in her heart. She was thinking of the past, so many broken scenes of which kept flashing up before her, all bright with indulgent love and tenderness—and she was thinking of the next day, when she was to see all that remained of her good father laid in his grave. He was not very wise nor remarkable among men, but he had been the tenderest father to the child of his old age; and in her heart she was praying for him still, pausing now and then to think whether it was right. The tears were heavy in her young eyes, but they were natural tears, and Lucy had no more thought that there was in the world anything sadder than sorrow, or that any complications lay in her individual lot, than the merest child in Prickett’s Lane. She thought of going back to the district, all robbed and invest-

ed in the sanctity of her grief—she thought it was to last for ever, as one has the privilege of thinking when one is young; and it was to this young saint, tender towards all the world, ready to pity everybody, and to save a whole race, if that had been possible, that Miss Wodehouse went in, heavy and burdened, with her tale of miserable vice, unkindness, estrangement. How was it possible to begin? Instead of begin-

ning, poor Miss Wodehouse, overpowered by her anxieties and responsibilities, was taken ill and fainted, and had to be carried to bed. Lucy would not let her talk when she came to herself; and so the only moment of possible preparation passed away, and the event itself, which one of them knew nothing of, and the other did not understand, came in its own person, without any *avant-couriers*, to open Lucy's eyes once for all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Wentworth had to go into Carlingford on some business when he left Miss Wodehouse; and as he went home again, having his head full of so many matters, he forgot for the moment what most immediately concerned himself, and was close upon Elsworthy's shop, looking into the window, before he thought of it. Elsworthy himself was standing behind the counter, with a paper in his hand, from which he was expounding something to various people in the shop. It was getting late, and the gas was lighted, which threw the interior into very bright relief to Mr. Wentworth outside. The Curate was still only a young man, though he was a clergyman, and his movements were not always guided by reason or sound sense. He walked into the shop, almost before he was aware what he was doing. The people were inconsiderable people enough—cronies of Elsworthy—but they were people who had been accustomed to look up very reverentially to the Curate of St. Roque's, and Mr. Wentworth was far from being superior to their disapproval. There was a very visible stir among them as he entered, and Elsworthy came to an abrupt stop in his elucidations, and thrust the paper he had been reading into a drawer. Dead and sudden silence followed the entrance of the Curate. Peter Hayles, the druggist, who was one of the auditors, stole to the door with intentions of

escape, and the women, of whom there were two or three, looked alarmed, not knowing what might come of it. As for Mr. Wentworth, there was only one thing possible for him to say. "Have you heard anything of Rosa, Elsworthy?" he asked, with great gravity, fixing his eyes upon the man's face. The question seemed to ring into all the corners. Whether it was innocence or utter abandonment nobody could tell, and the spectators held their breath for the answer. Elsworthy, for his part, was as much taken by surprise as his neighbours. He grew very pale and livid in his sudden excitement, and lost his voice, and stood staring at the Curate like a man struck dumb. Perhaps Mr. Wentworth got bolder when he saw the effect he had produced. He repeated the question, looking towards poor Mrs. Elsworthy, who had jumped from her husband's side when he came in. The whole party looked like startled conspirators to Mr. Wentworth's eyes, though he had not the least idea what they had been doing. "Have you heard anything of Rosa?" he asked again; and everybody looked at Elsworthy, as if he were the guilty man, and had suborned the rest; which, indeed, in one sense, was not far from being the case.

When Elsworthy came to himself, he gave Mr. Wentworth a sidelong dangerous look. "No, sir—no—

thing," said Rosa's uncle. "Them as has hidden her has hidden her well. I didn't expect to hear not yet," said Elsworthy. Though Mr. Wentworth did not know what he meant, his little audience in the shop did, and showed, by the slightest murmur in the world, their conviction that the arrow had gone home, which naturally acted like a spur upon the Curate, who was not the wisest man in the world.

"I am very sorry to see you in so much distress," said the young man, looking at Mrs. Elsworthy's red eyes, "but I trust things will turn out much better than you imagine. If I can do anything to help you, let me know," said Mr. Wentworth. Perhaps it was foolish to say so much, knowing what he did, but unfortunately prudence was not the ruling principle at that moment in the Curate's soul.

"I was a-thinking of letting you know, sir," said the clerk of St. Roque's, with deadly meaning; "leastways not me, but them as has taken me by the hand. There's every prospect as it'll all be known afore long," said Elsworthy, pushing his wife aside and following Mr. Wentworth, with a ghastly caricature of his old obsequiousness, to the door. "There's inquiries a being made as was never known to fail. For one thing, I've written to them as knows a deal about the movements of a party as is suspected—not to say as I've got good friends," said Rosa's guardian, standing upon the step of his own door, and watching the Curate out into the darkness. Mr. Wentworth could not altogether restrain a slight thrill of unpleasant emotion, for Elsworthy, standing at his door with the light gleaming over him from behind, and his face invisible, had an unpleasant resemblance to a wild beast waiting for its prey.

"I am glad to think you are likely to be so successful. Send me word as soon as you know," said the Curate, and he pursued his way home afterwards, with feelings far from pleasant. He saw something

was about to come of this more than he had thought likely, and the crisis was approaching. As he walked rapidly home, he concluded within himself to have a conversation with the Rector next day after Mr. Wodehouse's funeral, and to ask for an investigation into the whole matter. When he had come to this conclusion, he dismissed the subject from his mind as far as that was possible, and took to thinking of the other matters which disturbed his repose, in which, indeed, it was very easy to get perplexed and bewildered to his heart's content. Anyhow, one way and another, the day of poor Mr. Wodehouse's funeral must necessarily be an exciting and momentous day.

Mr. Wentworth had, however, no idea that its interest was to begin so early. When he was seated at breakfast reading his letters, a note was brought to him, which, coming in the midst of a lively chronicle of home news from his sister Letty, almost stopped for the moment the beating of the Curate's heart. It took him so utterly by surprise, that more violent sentiments were lost for the moment in mere wonder. He read it over twice before he could make it out. It was from the Rector, and notwithstanding his wife's remonstrances, and his own qualms of doubt and uncertainty, this was what Mr. Morgan said—

"DEAR SIR,—It is my painful duty to let you know that certain rumours have reached my ears very prejudicial to your character as a clergyman, and which I understand to be very generally current in Oarlingford. Such a scandal, if not properly dealt with, is certain to have an unfavourable effect upon the popular mind, and injure the clergy in the general estimation—while it is, as I need not point out to you, quite destructive of your own usefulness. Under the circumstances, I have thought it my duty, as Rector of the parish, to take steps for investigating these reports. Of course I do not pretend to

any authority over you, nor can I enforce in any way your participation in the inquiry or consent to it, but I beg to urge upon you strongly, as a friend, the advantage of assenting freely, that your innocence (if possible) may be made apparent, and your character cleared. I enclose the names of the gentlemen whose assistance I intend to request for this painful duty, in case you should object to any of them; and would again urge upon you, *for your own sake*, the expediency of concurrence. I regret to say that, though I would not willingly pre-judge any man, much less a brother clergyman, I do not feel that it would be seemly on my part, under the circumstance, to avail myself of your assistance to-day in the burial-service for the late Mr. Wodehouse. —Believe me, very sincerely yours,
 “W. MORGAN.”

When Mr. Wentworth looked up from this letter, he caught sight of his face in the mirror opposite, and gazed into his own eyes like a man stupefied. He had not been without vexations in eight-and-twenty years of a not uneventful life, but he had never known anything like the misery of that moment. It was nearly four hours later when he walked slowly up Grange Lane to the house, which before night might own so different a master, but he had found as yet no time to spare for the Wodehouses—even for Lucy—in the thoughts which were all occupied by this unlooked-for blow. Nobody could tell, not even himself, the mental discipline he had gone through before he emerged, rather stern, but perfectly calm, in the sunshine in front of the closed-up house. If it was not his to meet the solemn passenger at the gates with the words of hope, at least he could do a man's part to the helpless who had still to live; but the blow was cruel, and all the force of his nature was necessary to sustain it. All Carlingford knew, by the evidence of its senses, that Mr. Wentworth had been a daily

visitor of the dead, and one of his most intimate friends, and nobody had doubted for a moment that to him would be assigned as great a portion of the service as his feelings permitted him to undertake. When the bystanders saw him join the procession, a thrill of surprise ran through the crowd; but nobody—not even the man who walked beside him—ventured to trifle with the Curate's face so far as to ask why. The Grand Inquisitor himself, if such a mythical personage exists any longer, could not have invented a more delicate torture than that which the respectable and kind-hearted Rector of Carlingford inflicted calmly, without knowing it, upon the Curate of St. Roque's. How was Mr. Morgan to know that the sting would go to his heart? A Perpetual Curate without a district has nothing to do with a heart so sensitive. The Rector put on his own robes with a peaceful mind, feeling that he had done his duty, and, with Mr. Leeson behind him, came to the church door with great solemnity to meet the procession. He read the words which are so sweet and so terrible with his usual reading-desk voice as he read the invitations every Sunday. He was a good man, but he was middle-aged, and not accessible to impression from the mere aspect of death; and he did not know Mr. Wodehouse, nor care much for anything in the matter, except his own virtue in excluding the Perpetual Curate from any share in the service. Such was the Rector's feeling in respect to this funeral, which made so much commotion in Carlingford. He felt that he was vindicating the purity of his profession as he threaded his way through the pathetic hillocks, where the nameless people were lying, to poor Mr. Wodehouse's grave.

This, however, was not the only thing which aroused the wonder and interest of the townspeople, when the two shrinking, hooded female figures, all black and unrecognisable, rose up trembling to

follow their dead from the church to the grave. Everybody saw with wonder that their place was contested, and that somebody else, a man whom no one knew, thrust himself before them, and walked alone in the chief-mourner's place.

As for Lucy, who, through her veil and her tears, saw nothing distinctly, this figure, which she did not know, struck her only with a vague astonishment. If she thought of it at all, she thought it a mistake, simple enough, though a little startling, and went on, doing all she could to support her sister, saying broken prayers in her heart, and far too much absorbed in the duty she was performing to think who was looking on, or to be conscious of any of the attending circumstances, except Mr. Morgan's voice, which was not the voice she had expected to hear. Miss Wodehouse was a great deal more agitated than Lucy. She knew very well who it was that placed himself before her, asserting his own right without offering any help to his sisters: and vague apprehensions, which she herself could not understand, came over her just at the moment when she required her strength most. As there were no other relations present, the place of honour next to the two ladies had been tacitly conceded to Mr. Proctor and Mr. Wentworth; and it was thus that the Curate rendered the last service to his old friend. It was a strange procession, and concentrated in itself all that was most exciting in Carlingford at the moment. Everybody observed and commented upon the strange man, who, all remarkable and unknown, with his great beard and sullen countenance, walked by himself as chief mourner. Who was he? and whispers arose and ran through the outskirts of the crowd of the most incredible description. Some said he was an illegitimate son whom Mr. Wodehouse had left all his property to, but whom the ladies knew nothing of; some that it was a strange

pelled to marry or lose her share; and after a while people compared notes, and went back upon their old recollections, and began to ask each other if it was true that Tom Wodehouse died twenty years ago in the West Indies? Then behind the two ladies—poor ladies, whose fate was hanging in the balance, though they did not know it—to see Mr. Wentworth in his cap and gown, pale and stern as nobody ever had seen him before in Carlingford, excluded from all share in the service, which Mr. Leeson, in a flutter of surplice and solemnity, was giving his valuable assistance in. The churchyard at Carlingford had not lost its semi-rural air though the town had increased so much, for the district was very healthy, as everybody knew, and people did not die before their time, as in places less favoured. The townspeople, who knew Mr. Wodehouse so well, lingered all about among the graves, looking on with neighbourly, calm regret, but the liveliest curiosity. Most of the shopkeepers at that end of George Street had closed their shops on the mournful occasion, and felt themselves repaid. As for Elsworthy, he stood with a group of supporters round him, as near as possible to the funeral procession; and farther off in the distance, under the trees, was a much more elegant spectator—an unlikely man enough to assist at such a spectacle, being no less a person than Jack Wentworth in the perfection of an English gentleman's morning apparel, perfectly at his ease and indifferent, yet listening with close attention to all the scraps of talk that came in his way. The centre of all this wondering, curious crowd, where so many passions and emotions and schemes and purposes were in full tide, and life was beating so strong and vehement, was the harmless dead, under the heavy pall which did not veil him so entirely from the living as did the hopes and fears and curious speculations which had already sprung up over him, filling up his

place. Among the whole assembly there was not one heart really occupied by thoughts of him, except that of poor Lucy, who knew nothing of all the absorbing anxieties and terrors that occupied the others. She had still a moment's leisure for her natural grief. It was all she could do to keep upright and support her sister, who had burdens to bear which Lucy knew nothing of; but still, concealed under her hood and veil, seeing nothing but the grave before her, hearing nothing but the sacred words and the terrible sound of "dust to dust," the young creature stood steadfast, and gave the dead man who had loved her his due—last offering of nature and love, sweeter to anticipate than any honours. Nobody but his child offered to poor Mr. Wodehouse that last rite of humanity, or made his grave sacred with natural tears.

When they went back sadly out of all that blinding sunshine into the darkened house, it was not all over, as poor Lucy had supposed. She had begun to come to herself and understand once more the looks of the people about her, when the old maid, who had been the attendant of the sisters during all Lucy's life, undid her wrappings, and in the agitation of the moment kissed her white cheek, and held her in her arms. "Oh, Miss Lucy, darling, don't take on no more than you can help. I'm sore, sore afeared that there's a deal of trouble afore you yet," said the weeping woman. Though Lucy had not the smallest possible clue to her meaning, and was almost too much worn out to be curious, she could not help a vague thrill of alarm. "What is it, Alland?" she said, rising up from the sofa on which she had thrown herself. But Alland could do nothing but cry over her nursling and console her. "Oh, my poor dear! oh, my darling! as he never would have let the wind of heaven to blow rough upon her!" cried the old servant. And it was just then that

blinding all over hysterically, came into the room.

"We have to go down stairs," said the elder sister. "Oh Lucy, my darling, it was not my fault at first. I should have told you last night to prepare you, and I had not the heart. Mr. Wentworth has told me so often——"

"Mr. Wentworth?" said Lucy. She rose up, not quite knowing where she was; aware of nothing, except that some sudden calamity, under which she was expected to faint altogether, was coming to her by means of Mr. Wentworth. Her mind jumped at the only dim possibility that seemed to glimmer through the darkness. He must be married, she supposed, or about to be married; and it was this they insulted her by thinking that she could not bear. There was not a particle of colour in her face before, but the blood rushed into it with a bitterness of shame and rage which she had never known till now. "I will go down with you if it is necessary," said Lucy; "but surely this is a strange time to talk of Mr. Wentworth's affairs." There was no time to explain anything farther, for just then old Mrs. Western, who was a distant cousin, knocked at the door. "God help you, my poor dear children," said the old lady; "they are all waiting for you down-stairs;" and it was with this delusion in her mind, embittering every thought, that Lucy went into the drawing-room, where they were all assembled. The madness of the idea did not strike her somehow, even when she saw the grave assembly, which it was strange to think could have been brought together to listen to any explanation from the Perpetual Curate. He was standing there prominent enough among them, with a certain air of suppressed passion in his face, which Lucy divined almost without seeing it. For her own part, she went in with perfect firmness, supporting her sister, whose trembling was painful to see. There was no other lady in the room except old Mrs. Western,

who would not sit down, but hovered behind the chairs which had been placed for the sisters near the table at which Mr. Waters was standing. By the side of Mr. Waters was the man who had been at the funeral, and whom nobody knew, and a few gentlemen who were friends of the family were in the room—the Rector, by virtue of his office, and Mr. Proctor and Dr. Marjoribanks; and any one whose attention was sufficiently disengaged to note the details of the scene might have perceived John, who had been fifteen years with Mr. Wodehouse, and the old cook in her black gown, who was of older standing in the family than Alland herself, peeping in, whenever it was opened, through the door.

"Now that the Miss Wodehouses are here, we may proceed to business," said Mr. Waters. "Some of the party are already aware that I have an important communication to make. I am very sorry if it comes abruptly upon anybody specially interested. My late partner, much respected though he has always been, was a man of peculiar views in many respects. Dr. Marjoribanks will bear me out in what I say. I had been his partner for ten years before I found this out, highly important as it will be seen to be; and I believe Mr. Wentworth, though an intimate friend of the family, obtained the information by a kind of accident——"

The stranger muttered something in his beard which nobody could hear, and the Perpetual Curate interposed audibly. "Would it not be best to make the explanations afterwards?" said Mr. Wentworth—and he changed his own position and went over beside old Mrs. Western, who was leaning upon Lucy's chair. He put his own hand on the back of the chair with an involuntary impulse. As for Lucy, her first thrill of nervous strength had failed her; she began to get confused and bewildered; but whatever it was, no insult, no wound to her pride or affections, was coming to her from

that hand which she knew was on her chair. She leaned back a little, with a long sigh. Her imagination could not conceive anything important enough for such a solemn intimation, and her attention began to flag in spite of herself. No doubt it was something about that money which people thought so interesting. Meanwhile Mr. Waters went on steadily with what he had to say, not sparing them a word of the preamble; and it was not till ten minutes later that Lucy started up with a sudden cry of incredulity and wonder, and repeated his last words. "His son;—whose son?" cried Lucy. She looked all round her, not knowing who to appeal to in her sudden consternation. "We never had a brother," said the child of Mr. Wodehouse's old age; "it must be some mistake." There was a dead pause after these words. When she looked round again, a sickening conviction came to Lucy's heart that it was no mistake. She rose up without knowing it, and looked round upon all the people, who were watching her with various looks of pity and curiosity and spectator-interest. Mr. Waters had stopped speaking, and the terrible stranger made a step forward with an air that identified him. It was at him that Mr. Proctor was staring, who cleared his voice a great many times, and came forward to the middle of the room and looked as if he meant to speak, and upon him every eye was fixed except Mr. Wentworth's, who was watching Lucy, and Miss Wodehouse's, which were hidden in her hands. "We never had a brother," she repeated, faltering; and then, in the extremity of her wonder and excitement, Lucy turned round, without knowing it, to the man whom her heart instinctively appealed to. "Is it true?" she said. She held out her hands to him with a kind of entreaty not to say so. Mr. Wentworth made no reply to her question. He said only, "Let me take you away—it is too much for you," bending down over her, without thinking what he did,

and drawing her hand through his arm. "She is not able for any more," said the Curate, hurriedly; "afterwards we can explain to her." If he could have remembered anything about himself at the moment, it is probable that he would have denied himself the comfort of supporting Lucy—he, a man under ban; but he was thinking only of her, as he stood facing them all with her arm drawn through his; upon which conjunction the Rector and the late Rector looked with a grim aspect, disposed to interfere, but not knowing how.

"All this may be very interesting to you," said the stranger out of his beard; "if Lucy don't know her brother, it is no fault of mine. Mr. Waters has only said half he has got to say; and as for the rest, to sum it up in half-a-dozen words, I'm very glad to see you in my house, gentlemen, and I hope you will make yourselves at home. Where nobody understands, a man has to speak plain. I've been turned out all my life, and, by Jove! I don't mean to stand it any longer. The girls can have what their father's left them," said the vagabond, in his moment of triumph. "They ain't my business no more than I was theirs. The property is freehold, and Waters is aware that I'm the heir."

Saying this, Wodehouse drew a chair to the table, and sat down with emphasis. He was the only man seated in the room, and he kept his place in his sullen way amid the excited group which gathered round

him. As for Miss Wodehouse, some sense of what had happened penetrated even her mind. She too rose up and wiped her tears from her face, and looked round, pale and scared, to the Curate. "I was thinking—of speaking to Lucy. I meant to ask her—to take you back, Tom," said the elder sister. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth, tell me, for heaven's sake, what does it mean?"

"If I had only been permitted to explain," said Mr. Waters; "my worthy partner died intestate—his son is his natural heir. Perhaps we need not detain the ladies longer, now that they understand it. All the rest can be better arranged with their representative. I am very sorry to add to their sufferings to-day," said the polite lawyer, opening the door; "everything else can be made the subject of an arrangement." He held the door open with a kind of civil coercion compelling their departure. The familiar room they were in no longer belonged to the Miss Wodehouses. Lucy drew her arm out of Mr. Wentworth's, and took her sister's hand.

"You will be our representative," she said to him, out of the fullness of her heart. When the door closed, the Perpetual Curate took up his position, facing them all with looks more lofty than belonged even to his Wentworth blood. They had kept him from exercising his office at his friend's grave, but nobody could take from him the still nobler duty of defending the oppressed.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART II.

THE ITALIANS AND THEIR EMPEROR.

ADMIRAL DALRYMPLE tells us, amongst his experiences as a farmer, that he gave twenty pounds for a dung-hill, "and he'd give ten more to any one who'd tell him what to do with it." I strongly suspect this is pretty much the case with the Italians as regards their fleet. There it is—at least, there is the beginning of it; and when it shall be complete, where is it to go? what is it to protect? whom to attack?

The very last thing Italians have in their minds is a war with England. If we have not done them any great or efficient service, we have always spoken evilly of them, and bade them a God-speed. But, besides a certain goodwill that they feel for us, they entertain—as a nation with a very extended and ill-protected coast-line ought—a considerable dread of a maritime power that could close every port they possess, and lay some very important towns in ashes.

Now, it is exactly by the possession of a fleet that, in any future war between England and France, these people may be obliged to ally themselves against France. The French will want them in the Mediterranean, and they cannot refuse when called on.

Count Cavour always kept telling our Foreign Office, "a strong Italy is the best thing in the world for you. A strong Italy is the surest of all barriers against France." There may be some truth in the assertion if Italy could spring at once—Minerva fashion—all armed and ready for combat, and stand out as a first-rate power in Europe; but to do this requires years of preparation, long years too; and it is precisely in these years of interval that France can become all-dominant in Italy

—the master—and the not very merciful master of her destinies in everything. France has the guardianship of Italy—with this addition, that she can make the minority last as long as she pleases.

Perhaps my Garibaldian companion has impregnated me with an unreasonable amount of anti-French susceptibility, for certainly he abuses our dear Allies with a zeal and a gusto that does one's heart good to listen to; and I do feel like that honest Bull, commemorated by Mathews, "that I hate prejudice—I hate the French." So it is: these revolutionists, these levellers, these men of the people, are never weary of reviling the French Emperor for being a *parvenu*. Human inconsistency cannot go much farther than this. Not but I perfectly agree with my Garibaldian, that we have all agreed to take the most absurdly exaggerated estimate of the Emperor's ability. Except in some attempts, and not always successful attempts to carry out the policy and plans of the vast Empire, there is really nothing that deserves the name of statesmanship in his career. Wherever he has ventured on a policy, and accompanied it by a prediction, it has been a failure. Witness the proud declaration of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, with its corroboration in the Treaty of Villafranca! The Emperor, in his policy, resembles one of those whist-players who never plan a game, but play trick by trick, and rather hope to win by discovering a revoke than from any honest success of their own hand. It is all the sharp practice of statescraft that he employs: nor has he many resources in cunning. The same dodge that served him in the

Crimea he revived at Villafranca. It is always the same ace he has in his sleeve!

The most ardent Imperialist will not pretend to say that he knows his road out of Rome or Mexico, or even Madagascar. For small intrigue, short speeches to deputations, and mock stag-hunts, he has not his superior anywhere. And now, here we are in Genoa, at the Hotel Feder, where poor O'Connell died, and there's no fleet, not a frigate, in the port.

"Where are they?"

"At Spezia."

"Where is Spezia?"

The landlord, to whom this question is propounded, takes out of a pigeon-hole of his desk a large map and unfolds it, saying, proudly, "There, sir, that is Spezia—a harbour that could hold Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and Brest, and Cherbourg"—I'm not sure he didn't say Calais—"and yet have room for

our Italian fleet, which, in two years' time, will be one of the first in Europe."

"The ships are building, I suppose?" said I.

"They are."

"And where?"

"In America, at Toulon, and in England."

"None in Italy?"

"Pardon me; there is a corvette on the stocks at Leghorn, and they are repairing a boiler at Genoa. Ah! Signor John Bull, take care; we have iron and coal mines, we have oak and hemp, and tallow and tar. There was a winged lion once that swept the seas before people sang 'Rule Britannia.' History is going to repeat itself."

"Let me be called at eight to-morrow morning, and my coffee be ready by nine."

"And we shall want a vetturino for Spezia," added my Garibaldian; "let him be here by eleven."

GARIBALDI'S WORSHIPPERS.

The road from Genoa to Spezia is one of the most beautiful in Europe. As the Apennines descend to the sea they form innumerable little bays and creeks, alongside of which the road winds—now coasting the very shore, now soaring aloft on high-perched cliffs, and looking down into deep dells, or to the waving tops of tall pine-trees. Seaward, it is a succession of yellow-stranded bays, land-locked and narrow; and on the land side are innumerable valleys, some waving with horse-chestnut and olive, and others, stern and rock-bound, but varying in colour from the bluish grey of marble to every shade of porphyry.

For several miles after we left Genoa, the road presented a succession of handsome villas, which, neglected and uncared for, and in most part untenanted, were yet so characteristically Italian in all their vastness—their massive style and spacious plan—as to be great ornaments

of the scenery. Their gardens, too—such glorious wildernesses of rich profusion—where the fig and the oleander, the vine and the orange, tangle and intertwine, and cactuses, that would form the wonder of our conservatories, are trained into hedgerows, to protect cabbages. My companion pointed out to me one of these villas on a little jutting promontory of rock, with a narrow bay on one side, almost hidden by the overhanging chestnut-trees. "That," said he, "is the Villa Spinola. It was from there, after a supper with his friend Vecchi, that Garibaldi sailed on his expedition to Marsala. A sort of decent secrecy was maintained as to the departure of the expedition; but the cheers of those on shore, as the boats pulled off, told that the brave buccaneers carried with them the heartfelt good wishes of their countrymen." Wandering on in his talk from the campaign of Sicily and Calabria, my companion

spoke of the last wild freak of Garibaldi and the day of Aspromonte, and finally, of the hero's imprisonment at Varignano, in the Gulf of Spezia.

It appeared from his account that the poor wounded sufferer would have fared very ill, had it not been for the provident kindness and care of his friends in England, who supplied him with everything he could want and a great deal he could by no possibility make use of. Wine of every kind, for instance, was largely sent to one who was a confirmed water-drinker, and who, except when obliged by the impure state of the water, never ventured to taste wine. If now and then the zealous anxiety to be of service had its ludicrous side—and packages arrived of which all the ingenuity of the General's followers failed to detect what the meaning might be—there was something very noble and very touching in this spontaneous sympathy of a whole people, and so Garibaldi felt it.

The personal homage of the admirers—the worshippers they might be called—was, however, an infliction that often pushed the patience of Garibaldi's followers to its limit, and would have overcome the gentle forbearance of any other living creature than Garibaldi himself. They came in shoals. Steam-boats and diligences were crammed with them, and the boatmen of Spezia plied as thriving a trade that summer as though Garibaldi were a saint, at whose shrine the devout of all Europe came to worship. In vain obstacles were multiplied and difficulties to entrance invented. In vain it was declared that only a certain number of visitors were daily admitted, and that the number was already complete. In vain the doctors announced that the General's condition was prejudiced, and his feverish state increased by these continual invasions. Each new arrival was sure to imagine that there was something special or peculiar in his case to make him an exception to any rule of exclusion.

"I knew Garibaldi in Monte Video. You have only to tell him it's Tomkins; he'll be overjoyed to see me." "I travelled with him from Manchester to Bridport; he'll remember me when he sees me; I lent him a wrapper in the train." "I knew his son Menotti when at school." "I was in New York when Garibaldi was a chandler, and I was always asking for his candles;" such and suchlike were the claims which would not be denied. At last the infliction became insupportable. Some nights of unusual pain and suffering required that every precaution against excitement should be taken, and measures were accordingly concerted how visitors should be totally excluded. There was this difficulty in the matter, that it might fall at this precise moment some person of real consequence might arrive, or some one whose presence Garibaldi would really have been well pleased to enjoy. All these considerations were, however, postponed to the patient's safety, and an order was sent to the several hotels where strangers usually stopped to announce that Garibaldi could not be seen.

"There was a story," said my companion, "which I have heard more than once of this period, but for whose authenticity I will certainly not vouch. *Se non vero e' ben trovato*, as regards the circumstance. It was said that a party of English ladies had arrived at the chief hotel, having come as a deputation from some heaven-knows-what association in England, to see the General, and make their own report on his health, his appearance, and what they deemed his prospect of perfect recovery. They had come a very long journey, endured a considerable share of fatigues and certain police attentions, which are not exactly what are called amenities. They had come, besides, on an errand which might warrant a degree of insistence even were they—which they were not—of an order that patiently puts up with denial. When their demand for admission

was replied to by a reference to the general order excluding all visitors, they indignantly refused to be classed in such a category. They were not idle tourists, or sensation-hunting travellers. They were a deputation! They came from the Associated Brothers and Sisters of Freedom—from the Branch Committee of the Ear of Crying Nationalities—they were not to be sent away in this light and thoughtless manner.

"The correspondence was animated. It lasted the whole day, and the last-sent epistle of the ladies bore the date of half-past eleven at night. This was a document of startling import; for, after expressing, and not always in most measured phrase, the indignant disappointment of the writers, it went on to throw out, but in a cloud-like misty sort of way, the terrible consequences that might ensue when they returned to England with the story of their rejection.

"Perhaps this was a mere chance shot; at all events, it decided the battle. The Garibaldians read it as a declaration of strict blockade; and that, from the hour of these ladies' arrival in England, all supplies would be stopped. Now, as it happened that, in by far the greater number of cases, the articles sent out found their way to the suite of Garibaldi, not to the General himself, and that cambric shirts and choice hosiery, silk vests and furlined slippers, became the ordinary wear of people to whom such luxuries were not known even by description, it was no mean menace that seemed to declare all this was to have an end.

"One used to sleep in a rich fur dressing-gown; another took a bottle of Arundel's port at his breakfast; a third was habituating himself to that English liqueur called 'Punch sauce,' and so on; and very reasonably disliked coming back to the dietary supplied by Victor Emmanuel.

"It was in this critical emergency that an inventive genius developed itself. There was amongst the

suite of Garibaldi an old surgeon, Ripari, one of the most faithful and attached of all his followers, and who bore that amount of resemblance to Garibaldi which could be imparted by hair, mustache, and beard of the same yellowish-red colour, and eyes somewhat closely set. To put the doctor in bed, and make him personate the General, was the plan—a plan which, as it was meant to save his chief some annoyance, he would have acceded to were it to cost him far more than was now intended.

"To the half-darkened room, therefore, where Ripari lay dressed in his habitual red shirt, propped up by pillows, the deputation was introduced. The sight of the hero was, however, too much for them. One dropped, Madonna-wise, with hands clasped across her bosom, at the foot of his bed; another fainted as she passed the threshold; a third gained the bedside to grasp his hand, and sank down in an ecstasy of devotion to water it with her tears; while the strong-minded woman of the party took out her scissors and cut four several locks off that dear and noble head. They sobbed over him—they blubbered over him—they compared him with his photograph, and declared he was libelled—they showered cards over him to get his autograph; and when, at length, by persuasion, not unassisted by mild violence, they were induced to withdraw, they declared that, for those few moments of ecstasy, they'd have willingly made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

"It is said," continued my informant, "that Ripari never could be induced to give another representation; and that he declared the luxuries that came from England were dear at the cost of being caressed by a deputation of sympathisers.

"But to Garibaldi himself, the sympathy and the sympathisers went on to the last; and kind wishes and winter-clothing still find their way, with occasionally very tiresome visitors, to the lone rock at Caprera.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOLFERINO AND SHIPS.

Our host of the Feder was not wrong. There was not a word of exaggeration in what he said of Spezia. It could contain all the harbours of France and England, and have room for all the fleets of Europe besides. About seven miles in depth, and varying in width from two to three and a half, it is fissured on every side by beautiful little bays, with deep water everywhere, and not a sunk rock, or shoal, or a bar, throughout the whole extent. Even the sea-opening of the Gulf has its protection by the long coastline of Tuscany, stretching away to the southward and eastward, so that the security is perfect, and a vessel once anchored within the headlands between Lerici and Palmaria is as safe as in dock.

The first idea of making a great arsenal and naval depot of Spezia came from the Great Emperor. It is said that he was not more than one day there, but in that time he planned the fort which bears his name, and showed how the port could be rendered all but impregnable. Cavour took up the notion, and pursued it with all his wonted energy and activity during the last three or four years of his life. He carried through the Chamber his project, and obtained a vote for upwards of two millions sterling; but his death, which occurred soon after, was a serious blow to the undertaking; and, like most of the political legacies of the great statesman, the arsenal of Spezia fell into the hands of weak executors.

The first great blunder committed was to accord the chief contract to a bubble company, who sold it, to be again resold; so that it is said something like fifteen changes of proprietary occurred before the first spadeful of earth was turned.

The inordinate jealousy Italians have of foreigners, and their fear lest they should "utilise" Italy, and carry away all her wealth with

them, has been the source of innumerable mistakes. From this, and their own ignorance of marine engineering, Spezia has already, without the slightest evidence of a commencement, swallowed up above eight millions of francs—the only palpable result being the disfigurement of a very beautiful road, and the bankruptcy of some half-dozen contractors.

There is nothing of which one hears more, than of the readiness and facility with which an Italian learns a new art or a new trade, adapts himself to the use of new tools, and acquires a dexterity in the management of new machinery.

Every newly-come English engineer was struck with this, and expressed freely his anticipations of what so gifted a people might become. After a while, however, if questioned, he would confess himself disappointed—that after the first extraordinary show of intelligence no progress was made—that they seemed marvellous in the initiative, but did nothing after. They speedily grew weary of whatever they could do or say, no matter in what fashion, and impatiently desired to try something new. The John Bull contentedness to attain perfection in some one branch, and never ask to go beyond it, was a sentiment they could not understand. Every one, in fact, would have liked to do everything, and, as a consequence, do it exceedingly ill.

Assuredly the Count Cavour was the political Marquis de Carabas of Italy. Every thing you see was his! No other head seemed to contrive, no other eye to see, nor ear to hear. These railroads—as much for military movements as passenger traffic—this colossal harbour, even to the two iron-clads that lie there at anchor—were all of his designing. They are ugly-looking craft, and have a look of pontoons rather than ships of war; but they are strong,

and have a low draught of water, and were intended especially for the attack of Venice, just when the Emperor pulled up short at Villafrauca. It is not generally known, I believe, but I can vouch for the fact, that so terrified were the Austrians on receiving at Venice the disastrous news of Solferino, that three of the largest steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's Company were bought up, and sunk within twelve hours after the battle. So hurriedly was the whole done that no time was given to remove the steward's stores, and the vessels went down as they stood!

This reminds me of a little incident, for whose exact truth I can guarantee. On the day of the battle of Solferino, the Austrian Envoy at Rome dined with the Cardinal Antonelli. It was a very joyous little dinner, each in the highest spirits—satisfied with the present, and full of hope for the future. The telegram which arrived at midday told that the troops were in motion, and that the artillery fire had already opened. The position was a noble one—the army full of spirit, and all confident that before the sun should set the tide of victory would have turned, and the whole legions of the Danube be in hot pursuit of their flying enemy. Indeed, the Envoy came to dinner fortified with a mass of letters from men high in command, all of which assumed as indisputable that the French must be beaten. Of the Italians they never spoke at all.

As the two friends sat over the dessert, they discussed what at that precise moment might be going on over the battle-field. Was the conflict still continuing? Had the French reserves been brought up? Had they, too, been thrown back, beaten and disordered? and where was the fourth corps under the Prince Napoleon? They were forty thousand strong—could they have arrived in time from the Po? All these casualties, and many others, did they talk over, but never once launching a doubt as to the issue,

or ever dreaming that the day was not to reverse all the late past, and bring back the Austrians in triumph to Milan.

As they sat, the Prefect of Police was announced and introduced. He came with the list of the persons who were to be arrested and sent to prison—they were one hundred and eighteen, some of them among the first families of Rome—so soon as certain tidings of the victory arrived, and the game of reaction might be safe to begin.

"No news yet, Signor Prefetto! come back at ten," said the Cardinal.

At ten he presented himself once more. The Cardinal and his friend were taking coffee, but less joyous, it seemed, than before. At least they looked anxious for news, and started at every noise in the street that might announce new-come tidings. "We have heard nothing since you were here," said the Cardinal. "His Excellency thinks that, at a moment of immense exigency, they may not have immediately be-thought them of sending off a despatch."

"There can be no doubt what the news will be when it comes," said the Envoy, "and I'd say, make the arrests at once."

"I don't know; I'm not sure. I think I'd rather counsel a little more patience," said the Cardinal. "What if you were to come back at, let us say, midnight." The Prefect bowed, and withdrew.

At midnight it was the same scene, only that the actors were more agitated; the Envoy, at least, worked up to a degree of impatience that bordered on fever; for while he persisted in declaring that the result was certain, he continued to censure, in very severe terms, the culpable carelessness of those charged with the transmission of news. "Ah!" cried he, "there it comes at last!" and a loud summons at the bell resounded through the house.

"A telegram, Eminence," said the servant, entering with the de-

spatch. The Envoy tore it open: there were but three words,—
"Beaten—*sanglante déroute*."

The Cardinal took the paper from the hands of the overwhelmed and panic-struck minister, and read it. He stood for a few seconds gazing on the words, not a line or lineament in his face betraying the slightest emotion; then, turning to the Envoy, he said, "Bon soir; allons dormir;" and moved away with his usual quick little step, and retired.

And all this time I have been forgetting the Italian fleet, which lies yonder beneath me. The Garibaldi, that they took from the Neapolitans; the Duca di Genova, the Maria Adelaide, and the Regina are there, all screw-propellers of fifty guns each; the Etna, a steam corvette; and some six or seven old sailing craft, used as school ships; and, lastly, the two cuirassées gunboats, Formidabile and Terribile, and which, with a jealousy imitated from the French, no one is admitted on board of. They are provided with "rams" under the water-line, and have a strange apparatus by which about one-third of the deck towards the bow can be raised, like the lid of a snuff-box, leaving the forepart of the ship almost on a level with the water. Under what circumstances and how this provision is to be made available, I have not the very vaguest conception.

These vessels were never intended as sea-going ships; and the batteries are an exaggeration of the

mistake in the Gloire, for even with the slightest sea the ports must be closed. Besides this defect, they roll abominably, and with a full head of steam on they cannot accomplish seven knots.

Turning from the ships to the harbour, I could not help thinking of Sydney Smith's remark on the Reform Club, "I prefer your room to your company;" for, after all, what a sorry stud it is for such a magnificent stable! It is but a beginning, you will say. True enough; and so is everything just now here; but, except the Genoese, the Italians have few real sailors. There are no deep-sea fisheries, and the small craft which creep close to shore are not the nurseries of seamen. The world, however, has resolved, by a large vote, to be hopeful about Italy; and, of course, she will have a fleet, as she will have all the trade of the Levant, immensely productive mines, and vast regions of cotton. "What for no?" as Mrs. Dods says; but I can't help thinking there are no people in Europe so much alike as the Italians and the Irish; and I ask myself, How is it that every one is so sanguine about the one, and so hopeless about the other? Why do we hear of the capacity and the intelligence of the former, and only of the latter what pertains to their ignorance and their sloth? Oh! unjust generation of men! have not my poor countrymen all the qualities you extol in these same Peninsulars, plus a few others not to be disparaged?

THE STRANGER AT THE CROCE DI MALTA.

At the Croce di Malta, where we stopped—the rival hotel we heard was atrociously bad—we met a somewhat depressed countryman, whose familiarity with place and people was indicated by several little traits. He rebuked the waiter for the salad oil, and was speedily supplied with better; he remonstrated about the wine, and a supe-

rior "cru" was served the day following. The book of the arrivals, too, was brought to him each day as he sat down to table, and he grunted out, I remember, in no very complimentary fashion, as he read our names, "Nobodies."

My Garibaldian friend had gone over to Massa, so that I found myself alone with this gentleman on

the night of my arrival; for, when the company of the *table d'hôte* withdrew, he and I were discovered, as the stage-people say, seated opposite to each other at the fire.

It blew hard without; the sea beat loudly on the shingly shore, and even sent some drifts of spray against the windows; while within doors a cheerful wood-fire blazed on the ample hearth, and the low-ceilinged room did not look a whit the worse that it suggested snugness instead of splendour. I had got my cup of coffee and my cognac on a little table beside me; and while I filled the bowl of my pipe, I bethought me how cheap and come-at-able are often the materials of our comfort, if one had but the prudence which ignores all display. My companion, apparently otherwise occupied in thought, sat gazing moodily at the fire, and to all seeming unaware of my presence.

"Will my smoking annoy you, sir?" asked I, as I was ready to begin.

"No," said he, without looking up. "I'd like to know where one could go to live nowadays if it did."

"Very true," said I; "the practice is almost universal."

"So is child-murder, so is profane swearing, so is wearing a beard, and poisoning by strychnine."

I was somewhat struck by his enumeration of modern atrocities, and I said, in a tone intended to invite converse, "You are no admirer, then, of what some are fain to call progress?"

He started, and, turning a fierce sharp glance on me, said, "I'd rather you'd touch me with that hot poker there, sir, than hurl that hateful word at my ears. If there's a thing I hate the most, it's what cant—a vile modern slang—calls 'Progress.' You're just in the spot at this moment to mark one of its high successes. Do you know Spezia?"

"Not in the least; never was here before."

"Well, sir, I have known it, I'll

not stop to count how many years; but I knew it when that spot yonder, where you see that vile tall chimney, with its tail of murky smoke, was a beautiful little villa, all overgrown with fig and olive trees. Where you perceive that red glare—the flame of a smelting furnace—there was an orangery. I ought to know the spot well. There, where a summerhouse stood, on that rocky point, they've got a crane and a windlass. Now, turn to this other side. The road you saw to-day, crossed with four main lines, cut up, almost impassable between mud, rubbish, and fallen timber, with swampy excavations on one side, and brick-fields on the other, led—ay, and not four years ago—along the margin of the sea, with a forest of chestnuts on the other side, two lines of acacias forming a shade along it, so that in the mid-day of an Italian July you might walk it in delicious shadow. In the Gulf itself the whole scene was mirrored, and not a headland, nor rock, nor cliff, that was not pictured below. It was, in a word, a little paradise; nor were the people all unworthy of their lovely birthplace. They were a quiet, civil, obliging, simple-minded set—if not inviting strangers to settle amongst them, never rude or repelling to them; equitable in dealings, and strange to all disturbance or outrage. What they are now is no more easy to say than what a rivulet is when a torrent has carried away its banks and swept its bed. Two thousand navvies, the outweepings of jails and the galleys, have come down to the works; a horde of contractors, sub-contractors, with the several staffs of clerks, inspectors, and suchlike, have settled on the spot, ravaging its beauty, uprooting its repose, vulgarising its simple rusticity, and converting the very gem of the Mediterranean into a dreary swamp—a vast amphitheatre, where liberated felons, robbing contractors, foul miasma, centrifugal pumps, and tertian fevers, fight all day for the mastery. And for what?—for what? To fill the

pockets of knavish ministers and thieving officials—to make an arsenal that will never be finished, for a fleet that will never be built.”

My companion, it is needless to say, was no optimist; but the strange point was, that while he was unsparing of his censure on Cavour and the “Piedmontese party,” he was no apologist for the old state of things in Italy. So far from it, that he launched out freely in attack of Papal bigotry, superstition, and corruption, and freely corroborated our own Premier’s assertions, by calling the Pope’s the “worst government in Europe.” In fact, he showed very clearly that the smaller states of Italy were well or ill administered in the direct ratio that they admitted or rejected Papal interference,—Modena being the worst, and Tuscany the best of them.

Though he certainly knew his subject so far as details went—for he not merely knew Italy well in its several provinces, but he understood the characters and tempers of the leading Italians—yet, with all this, I could not help asking him, If he was not satisfied with the old Italy, and yet did not like the new, what he did wish for?

“I have my theory on that subject, sir,” said he; “nor am I the less enamoured of it that I never yet met the man I could induce to adopt it.”

“It is no worse than the fate of all discoverers, I suppose,” said I; “Columbus saw land two whole days before his followers.”

“Columbus was a humbug, sir, and no more discovered America than you did.”

I was so afraid of a digression here that I stammered out a partial concurrence, and asked for some account of his project for Italy.

“I’d unite her to Greece, sir. These people, with the exception of a small circle around Rome, are not Latins—they are Greeks. I’d bring them back to the parent stock, who are the only people in

Europe with craft and subtlety to rule them. Take my word for it, sir, they’d not cheat the ‘Hellenes’ as they do the French and the English; and as the only true way to reform a nation is to make vice unprofitable, I’d unite them to a race that could outrogue and outwit them on every hand. What is it, I ask you, makes of the sluggish, indolent, careless Irishman, the prudent, hard-working, prosperous fellow you see him in the States? Simply the fact, that the craft by which he outwitted John Bull no longer serves him. The Yankee is too shrewd to be jockeyed by it, and Paddy must use his hands instead of his head. The same would happen with the Italian. Give him a Greek master, and you’ll see what he’ll become.”

“But the Greeks, after all,” said I, “do not present such a splendid example of order and prosperity. They are little better than brigands.”

“And don’t you see why?” broke he in. “Have you ever looked into a gambling-house when the company had no ‘pigeon,’ and were obliged to play against each other. They have lost all decency—all the semblance of good manners and decorum. Whatever little politeness they had put on to impose upon the outsider was gone, and there they were in all the naked atrocity of their bad natures. It is thus you see the Greeks. You have dropped in upon them unfairly; you have invaded a privacy they had hoped might be respected. Give them a nation to cheat, however; let the pigeon be introduced, and you’ll not see a better bred and a more courtly people in Europe.”

That they had great social qualities he proceeded to show from a number of examples. They were, in fact, in the world of long ago what the French are to our own day, and there was no reason to suppose that the race had lost its old characteristics. According to my companion’s theory, Force had only its brief interval of domina-

tion anywhere; the superior intelligence was sure to gain the upper hand at last; and we, in our opposition to this law, were simply retarding an inevitable tendency of nature—protracting the fulfilment of what we could not prevent.

I got him back from these specu-

lations to speak of himself, and he told me some experiences which will, perhaps, account for the displeasure with which he regards the changed fortunes of Spezia. I shall give his narrative as nearly as I can in his own words, and in a chapter to itself.

THE STRANGE MAN'S SORROW.

"When I first knew Spezia, it was a very charming spot to pass the summer in. The English had not found it out. A bottle of Harvey sauce or a copy of 'Galignani' had never been seen here; and the morning meal, which now figures in my bill as 'Déjeuner complet—two francs,' was then called coffee, and priced twopence. I used to pass my day in a small sail-boat, and my evenings I played halfpenny whist with the judge and the commander of the forces and a retired envoy, who, out of a polite attention to me as a stranger, agreed to play such high stakes during my sojourn at the Baths.

"They were excellent people, of unblemished character, and a politeness I have rarely seen equalled. Nobody could sneeze without the whole company rising to wish him a long and prosperous life, or a male heir to his name; and as for turning the trump card without a smile and a bow all round to the party, it was a thing unheard of.

"I thought if I could secure a spot to live in in such an Arcadia, it would be charming, but this was a great difficulty. No one had any accommodation more than he wanted for himself. The very isolation that gave the place its charm excluded all speculation, and not a house was to be had. In my voyagings, however, around the Gulf, I landed one day on a little inlet, surrounded with high lands, and too small to be called a bay, and there, to my intense astonishment, I discovered a small villa. It looked exactly like the houses one sees in a toy-shop, and where you take off

the roof to peep in and see how neatly the stairs are made and the rooms divided; but there was a large garden at one side and an orangery at the other, and it all looked the neatest and prettiest little thing one ever saw off the boards of a minor theatre. I ran my boat on shore and strolled into the garden, but saw no one, not even a dog. There was a deep well with a draw-bucket, and I filled my gourd with ice-cold water; and then plucking a ripe orange that had just given me a bob in the eye, I sat down to eat it. While I was engaged, I heard a wicket open and shut, and saw an old man, very shabbily dressed, and with a mushroom straw hat, coming towards me. Before I could make excuses for my intrusion, he had welcomed me to Pertusola—'The Nook,' in English—and invited me to step in and have a glass of wine.

"I took him for the steward or fattore, and acceded, not sorry to ask some questions about the villa and its owner. He showed me over the house, explaining with much pride how a certain kitchen-range came from England, but nobody ever knew the use of it, but it was all very comfortable. The silk-worms, and dried figs, and salt fish, occupied more space, and contributed more odour, than a correct taste would have approved of. Yet there were capabilities—great capabilities; and so, before I left, I took it from the old gentleman in the rusty costume, who turned out to be the proprietor, a marquis, the 'commandatore' of I don't know what order, and various other dignities

beside, all recited and set forth in the lease.

"I suppose I have something of Robinson Crusoe in my nature, for I loved the isolation of this spot immensely. It wasn't an island, but it was all but an island. Towards the land, two jutting promontories of rock denied access to anything not a goat; the sea in front; an impenetrable pine wood to the rear: and there I lived so happily, so snugly, that even now, when I want a pleasant theme to doze over beside my wood-fire of an evening, I just call up Pertusola, and ramble once again through its olive groves, or watch the sunset tints as they glow over the Carara mountains.

"I smartened the place up wonderfully, within doors and without. I got flowers, roots, and annuals, and slips of geraniums, and made the little plateau under my drawing-room window a blaze of tulips and ranunculuses, so that the Queen—she was at Spezia for the bathing—came once to see my garden, as one of the show spots of the place. Her Majesty was as gracious as only royalty knows how to be, and so were all her suite in their several ways; but there was one short, fat, pale-faced man, with enormous spectacles, who, if less polite than the rest, was ten times as inquisitive. He asked about the soil, and the drainage, the water and its quality—was it a spring—did it ever fail—and when, and how? Then as to the bay itself, was it sheltered, and from what winds? What the anchorage was like—mud—and why mud? And when I said there was always a breeze even in summer, he eagerly pushed me to explain why; and I did explain that there was a cleft or gully between the hills, which acted as a sort of conductor to the wind; and on this he went back to verify my statement, and spent some time poking about, examining everything, and stationing himself here and there on points of rock, to experience the currents of air. 'You are right,' said he, as he got into his boat, 'quite right; there is a glorious draught here for a smelting furnace.'

"I thought it odd praise at the time, but before six months I received notice to quit.

"Pertusola had been sold to a lead company, one of the directors having strongly recommended the site as an admirable harbor, with good water, and a perpetual draught of wind, equal to a blast furnace."

Looking at the dress-coat in which you once captivated dinner-parties, on a costermonger—seeing the strong-boned hunter that has carried you over post and rail, in a cab—are sore trials; but nothing, according to my companion's description, to the desecration of your house and home by its conversion into a factory. Such an air of the "Inferno," too, pervades the smelting-house, with its lurid glow, its roar, its flash, and its furious haste, that I could readily forgive him the passionate warmth with which he described it.

"They had begun that chimney, sir," cried he, "before I got out of the house. I had to cross on a plank over a pit before my door, where they were riddling the ore. The morning I left, I covered my eyes, not to see the barbaric glee with which they destroyed all around, and I left the place for ever. I crossed over the Gulf, and I took that house you can see on the rocky point called Marola. It had no water; there was no depth to anchor in; and not a breath of air could come at it except in stillness. No more terrors of smelting-house here, thought I. Well, sir, I must be brief; the whole is too painful to dwell on. I hadn't been eight months there when a little steamer ran in one morning, and four persons in plain clothes landed from her, and pattered about the shore—I thought, looking for anemones. At last they strolled up to my house, and asked permission to have a look at the Gulf from my terrace. I acceded, and in they came. They were all strangers but one, and who do you think he was? The creature with the large spectacles! My blood ran cold when I saw him.

"'You used to live yonder, if I mistake not,' said he to me, coolly.

"'Yea, and I might have been liv-

ing there still,' replied I, 'if it had not been for the prying intrusion of a stranger, to whom I was weak enough to be polite.'

"He never noticed my taunt in the least, but calmly opening the window, passed out upon the terrace. The others speedily gathered around him, and I saw that he knew the whole place as if it had been his bedroom; for not only did he describe the exact measurements between various points, but the depth of water, the character of the bottom, the currents, and the prevailing winds. He went on, besides, to show how, by running out a pier here, and a breakwater there—by filling up this, and deepening that—safe anchorage could be secured in all weathers; while the headlands could be easily fortified, and 'at a moderate cost,' I quote himself, 'of say twenty-two or three millions of francs, while a fort erected on the island there would command the whole entrance.'

"And who, in the name of all Utopia, wants to force it?' cried I; for as they talked so openly, I thought I might interpose as frankly.

"He never seemed to resent my remark as obtrusive, but said quietly, 'Who knows? the French perhaps—perhaps your own people one of these days.'

"I'd like to have said, but I didn't. We could walk in and walk out here, with our iron-clads, as coolly as a man goes out in the rain with a macintosh.

"They remained fully an hour, talking as freely as if I was born deaf and dumb. At last they arose to leave, and the owl-faced man—he looked exactly like an owl—said, with a little grin, 'We're going to disturb you again.'

"How so?' cried I; 'you can't smelt lead here.'

"No, but we're going to make an arsenal. Where you stand now will be a receiving-dock, and that garden of yours a patent slip. You'll have to clear out before the New Year.'

"Who is he? who is that with the spectacles?' asked I of one of the servants, who waited outside with cloaks and umbrellas.

"That's the Conte di Cavour,' said the fellow, haughtily; and thus was the whole murder out at once. They turned me out, sir, in two months, and I never ventured to take a lease of a place till he died. After that event, I purchased a little spot on the island of Tino yonder, and built myself a cottage. They could neither smelt metal nor build a ship there, and I hugged myself at the thought of safety. But, would you believe it? last week—only last week—his successor, in rummaging over Cavour's papers in the Foreign Office, comes upon a packet labelled 'Spezia,' and discovers a memorandum in these words, 'The English Admiral, at dinner to-day, laughed at the idea of defending the mouth of the Gulf from the island. He said the entrance should be two-thirds closed by a breakwater, and a strong fort à fleur d'eau built in Tino. I have thought of it all night; he is perfectly right, and I'll do it;' and here, sir," said my companion, drawing a paper from his pocket, "is a 'sommation' from the minister to surrender my holding on Tino, receiving a due compensation for the same, and once more betake myself, heaven knows where; for, though the great Count Cavour is dead and gone, his grand intentions are turning up every day, out of drawers and pigeon-holes, and I shrewdly suspect that neither Pio Nono nor myself will live to see the last of them."

A LETTER FROM SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

It is one of the disadvantages incidental to our institutions, that a foreign policy which should be sufficiently profound to achieve the object desired can scarcely ever be adopted, because it would not be understood by the nation. If, instead of dealing as we do now with each individual question only when it has grown to such dimensions that it can be no longer ignored, we interfered to nip the danger in the bud, then, indeed, we might have the satisfaction of feeling that our influence in Europe was soothing and salutary. But only the experienced physician can detect the seeds of disease; and it is the unfortunate result of superior knowledge, when thus applied, that the more it is exercised the less it is appreciated by the blind and ignorant. We seek in vain for the guiding principle of British foreign policy. The nation, incapable of pursuing any definite system amid the various complications which arise, look, as we have said, at each question separately, while Ministers are too often compelled by the pressure of public opinion to pursue a policy which their better judgment condemns. Hence that extraordinary inconsistency, which has one advantage, that it utterly bewilders all Continental governments, and gives rise to the belief abroad that the foreign policy of the country conceals some deep-laid scheme of perfidy, when in reality it represents only the oscillating opinions of an ill-informed public. The best evidence that we are not speaking at random is to be found in the lamentable condition to which our diplomatic relations with Europe have been brought at the present juncture. It may be assumed that the chief objects of British diplomacy are to have as few enemies as possible, and to maintain

universal peace. As a commercial nation, the tranquillity of the world, is an important element to our prosperity; while, in the event of a war in which neutrality is impossible, a skilful diplomacy should always place us on the strongest side. We shall have no difficulty in showing that, the effect of our policy has been to create as many enemies as possible, while, in its latest phase, it has tended to precipitate a European war, under the most disadvantageous circumstances which could be conceived for England. Whether we take the nations separately, or, grouping them collectively, class individuals according to their political affinities, we find the same results. We stimulated the Poles to exertion by popular clamour, and have since exasperated them against us by what they term our desertion of their cause. We have irritated Russia to such a degree that she does not consider the insults she subsequently heaped upon us a sufficient compensation for our interference. The Christians throughout the East regard us as their natural enemies; and our short-lived popularity in Greece exists no longer, though we have made a sacrifice of the Ionian Islands to retain it. In Italy we are proverbial for barren sympathy; in France we have of late done all we could to increase the national antipathy; in the Southern States of America we are hated as cordially as in the Northern; while our latest diplomatic efforts in the Schleswig-Holstein question have outraged the whole German nationality. Curiously enough, the only Press more bitter against England than the German is the Danish; so that we have failed to conciliate the one million of people for whose sake we have offended forty. In point

of fact, the only real friends remaining to us in Europe are a few Mussulmans. Meantime, without knowing it, we are pushing matters to a revolutionary war with a fatal precision. Oppressed nationalities are accustomed to look to the British nation for aid and sympathy; while in complex questions the Foreign Office finds itself involved by tradition with the oppressors. Thus, up to the first of last February, Bismark and Rechberg leant upon us for support in their anti-national policy. Without our countenance they would never have had the courage to pursue a course which will probably excite the phlegmatic German masses to revolt. Without the knowledge that the British nation sympathises in every revolution, it is doubtful whether the phlegmatic German masses would revolt. So long as we wish to use the rulers as political allies, we lead them to trust us, but we desert them when the ruled demand our sympathy. Thus we have the confidence and the friendship of neither. We are perpetually tumbling between two stools: now the traditions of our foreign policy commit us to one course, now the sentimentalism of the masses drives us into another which conflicts with it; now we are encouraging the governors to resistance, now the governed to revolt, until it is no wonder that both governors and governed believe that we are doing our best to set them by the ears. We cast, not oil, but blazing petroleum on the troubled waters, and then throw the blame of the conflagration on the masses we have ourselves ignited. We have a knack of leading on our friends, and then deserting them—as fatal to them as it is encouraging to their enemies. As we stimulated the Poles to a resistance which has proved most disastrous, so we have forced Denmark to make concessions to Germany which will probably lead to the ultimate ruin of King Christian. As we blustered to Russia, so have we blustered to Germany; but whereas we were only humiliated by the Govern-

ment of Russia, we now suffer insult and disgrace at the hands of the people of Germany. The representatives of liberal institutions in Europe, it was from us that the two men in Austria and Prussia who trample most notoriously upon those institutions received countenance and support. It is difficult, in this last matter, to say whether we have most ill-used the Danes or the Germans. We have turned the Danes out of Holstein, and lost that province to them irretrievably; but, on the other hand, we have handed it over to Prussia and Austria, and it is a question whether the Holsteiners would not prefer King Christian to Bismark. By our treaty of 1852, we imposed upon this victimised population King Log; and it is a remarkable diplomatic phenomenon, that the mode by which we proposed to give effect to that treaty in 1864 was by encouraging the triumphal entry of King Stork. Without our pressure exercised on Berlin and Vienna, the Cabinets in those capitals would never have ventured upon that rupture with the Diet at Frankfort which has since culminated in the occupation not only of Holstein, but of Schleswig. In other words, we have been the means of insidiously introducing into the dominions of King Christian his bitterest enemies. That we should have honestly believed it possible to preserve the integrity of Denmark by means of an Austro-Prussian army in Schleswig-Holstein, is an instance of such refreshing simplicity on the part of the Government, that even Bismark must have felt a twinge of conscience at betraying a confidence so innocently and touchingly reposed.

Have the people of England the least idea who are their friends and who their enemies? Do they know whom they want to injure and whom to benefit? If the absolute Governments of Vienna and Berlin are our friends, then we have imperilled their very existence by forcing them with positive threats into direct collision with the Diet of

Frankfort, with about thirty sovereign German states; and, with the exception of a small aristocratic faction, with the whole German nation. If the whole German nation are our friends, then we have betrayed them most egregiously, and have driven them for shelter into the arms of our natural enemy, the Emperor of the French; if the Danes are our friends, we have been the means of their abandoning without a struggle one of the finest provinces of the kingdom, and of leaving them to fight all Germany single-headed. To Germany we have presented the alternative of a war with Denmark or a civil war—to Denmark, of a war with Germany or abject submission; while to ourselves we have reserved the choice of helping Denmark to fight Germany, or of leaving her to her fate, and receiving the contumely of all Europe condensed and heaped upon our heads. If we abandon Denmark after having urged her to make sacrifices on the promise of our support, we should deserve to be "out" by every respectable nation. If we make war for Denmark in the anti-nationality sense, the one result more disastrous than failure would be success. We should be fighting to preserve a kingdom, one-half of the population of which wishes to be united to Norway and Sweden, the other half to Germany. If, after what has passed, we reattached by force the German element to the Danish, we should have expended blood and treasure to create the weakest power in Europe. "Rottenness" would then, be no name for "the state of Denmark." The only nation which has thoroughly co-operated with us in our Danish policy has been the Russian, the only nation whose interests are in every respect opposed to ours in the Baltic, and whose aggressive tendencies we have to fear. She is the only nation whom, in the present crisis, we are treating in a really friendly and good-natured way. Thanks to our efforts, we have put matters upon such a footing that scarcely any-

thing can turn up which will not be to her advantage. To be sure, the Emperor of the French is benefiting a good deal indirectly. He has not failed to avail himself of the opportunity of rendering abortive a very ill-timed effort on our part to settle matters by means of a conference; and he can scarcely fail to secure, as the price of his most valuable aid and comfort to the small German states, especially those bordering on the Rhine, attacked as they are at present by England and Bismark, certain provinces necessary to his frontier arrangements. By a curious fatality, the German population on the Rhine took a very strong interest in the Schleswig-Holstein question, are very liberal in their political tendencies, and naturally lean rather towards England, from whom they have nothing to fear, than towards their immediate neighbour. Had the Emperor wished us to present to him the Rhine provinces, he would probably have suggested to us the policy we have pursued in the Schleswig-Holstein question, by which we have not only entirely alienated this population from ourselves, but brought them into direct collision with the despotic element in Germany.

Had we placed the Emperor in this advantageous position because we could not thwart his aggressive designs without abandoning those liberal principles which Englishmen wish it to be supposed that they represent abroad, our policy, though unlucky, would have been intelligible. But the peculiar feature of the case lies in the fact that we are forcing upon the Emperor the presidency of that Rhine Confederation which he tried in vain to create some years ago in Baden, by dint of our opposing not merely the principle of nationality and of liberty, but of constitutional law. We actually applaud Prussia and Austria for an open violation of the constitution. Having failed at Frankfort to get a majority over the liberal states of Germany, the despotic governments, with the approval of

England, determine to apply force, and proceed to the invasion of a sovereign state, while it is in the occupation of federal forces, in open defiance of the law. The Federal troops in Holstein would have been bound to resist by force the Prussian invasion, but, being numerically unable to cope with the Austrian and Prussian armies united, they have as yet preferred to remain passive rather than seek the support of French bayonets. No wonder the German people say that the English press is bought by France, when they see that it is urging the public on such a fatal course. No wonder we are lampooned in every penny German periodical, when we appeared as the comforters and counsellors of the most reactionary Ministers in Europe, at the critical moment when they were venturing upon the most illegal and reactionary measure. If it were not so disastrous to the country, it would be amusing to point out how the spasmodic efforts we made in favour of peace were directly conducive to war; how every dispatch addressed to Bismarck and Rechberg encouraged those statesmen to precipitate the crisis; how much less dangerous to Denmark the small states of Germany, led by the Dukes of Baden and Coburg, would have been than the two great Powers, led by their two intriguing Ministers; how much more formidable to King Christian is the King of Prussia than the Duke of Augustenburg; how, if we had wished to keep the peace, all our efforts should have been directed to support the small states of Germany against the large, and so to paralyse the violent and arbitrary action of the latter.

As an eyewitness of a good deal of what has transpired in Schleswig-Holstein since the commencement of the year, I was enabled to form my opinions upon the spot; and as everything, so far as I am aware, which has appeared in the British press upon the subject has taken only one view, and as, with the same absence of originality which

has induced them to take that view, they have all stated either that it is based upon ignorance (this was the ground usually taken, at the opening of the question, by Cabinet Ministers and members of the Government), or else have taken the trouble to display that ignorance by adopting the same arguments, there may be a certain novelty in looking at this question, from the Schleswig-Holstein or Anglo-Saxon stand-point, rather than from the Danish or Scandinavian. Whatever the popular view may be, there is too much fairness in the British public to refuse to hear the other side; and I have therefore put in their broadest form the arguments by which, in Germany, our policy is discredited. Had our efforts in favour of Denmark been crowned with success, it would signify little to us what the Germans thought about the matter. The fact that we have utterly failed, entitles to a higher consideration than they would otherwise possess those arguments which suggest the adoption of an opposite policy. In order, however, more clearly to comprehend its nature, it is necessary to relate shortly the events of the last few weeks—events for which our Government should have been thoroughly prepared, and which, had they been anticipated, would have enabled us to escape from the dilemma in which we now find ourselves placed.

It was upon the last day but one of the year which has just closed that three strangers might have been observed by the inhabitants of Harburg embarking on board a little river-steamer lying at the wharf with her steam up. But the inhabitants of Harburg observed nothing, for they are a phlegmatic commercial race, who do not trouble themselves with the concerns of other people; and although there was something unusual in these gentlemen taking a trip down the Elbe in a steamer chartered expressly for themselves in mid-winter, no curious questions were asked as to who they were, or where they were going. They were

a very quiet, unpretending trio, with no display of luggage or attendants; and the captain of the steamer understood them to be public functionaries, employed in making an official tour of investigation upon the river. So he steamed unsuspectingly down to Gluckstadt through a stream already cumbered with blocks of ice; and his passengers went ashore in a little boat, and were met on the pier by one or two gentlemen who apparently had received notice of their intended arrival, and were there to meet them. Up to this moment the little town of Gluckstadt had been quiet and indifferent to the approach of the steamer as Harburg had been to its departure. It is true that the inhabitants had scarcely recovered the breath expended in cheering the entrance of German troops upon the departure of the Danes, and shouting the Schleswig-Holstein Anthem; but they knew no reason why they should regard the gentlemen walking along the pier with any unusual interest. Suddenly a sort of electric shock seemed to thrill through the town; people began frantically to run towards the market-place; the three gentlemen found themselves surrounded by an enthusiastic and excited multitude, who could scarcely realise the fact that he whom they maintained to be their lawful sovereign had come to claim his own, and had been compelled, in order to avoid the traps laid for him by his enemies, thus to steal into the country. No one could visit Holstein at such a moment without catching the infection. Who can stand by and watch unmoved the progress of a game when the stake played for is a crown? Who can live in an atmosphere of shouting and cheering and wild excitement, and remain indifferent to the popular emotion? How is it possible to see a whole nation testifying its unanimous desire for some one thing upon which they have set their affections, and not join in "wishing they may get it?" It may

be bad for them, or they may have no right to it; but when nearly a million of wills are all turned in the same direction, there is generally a good deal to be said in their favour. Whole nations are not unanimous without some cause. And although we may not always trust the wisdom of popular movements, and generally disapprove of the means they employ to achieve their ends, they deserve to be respected when they represent the aspirations of every class of society. There is something singularly inconsistent in the point of view from which, from the first, we have regarded the Schleswig-Holstein question — a point of view so entirely antagonistic to all the principles which we profess govern our foreign policy, that it is quite clear either that those principles must be radically wrong, or that we ought not to have shrunk from the application of them in this case. The first impression to be removed with reference to the national aspiration in Holstein is, that it partakes of any revolutionary character. To one accustomed to see countries in revolution, the manifestation of the popular feeling throughout the country was very remarkable. Having seen all the European revolutions which have taken place since 1848, with the exception of the expulsion of King Otho from Greece, I could form some estimate of the character of this movement, which differs from all others by reason of the extraordinary respect for constituted authority which the Holsteiners have shown from the beginning. They have not perpetrated a single act of violence on the Danish officials, even when the presence of German troops might have tempted them to give vent to their long-pent-up feelings, after the manner of the more excitable races of the south. The consequence is, that abroad it is supposed that the Holsteiners did not detest the Danes as cordially as was possible for one race to do which was governed by another totally dissimilar to it. The Englishman arriving in Holstein

was rather astonished to hear the inhabitants talking of themselves as an oppressed nationality; and although it is true that the form of oppression was mild, yet our own experience in the Ionian Islands has taught us how impossible it is to devise a form of government which shall satisfy a people whose sole aspiration is separation. The antagonism between Holsteiner and Dane is as decided as between Russian and Pole, Austrian and Italian, Northern and Southern American; and, as in the latter case, the fact that the central Government is democratic does not mend the matter. The fact is, that Holstein could more easily be governed from Copenhagen by a despot than by a democracy, for the latter is the most grinding and aggressive form of government of the two; and it is only since the Liberals of Copenhagen have pushed their kings to acts of illegality in Holstein that the people of that country have risen upon their rulers. The war of 1849 and 1850 was forced upon the Holsteiners by the Radicals of Copenhagen, just as the signature to the Constitution of the 18th of last November was extorted from the present King by the same party, under the menace of a revolution which should annex Denmark to Sweden and Norway. In order, then, thoroughly to appreciate the situation, it is not necessary to go back into the merits of the question, though, had our statesmen comprehended them at the outset, that situation could never have arisen. Had the antagonism between the German and the Danish element in this peninsula been clearly understood from the beginning, we never should have made a treaty which seems to have been devised for the purpose of securing a *casus belli* between the races, whenever the contingency should arise for which it was meant to provide. A treaty between the great European Powers, naming a President to succeed Mr. Lincoln as soon as peace should be established in America, who should govern both sections of the Union under certain

conditions, would not be more sensible. The Holsteiners, at the end of the struggle of 1849 and 1850, when they failed to separate themselves from Denmark, found a sovereign unconstitutionally imposed upon them by Powers who had no business to interfere in their internal affairs, and never for one instant dreamt of acquiescing in an arrangement which, it was clear, was designed to reduce them from the position of a sovereign state to that of a Danish province. In the opinion of the Holsteiners, the King of Denmark had no more right to arrange with England who should be Duke of Holstein at his death, than would William IV. have been entitled to make a treaty with France naming the Duke of Cumberland as his successor, instead of our present Queen, without the consent of Parliament. No doubt has ever existed in the mind of any Holsteiner as to who is the legitimate and rightful heir to the throne of the duchy, and the strongest confirmation that those best qualified to judge, think King Christian's title under the Treaty invalid, lies in the fact of his own eldest brother, Prince Charles of Glücksburg, having refused to take the oath of allegiance to him. Perhaps, if we thoroughly apprehended the fact that the treaty of 1852 was a measure of political expediency created by the then state of our relations with Greece, we should have less sympathy for it. But it is a singular circumstance that Greece came to the rescue of Denmark, just as Denmark has since come to the rescue of Greece. We were on the point of an open rupture with Russia when the solution of the Schleswig-Holstein question, in a Russian sense, presented itself as an escape from the difficulty. Russia had two objects to gain in this treaty; one was to prevent the formation of a Scandinavian Empire, the other to establish her own claims to the throne of Denmark. The treaty of 1852 accomplished both purposes. Never had an occasion presented itself more favourable to

the creation of an Empire in the North—which should be a counterpoise to Russia, and a valuable ally to this country—than upon the extinction of the male line of Denmark. Holstein and the German part of Schleswig might have been allowed to revert to their legitimate princes, and the aspirations of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, as well as of the Eider Dane party at Copenhagen, would have been satisfied by an arrangement which would have given us a chain of allies extending from Lapland to Sicily, cutting Europe in two, and separating the only two Powers whose combination is dangerous to us by an inseparable barrier. Nobody can doubt that our natural allies in Europe are Scandinavia, Germany, and Italy; our natural enemies, Russia and France. By our Treaty of 1852 we secured Russia against Scandinavia, cleared away twelve intervening heirs, bringing her within three of the succession. Moreover, we recognise in that document, in so many words, rights which she has not got; by our subsequent policy in supporting a treaty originally made in the interest of Russia, we alienate our natural ally, Germany, and drive that whole nationality into the arms of our natural enemy, France. In other words, the effect of the treaty has been to unite Germany with France against England, and to guarantee Russia against a dangerous northern rival. The traditional Foreign Office objection to the formation of a Scandinavia is the danger of allowing the entrance to the Baltic to be in the hands of one Power. That objection was good before the invention of steam iron-clads, and when it was supposed that the Sound was the only entrance to the Baltic; but as during the Crimean war our whole fleet passed through the Great Belt—a channel fifteen miles wide—the conditions are materially altered. The only combination under these circumstances which might be inconvenient would be the extremely improbable one of an alliance between Russia and Scandinavia. The

best proof, however, that a Scandinavian Empire would be in the interest of England, is the trouble which Russia takes to prevent it. It never can be an advantage to England to create weak Powers in the North of Europe, and yet we are on the verge of a war to perpetuate the existence of a kingdom which possesses none of the elements of strength or stability. If we succeed in our present policy, we shall force into an unholy union two antagonistic nationalities, almost equal in population, and determined to quarrel upon the first opportunity. If Russia has been unable to absorb Poland, if Hungary still is a thorn in the side of Austria, how can a million and a half of Danes govern a million of Anglo-Saxons, determined on sooner or later gaining their independence? We may force them to submit for the moment, as we did in 1852, but it is only concealing the sore with a blister, which will cause it to break out with renewed violence. The fact that the people of Schleswig-Holstein are supported in their national aspirations by forty millions of Germans, will not tend to make them abandon those aspirations; and whatever be the immediate solution of the difficulty, it requires no sage to predict that the ultimate solution of it must be the separation of the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon races by a line of national demarcation in Schleswig. True statesmanship consists not in the creation of future difficulties by the unskilful patching up of those which exist, but in the final and permanent settlement of questions dangerous to the peace of Europe. This, then, is the whole secret of that perpetual struggle which has been going on for fifteen years, and which has been fought out upon technical grounds so involved and complicated, that both sides have found it easy to make a case. The Anglo-Saxons, with a characteristic love of law and order, instead of taking the sensational line, which would have been at once seized upon in Italy, and simply basing their re-

sistance upon the popular ground of nationality, have argued every point with the Danish Government as in a court of law. The Diet at Frankfurt has maintained its rights by subtleties of reasoning too refined for the general public, who would have understood the question at once, had it been presented to them as a simple question of nationality, but who have been accustomed to regard it as an arena for German professors to display their dialectic powers. The same principle of nationality which in Italy secured the English sympathy, is at stake here; the difference is, that there it had an ideal basis, and was carried out at the point of the sword; here it has a legal basis, and has been fought with no sharper weapon, since 1849, than the pen. The struggle is not so exciting, especially as it has been carried on in German, and has lasted so many years. It is a curious satire upon political professions, that England should have been the Power to impose upon a sovereign state, without consulting its legislative bodies, a ruler whom they did not want, and to insist upon uniting its population by the ties of government to a race whom they detest; that while in other parts of the world we should be doing all we can to render government impossible, by affording aid and consolation to rebels, we should have ourselves been the means of creating here a government the most unjust and impossible of all. It was this determination on the part of the people of Holstein to win their victory by moral means alone, and to avoid any recourse to violence or bloodshed, which struck me as I travelled through the country. Everywhere banners were waving, the railways were crowded with excited patriots singing about Fatherland, and the people seemed to be breathing as though relieved of some great burden; but though naturally a certain confusion, almost amounting to anarchy, was inevitable when the Federal Commissioners entered upon their functions

in the place of the Danes, the people did all in their power, by preserving order among themselves, to facilitate the task of their new rulers. Unfortunately, this line of conduct seemed to deprive them of all possible chance of sympathy in England. "If," said the 'Times' in a leading article of the 19th of January, "Holstein or Schleswig had spontaneously risen in arms, the feeling of England would probably have been with them; for we have accepted the principle, whether rightly or wrongly, that a community having a defined ethnological and geographical position, may legitimately separate from another, with which it has been in political relations, and that of the sufficiency of the grounds of separating, the community itself is entitled to be the only judge. But no such rising took place." The fact is, that among well-ordered communities abroad there still exists what may in England be considered a ridiculous prejudice against revolutions. The Schleswig-Holsteiners believed they could attain their objects legally, and without violence. They are essentially a conservative, and in some respects rather an old-fashioned race, not yet imbued with the spirit of the age, and backward in adopting the "latest fashions" from Paris. They were penetrated with the conviction that a certain princely line had a legitimate right to rule over them. According to their view of the case, the Danish Government robbed the old Duke of Augustenburg, first of his prospective crown, then, when he failed in his efforts to preserve it by force, violently seized his landed property, and finally allowed him a sum equal to about a fourth of its value, presenting to him for signature at the same time an illegal document, with the alternative of beggary if he refused to put his name to it. The people of Holstein did not conceive that the Augustenburg line had thereby forfeited its rights, more especially as the present claimant protested against his father's act the instant that the Copenhagen Diet

ratified the Treaty, which made the change of succession law. This, whether the facts be as they are here stated or not, was the received and popular version of the transaction in Holstein. It would seem that, had the people made a revolution, or even had a revolution been made for them as in the case of the Neapolitans, and had they requested some outsider with no rights at all, like Victor Emmanuel, to come and reign over them, they would have secured British sympathy; but they lost it by contenting themselves with a moral resistance based upon their legal rights. And thus it happened that, in the words of our leading journal, "not even with a Pretender on the frontier, and a German invasion in prospect, could the Holstein people be roused to insurrection." But while we thus reproach them for trusting rather to the justice of their cause than to revolutionary measures, with singular inconsistency we have made allies of Messrs. Bismark and Rechberg, who denounce the same people in their respective Chambers as democrats and revolutionists. Just as in America, whenever the Government wants to tide over a political crisis, it raises a cry against England; so in Prussia, whenever Mr. Von Bismark is in a difficulty, he evokes the spectre of revolution; and the terrified Yunker, whose knowledge of the world is about equal to that of a Japanese Daimio, and whose experience of affairs is so limited that he is incapable of forming even a wrong political opinion, believes the great oracle of Berlin, and throws himself heart and soul into a policy which will ere long lead to the extinction of the class to which he belongs. For the great middle and thinking classes of Germany, who are neither revolutionary nor effete, sympathise with the aspirations of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, and find in the attitude which the Yunker aristocracy has taken in this question an additional reason for despising and distrusting them. It would be an

entire misapprehension to suppose that the Cabinets of Berlin or Vienna have been influenced in their policy in this question by any respect for the Treaty of 1852. Says Mr. Von Bismark to his Chamber—"I consider the question of Prussia's entire withdrawal from the London Treaty rather a question of opportuneness than of rights. If the German deductions of rights in the Schleswig-Holstein matter were declared to be perfectly clear and transparent, and opposing opinions were stigmatized as 'threadbare sophistry,' and 'hole-and-corner arguments,' I would only observe, in place of all criticism, that hole-and-corner arguments, when supported by a majority of European bayonets, usually gained the day." So that, according to the representative of public opinion in England, right is always on the side of revolution; according to the Prussian Prime-Minister, it is always on the side of a majority of bayonets. In both cases there is the same contempt manifested for "hole-and-corner" arguments which involve legal or moral questions. We support Denmark, not because we signed a Treaty, but because Holstein did not break out into revolution; and Prussia and Austria followed treacherously in our wake, partly on account of the pressure we exercised upon them, and partly because it suited them. Austria fears that the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein to Germany would increase the power of Prussia, and therefore she opposes the Augustenburg pretensions, and advocates the personal union with Denmark. Prussia, on the other hand, does not feel sure that she could obtain or retain any influence over the Augustenburg dynasty, while Mr. Von Bismark is perfectly well aware of what is equally clear to everybody except to the Austrian, and perhaps to our own Government, that if the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg are finally disposed of, Holstein, and probably a part of Schleswig, will ultimately become altogether a Prus-

sian province. As a preliminary measure to this desirable consummation, the personal union with Denmark under King Christian may be safely proposed, for it is a union which is certain to end in a divorce; and it is only necessary now to get rid of her first love satisfactorily, to insure this rich country dropping like ripe fruit to Prussia.

When I arrived at Kiel, the day after the Duke of Angustenburg had made his triumphant entry into the town, the Holsteiners were still giving vent to the redundancy of their enthusiasm. They had been passing from one phase of patriotic excitement to another. First of all, the sullen departure of the Danish garrisons put them in good spirits, and they chuckled inwardly as they watched the retiring regiments. Then, almost before the last Danish soldier had disappeared, from every window fluttered the national banner. The whole town instantaneously broke out into rejoicing. The shops were shut, and the population gave themselves up with one consent to singing, upon all possible occasions and without intermission, "Schleswig-Holstein meer umschlungen." The Saxon and Hanoverian troops were welcomed as deliverers, and overwhelmed with civilities. Every Danish emblem disappeared; the word *Königliche* was taken down from all the public buildings, and, with a levity characteristic of all popular emotion, the people of Kiel thought that their cause was won, that their anxieties were at an end, and that nothing more remained but for Duke Frederick to come and take possession of his own; so that when that Prince did unexpectedly make his appearance, the town went off into a new series of demonstrations; and as I entered at eight o'clock in the evening, I found the streets illuminated by a torchlight procession. Five hundred waving torches cast a lurid glare upon the snow-clad houses and whitened streets; and when they all collected in front of the Banhoff's Hotel, at which the Duke had taken up his abode,

and broke out into enthusiastic cheers, and bands played, and banners fluttered, and a venerable citizen, with a voice trembling from emotion, in a few touching words welcomed back to his own capital the Prince who had been in exile from it for fourteen years, it was difficult to deny the genuineness of the popular sentiment, or to remain an indifferent spectator to this development of it. The Duke, standing at a window, addressed the crowd, which, with eager upturned faces, were gazing upon and listening to him for the first time. To judge by the cheers at the conclusion of his speech, they were satisfied with their inspection, and dispersed, not to go to bed, but to parade the streets and lanes. It was the last night of the year, and there seemed something hopeful in the auspices under which 1864 was being ushered in. I adjourned, with a number of excited citizens, to a club or harmonia, as it was called; and here, under the influence of beer, and in an atmosphere of smoke, patriotic speeches were made, toasts proposed, and the old year satisfactorily disposed of. Little did the worthy citizens of Kiel then imagine that before many weeks were over all would be changed; that they would be taking down instead of putting up flags, ceasing to apostrophise "Schleswig-Holstein sea-embraced," and meeting in the harmonia not to congratulate but to condole with each other—to drink no longer to the health of Saxon and of Hanoverian, but confusion to the Austrian and the Prussian. However, they did right not to anticipate misfortunes. They took advantage of the bright sun to make what little hay they could, and every demonstration that could be imagined was made. Twenty-four fair maids of Kiel, dressed in white, with tricolour ribbons, came and tendered their homage to the Duke on behalf of the sex generally. A grand patriotic representation was given at the theatre, with a tableau emblematical of the inse-

parable union of Schleswig with Holstein; while deputations succeeded each other in unvaried succession, not merely from all parts of Holstein, but from Schleswig as well. One of the most interesting of these consisted of a procession of four hundred yeomen and small country proprietors, who rode into the town, and formed with military precision before the hotel. It was impossible to look upon these sturdy agriculturists, and not see in them the type of the British farmer. Schleswig-Holstein is indeed the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race; their oldest national songs were preserved, not in their own country, but in ours; and our chronicler, the Venerable Bede, furnishes the most authentic traditions of their early history. The language of the Frisen and the Angeln is full of words which are to be found, not in German, but in English; and both the rural and maritime populations of these provinces bear the strongest resemblance to our own. It is this similarity of national character which has induced them to offer that dogged resistance to the aggressive policy of the Danes, which we are of all people the most capable of appreciating. No conviction is more deeply rooted in the mind of the Holsteiner than the impossibility of his country losing its national independence, and becoming a Danish province. That England should be ready to embark in a war for the purpose of subjecting by force a brave people to the yoke of a Government which they detest, and of a race with whom they have nothing in common, is sufficiently strange in this nineteenth century; but that of all the peoples of Europe upon whom to exercise this act of injustice and tyranny, we should choose that race from which we have sprung, and from which we have inherited those qualities which have made us great and powerful, seems incredible. Surely, if we were determined to depart from the principle of non-intervention we have so loudly proclaimed, we need not have chosen our own ancestors as the nationality to be subjugated and oppressed. I got tired of attempting to defend the policy of the British Government to the worthy burghers of Kiel, or of trying to explain it upon any rational grounds. Whether regarded from the standpoint of public interest or public morality, there was equally little to be said for it. I was ashamed to say we felt bound in honour to maintain a Treaty which, if honour had been consulted in the matter, we ought never to have made—that, partly to propitiate Russia, partly to perpetuate the existence of a Power we thought useful to us, we passed over sixteen rightful heirs, and chose a Prince to rule over the Duchies, who, though a man of the highest character and best intentions, was not likely to be acceptable to them, as he had espoused the cause of Denmark in the struggle of 1849-50. If ever there was an instance of the inconvenience of meddling in affairs which did not concern us, it was when we went about hunting for a Prince to impose against their will upon the people of Schleswig-Holstein. If ever five great Powers committed an act of injustice, it was when they deliberately combined, from the lowest motives of political expediency, to deprive by a solemn treaty, a sovereign of his throne and a people of their sovereign without consulting either the one or the other. The results are equally disastrous to all parties concerned, and to none more than to King Christian himself, who, thanks to our diplomatic interference, has found himself involved hitherto in nothing but trouble and misfortune.

While I was at Kiel, the report arrived that General Hake, who commanded the Federal army at Rendsburg, had sent in an ultimatum to the Danes to evacuate the Kronewerke. As I was anxious to see whatever fighting might take place in the event of the Germans attempting by force to occupy the six villages claimed by Holstein to the north of the Eider, I proceeded

to Rendsburg by rail, staying a few hours at the prosperous little town of Neumünster, where the inhabitants had shown themselves as enthusiastically in favour of the Duke as elsewhere. Rendsburg is a town containing about 12,000 inhabitants. Curiously situated upon an island in the Eider, which it completely covers, it is strongly fortified towards Germany; but the Danes evacuated the position in consequence of the pressure put upon them by our Government to abandon Holstein. Had we been the bitterest enemies of King Christian, we could not, from the first moment of our meddling in his affairs, have imposed upon him a policy more utterly ruinous to his interests. It was perfectly clear that, had we been desirous of making a stand against Germany for the kingdom of Denmark in its integrity, we should never have counselled the evacuation of the largest province in it. The Danes would probably, in the first instance, have been victorious in a contest with the small Federal army of execution, and, under any circumstances, would have been able to make better terms for themselves had the struggle taken place to the south of the Eider, and the Duke never had an opportunity of residing in his prospective duchy for a month. Holstein has already acquired a sort of prescriptive right to become German, and whatever may be the fate of Schleswig, nobody even in England now supposes that Holstein is to be reunited to Denmark. To those who were familiar with this question, and with the intentions of Germany with regard to it, the course which this country should have pursued was perfectly clear. Fortunately our public men, by frankly stating at the outset that they did not in the least understand the question, do not leave it a mystery why they did not pursue that course. The two nations we have most cruelly injured in Europe are the Poles and the Danes, and both in exactly the same way. Had we, instead of supporting the two great

Powers against Germany, and instead of sending Lord Wodehouse to Copenhagen, from the first told King Christian that he need not count upon our fleets and armies, he might have defended Holstein under far more favourable circumstances than Schleswig. He would have opposed the entry of the small army of Saxons and Hanoverians at a time when Austria and Prussia had not made up their minds to the policy of violence they have since adopted; and by a little dexterous diplomacy it is quite possible that we might have brought about a conflict between the Liberal elements of Germany and the Governments of the great German Powers which would have offered Denmark a chance of escape. By the strong support we gave to Bismarck and Rechberg against the Liberals of Germany, we strengthened their hands sufficiently to enable them to undertake a war in defiance of the popular sentiment; for it is a mistake to suppose that the German people sympathise with the policy of the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna, or wish success to those armies which, when they return flushed with victory, will only be a more available instrument of tyranny in the hands of despots than they were before. If, instead of insulting the great "national" party of Germany, and coquetting and being betrayed by the despots, we had coquetted with the national party after the fashion of Louis Napoleon, and reserved our insults, if they must be launched somewhere, for the man that Germany hates, both King Christian and England would occupy a better position in Europe than they do. Our innocence, our ignorance, or both, have unfortunately induced us to put our trust exactly in that quarter where betrayal was the most certain. As we seldom offer our advice without accompanying it with a menace, a diplomatic failure generally involves a national humiliation; and we are at this moment despised and ridiculed throughout all Germany, as

well by the great Powers whom we trusted and threatened, as by the small ones whom we insulted and ignored. Two courses were open to us—either to stand aloof altogether, or to have supported the Liberal party in Germany against the great Powers. Had we stood aloof altogether, Denmark would either have made her stand in Holstein against the Federal army of execution, under much more favourable auspices than those under which she has since resisted the armies of Prussia and Austria; or, seeing the hopelessness of any struggle, the Eider-Dane party would have carried the day in Copenhagen, and the expulsion of the present King would have been followed by the annexation to Scandinavia of the Danish part of the kingdom. Neither result would have seriously affected us, our interests lying rather in the formation of a Scandinavia than in the existence of a Denmark. There can be not the slightest doubt that this was the simple and self-evident policy, one to which the Emperor of the French with superior sagacity has adhered, and which we might have pursued in unison with him. If, however, we had been very desirous of preventing the formation of a Scandinavia, we might have succeeded in making terms for the King of Denmark with Liberal Germany, whereby the present war might have been avoided, and Denmark have retained more of her "integrity" than will now be possible; but this would have involved a policy of conciliation, and of more or less secrecy. We never seem to have understood that the impotent German majority at Frankfort, in order to gain our support against the two great States who bully them, would have made far easier terms in the Holstein question than we are likely to get from Mr. Von Bismark—in fact, it would at one time have been quite possible so to have played the hostile elements of Germany off against each other, as to have altogether diverted their regards from Holstein to them-

selves. The situation was precisely one in which, from the outset, the greatest diplomatic dexterity and a most intimate knowledge of German political feeling were necessary; but it was one in which open menace was of no avail. There was no obligation upon us to appear in the matter at all; but our influence would have been not the less effective because not boisterously asserted. Probably, if the public had not believed its honour involved in maintaining the claims of the King of Denmark to the duchy of Holstein, it would have at the outset disapproved of any open interference in the internal affairs of that province. The fact is, that the contingency for which the Treaty was meant to provide never having arisen with regard to Holstein, we are not merely absolved from any obligation in the matter, but are actually bound in honour the other way. King Christian is only lawful King of Denmark because his title was submitted to the Diet of Copenhagen, and formally ratified and accepted. It was subsequently submitted to the Estates of Holstein, whose powers were by the stipulations of 1851-2 made equal with those of the Diet of Copenhagen, and as formally rejected. Why we should have insisted so strongly before all Europe in putting a construction upon the Treaty which it will not bear, and which involves our forcing a Sovereign upon an unwilling country, it is difficult to imagine, when by leaving the matter alone, or dealing with it less ostentatiously, we should have prevented a war, avoided humiliation, and acted consistently with the policy we have pursued in other similar cases. The simple fact to remember in connection with the Treaty of 1852 is, that it could *not create a title*, and that no number of European Powers could possibly give a Duke to Holstein. The 'Times,' in an article of the 18th February, says, "that no such pretension was ever advanced by the European Powers in 1852. Denmark properly altering its own

law of succession, and buying with hard cash the Augustenburg pretension, and by procuring the renunciation of some other intervening persons, caused the united crowns to devolve upon Christian, the present King and Duke."

So, then, it is admitted that Denmark and not the Powers endeavoured to create a title for Holstein; and this being once acknowledged, the binding nature of the Treaty upon the Powers, so far as Holstein is concerned, falls to the ground. Denmark has acknowledged her obligation to create the title, and failed when the constitution embodying the succession articles was submitted to the Holstein Diet and rejected. Now, however, if we interfere in this matter, we shall interfere not to put King Christian in possession of Holstein, but to eject the *de jure* possessor by force. We should clearly understand, before we embark in hostilities in favour of Denmark, exactly what we propose to ourselves as the result. That Denmark has been cruelly used by two great Powers is unquestionable. In consequence of the pressure we applied to Austria, she could not remain neutral in the matter; but there is not the slightest doubt that she would be too glad to escape from the dilemma in which her jealousy of Prussia, her dread of offending England, and her anxiety to stand well with Germany, has placed her. Prussia, like England, has no friends; Austria would wish to see her army humiliated to gratify the national rivalry: Germany would triumph in its destruction as loudly as Denmark, and we should not be sorry to see the Power that has betrayed us humbled; but beyond the gratification of a feeling of vengeance, we should

have expended our blood and treasure only to achieve the very objects which, up to this time, we have endeavoured by diplomacy to avert. We have incurred obloquy and contempt in trying to prevent Holstein going to Germany. We might recover our prestige by a successful war, but we should inevitably conclude a treaty giving Holstein to Germany at the end of it. Schleswig will be divided, and, together with Holstein, handed over, if not to any of the Augustenburgs, to some German Prince, for three simple reasons: first, because forty millions of people are determined to have it; secondly, because the Emperor of the French will not consent to its reannexation by a personal union with Denmark; and, thirdly, because any such reannexation would be as certainly as productive of a war in the course of a few years as would the forced union of the Northern and Southern States of America—supposing the latter were compelled by Europe to consent to the arrangement.

Those therefore who, from the day of the King of Denmark's death, advocated the cession of Holstein to Germany at once as a measure of conciliation and final settlement, need not desire any stronger justification of their predictions and policy than will be afforded by the conclusion of a treaty by England at the termination of a war which shall embody this very cession which our Government still so vehemently opposes by its diplomacy. This much is certain, that, under the peculiar conditions of the case, neither our arms nor our diplomacy will affect, or ever could have affected, the manifest destiny of the German part of Denmark.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART III.

STATION, LAW, AND JUSTICE.

My Garibaldian friend has returned, but only to bid me good-bye and be off again. The Government, it would seem, are rather uneasy as to the movements of the "Reds," and quietly intimated to my friend that they were sure he had something particular to do—some urgent private affairs—at Geneva; and, like the well-bred dog in the story, he does not wait for any further suggestions, but goes at once.

He revenged himself, however, all the time at breakfast, by talking very truculently before the waiters of what would happen when Garibaldi took the field again, and how miserably small Messrs. Ratazzi & Co. would look under the circumstances. Indeed, as he warmed with his subject, he went the length of declaring that, without a very ample apology for the events of Aspromonte, he did not believe Garibaldi would consent to take Venice, or drive the French out of Rome.

With a spirit of tantalising he

prolonged this same breakfast for upwards of two hours, during which the officer of the gendarmerie came and went, and came again, very eager to see him depart, but evidently with instructions neither to molest nor interfere with him.

"Just look at that beggar," cried the Garibaldian; "if he has come in here once during the last hour, he has come a dozen times, and all on my account! And I mean to smoke three 'cavours' over my 'anisetta' before I leave. Waiter, tell the vetturino he'll have plenty of time to throw a feed to his cattle before I start. You know," added he, "if I was disposed to be troublesome, I'd not budge: I'd write up to Turin to the Legation and claim British protection; and I'd have these fellows on the hip, for they stupidly gave me a reason for my expulsion. They said I was conspiring. Now I could say, Prove it; and if we only went to law, it would take ten or twelve years to decide it."

My companion now went on to

show that, by a small expenditure of money and a very ordinary exercise of ingenuity, a lawsuit need never end in Italy. "First of all, you could ask the opposite party, Who was his advocate? and on his naming him, you could immediately set to work to show that this man was a creature so vile and degraded, no man with the commonest pretension to honesty would dream of employing him. The history of his father could be adduced, and any private little anecdotes of his mother would find a favourable opportunity for mention. Though a mere skirmish, if judiciously managed, this will occupy a week or two, and at the same time serve to indicate that you mean to show fight; for by this time the 'Legale's' blood will be up, and he is certain to make reprisals on your man, so that for a month or so you and the other principal are in the position of men who, having come out to fight a duel, are first gratified with the spectacle of a row between the seconds. However, at last it is arranged that the lawyers are worthy of each other; and the next step is to demand the names of all the witnesses. This opens a campaign of unlimited duration, for, as nobody is rash enough to trust himself or his cause to real and *bond-fide* testimony, witnesses are usually selected amongst the most astute and ready-witted persons of your acquaintance."

"Oh," cried I, "this is a little too strong, isn't it?"

"Let me give you an instance," said he, good-humouredly, and not in the least disposed to be displeased with my expression of distrust.

"Some time back an American gentleman took up his abode for some weeks on the Chiaja at Naples, and in the same house there lived an Italian, with whom, from frequently meeting on the stairs and corridors, a sort of hat-touching acquaintance had grown up. At length one day, as the American was passing hastily out, the Italian accosted him with a courteous bow and smile, and said, 'When will it be your per-

fect convenience, signor, to repay me that little loan of two hundred ducats it was my happy privilege to have lent you last month?'

"The American, astounded as he was, had yet patience to inquire whether he had not mistaken him for another.

"The other smiled somewhat reproachfully, as he said, 'I trust, signor, you are not disposed to ignore the obligation. You are the gentleman who lives, I believe, on the second floor left?'

"'Very true; I do live there, and I owe you nothing. I never borrowed a carlino from you—I never spoke to you before; and if you ever take the liberty to speak to me again, I'll knock you down.'

"The Italian smiled again, not so blandly, perhaps, but as significantly, and saying, 'We shall see,' bowed and retired.

"The American thought little more of the matter till, going to the Prefecture to obtain his *visé* for Rome, he discovered that his passport had been stopped, and a detainer put upon him for this debt. He hastened at once to his Minister, who referred him to the law-adviser of the Legation for counsel. The man of law looked grave; he neither heeded the angry denunciations of the enraged Yankee, nor his reiterated assurances that the whole was an infamous fraud. He simply said, 'The case is difficult, but I will do my best.' After the lapse of about a week, a message came from the Prefect to say that the stranger's passport was at his service whenever he desired to have it.

"'I knew it would be so!' cried the American, as he came suddenly upon his lawyer in the street. 'I was certain that you were only exaggerating the difficulty of a matter that must have been so simple; for as I never owed the money, there was no reason why I should pay it.'

"'It was a case for some address, notwithstanding,' said the other, shaking his head.

"'Address! fiddle-stick! It was a plain matter of fact, and needed neither skill nor cunning. You of course showed that this fellow was a stranger to me—that we had never interchanged a word till the day he made this rascally demand?'

"'I did nothing of the kind, sir. If I had put in so contemptible a plea, you would have lost your cause. What I did was this: I asked what testimony he could adduce as to the original loan, and he gave me the name of one witness, a certain Count well known in this city, who was at breakfast with him when you called to borrow this money, and who saw the pieces counted out and placed in your hand.'

"'You denounced this fellow as a perjurer?'

"'Far from it, sir. I respect the testimony of a man of station and family, and I would not insult the feelings of the Count by daring to impugn it; but as the plaintiff had called only one witness to the loan, I produced two just as respectable, just as distinguished, who saw you repay the debt! You are now free; and remember, sir, that wherever your wanderings lead you, never cease to remember that, whatever be our demerits at Naples, at least we can say with pride: The laws are administered with equal justice to all men!'

The entrance of the gendarme at this moment cut short the question I was about to ask, whether I was to accept this story as a fact or as a parable.

"Here he comes again. Only look at the misery in the fellow's face! and you see he has his orders evidently enough; and he dare not hurry me. I think I'll have a bath before I start."

"It is scarcely fair, after all," said I. "I suppose he wants to get back to his one o'clock dinner."

"I could no more feel for a gendarme than I could compassionate a scorpion. Take the best-natured fellow in Europe—the most generous, the most trustful, the most unsuspecting—make a Brigadier of

Gendarmerie of him for three months, and he'll come out scarcely a shade brighter than the veriest rascal he has hand-cuffed! Do you know what our friend yonder is at now?"

"No. He appears to be trying to take a stain out of one of his yellow gauntlets."

"No such thing. He is noting down your features—taking a written portrait of you, as the man who sat at breakfast with me on a certain morning of a certain month. Take my word for it, some day or other when you purchase a hat too tall in the crown, or you are seen to wear your whiskers a trifle too long or bushy, an intimation will reach you at your hotel, that the Prefect would like to talk with you; the end of which will be the question: 'Whether there is not a friend you are most anxious to meet in Switzerland, or if you have not an uncle impatient to see you at Trieste?' And yet," added he, after a pause, "the Piedmontese are models of liberality and legality in comparison with the officials in the south. In Sicily, for instance, the laws are more corruptly administered than in Turkey. I'll tell you a case, which was, however, more absurd than anything else. An English official, well known at Messina, and on the most intimate terms with the Prefect, came back from a short shooting-excursion he had made into the interior, half frantic with the insolence of the servants at a certain inn. The proprietor was absent, and the waiter and the cook—not caring, perhaps, to be disturbed for a single traveller—had first refused flatly to admit him; and afterwards, when he had obtained entrance, treated him to the worst of food, intimating at the same time it was better than he was used to, and plainly giving him to understand that on the very slightest provocation they were prepared to give him a sound thrashing. Boiling over with passion, he got back to Messina, and hastened to re-

count his misfortunes to his friend in power.

"Where did it happen?" asked the hard-worked Prefect, with fully enough on his hands without having to deal with the sorrows of Great Britons.

"At Spalla de Monte."

"When?"

"On Wednesday last the 23d."

"What do you want me to do with them?"

"To punish them, of course."

"How—in what way?"

"How do I know? Send them to jail."

"For how long?"

"A month if you can—a fortnight at least."

"What are the names?" asked the Prefect, who all this time continued to write, filling up certain blanks in some printed formula before him.

"How should I know their names? I can only say that one was the cook, the other the waiter."

"There!" said the Prefect, tossing two sheets of printed and written-over paper towards him—"there! tell the landlord to fill in the fellows' names and surnames, and send that document to the Podesta. They shall have four weeks, and with hard labour."

"The Englishman went his way rejoicing. He dispatched the missive, and felt his injuries were avenged."

"Two days after, however, a friend dropped in, and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had just come from Spalla de Monte, where he had dined so well and met such an intelligent waiter; 'which, I own,' said he, 'surprised me, for I had heard of their having insulted some traveller last week very grossly.'"

"The Englishman hurried off to the Prefecture. 'We are outraged, insulted, laughed at!' cried he: 'those fellows you ordered to prison are at large. They mock your authority and despise it.'"

"A mounted messenger was sent

off at speed to bring up the landlord to Messina, and he appeared the next morning pale with fear and trembling. He owned that the Prefect's order had duly reached him, that he had understood it thoroughly; 'but, Eccellenza,' said he, crying, 'it was the shooting season; people were dropping in every day. Where was I to find a cook or a waiter? I must have closed the house if I parted with them; so, not to throw contempt on your worship's order, I sent two of the stablemen to jail in their place, and a deal of good it will do them.'"

While I was laughing heartily at this story, my companion turned towards the gendarme and said, "Have you made a note of his teeth? you see they are tolerably regular, but one slightly overlaps the other in front."

"Signor Generale," said the other, reddening, "I'll make a note of your tongue, which will do quite as well."

"Bravo!" said the Garibaldian; "better said than I could have given you credit for. I'll not keep you any longer from your dinner. Will you bear me company," asked he of me, "as far as Chiavari? It's a fine day, and we shall have a pleasant drive."

I agreed, and we started.

The road was interesting, the post-horses which we took at Borghetto went well, and the cigars were good, and somehow we said very little to each other as we went.

"This is the real way to travel," said my companion; "a man to smoke with, and no bother of talking; there is Chiavari in the hollow."

I nodded and never spoke.

"Are you inclined to come on to Genoa?"

"No."

And soon after we parted—whether ever to meet again or not is not so easy to say, nor of very much consequence to speculate on.

THE ORGAN NUISANCE AND ITS REMEDY.

There is scarcely any better measure of the amount of comfort a man enjoys than in the sort of things of which he makes grievances. When the princess in the Eastern story passed a restless night on account of the rumpled rose-leaf she lay on, the inference is, that she was not, like another character of fiction, accustomed to "lie upon straw."

Thus thinking, I was led to speculate on what a happy people must inhabit the British Islands, seeing the amount of indignation and newspaper wrath bestowed upon what is called the Organ Nuisance. Now, granting that it is not always agreeable to have a nasal version of the march in 'William Tell,' 'Home, sweet Home,' or 'La donna è mobile,' under one's window at meal-times, in the hours of work, or the darker hours of headache, surely the nation which cries aloud over this as a national calamity must enjoy no common share of Fortune's favour, and have what the Yankees call a "fine time" here below.

Scarcely a week, however, goes over without one of these persecutions of British ears being brought up to justice, and some dreary penny-a-liner appears to prosecute in the person of a gentleman of literary pursuits, whose labours, like those of Mr. Babbage, may be lost to the world, if the law will not hunt down the organs, and cry "Tally hoigh-ho" to the "grinders."

It may be grave matter of inquiry whether the passing annoyance of 'Cherry ripe' was not a smaller infliction than some of the tiresome lucubrations it has helped to muddle; and I half fancy I'd as soon listen to the thunder as drink the small beer it has soured into vinegar.

However, as the British Public is resolved on making it a grievance, and as some distinguished

statesman has deemed it worth his while to devise a bill for its suppression, it is in vain to deny that the evil is one of magnitude. England has declared she will not be ground down by the Savoyard, and there is no more to be said of it.

A great authority in matters of evasion once protested that he would engage to drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament that ever was framed, and I believe him. So certain is language to be too wide or too narrow—to embrace too much, and consequently fail in distinctness, or to include too little, and so defeat the attempt to particularise—that it does not call for more than an ordinary amount of acuteness to detect the flaws of such legislation. Then, when it comes to a discussion, and amendments are moved, and some honourable gentleman suggests that after the word "Whereas" in section 98 the clause should run "in no case, save in those to be hereafter specified," &c., there comes a degree of confusion and obscurity that invariably renders the original parent of the measure unable to know his offspring, and probably intently determined to destroy it. That in their eagerness for law-making the context of these bills is occasionally overlooked, one may learn from the case of an Irish measure where a fine was awarded as the punishment of a particular misdemeanour, and the Act declared that one-half of the sum should go to the county, one-half to the informer. Parliament, however, altered the law, but overlooked the context. Imprisonment with hard labour was decreed as the penalty of the offence, and the clause remained—one-half to the county, one-half to the informer.

A Judge of no mean acuteness, the Chief Baron O'Grady, once declared, with respect to an Act against sheep-stealing, that after

two careful readings he could not decide whether the penalties applied to the owner of the sheep, the thief, or the sheep itself, for that each interpretation might be argumentatively sustained.

How will you suppress the organ-grinder after this? What are the limits of a man's domicile? How much of the coast does he own beyond his area-railings? Is No. 48 to be deprived of the 'Rat-catcher's Daughter' because 47 is dyspeptic? Are the maids in 82 not to be cheered by 'Such a gettin' up stairs' because there is a nervous *invalid* in 83? How long may an organ-man linger in front of a residence to tune or adjust his barrels—the dreariest of all discords? Can legislation determine how long or how loud the grand choros in 'Nabucco' should be performed? What endless litigation will be instituted by any attempt to provide for all these and a score more of similar casualties, not to speak of the insolent persecution that may be practised by the performance of tunes of a party character. Fancy Dr. Wiseman composing a pastoral to the air of 'Crop-pies, lie down,' or the Danish Minister writing a despatch to the inspring strains of 'Schleswig-Holstein meer-umschlungen.' There might come a time, too, when 'Sie sollen ihm nicht haben' might grate on a French ambassador's ears. Can your Act take cognisance of all these?

I see nothing but inextricable confusion in the attempt—confusion, difficulty, and defeat. There will be an Act, and an Act to amend that Act, and another Act to alter so much of such an Act, and then a final Act to repeal them all; so that at last the mover of a bill on the subject will be the greatest "organ nuisance" that the world has yet heard of.

It was "much reflecting" over these things, as my Lord Brougham says, that I sauntered along the Riviera from Genoa, and came to the little town of Chiavari, with its long

sweep of yellow beach in front and its glorious grove of orange-trees behind—sure, whether the breeze came from land or sea, to inhale health and perfume. There is a wide old Piazza in the centre of the town, with a strange, dreary sort of inn with a low-arched entrance, under whose shade sit certain dignitaries of the place of an evening, sipping their coffee and talking over what they imagine to be the last news of the day. From these "Conscript Fathers" I learned that Chiavari is the native place of the barrel-organ, that from this little town go forth to all the dwellers in remotest lands the grinders of the many-cylindred torment, the persecutor of the prose-writer, the curse of him who calculates. Just as the valleys of Savoy supply white-nice men, and Lucca produces image-carriers, so does Chiavari yield its special product, the organ-grinder. Other towns, in their ambitions, have attempted the "industry," but they have egregiously failed, and Chiavari remains as distinctive in its product as Spitalfields for its shawl, or Dresden for its china. Whether there may be some peculiarity in the biceps of the Chiavarian, or some ulnar development which imparts power to his performance, I know not. I am forced to own that I have failed to discover to what circumstance or from what quality this excellence is derivable; but there is the fact, warranted and confirmed by a statistical return, that but for Chiavari we should have no barrel-organs.

"Never imagine," said a wise prelate, "that you will root Popery out of England till you destroy Oxford. If you want to get rid of the crows, you must pull down the rookery." The words of wisdom flashed suddenly across my mind as I walked across the silent Piazza at midnight; and I exclaimed—"Yes! here is the true remedy for the evil. With two hours of a gunboat and four small Armstrongs the thing is done;

batter down Chiavari, and Babbage will bless you with his last breath. Pull down the rookery, and crush the young rooks in the ruins. Smash the cradle and the babe within it, and you need not fear the man!"

There is a grand justice in the conception that is highly elevating. There is something eminently fine in making Chiavari, like the Cities of the Plain, a monument over its own iniquity. Leave not one stone upon another of it, and there will be peace in our homes and stillness in our streets. No more shall the black-bearded tormentor terrorise over Baker Street, or lord it in the Edgeware Road.

Commander Snort of the Sneezer will in a brief forenoon emancipate not only Europe and America, but the dweller beyond Jordan and the inhabitant of the diggins by Bendigo. Lay Chiavari in ashes, and you will no longer need Inspector D, nor ask aid from the head-office. Here is what the age especially worships, a remedy combining cheapness with efficiency. It may be said that we have no more right to destroy Chiavari than Kagosima, but that question is at least debatable. Are not the headaches of tens of thousands of more avail than the head of one? What becomes of that noble principle, the greatest happiness of the greatest number? The Italians, too, might object: true, but they are neither Americans nor French. They come into the category of states that may be bullied. The countries which have an extended seaboard and weak naval armaments are like people with a large glass frontage and no shutters. There is nothing to prevent us shying a stone at the Italian window as we pass up to Constantinople, even though we run away afterwards. I repeat, therefore, the plan is feasible. As to its cheapness, it would not cost a tithe of what we spent in destroying the tea-tray fortifications of Satsuma; and as we have a classic turn for monuments, a pyramid of barrel-

organs in Charing Cross might record for a late posterity the capture of Chiavari.

I am not without a certain sort of self-reproach in all this. I feel it is a weakness perhaps, but I feel that we are all of us too hard on these organ fellows—for, after all, are they not, in a certain sense, the type and embodiment of our age? Is not repetition, reiteration, our boldest characteristic? Is there, I ask, such a "grind" in the world as Locke King, and his motion for Reform? What do you say to "Rest and be thankful," and, above all, what to the "Peace-at-any-price people?"

Is 'Cherry ripe' more wearisome than these? Would all Chiavari assembled on Wimbledon make up a drearier discord than a ministerial explanation? In all your experience of bad music, do you know anything to equal a Foreign Office despatch? and we are without a remedy against these. Bring up John Bright to-morrow for incessantly annoying the neighbourhood of Birmingham, by insane accusations against his own country and laudations of America, and I doubt if you could find a magistrate on the bench to commit him; and will you tell me that the droning whine of 'Garibaldi's March' is worse than this? As to the *Civis Romanus* cant, it is too painful to dwell on, now that we are derided, ridiculed, and sneered at from Stockholm to Stamboul. Like Canning's philanthropist, we have been asking every one for his story; never was there a soul so full of sympathy for sorrow. We have heard the tale of Italy, the sufferings of the Confederates, the crying wrongs of Poland, and the still more cruel, because less provoked trials of Denmark. We have thrown up hands and eyes—sighed, groaned, wept; we have even denounced the ill-doers, and said, What a terrible retribution awaited them! but, like our great prototype, when asked for assistance, we have said, "I'll see you — first."

Let us be merciful, therefore, and think twice before we batter down Chiavari. The organ nuisance is a bore, no doubt; but what are the most droning ditties that ever

addled a weary head, compared to the tiresome grind of British moral assistance, and the greatness of that *Civis Romanus* who hugs his own importance and helps nobody?

R. N. F., THE GREAT CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE OF OUR DAY.

I was struck the other day by an account of an application made to the Lord Mayor of London by a country clergyman, to give, as a warning to others, publicity to a letter he had just received from the East. The clergyman, it seems, had advertised in the 'Times' for pupils, and gave for address a certain letter of the Greek alphabet. To this address there came in due time an answer from a gentleman, dated Constantinople, stating that he was an Anglo-Indian on his way to England, to place his two sons in an educational establishment; but that having, by an excursion to Jerusalem, exhausted his immediate resources, he was obliged to defer the prosecution of his journey till the arrival of some funds he expected from India—certain to arrive in a month or two. Not wishing, however, to delay the execution of his project, and being satisfied with the promises held forth by the advertiser, he purposed placing his sons under his care, and to do so, desired that forty pounds might be remitted him at once, to pay his journey to England, for which convenience he, the writer, would not alone be obliged, but also extend his patronage to the lender, by recommending him to his friend Sir Hugh Rose, who was himself desirous of sending his sons to be educated in England. The address of a banker was given to whom the money should be remitted, and an immediate reply requested, or "application should be made in some other quarter."

Now, the clergyman did not answer this strange appeal, but he inserted another advertisement, changing, however, the symbol by which he was to be addressed, and appearing

in this way to be a different person. To this new address there came another letter, perfectly identical in style and matter: the only change was, that the writer was now at the Hôtel de la Reine d'Angleterre at Buda; but all the former pledges of future protection were renewed, as well as the request for a prompt reply, or "application would be made in another quarter."

The clergyman very properly laid the matter before the Lord Mayor, who, with equal propriety, stamped the attempt as the device of a swindler, against which publicity in the newspapers was the best precaution. The strangest thing of all, however, was, that nobody appeared to know the offender; nor was there in the 'Times,' or in the other newspapers where the circumstances were detailed, one single surmise as to the identity of this ingenious individual. It is the more singular, since this man is a specialty—an actual personification of some of the very subtlest rogueries of the age we live in!

If any of my readers can recall a very remarkable exposure the 'Times' newspaper made some ten or twelve years ago, of a most shameful fraud practised upon governesses, by which they were induced to deposit a sum equivalent to their travelling expenses from England to some town on the Continent, as a guarantee to the employer, they will have discovered the gentleman with the two sons to be educated—the traveller in Syria, the friend of Sir Hugh Rose, the Anglo-Indian who expects £800 in two months, but has a present and pressing necessity for forty.

The governess fraud was in-

genious. It was done in this way: An advertisement appeared in the 'Times,' setting forth that an English gentleman, travelling with his family abroad, desired a governess—the conditions liberal, the requirements of a high order. The family in question, who mixed with the very best society on the Continent, required that the governess should be a lady of accomplished manners, and one in every respect qualified for that world of fashion to which she would be introduced as a member of the advertiser's family. The advertiser, however, found that all the English ladies who had hitherto filled this situation in his family had, through the facilities thus presented them of entrance into life, made very advantageous marriages; and, to protect himself against the loss entailed by the frequent call on him for travelling expenses—bringing out new candidates for the hands of princes and grand-dukes—he proposed that the accepted governess should deposit with him a sum—say fifty pounds—equivalent to the charge of the journey; and which, if she married, should be confiscated to the benefit of her employer.

The scheme was very ingenious; it was, in fact, a lottery in which you only paid for your ticket when you had drawn a prize. Till the lucky number turned up, you never parted with your money. Was there ever any such bribe held forth to a generation of unmarried and marriageable women? There was everything that could captivate the mind: the tour on the Continent—the family who loved society and shared it so generously—the father so parental in his kindness, and who evidently gave the governess the benediction of a parent on the day she may have married the count; and all secured for what—for fifty pounds? No; but for the deposit, the mere storing up of fifty pounds in a strong box; for if, after two years, the lady neither married nor wished to remain, she could claim her money and go her way.

The success was immense; and as the advertiser wrote replies from different towns to different individuals, governesses arrived at Brussels, at Coblenz, at Frankfurt, at Mayence, at Munich, at Nice—and heaven knows where besides—whose deposits were lodged in the hands of N. F. That ingenious gentleman straightway departed, and was no more seen, and only heard of when the distress and misery of these unhappy ladies had found their way to the public press. The 'Times,' with all that ability and energy it knows how to employ, took the matter up, published some of the statements—very painful and pathetic they were—of the unfortunate victims of this fraud, and gave more than one "leader" to its exposure. Nor was the Government wanting in proper activity. Orders were sent out from the Foreign Office to the different legations and consulates abroad, to warn the police in the several districts against the machinations of this artful scoundrel, should he chance to be in their neighbourhood. Even more distinct instructions were sent out to certain legations, by which R. N. F. could be arrested on charges that would at least secure his detention till the law officers had declared what steps could be taken in his behalf. It was not the age of photography, but a very accurate description of the man's appearance and address was furnished, and his lofty stature, broad chest, burly look, and bushy whiskers—a shade between red and auburn—were all duly posted in each Chancellerie of the Continent.

For a while it seemed as if he lived in retirement—his late success enabled this to be an "elegant retirement"—and it is said that he passed it on the Lake of Como, in a villa near that of the once Queen Caroline. There are traditions of a distinguished stranger—a man of rank and a man of letters—who lived there estranged from all the world, and deeply engaged in the education of his two sons. One of

these youths, however, not responding to all this parental devotion, involved himself in some scrape, and fled from his father's roof, and escaped into Switzerland. N. F., as soon as he could rally from the first shock of the news, hastened after, to bring him back, borrowing a carriage from a neighbouring nobleman in his haste. With this he crossed the frontier at Chiasso, but never to come back again. The coachman, indeed, brought tidings of the sale of the equipage, which the illustrious stranger had disposed of, thus quitting a neighbourhood he could only associate with a sorrowful past, and a considerable number of debts into the bargain. Another blank occurs here in history, which autobiography alone perhaps could fill. It would be unfair and unphilosophical to suppose that because we cannot trace him he was inactive: we might as reasonably imply that the moon ceased to move when we lost sight of her. At all events, towards the end of autumn of that last year of the war in the Crimea, a stout, well-dressed, portly man, with an air of considerable assurance, swaggered into the Chancellerie of her Majesty's Legation at Munich, notwithstanding the representations of the porter, who would, if he had dared, have denied him admittance, and asked, in a voice of authority, if there were no letters there for Captain F. The gentleman to whom the question was addressed was an attaché of the Legation, and at that time in "charge" of the mission, the Minister being absent. Though young in years, F. could scarcely, in the length and breadth of Europe, have fallen upon one with a more thorough insight into every phase and form of those mysteries by which the F. category of men exist. Mr. L. was an actual amateur in this way, and was no more the man to be angry with F. for being a swindler, than with Ristori for being Medea or Macready being Macbeth. Not that he had the slightest suspicion at the time of F.'s quality, as he assured him

that there were no letters for that name.

"How provoking!" said the Captain, as he bit his lip. "They will be so impatient in England," muttered he to himself, "and I know Sidney Herbert is sure to blame *me*." Then he added aloud, "I am at a deadlock here. I have come from the Crimea with despatches, and expected to find money here to carry me on to England; and these stupid people at the War Office have forgotten all about it. Is it not enough to provoke a sault?"

"I don't know; I never was a saint," said the impassive attaché.

"Well, it's trying to a sinner," said F., with a slight laugh: for he was one of those happy-natured dogs who are not indifferent to the absurd side of even their own mishaps. "How long does the post take to England?"

"Three days."

"And three back—that makes six; a week—an entire week."

"Omitting Sunday," said the grave attaché, who really felt an interest in the other's dilemma.

"All I can say is, it was no fault of mine," cried F., after a moment. "If I am detained here through their negligence, they must make the best excuse they can. Have you got a cigar?" This was said with his eyes fixed on a roll of cubans on the table.

"Take one," said the other.

"Thanks," said F., as he selected three. "I'll drop in to-morrow, and hope to have better luck."

"How much money do you want?" asked Mr. L.

"Enough to carry me to London."

"How much is that?"

"Let me see. Strasbourg—Paris, a day at Paris; Cowley might detain me two days: fifteen or twenty pounds would do it amply."

"You shall have it."

"All right," said F., who walked to the fire, and, lighting his cigar, smoked away; while the other took some notes from a table-drawer and counted them.

"Shall I give you a formal receipt for this?" asked F.

"You can tell them at the office," said L., as he dipped his pen into the ink and continued the work he had been previously engaged in. F. said a few civil words—the off-hand gratitude of a man who was fully as much in the habit of bestowing as of receiving favours, and withdrew. L. scarcely noticed his departure; he was deep in his despatch, and wrote on. At length he came to the happy landing-place, that spot of rest for the weary foot—"I have the honour to be, my Lord," and he arose and stood at the fire.

As L. smoked his cigar he reflected, and as he reflected he remembered; and, to refresh his memory, he took out some papers from a pigeon-hole, and, at last finding what he sought, sat down to read it. The document was a despatch, dated a couple of years back, instructing H. M.'s representative at the Court of Munich to secure the person of a certain N. F., and hold him in durance till application should be made to the Bavarian Government for his extradition and conveyance to England. Then followed a very accurate description of the individual—his height, age, general looks, voice, and manner—every detail of which L. now saw closely tallied with the appearance of his late visitor.

He pondered for a while over the paper, and then looked at his watch. It was five o'clock! The first train to Augsburg was to start at six. There was little time, consequently, to take the steps necessary to arrest a person on suspicion; for he should first of all have to communicate with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who should afterwards back his application to the Prefect of Police. The case was one for detail, and for what the Germans insist upon, much writing—and there was very little time to do it in. L., however, was not one to be easily defeated. If baffled in one road, he usually found out

another. He therefore wrote a brief note to the Minister, stating that he might require his assistance at a later hour of the evening, and at a time not usually official. This done, he despatched another note to Captain R. F., saying familiarly it was scarcely worth while trying to catch the mail-train that night, and that perhaps instead he would come over and take a *tête-à-tête* dinner with him at the Legation.

F. was overjoyed as he read it! No man ever felt a higher pleasure in good company, nor knew better how to make it profitable. If he had been asked to choose, he would infinitely rather have had the invitation to dine than the twenty pounds he had pocketed in the morning. The cognate men of the world—and all members of the diplomatic career are to a certain extent in this category—were in F.'s estimation the "trump cards" of the pack, with which he could "score tricks" innumerable, and so he accepted at once; and a very few minutes after his acceptance, made his appearance in a correct dinner-dress and a most unexceptionable white tie.

"Couldn't refuse that pleasant offer of yours, L." (he was familiar at once, and called him L.), and here I am!" said he, as he threw himself into an easy-chair with all the bland satisfaction of one who looked forward to a good dinner and a very enjoyable evening.

"I am happy to have secured you," said L., with a little laugh to himself at the epigram of his phrase. "Do you like caviar?"

"Delight in it?"

"I have just got some fresh from St. Petersburg, and our cook here is rather successful in his caviar soup. We have a red trout from the *Tegen See*, a saddle of Tyrol mutton, and a pheasant—*voilà votre dîner!* but I can promise you a more liberal *carte* in drinkables; just say what you like in the way of wine!"

F.'s face beamed over with ecstasy. It was one of the grand moments

of his life; and if he could, hungry as he was, he would have prolonged it! To be there the guest of her Majesty's mission; to know, to feel, that the arms of England were over the door! that he was to be waited on by flunkies in the livery of the Legation, fed by the cook who had ministered to official palates, his glass filled with wine from the cellar of him who represented royalty! These were very glorious imaginings; and little wonder that F., whose whole life was a poem in its way, should feel that they almost overcame him. In fact, like the woman in the nursery song, he was ready to exclaim, "This is none of me!" but still there were abundant evidences around him that all was actual, positive, and real.

"By the way," said L., in a light, careless way, "did you ever in your wanderings chance upon a namesake of yours, only that he interpolates another Christian name, and calls himself R. Napoleon F.?"

The stranger started: the fresh ruddy glow of his cheek gave way to a sickly yellow, and, rising from his chair, he said, "Do you mean to 'split' on me, sir?"

"I'm afraid, F.," said the other, jauntily, "the thing looks ugly. You are R. N. F.!"

"And are you, sir, such a scoundrel—such an ass—sin—as to ask a man to your table in order to betray him?"

"These are strong epithets, F., and I'll not discuss them; but if you ask, Are you going to dine here to-day? I'd say, No. And if you should ask, Where are you likely to pass the evening? I'd hint, In the city jail!"

At this F. lost all command over himself, and broke out into a torrent of the wildest abuse. He was strong of epithets, and did not spare them. He stormed, he swore, he threatened, he vociferated; but L., imperturbable throughout all, only interposed with an occasional mild remonstrance—a subdued hint—that his language was less than po-

lite or parliamentary. At length the door opened, two gendarmes appeared, and N. F. was consigned to their hands and removed.

The accusations against him were manifold; from before and since the day of the governesses, he had been living a life of dishonesty and fraud. German law proceedings are not characterised by any rash impetuosity; the initial steps in F.'s case took about eighteen months, during which he remained a prisoner. At the end of this time the judges discovered some informality in his committal; and as L. was absent from Munich, and no one at the Legation much interested in the case, the man was liberated on signing a declaration—to which Bavarian authorities, it would seem, attach value—that he was "a rogue and a vagabond;" confessions which the Captain possibly deemed as absurd an act of "surplusage" as though he were to give a written declaration that he was a vertebrated animal and a biped.

He went forth once more, and, difficult as it appears to the intelligence of honest and commonplace folk, he went forth to prosper and live luxuriously—so gullible is the world, so ready and eager to be cheated and deceived. Sir Edward Lytton has somewhere declared that a single number of the 'Times' newspaper, taken at random, would be the very best and most complete picture of our daily life—the fullest exponent of our notions, wants, wishes, and aspirations. Not a hope, nor fear, nor prejudice—not a particle of our blind trustfulness, or of our as blind unbelief, that would not find its reflex in the broadsheet. R. N. F. had arrived at the same conclusion, only in a more limited sense. The advertisement columns were all to him. What cared he for foreign wars, or the state of the Funds? as little did he find interest in railway intelligence, or "our own correspondent." What he wanted was, the people who inquired after a missing relative—a long-lost son or brother, who was

supposed to have died in the Mauritius or Mexico: an affectionate mother, who desired tidings as to the burial-place of a certain James or John, who had been travelling in a particular year in the south of Spain: an inquirer for the will of Paul somebody: or any one who could supply evidence as to the marriage of Sarah Meekins *alias* Crouther, supposed to have been celebrated before her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Koorobakaloo—these were the paragraphs that touched him.

Never was there such a union of intelligence and sympathy as in him! He knew everybody, and seemed not alone to have been known to, but actually beloved by, every one. It was in his arms poor Joe died at Aden. He gave away Maria at Tunis. He followed Tom to his grave at Corfu; and he was the mysterious stranger who, on board the P. and O. boat, offered his purse to Edward, and was almost offended at being denied. The way in which this man tracked the stories of families through the few lines of a newspaper advertisement was positively marvellous. Whatever was wanting in the way of evidence of this, or clue to that, came at once into his attributions.

A couple of years ago, an English lady, the wife of a clergyman, passed a winter at Rome with her daughter, and in the mixed society of that capital made acquaintance with a Polish Count of most charming manners and fascinating address. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and ended in an attachment which led to the marriage of the young lady with the distinguished exile.

On arriving in England, however, it was discovered that the accomplished Count was a common soldier, and a deserter from the Prussian army; and means were accordingly had recourse to in order to obtain a divorce, and the breach of a marriage accomplished under a fraudulent representation. While the proceedings were but in the

initiative, there came a letter from Oneglia, near Nice, to the afflicted mother of the young lady, recalling to her mind the elderly gentleman with the blue spectacles who usually sat next her at the English Church at Rome. He was the writer of the present letter, who, in turning over the columns of the 'Times,' read the melancholy story of her daughter's betrayal and misery. By one of those fortunate accidents more frequent in novels than in life, he had the means of befriending her, and very probably of rescuing her from her present calamity. He, the writer, had actually been present at the wedding, and as a witness had signed the marriage-certificate of that same *soi-disant* Count Stanislaus Sobieski Something-or-other, at Lemberg, in the year '49, and knew that the unhappy but deserted wife was yet living. A certain momentary pressure of money prevented his at once coming to England to testify to this fact; but if a small sum, sufficient to pay a little balance he owed his innkeeper and wherewithal to make his journey to England, were forwarded to the address of Frederick Brooks, Esq., or lodged to his account at the Bank of French & Co., Florence, he would at once hasten to London and depose formally to every fact he had stated. By the merest accident I myself saw this letter, which the lady had, for more accurate information about the writer, sent to the banker at Florence, and in an instant I detected the fine Roman hand of R. N. F. It is needless to say that this shot went wide of the mark.

But that this fellow has lived for upwards of twenty years, travelling the Continent in every direction, eating and drinking at the best hotels, frequenting theatres, cafés, and public gardens, denying himself nothing, is surely a shame and a disgrace to the police of Europe, which has been usually satisfied to pass him over a frontier, and suffer him to continue his depredations on the citizens of another state. Of the

obloquy he has brought upon his own country I do not speak. We must, I take it, have our scoundrels like other people; the only great grievance here is, that the fellow's ubiquity is such that it is hard to believe that the swindler who walked off with the five watches from Hamburg is the same who, in less than eight days afterwards, borrowed fifty ducats from a waiter at Naples, and "bolted."

Of late I have observed he has dropped his second *prenome* of Napoleon, and does not call himself by it. There is perhaps in this omission a delicate forbearance, a sense of refined deference to the other bearer of that name, whom he recognises as his master.

In the ingenuity of his manifold devices even religion has not escaped him, and it would be impossible to count how often he has left the "Establishment" for Rome, been converted, reconverted, reconcoiled, and brought home again—always, be it noted, at the special charge of so much money from the Church Fund, or a subscription from the faithful, ever zealous and eager to assist a really devout and truly sincere convert!

That this man is an aspiring and ambitious vagabond may be seen in the occasional raids he makes into the very best society, without having, at least to ordinary eyes, anything to obtain in these ventures, beyond the triumph of seeing himself where exposure and detection would be certain to be followed by the most condign punishment. At Rome, for instance—how, I cannot say—he obtained admission to the Duc de Grammont's receptions; and at Florence, under the pretext of being a proprietor, and "a most influential" one, of the 'Times,' he breakfasted, by special invitation, with Baron Ricasoli, and had a long and most interesting conversation with him as to the conditions—of course political—on which he would consent to support Italian unity. These must have been done in pure levity; they were imaginative excursions,

thrown off in the spirit of those fanciful variations great violinists will now and then indulge in, as though to say, "Is there a path too intricate for me to thread, is there a pinnacle too fine for me to balance on?"

A great deal of this fellow's long impunity results from the shame men feel in confessing to have been "done" by him. Nobody likes the avowal, acknowledging, as it does, a certain defect in discrimination, and a natural reluctance to own to having been the dupe of one of the most barefaced and vulgar rogues in Europe.

There is one circumstance in this case which might open a very curious psychological question; it is this: F.'s victims have not in general been the frank, open, free-giving, or trustful class of men; on the contrary, they have usually been close-fisted, cold, cautious people, who weigh carefully what they do, and are rarely the dupes of their own impulsiveness. F. is an Irishman, and yet his successes have been far more with English—ay, even with Scotchmen—than with his own countrymen.

In part this may be accounted for by the fact that F. did not usually present himself as one in utter want and completely destitute; his appeal for money was generally made on the ground of some speculation that was to repay the lender; it was because he knew something to your advantage that he asked for that £10. He addressed himself, in consequence, to the more mercantile spirit of a richer community—to those, in fact, who, more conversant with trade, better understood the meaning of an investment.

But there was another, and, as I take it, a stronger and less fallible ground for success. This fellow has, what all Irishmen are more or less gifted with, an immense amount of vitality, a quality which undeniably makes a man companionable, however little there may be to our taste in his manner, his education,

or his bearing. This same vitality imparts itself marvellously to the colder temperaments of others, and gives out its own warmth to natures that never of themselves felt the glow of an impulse, or the glorious furnace-heat of a rash action.

This was the magnetism he worked with. "Canny" Scotchmen and shrewd Yankees—ay, even Swiss innkeepers—felt the touch of his quality. There was, or there seemed to be, a geniality in the fellow that, in its apparent contempt for all worldliness, threw men off their guard, and it would have smacked of meanness to distrust a fellow so open and unguarded.

Now Paddy has seen a good deal of this at home, and could no more be humbugged by it than he could believe a potato to be a truffle.

F. was too perfect an artist ever to perform in an Irish part to an Irish audience, and so he owes little or nothing to the land of his birth.

Apart from his unquestionable success, which of course settles the question, I would not have called him a great performer—indeed, my astonishment has always been how he succeeded, or with whom.

"Don't tell me of Beresford's blunders," said the Great Duke after Albuera. "Did he beat Soult? if so, he was a good officer."

This man's triumphs are some twenty odd years of expensive living, with occasional excursions into good society. He wears broadcloth, and dines on venison, when his legitimate costume had been the striped uniform of the galleys, and his diet the black bread of a convict.

The injury these men do in life is not confined to the misery their heartless frauds inflict, for the very humblest and poorest are often their victims: they do worse in the way they sow distrust and suspicion of really deserving objects, in the pretext they afford the miserly man to draw closer his purse-strings, and

"not be imposed on;" and, worst of all, in the ill repute they spread of a nation which, not attractive by the graces of manner or the charms of a winning address, yet cherished the thought that in truthfulness and fair dealing there was not one could gainsay it.

As I write, I have just heard tidings of R. N. F. One of our most distinguished travellers and discoverers, lately returning from Venice to the South, passed the night at Padua, and met there what he described as an Indian officer—Major Newton—who was travelling, he said, with a nephew of Lord Palmerston's.

The Major was a man full of anecdote, and abounded in knowledge of people and places; he had apparently been everywhere with everybody, and, with a communicativeness not always met with in old soldiers, gave to the stranger a rapid sketch of his own most adventurous life. As the evening wore on, he told too how he was waiting there for a friend, a certain N. F., who was no other than himself, the nephew of Lord Palmerston being represented by his son, an apt youth, who has already given a bright promise of what his later years may develop.

N. F. retired to bed at last, so much overcome by brandy-and-water that my informant escaped being asked for a loan, which I plainly see he would not have had the fortitude to have refused; and the following morning he started so early, that N. F., wide awake as he usually is, was not vigilant enough to have anticipated.

I hope these brief details, *pour servir à l'histoire de Monsieur R. N. F.*, may save some kind-hearted traveller from the designs of a thorough blackguard, and render his future machinations through the press more difficult to effect and more certain of exposure.

MR. KNIGHT'S REMINISCENCES.

It has become a fashion amongst our neighbours the French, that when a literary man has exhausted all other subjects, he resorts—to himself; he writes his own biography. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, after making themselves famous by their writings, and expending their best energies in the effort, have turned round upon this famous personality they have created, and written about it. Why should they not? If others are to reap profit out of their celebrity, why should not they who are the authors of that celebrity? If they are to be dissected when dead, why not have a *vivisection*, and they themselves the anatomist? No one, at least, can rival them in knowledge of their subject, and few in skill to use the scalpel. If the world is so weak, or so wise, as to take an intense interest in whatever concerns them, why should not they, who are most capable of doing so, gratify this curiosity? And why should not they, in the later chair-days of their authorship, be indulged in a task so easy, so grateful, and so profitable? Victor Hugo makes a thin pretence, a poor disguise, that not he, but some other—his wife, we presume—narrates her reminiscences under his supervision. This method of composition, or this literary fiction—whichever it may be—necessarily influences the character of the work; we have less of the self-analyst than if the author had written in his own name; he debars or excuses himself from entering into the more secret chambers of the heart; he escapes also, in some measure, from that wholesome sense of literary responsibility which restrains an accomplished writer from filling his book with

wearisome extracts, or other materials that add only to its bulk and its weight. Victor Hugo has contrived a plan of autobiography which gives him all the license of the ordinary compiler of the dead man's memoirs, who never yet had a scruple of conscience about printing any amount of discarded rubbish—juvenile poems and the like—any amount that would not absolutely sink his little craft, or rather the heavy barge he navigates.

When we first heard of Mr. Charles Knight's autobiographical work, we bethought ourselves that the fashion of our neighbours was making its way into England, and that he also was about to build one of these private temples, to conduct us into one of those little sanctuaries, where the idol and the priest are one. But a very slight acquaintance with the work sufficed to show that, although the example of these Continental celebrities is so far followed that the living man is writing and publishing his own memoirs, Mr. Knight's book is rather a collection of the reminiscences of the past times—say of the last half-century—than of his own personal life. It is no elaborate effort at self-portraiture. Judging from the first volume, which, at the time we are writing, is all that has seen the light, we find, indeed, that, in an artistic point of view, it wants this element of a personal interest, of a strong sympathy with the individual who is recording his own reminiscences. We have extracts from his own early compositions, prose and verse, and both irreproachable, but the youth who bore the name of Charles Knight is never vividly brought before us. The portrait drawn of himself is by no means so distinct

'Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century: with a Prelude of Early Reminiscences.' By Charles Knight.

as that which, in a very few words, he has given us of two or three other men. Mr. Knight has not succeeded—where on every account he ought to have succeeded—in making us interested in Mr. Knight. Perhaps he wanted that frank egotism which, while it would have exposed him, with captious critics, to the charge of vanity, would nevertheless have diffused life over his pages, and given a unity to his book. It must be borne in mind also, that a man must first of all be a painter before he can paint even his own portrait;—nay, his own portrait may be as difficult as any subject that he can select; and the species of literature which our autobiographer had chiefly cultivated, was not precisely that which brings out the artist. Whatever may be the cause, the book indisputably suffers from the want of interest we feel, the want of insight and sympathy we gain, in the chief personage, in the narrator himself. We have before us a young man, always commendable, both when he acts and when he writes, and, so far as we are permitted to judge, never losing his good sense, or his temperate judgment, even when he writes poetry, even when he writes on the disturbing politics of the day; but somehow we do not *see* this youth; we get scraps out of his writing-desk, or well-selected fragments from his youthful journalism, but still we see the writing, not the writer. Some of us will have learnt, for the first time, that our champion of Useful Knowledge for the people was given to poetry in his youth, and has retained to the present day a high appreciation of the value of imaginative literature; but these and other facts and details that are scattered through the volume are not fused, or brought together, so as to present us with any vivid or distinct individuality.

But, nevertheless, we are very willing to have the events and characteristics of past time recalled to us by that Charles Knight whose name

at least is familiar to all, from being so often seen, in capital letters, on the title-page of many an excellent publication. The charm and pleasantness of the book lie in this, that it will awake in many readers kindred reminiscences of their own of the epoch just lately passed. No young man—no man under fifty—will feel this charm, or will care anything, we suspect, about the book. It can interest those only of us who have proceeded far enough along the road to feel the pleasure of looking back. Yet one need not be very aged to partake of this pleasure. He who numbers even less than fifty years from his birthday has lived in more reigns than one, has passed through public excitements, public dangers, storms that blustered loud enough at the time, though they have left no trace upon the air; he has outlived many fashions and some social customs which it already tasks his memory to revive, and he has seen new inventions introduced, new modes of locomotion, and the like, which have, in a few years, become so familiar to him, that it requires an effort of imagination to depict the time when they did not exist.

Very pleasant is this looking back over a period of history through which we too have lived. Give a boy a telescope, and if he is far enough away from home, the first or the greatest delight he has in the use of it, is to point it back to the house he lives in. To see the palings of his own garden, to see his father at work in it, or a younger brother playing in it, is a far greater treat than if you were to show him the coast of France, or any other distant object. And so it is with the past in time. If the telescope of the historian brings back to us events through which we have lived, and which were already fading away in the memory, he gives to us quite a peculiar pleasure. The events may be of slight importance compared to the great wars or great revolutions he has to record; but they are *ours*—we too remember,

we too can here play the historian. A subtle analyst would detect as one element of this pleasure, the distinct gratification attendant upon a successful effort of memory. An event which had interested us keenly at the time is so nearly obliterated that we have ceased to recall it; some one mentions it, dwells on it, brings back detail after detail, and now our own memory becomes vivid, and follows up this search into the past, and triumphantly brings back fresh details to complete the animated picture.

Mr. Knight must excuse us if the perusal of his memoirs should make us also a little garrulous—that is, when the topic comes within the range of our own recollections. We cannot follow him to the times when George III. walked, a living and a healthy man, on the terraces at Windsor Castle. Mr. Knight, who was the son of a bookseller in Windsor, is able, from his earliest recollections, to revive for us a scene which seems rather to belong to some German principality than to England. Sunday on the Castle Terrace, with the lords and ladies, deans and bishops, ministers and courtiers walking to and fro under the eye of royalty, presents a picture which it is difficult to associate with the England familiar to us. But when Mr. Knight touches upon such venerable institutions as the ancient watchman, lantern in one hand and rattle in the other, and these two instruments separated by a moving mountain of greatcoat, or on the scarcely more animated *jarvie*, or the extinct hackney-coach, drawn by two miserable beasts, and driven by a shapeless mass of old clothes, which we declare we have seen fall from the box without any distinct apprehension that there was a human being in it—we too are at home. You entered the recesses of a dark vehicle, whose well-worn springs were so lax that a portly man threatened to bring the whole business down upon his head; you planted your feet on the cleanest part of the straw; an array of loose iron steps was folded up after you;

the door was slammed, and something more like a huge mollusc than a man climbed the box, and you proceeded to tilt, and sway, and swing through the streets of London at the rate of four miles an hour. The modern cab—the *Hansom* into which a young fellow steps from his club—is a very different affair. But this matter of locomotion in London and its environs does not always illustrate our great law of progress; our progress in this very matter of progression is by no means uniform. The old two-horse coach that carried its six inside and six out from Clapham or Kensington to the heart of London, though it has left no very agreeable remembrance behind it, was paradise itself compared to its modern substitute, the present omnibus. He who in the next generation shall describe to listening youth what it was to get into an omnibus in Piccadilly or Oxford Street on a wet day, and ride, the twelfth steaming passenger, to Hammersmith or Bayswater, will have a rich theme for description; he will not fail to excite the wonder and pity and explosive laughter of his hearers. In an area not much larger than what one large man, lying at his ease, allowance made for turning, might reasonably occupy, twelve grown-up men and women, with all their capes, mackintoshes, crinolines, and dripping umbrellas, and as many children as can be carried on their laps, are expected to stow themselves away. And they do it! If this multitude, with all their paraphernalia, were arranged in one long row upon the pavement, and some one, pointing to the green box close at hand, with “Bayswater” written on it, proposed to you the problem to pack all this living load into that narrow receptacle, you would say it was impossible. Why, that lady alone, with her huge tub of silk girt tight about her loins, would fill half the space. Nevertheless, one at a time, with much shaking and infinite pressure, the thing is done; the whole is packed, and trundles on, damp and steam-

ing, in what is at once a cold and a warm bath, for there is perspiration on the brow, and trickling water *ab extra* stealing down the legs. It is to be inferred that you breathe in some fashion, else a coroner's inquest must sit permanently at the Red Tap or the Green Dragon, or wherever this instrument of torture is wont to stop; but to yourself you seem to bid adieu for the time to the vital air; you scarce belong to the animated creation. Occasionally a new-comer will venture a jest on the universal misery, but the wheel has not made many revolutions before the same hopeless silence steals over him that had settled on the previous eleven. What mode of transit, what kind of public vehicles, the next age will invent for these shorter journeys in and about the metropolis, remains to be seen. Our longer journeys are triumphantly performed. He who intends to travel a hundred miles does not expect to be taken up at his own door-step, or at the hail of his umbrella; he reconciles himself to the preliminaries of reaching the station, and once in his carriage, seated in his easy well-cushioned chair, he sees the country run past him at an amazing rate, and before he has had time to tire of sitting still, he alights at his destination.

This great revolution in our mode of travelling, this substitution of the steam-engine for the horse will soon be a matter of history, and older men will begin to record, with that peculiar zest which belongs to the recollection of youth, the aspect which the highroads leading out of London presented in *their time*. The railway train rushing by you at its full speed is sublime!—it deserves no timid epithet. You stand perhaps in the country, on one of those little bridges thrown over the line for the convenience of the farmer, who would else find his fields hopelessly bisected. A jet of steam is seen on the horizon—a whirl of a thousand wheels grows louder and louder on the ear—and there rushes under your feet the very realization of Milton's dream,

who saw the chariot of God, instinct with motion, self-impelled, thundering over the plains of heaven. You look round, and already in the distant landscape the triumphant train is bearing its beautiful standard of ever-rising clouds, white as the highest that rest stationary in the sky, and of exquisitely involved movement. For an instant the whole country is animated as if by the stir of battle: when the spectacle has quite passed, how inexpressibly flat and desolate and still have our familiar fields become! Nothing seems to have a right to exist that can be so still and stationary. Yet grand as this spectacle is, we revert with pleasure to some boyish recollections of the highroad, and to picturesque effects produced by quite other means. We are transported in imagination to a bay-window that commands the great western road—the Bath road, as people at that time often called it. Every evening came in rapid succession, the earth tingling with the musical tread of their horses, seven mail-coaches out of London. The dark-red coach, the scarlet guard standing up in his little solitary dickey behind, the tramp of the horses, the ring of the horns—can one ever forget them? For some miles out of London the guard was kept on his feet, blowing on his horn, to warn all slower vehicles to make way for his Majesty's mails. There was a turnpike within sight of us; how the horses dashed through it!—with not the least abatement of speed. If some intolerable blunderer stopped the way, and that royal coachman had to draw up his team, making the splinter-bars rattle together, we looked upon it as almost a case of high treason. If the owner of that blockading cart had been immediately led off to execution, we boys should have thought he had but his deserts. Our mysterious seven were still more exciting to the imagination when, in the dark winter nights, only the two vivid lamps could be seen borne along by the trampling coursers. No darkness checked the

speed of the mail: a London fog, indeed, could not be so easily vanquished; but even the London fog, which brought all ordinary vehicles to a standstill, could not altogether subdue our royal mails. The procession came flaring with torches, men shouting before it, and a man with a huge link at the head of each horse. It was a thrilling and a somewhat fearful scene.

There is another vehicle of a very different description which we can evoke from the past, and which is far more completely superseded by the railroad than the mail-coach. No living man sees, or will ever see, anything resembling the huge eight-horse waggon that used to bring the heavy goods from the country into London. It was like a house on wheels: the wheels themselves were a sight; they were so broad that they seemed made for the very purpose of rolling the road and keeping everything on the earth quite smooth, and for ever at rest. The horses that slowly paced along before this mountain of goods were of a breed that is altogether extinct: men have found that lighter horses can do the work better or more rapidly; these were elephantine in their build, and trod majestically in one uniform pace, which it seemed impossible either to relax or to quicken. How sleek their coat, how magnificent their mane and tail, how broad their back! He who should attempt to bestride one of them would feel that his legs were separating from each other—going east and west, never to come together again. We remember that one of these huge wains was drawn by a team of eight greys, another by eight blacks—the royal stables could produce nothing more magnificent. The smockfroaked waggoner, who walked by the side of them with his long thongless whip, which gave a report like a pistol—long as the longest fishing-rod, and tough as wood and leather could make it—he also has walked on, as Mr. Carlyle would say, into infinite space. He and his elephantine team are seen no more upon the earth.

There are other reminiscences of a very different kind which Mr. Knight calls up. He glances, and just glances, at the Byronic passion which at one time seized upon all the youth of England. The present generation of young men know nothing of it, are as grave and wise in its censure as if, one and all, they had the oldest of heads on the most juvenile of shoulders. And no doubt they are wiser, are better trained and disciplined, have wider scope of knowledge, and are sooner inducted into calm and impartial reasoning, than the youth of the last generation. They are more critical in their scholarship; they discuss the personality of Homer, the authorship of the Pentateuch; they are well drilled in political economy; they describe a country by its geological foundation; they have quitted the shadowy profundities of the metaphysician for the dissection and the guess-work of the physiologist, and the weighing and the measuring of the chemist; they can weigh your food, and graduate your intellectual activity, and find that the energy of thought is but a *chemical force transmuted*; they are very calm and very scientific. The youth of the last age were battling blindly and passionately against Fate, were full of gloomy mysteries, great devotees to beauty, which, after all, was but, to them, the rainbow in a storm, which, they thought, might abate, but which never ceased;—rainbow always upon clouds which broke up only to reunite in darker masses; rainbow of beauty, *not* of hope, incongruous apparition in a troubled and chaotic world.

Our Byronic fever had more than one phase; sometimes it exhibited itself in a mere moody, fantastical misanthropy, combined with a reckless pursuit of every vulgar pleasure; but in a less numerous and more meditative order of minds it displayed itself in a morbid passionate discontent with themselves as well as with all others. These were not pleasure-seekers; they had a great scorn for human life, which they

elaborately expressed in melodious sonnets. They bought the prettiest of daggers, which they kept secretly in their desk, which they polished and sharpened carefully, and carefully hid away, trying now and then, when quite alone, how the point *felt* when pressed against the region of the heart. The old harper in Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' found great relief in the slight but significant puncture of such an instrument; the mere thought of that sharp remedy brought him back to peace and resignation. To an insane man such insane remedy may be serviceable. We advise no sane youth to try it. The remedy only aggravates the disease. It is quite needless, with any gravity, to contend against the folly of those who would, as Wordsworth says,

"Nurse the dreadful appetite of death."

This is not the mania of the present day. But, out of mere love to mental analysis, we would observe that there is such a thing as nursing that odious appetite, and that the least evil of such a gloomy desire is not the very remote chance that it might some day be gratified. He who often rushes in thought to this desperate remedy will probably never avail himself of it, but he learns to slight all other remedies, and ~~and~~ has fostered a habit of thought which can convert the slightest evils of life into occasions for the deepest gloom and dejection. He takes no pains to cultivate fortitude of mind; for not to bear bravely, but to escape, is all his thought. And his escape? This lies only through that gloomy portal which opens but once to each of us: Death, and nothing short of death, stalks before him in every mood of sadness. Every hand touches on the same spring—spring easily pressed; a fit of indigestion, a slighting or uncivil word, a nod withheld, a critic's censure—all touch on the same spring, and forthwith starts from its recess the hideous skeleton of Death.

But Byron was not the only poet of the last epoch; and we think it

must be admitted that, for mere æsthetic culture, the youth of that period were more fortunate than those who are now welcoming the newest novel as the chief excitement of the hour. The new poem of Scott, Moore, Southey, was something higher than the new serial even of our most accomplished novelists. We seem, in proportion as we grow more severe in our earnest studies, to become more frivolous, in that literature whose aim is to amuse, or rather to excite. The poem must be very short, if it presumes to call forth a deep feeling or to task our attention. The novelist who reproduces the idlest insipidities of real life, who holds, and just holds, his reader by dialogue, the merit of which is, that it is precisely like that which he may hear the moment he puts down the book, may spin on his welcome and soon-forgotten narrative to any extent he pleases.

But this will never do. We are as bad as the Frenchman in the pit of the opera, who, the moment the first tenor breaks forth, begins himself to sing. Has not he also a tenor voice? We must let Mr. Knight be heard, and not be obtruding our own reminiscences. Mr. Knight, son of a bookseller at Windsor, naturally fell, as he describes, into a career of writing and publishing. Journalism was the first serious effort of his chosen profession, and he has given us a vivid description of the toil and the danger which beset the editor of a newspaper when he first became, what he very fairly entitles himself, a public instructor:—

"Thus," he writes, "with a considerable amount of multifarious reading, with slight knowledge of the world, with aspirations very much out of proportion to any chance of their being realised, the 1st of August 1812 saw me established as proprietor with my father in the 'Windsor and Eton Express,' and intrusted with its responsible editorship. That day, having passed my twenty-first year a few months before, saw me bound upon that wheel of periodical writing and publishing which was to revolve

with me for fifty years. It was not to be the torturing wheel of Ixion, but one whose revolutions, wearisome as they sometimes might be, were often to become sources of pleasurable excitement."

It was not alone the law of libel, as it related to public or political transactions, that rendered hazardous the profession of the journalist; the law of libel, as interpreted between subject and subject, was even a still greater embarrassment. Villanous attorneys could prey upon the newspaper by getting up trumpety actions; the damages accorded were nothing, but the paper was mulcted in the costs. Mr. Knight gives an astounding instance of this perversion of a court of justice into a machinery for exaction and pure robbery:—

"Any statement of fact, or any comment upon occurrences that might be supposed to affect private character, were constantly made the subject of action, got up by rapacious attorneys, speculating upon that love of litigation which was then especially characteristic of the English. It was not till thirty years after 1812 that Lord Campbell's Act gave to the journalist the power to plead, in any action for libel, 'that such libel was inserted in such newspaper without actual malice, and without gross negligence; and that before the commencement of the action, or at the earliest opportunity afterwards, he inserted in such newspaper a full apology for such libel.' Imagine at the present day the Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench trying an action for libel, with two leaders such as Mr. Denman for the prosecution and Mr. Scarlett for the defence, the alleged libel being the report in a county newspaper of a flagrant case of cruelty which was a notorious subject of local indignation. The libel consisted in terming that a 'brutal assault' upon which the assailants were held to bail. Imagine that the persons whose characters were thus defamed were a pig-keeper and his wife, who let lodgings to poor people, and having a dispute with a family of which the mother had only been confined a week, threatened to pull the bed from under her, and turn her into the street. Imagine a London jury finding a verdict for the plaintiff, with £50 damages. Imagine a second action for the same libel being brought by the wife. Imagine ten several actions against ten London papers for reporting the trial in the King's Bench, with a few

words of just comment upon the scandal of such litigation, when there was no 'private malice' or 'gross negligence.' Imagine a hungry attorney, prowling for prey, at the bottom of all these actions, who had no object to attain but the heavy costs which he pocketed. These verdicts cost me £500 in 1825. Is not the newspaper press in a better condition than it was in forty years ago?"

This, and many other matters, we hope, are in a better condition than they were forty years ago. Yet one great advantage of looking back at a state of things now clearly recognised as absurd, is the question which we next put, What is there, in the *present* state of things, of a similar absurdity and injustice, and which our posterity may taunt us with having allowed to remain? Some insight which Mr. Knight gives us into the working of the poor-law A.D. 1818 quite irresistibly suggests to us the question whether there is not, A.D. 1864, still great room for improvement in the administration of the same poor-law. Mr. Knight's father appears to have been a very sensible man; he knew the value of that knowledge which is gained by an actual participation in public business; and therefore, being chief magistrate at the time, he nominated his son to be one of the overseers of the parish of Windsor. Although the appointment was not much to the taste of one who was chiefly devoted to literature, Mr. Knight acknowledges the great benefit he derived from this initiation into public or official business. We are persuaded that such an experience is of incalculable benefit to a man during the whole of his after life. It is impossible even to have served upon a committee for the management of any public institution without feeling that not only one's personal ability has been called into play, but that one's knowledge of human nature has been enlarged. Especially does the actual participation in the administration of the laws teach us the real difficulties of legislation. What seems theoretically a very excellent law will be nugatory in its execution. Why?

Not because the theoretical legislator was in error, so far as his general principles were concerned, but because there were circumstances in the case which he had not taken into account, circumstances which were not likely to come to the knowledge of any but a practical man, or which, at least, are very likely to elude the grasp of a theorist, who has not *also* had the advantage of working out the application of a law. You make a law against vagabonds and beggars. Now, the Legislature can hardly propose to itself a wiser object than to put down the professional beggar. Mendicancy converted to a trade—this it is that supplies the race of thieves; this it is that prevents the poor of a great city from learning the hard but necessary lesson of prudence and self-restraint. You make it punishable to beg in the streets. Nothing easier; but now let the overseer have to carry out the punishment. "Seven days' confinement in the common prison, after which the vagabond is to be duly conveyed to his or her parish." Why, the vagrant will cost the parish for his keep and travelling expenses one knows not how much. The overseer slips a shilling into the rogue's hand, and begs him to journey on—to continue by all means a vagabond, at least till the bounds of his parish are reached. Such was the law which Mr. Knight was called upon to assist in executing.

This passing on "to his or her parish" was the great tribulation of the overseer of that time. Large sums were spent upon settlement cases.

"We had a grand battle in my time," says Mr. Knight, "with the distant parish of Macclesfield. The year before, a mechanic, with a wife and family, came from the north to settle at Windsor. He brought a letter from the overseer of Macclesfield, requesting the parish officers of Windsor to expend one pound for his relief. This profligate father of a family required a shilling a week, which was duly paid till the one pound was expended; he required it for tobacco. His wife said that he was a good, sober workman, but that it was

his habit to chew tobacco, and that he could not do without it. The shilling was denied, without any further communication with Macclesfield. The man was obstinate, took a tenement at a weekly rental of four shillings and sixpence, and after a year had expired demanded the shilling as outdoor relief upon his new Windsor settlement. The war trumpet was sounded. The order of removal to Macclesfield was signed. Away went the man, wife, and six children for a ride of two hundred miles on the outside of a coach in charge of the overseer 'in pay,' nothing loth, who delivered them safely at Macclesfield. But Macclesfield shrunk from so heavy a burden; and having no work to give the pauper who had found employ at Windsor, became appellants against the order of removal. Then attorneys, attorneys' clerks, surveyors, surveyors' clerks, overseers, and a host of unprofessional witnesses, had to journey in post chaises, and to feast four days at Abingdon, before the mighty cause came on. The question was supposed to hang upon the real value of the four-and-sixpenny tenement. Legal subtlety evaded this, contending that the apprenticeship settlement at Macclesfield was void, for that the pauper had been first bound to a master at Leake, and had been turned over to a master at Macclesfield, by indorsement upon the original indenture, *without having a separate legal stamp*. The justices of Berkshire could not determine this knotty point, and it was referred to the Court of King's Bench. Solemnly was this great issue tried, with the most eminent counsel on either side. It was decided that the order of removal must be quashed. Macclesfield brought back the family to Windsor. The war-party was for trying the question again with Leake. But a prudential view of the heavy amount of the costs prevailed in our congress."

We do not hear much now of such *settlement cases*. But is there no flagrant absurdity or injustice still manifest in the administration of our poor-laws? What will some future age say to the fact, that instead of having one equal rate for the whole city of London, and one impartial charity dealt out to all its suffering poor, London is divided into parishes jealous of each other, incapable of a united and harmonious action, and so divided that the wealthiest parishes contribute least

to the legal relief of the destitute? Those parishes in which the poor predominate, and in which rich men are comparatively scarce, are out off and separated from the rest of the metropolis; the ratepayer has to bear an inequitable burden, and, what is far worse, the poor are most neglected precisely where they most need a helping hand to sustain them from sinking into the last stage of helpless and hopeless destitution. An equitable, and even a tender, administration of the poor-laws should go hand in hand with a stern repression of mendicity. Mendicity can only be repressed in one way—by a public opinion which refuses to give to the mendicant; and such a public opinion cannot be formed, and ought not to be formed, except in a state of things where it is known that the poor man who really cannot earn his bread has his bread given him. The machinery by which at present our poor-laws are administered arrays the overseer against the poor, as if the poor were his mere enemy; and arrays overseer against overseer, each struggling to have as little share of the common burden as possible. It was but the other day that all the non-official inhabitants of London were startled at the disclosure that no plan was practicable for giving the houseless poor a shelter from the snow and the piercing wind of a winter's night, because if one parish opened its doors wide, a neighbouring parish might profit by its generosity, and, closing its doors, or opening them to a very few, escape from its due proportion of the charity. In the difficult question, so frequently discussed of late, how to provide decent and wholesome habitations for the agricultural labourer, we find the jealousy of neighbouring parishes, or neighbouring unions, come again into play. There is an indisposition to build cottages, the inhabitants of which, instead of contributing to the rates, may be a

burden on them. Some have denied that this motive operates noticeably to the diminution of the number of dwellings for the agricultural population, or rather to the prevention of an increase of such dwellings. They say that the simple fact that, as *house property*, such dwellings do not *pay*, is quite sufficient to account for the reluctance men have to build them. Be this as it may, we find that the administration of the poor-laws throughout the whole country, instead of being, as it ought, a system of cautious and well-considered *charity*, takes the shape of a perpetual struggle against an odious tax—odious because often inequitably adjusted, and most impatiently borne, because there is a constant effort made to relieve the shoulders from what yet is a necessary burden. A uniform system of taxation is the basis we need for a wise and truly charitable poor-law.

In answer to a truth so clear, so palpable, we are entertained with the danger of centralisation, and told that this centralisation would be followed by a reckless expenditure of the public money. The people, and the representatives of the people, will not, we may be sure, suddenly become enamoured of a tax, even if they should come to regard it as a tax paid in the spirit of charity. And what will the centralisation amount to? It will affect only the machinery for collecting the necessary funds: the local guardians of the poor would still have their present task assigned to them—the cautious and discriminating distribution of the charitable fund. That school of public business, which Mr. Knight and others have profited by, would not be closed.

Mr. Knight did not sleep upon his post. He gives us several instances of his laudable activity. One of them is amusing, and illustrative of the fact that, if, local

* In the last table of statistics we read, the rates in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, were sixpence three farthings in the pound—in that of Shore-ditch three shillings and twopence in the pound.

boards are habitually averse to taxation, this does not prevent them from being also habitually indolent, and thus exposed to imposition. Windsor parish is in debt. We, the select committee, assembling in the board-room of the work-house, call for a list of the debts. One item—a sum of more than £400, due to the keeper of a lunatic asylum at Bethnal Green—startles the new member. Questions are asked,—Who is the pauper lunatic for whom £400 are due? How came he to be sent to Mr. Warburton's establishment at Bethnal Green? How is the lunatic thriving? Has anybody visited him lately? To all such questions no response: all that is known is that the debt has been running on some time, and therefore, doubtless, all is correct. But two or three resolute inquirers send for the head constable of the borough, the Nestor of the place. From him they learn that *ten years ago* a clamorous, incoherent fellow came to the Castle to petition the King upon some private matter of his own. When ordered to depart he became insolent, and thereupon was taken into custody and carried before the magistrates. They, solicitous for the safety of his Majesty, clapped the man into a lunatic asylum. He was sent to a private establishment at Bethnal Green—asylums for pauper lunatics were not then in existence—and there he had been ever since. Mr. Knight volunteered to explore Bethnal Green, and examine into the state of this “dangerous lunatic,” for such he was described to be. A proposal so novel was accepted with some hesitation.

“With some difficulty,” continues Mr. Knight, “I found my way to the obscure region of Bethnal Green; knocked at the private door of a substantial house, which was opened by a civil man-servant, and was introduced to the manager of the establishment. When I announced that I had come, with proper authority, to see Thomas —, there was some hesitation. I was pressing, and my demand could not be evaded. The bell was rung, and was answered by the same civil man-servant. That

cleek and obliging person ~~was~~ the dangerous lunatic. I procured the address of some friends who occasionally came to see him, and thus was able in a fortnight to hand over the sane man to the not very affectionate protection of his brother, a thriving shopkeeper in the borough of Southwark.”

Apropos of the borough magistrates of that day, Mr. Knight tells an amusing anecdote:—

“Under the guidance of the town-clerk, corporate magistrates generally got through their business decently. Sometimes they made little slips. Late in the evening an offender was brought before one of our mayors, having been detected in stealing a smockfrock from a pawnbroker's door. ‘Look in ‘Burn's Justice,’ said his worship to his son; ‘look in the index for smockfrock.’ ‘Can't find it, father; not there.’ ‘What! no law against stealing smockfrocks? D—my heart, young fellow, but you've had a lucky escape.’ The constable demurred at the discharge of the prisoner. ‘Well, well! lock him up, and we'll see the town-clerk in the morning.’

From poor-laws Mr. Knight calls us back again to politics and the Court. We turn over the caricatures of Gilray. Here is one; it is called “The King of Brobdignag and Gulliver”:—

“In the palm of his hand King George held Napoleon, intently viewing him through an opera-glass. The diminutive Corsican stood boldly on that broad palm, with cocked-hat and sword drawn. The burly Englishman regarded the vapouring little man with something like the contempt which we felt, or affected to feel, for him who was threatening to exterminate us.”

John Bullism could no farther go. We ask ourselves, Is it possible that the national vanity could feed so grossly at the present day? We are afraid that if we turned over some of the latest pages of ‘Punch’ we should have to confess that there was very little improvement in this matter. That gross figure of an over-fed man, all paunch and blubber, by which Englishmen delight to represent themselves, will again and again be found in attitudes almost as ridiculous as Gilray has here given to George III. At the time

of this caricature our Brobdingnag was very justly rejoicing in the fact that 800,000 volunteers had been enrolled to protect him against the invasion of this diminutive foe. Nor, with all his army, nor all his fleet, did Brobdingnag feel quite assured that he might not be taken prisoner by the little Gulliver. Mr. Knight gives us a curious letter, new to us, and, we suppose, to be relied upon as authentic (since a man of his habits of research would hardly publish a document of this description without the requisite examination), which shows that brave honest George III., though he had no unmanly fears, was not blind to the grave nature of the contest that might be at hand.

"The King in this summer of excitement was constantly to be seen in the cocked hat and jackboots of the Blues, in which regiment he had a troop of his own. He inspected this fine body of soldiers and his equally favoured Stafford Militia (they were almost naturalised at Windsor) in the quadrangle of the Upper Ward, as he walked to church. He and his family had now quitted the Queen's Lodge, and were established in far less comfortable apartments in the old Castle. He inspected the volunteers who were drawn up under the wall of the Round Tower. He invited their officers to be present at the Sunday evening performances of sacred music. He walked upon the Terrace 'every inch a king,' and would call with a stentorian voice for the band to play 'Britons, strike home.' There was real grandeur in this patriotic excitement which spread through the nation. Its effects sustained us during many subsequent years of doubtful fortune. Beneath this bold front of the sovereign there was a little alarm. I have an old manuscript, purporting to be a copy of the King's letter to the Bishop of Worcester: "My dear good Bishop,—It has been thought by some of my friends that it will be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear to me probable that there will be any occasion for it; for I do not think the *unhappy man who threatens us*' (the good King speaks

as a pious country gentleman would of some unreformed burglar) 'will dare to venture himself among us. Neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us, but I thought it right to give you this intimation.'"

But the writing, and the printing, and the progress of the young publisher now naturally attract our attention; and perhaps the portion of the present volume which will most interest the general reader is that in which some account is given of the 'Etonian,' and of its successor, 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' The publication of these periodicals appears to have been a stepping-stone in the autobiographer's personal career, and the names which are connected with these magazines give to their history a general interest.

"In the latter half of September 1830 the Eton vacation was at an end. The proceedings against the Queen had been suspended till the 3d of October. The evidence to support the Bill of Pains and Penalties had been concluded. Gladly did I hail the prospect of some pleasant occupation—some relief from the routine of the filthy journalism of that time—when, arriving from London, I found two youths waiting for me at my cottage by the side of the Thames, who proposed to me to print and publish an Eton Miscellany. The one was Walter Blunt (afterwards well known as the Rev. W. Blunt), the other, Winthrop Mackworth Praed. On the 1st November appeared 'The Etonian,' No. 1."

Of Praed, as he appeared at this early epoch of his life, we have a very captivating portrait. We have lively sketches, too, of Montrie, and of Sidney Walker, less known to fame, but probably still remembered and admired by some surviving friends.

"To me," continues our author, "it was a rare pleasure to have an occasional companionship with these fresh young men, so fearless in the expression of their opinions; so frank in the display of their sympathies or antipathies; full of the best associations of ancient learning without a particle of pedantry; quizzing each other with the most perfect good temper; passing rapidly from an occasional argument of mock solemnity to talk of their theatre in Datchet Lane and 'the best bat in the school'—these blithe spirits, some of whom in

after years might be wrangling at Nisi Prius or struggling in the muddy waters of party politics. Upon these Eton days Praed looked lovingly back in verses which he wrote for me when he had taken his place in the great world:—

'I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys grown heavy;
That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses;
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milkmaids hours;
That I could be a boy again,
A happy boy at Drury's.'"

William Sidney Walker seems to have been a character such as Dickens should have met with and portrayed. He was a fine scholar; he earned a fellowship at Trinity College; he had, we are assured, some of the highest qualities of genius; yet his manners seem to have been those of a young savage, and the practical business of life was to him utterly unmanageable. At the age of seventeen he published, by subscription, an epic poem, 'Gustavus Vasa,' but his precocious ability did not secure him from being the butt and laughing-stock of the common herd of his schoolfellows. At Eton he had to fly for refuge from his tormentors, even into the private apartments of the assistant masters. He had all a poet's devotion to female beauty, but his grotesque exhibition of it won for him nothing but ridicule. At a public ball in Cambridge one of the most beautiful women of the age flashed before him; he peered into her face, and clapped his hands, like a savage, in an ecstasy of delight. We venture to say that that beautiful lady never received a more sincere or ardent homage than was rendered in this wild fashion. But what avails a lofty sentiment if the

visible manners of a man be absurd in the extreme? What avails it if the purest of lights is burning within, if the Chinese lantern is covered with foolish and grotesque figures? Of course, such a man as Sidney Walker fell into debt; the management of a purse was infinitely beyond his measure of practical sagacity. He lost his fellowship owing to his scruples at taking orders; he was a man of hopeless indecision; between two words, equally good, he would not know which to choose, and therefore broke down in the most ordinary expression of opinion: it was not likely that, if the question once occurred to him whether he should take orders or not, he would ever be able to arrive at a decision. Praed and Moultrie, however, remained his friends to the last, and Praed made generous exertions to free him from his debts, and extricate him from the swamp in which he was wandering. He died early. Moultrie paid a poetical tribute to his memory, describing him as a man of genius,

"By what mysterious bane
Of physical or mental malady
Disordered, none can tell."

When this knot of clever Etonians went up to Cambridge, the 'Etonian' became transmuted into 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' now remembered chiefly as the arena of Macaulay's early displays. Mr. Knight, speaking of the pleasant visit he paid to Cambridge, amongst the festivities of which the plan of his Magazine was determined, particularly distinguishes the names of Mr. Derwent Coleridge, Mr. Malden, and Mr. Macaulay, amongst those who were added to the old Etonians. Perhaps the following list of the *noms de guerre* of the chief contributors to the Magazine may still be read with interest:—

Peregrine Courtenay, }
Vyvyan Joyeuse, }
Gerard Montgomery,
Davenant Cecil,
Tristram Merton,
Edward Haselfoot,
Hamilton Murray,
Joseph Haller,

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

John Moultrie.

Derwent Coleridge.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

William Sidney Walker.

Henry Malden.

Henry Nelson Coleridge.

At the very outset, after the first number, the Magazine was in danger of shipwreck from the threatened secession of Macaulay. The specimen of it which had already appeared was by no means pleasing to the "Olapham sect," as that body of Calvinistic theologians was then called, to which the father of Macaulay belonged. In compliance with the wishes, or as a conciliation to the sentiments of his father, Macaulay reluctantly withdrew from the Magazine.

"Painful," says Mr. Knight, "must have been the struggle when Macaulay felt himself compelled to secede, after the publication of the first number. But how honourable to his memory is the letter which he addressed to me, and which this conviction would alone induce me to publish!—

"MY DEAR SIR,—As I fear that it will be impossible for me to contribute to your Magazine for the future, I think it due to you and myself to acquaint you, without reserve, of the circumstances which have influenced me.

"You are probably aware that there are among my family connections several persons of rigidly religious sentiments. My father, in particular, is, I believe, generally known to entertain, in their utmost extent, what are denominated evangelical opinions. Several articles in our first number—one or two of my own in particular—appeared to give him great uneasiness. I need not say that I do not in the slightest degree partake of his scruples. Nor have I at all dissembled the complete discrepancy which exists between his opinions and mine. At the same time, gratitude, duty, and prudence alike compel me to respect prejudices which I do not in the slightest degree share. And for the present I must desist from taking any part in the 'Quarterly Magazine.' . . .

"Let me beg that you will communicate what I have said to nobody excepting Coleridge, Moultrie, Praed, and Malden, and to them under the injunction of secrecy. Yours sincerely,
"T. B. MACAULAY."

This defection threw the camp into some dismay; but Praed redoubled his efforts, and the second number saw the light. Before the appearance of the third, Macaulay

seems to have rejoined them. We are not told why the very stringent motives of "gratitude, duty, and prudence" had so suddenly lost their application: perhaps it had been discovered by both father and son that the occasion hardly required a reference to such very grave sentiments.

We do not think that the quotations Mr. Knight has introduced from the 'Quarterly Magazine' are at all times deserving of this reproduction; but we are tempted to transfer to our pages some lines of Macaulay which are not included in the reprint of his 'Miscellaneous Works,' and which have this peculiarity, that they are in a more tender vein than his verses generally were, he delighting chiefly in the bold, heroic measure—

"Oh Rosamond! how sweet it were, on some
fine summer dawn,
With thee to wander, hand in hand, upon the
dewy lawn,
When flowers and heaps of new-mown grass
perfuse the morning breeze,
And round the straw-built hive resounds the
murmur of the bees;
To see the distant mountain-tops empurpled by
the ray,
And look along the spreading vale to the ocean
far away,
O'er russet heaths, and glancing rills, and massy
forests green,
And curling smoke of cottages, and dark grey
spires between!

And oh! how passing sweet it were, through
the long sunny day,
To gaze upon thy lovely face—to gaze myself
away;
While thou beneath a mountain-ash, upon a
mossy seat,
Shouldst sing a low wild song to me, reclining
at thy feet!
And oh! to see thee, in some mood of playful
toll, entwine
Round the green trellis of our bower the rose
and eglantine,
Still laying on my soul and sense a new and
mystic charm,
At every turn of thy fairy shape and of thy
snowy arm!"

Mr. Knight introduces, at this period, two reminiscences of a time that is past.

We have Mr. Soane the architect bringing his action of libel because he thought himself aimed at in certain remarks on "the Bæotian or Sixth order of architecture." Brougham was, incongruously enough, retained for the plaintiff; the cause of good

sense and honest freedom was intrusted to, and won by, Scarlett. The other incident was of a more tragic description. Mr. Knight, while sitting at breakfast with his wife, sees Mr. Praed enter, looking pale and anxious. The two walk out together. Mr. Praed must fight a duel, and Mr. Knight is requested to be his *friend*. The name of Mr. Praed's antagonist is not given, but the subject of difference was—the date of the battle of Bunker's Hill! In the heat of argument some expression, of dissent or disbelief, held to be unpardonable, had been used, and hence this last resort of war, this appeal to arms. Mr. Knight consented to take the part of *friend*, being mentally resolved that no duel should be fought. He met the opposing *friend* at the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, and there, by mere dint of argument, without compromising his principal, by merely insisting on the miserable consequences that must result from a hostile meeting, he contrived to negotiate a treaty of peace.

"We signed a paper that was satisfactory, and it was sent under cover to Mr. Macaulay. Mr. Praed returned to Cambridge by the afternoon coach. A few hours after, Mr. W. H. Ord, then a Fellow Commoner of Trinity, arrived at my house in great agitation. He was soon made happy. He had come up to London in all haste with the Tutor of Trinity, Mr. Whewell. To Dick's Coffee-house we immediately went, to relieve the apprehensions of this eminent scholar and man of science, then rising into general reputation. We spent a happy evening together, and nothing more was heard of the matter. Mr. Hill, in a very admirable paper 'On Duelling' in our first number, had said, 'In the present state of society the total abolition of duels cannot, as experience abundantly shows, be effected.' God be praised, the 'state of society' has so changed, that the change has carried with it not a few great moral as well as political reforms. The Duel has become as much a thing of the past as the Wager of Battle."

When we hear many persons condemn a practice or an opinion, and assert in the same breath, that the

"state of society" will not permit of its abrogation or refutation, we may always be excused for holding our judgment in suspense as to what the state of society really is. It may be on the very point of change, and probably is, when many people talk regrettingly of its unalterability.

At the sixth number the 'Quarterly Magazine' expired. Some misunderstanding, we are told, about the future editorship led to this untimely result. But we are also told that the "Magazine was a loss and a trouble." The fact is it rested on too narrow a basis for permanence. It was the production of a clever coterie in a university. A magazine, to live and circulate through all parts of Great Britain, should also draw its life-blood, its contributions, from all parts of the country. A few university men are soon exhausted, or separated, or carried off into other pursuits. The successful magazine, like the ever-flowing river, must, in geographical language, *drain a large area*.

We have traced our autobiographer up to the last page of his present volume. In other volumes he is to enter more seriously into that "progress of education," into that "growth of popular literature," with which he has been personally connected. Of course we wait till the work is further advanced before we pass any more serious opinions upon it than we have hitherto intimated. We have said and quoted enough to show that it is, upon the whole, very agreeable reading, and we have no doubt that it will at least continue to support this character. Mr. Charles Knight has lived a life of so much usefulness, has so materially assisted in the spread of knowledge amongst the mass of the community, that he is quite entitled to associate his name with the great movement we have witnessed for the dissemination of scientific and every other species of knowledge. We may expect, as well from him as from any one, a history of this movement, or, at all events, many interesting particulars regarding it.

TONY BUTLER.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A STABIT NIGHT IN A GARDEN.

It was late at night, verging indeed on morning, when Maitland finished his letter. All was silent around, and in the great house the lights were extinguished, and apparently all retired to rest. Lighting his cigar, he strolled out into the garden. The air was perfectly still; and although there was no moon, the sky was spangled over with stars, whose size seemed greater seen through the thin frosty atmosphere. It was pre-eminently the bright clear elastic night of a northern latitude, and the man of pleasure in a thousand shapes, the voluptuary, the *viveur*, was still able to taste the exquisite enjoyment of such an hour, as though his appetite for pleasure had not been palled by all the artifices of a life of luxury. He strolled about at random, from alley to alley, now stopping to inhale the rich odour of some half-sleeping plant, now loitering at some old fountain, and bathing his temples with the ice-cold water. He was one of those men—it is not so small a category as it might seem—who fancy that the same gifts which win success socially, would be just as sure to triumph if employed in the wider sphere of the great ambitions of life. He could count the men he had passed, and easily passed, in the race of social intercourse—men who, at a dinner-table or in a drawing-room, had not a tithes of his quickness, his versatility, his wit, or his geniality, and yet, plodding onwards and upwards, had attained station, eminence, and fortune; while he—he, well read, accomplished, formed by travel and polished by cultivation—there he was! just as he had begun the world, the only difference being those signs of time that tell as fatally on tempera-

ment as on vigour; for the same law that makes the hair grey and the cheek wrinkled, renders wit sarcastic and humour malevolent.

Maitland believed—honestly believed—he was a better man than this one here who held a high command in India, and that other who wrote himself Secretary of State. He knew how little effort it had cost him, long ago, to leave “scores of such fellows” behind at school and at the university; but he, unhappily, so forgot that in the greater battle of life he had made no such efforts, and laid no tax on either his industry or his ability. He tried—he did his very best—to under-value, to his own mind, their successes, and even asked himself aloud, Which of them all do I envy? but conscience is stronger than casuistry, however crafty it be, and the answer came not so readily as he wished.

While he thus mused, he heard his name uttered, so close to him, too, that he started, and, on looking up, saw that Mrs. Trafford's rooms were lighted and one of the windows which “gave” upon a terrace was open. Voices came from the room within, and soon two figures passed out on the terrace, which he speedily recognised to be Alice and Mark Lyle.

“You mistake altogether, Mark,” said she, eagerly. “It is no question whatever, whether your friend Mr. Maitland goes away disgusted with Ireland, and sick of us all. It is a much graver matter here. What if he were to shoot this old man? I suppose a fine gentleman as he is would deem it a very suitable punishment to any one who even passingly angered him.”

“But why should there be anything of the kind? It is to me

Maitland would come at once if there were such a matter in hand."

"I'm not so sure of that; and I am sure that Raikes overheard provocation pass between them, and that the Commodore left this half an hour ago, merely telling Sally that he had forgotten some lease or law paper that he ought to have sent off by post."

"If that be the case, there's nothing to be done."

"How do you mean nothing to be done?"

"I mean, that as Maitland has not consulted me, I have no pretence to know anything about it."

"But if you do know it, and if I tell it to you?"

"All that would not amount to such knowledge as I could avail myself of. Maitland is not a man with whom any one can take liberties, Alice."

"What?" said she, haughtily, and as though she had but partly heard his speech.

"I said that no man takes liberties with Maitland."

A very insolent laugh from Alice was the answer.

"Come, come," cried Mark, angrily. "All these scornful airs are not in keeping with what you yourself wrote about Maitland to Bella just two days ago."

"And had Bella—did she show you my letters?"

"I don't believe she intended me to see the turned-down bit at the end; but I did see it, and I read a very smart sketch of Norman Maitland, but not done by an unfriendly hand."

"It's not too late to revoke my opinion," said she, passionately. "But this is all quite beside what I'm thinking of. Will you go down and see Mr. Maitland?"

"He's in bed and asleep an hour ago."

"He is not. I can see the light on the gravel from his windows; and if he were asleep, he could be awakened, I suppose."

"I have not the slightest pretext to obtrude upon him, Alice."

"What nonsense all this is! Who is he—what is he, that he must be treated with all this deference?"

"It's somewhat too late in the day to ask who and what the man is, of whom every society in Europe contests the possession."

"My dear Mark, be reasonable. What have we to do just now with all the courtly flatteries that have been extended to your distinguished friend, or the thousand and one princesses he might have married? What I want is, that he shouldn't, first of all, make a great scandal; and, secondly, shoot a very worthy old neighbour, whose worst sin is being very tiresome."

"And what I want is, first, that Maitland shouldn't carry away from this county such an impression, that he'd never endure the thought of revisiting it; and, secondly, I want to go to bed, and so good-night."

"Mark, one word—only one," cried she, but he was gone; the bang of a heavy door resounded, and then a deep silence showed she was alone.

Maitland watched her as she paced the terrace from end to end with impatient steps. There was a secret pleasure in his heart as he marked all the agitation that moved her, and thought what a share he himself had in it all. At last she withdrew within the room, but the opening and shutting of a door followed, and he surmised that she had passed out. While he was disputing with himself whether she might have followed Mark to his room, he heard a footstep on the gravel, and saw that she was standing and tapping with her finger on the window of his chamber. Maitland hurried eagerly back. "Is it possible that I see you here, Mrs. Trafford," cried he, "at this hour?"

She started, and for a moment seemed too much overcome to answer, when she said, "You may believe that it is no light cause brings me; and even now I tremble at what I am doing; but I have

begun, and I'll go on. Let us walk this way, for I want to speak with you."

"Will you take my arm?" said Maitland, but without anything of gallantry in his tone.

"No—yes, I will," said she, hurriedly; and now for some paces they moved along side by side in silence.

"Mr. Maitland," said she at last, "a silly speech I made to-day at dinner has led to a most serious result, and Commodore Graham and you have quarrelled."

"Forgive me if I interrupt you. Nothing that fell from you has occasioned any rapture between Commodore Graham and myself; for that I can pledge my word of honour."

"But you have quarrelled. Don't deny it."

"We had a very stupid discussion, and a difference; and I believe, if the Commodore would have vouchsafed me a patient hearing, he would have seen that he had really nothing to complain of on my part. I am quite ready to make the same explanation to any friend he will depute to receive it."

"It was, however, what I said about your driving over with Miss Rebecca Graham to the Burnside that led to all this?"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, I don't care for the reason," said she, impatiently; "but you have had a quarrel, and are about to settle it by a duel. I have no doubt," continued she, more rapidly, "that you, Mr. Maitland, can treat this sort of thing very lightly. I suppose it is part of your code as a man of the world to do so: but this old man is a father; his life, however little you may think of it, is of very great consequence to his family; he is an old friend and neighbour whom we all care for, and any mishap that might befall him would be a calamity to us all."

"Pray continue," said he, softly; "I am giving you all my attention.

Having given the sketch of one of so much value to his friends, I am waiting now to hear of the other whom nobody is interested for."

"This is no time for sarcasm, however witty, Mr. Maitland; and I am sure your better feeling will tell you that I could not have come here to listen to ~~it~~. Do not be offended with me for my bluntness, nor refuse what I have asked you."

"You have not asked anything from me," said he, smiling.

"Well, I will now," said she, with more courage in her tone; "I will ask you not to go any farther in this affair,—to pledge your word to me that it shall stop here."

"Remember I am but one; any promise I may make you can only take effect with the concurrence of another."

"I know nothing—I want to know nothing—of these subtleties; tell me flatly you'll not give this old man a meeting."

"I will, if you'll only say how I am to avoid it. No, no; do not be angry with me," said he, slightly touching the hand that rested on his arm. "I'd do far more than this to win one, even the faintest smile that ever said, 'I thank you;' but there is a difficulty here. You don't know with what he charges me."

"Perhaps I suspect it."

"It is that, after paying most marked attention to his daughter, I have suddenly ceased to follow up my suit, and declared that I meant nothing by it."

"Well?" said she, quietly.

"Well," repeated he. "Surely no one knows better than you that there was no foundation for this."

"I! how should I know it?"

"At all events," replied he, with some irritation of manner, "you couldn't believe it."

"I declare I don't know," said she, hesitatingly, for the spirit of drollery had got the better even of the deep interest of the moment.

"I declare I don't know, Mr. Mait-

land. There is a charm in the manner of an unsophisticated country girl which men of the world are often the very first to acknowledge."

"Charming unsophistication!" muttered he, half aloud.

"At all events, Mr. Maitland, it is no reason that because you don't admire a young lady, you are to shoot her papa."

"How delightfully illogical you are!" said he, and, strangely enough, there was an honest admiration in the way he said it.

"I don't want to convince, sir; I want to be obeyed. What I insist upon is, that this matter shall end here. Do you mind, Mr. Maitland, that it end here?"

"Only show me how, and I obey you."

"Do you mean to say that, with all your tact and cleverness, you cannot find a means of showing that you have been misapprehended, that you are deeply mortified at being misunderstood, that by an expression of great humility—do you know how to be humble?"

"I can be abject," said he, with a peculiar smile.

"I should really like to see you abject!" said she laughingly.

"Do so then," cried he, dropping on his knees before her, while he still held her hand, but with a very different tone of voice—a voice now tremulous with earnest feeling—continued, "There can be no humility deeper than that with which I ask your forgiveness for one word I spoke to you this evening. If you but knew all the misery it has caused me."

"Mr. Maitland, this mockery is a just rebuke for my presence here. If I had not stooped to such a step, you would never have dared this."

"It is no mockery to say what my heart is full of, and what you will not deny you have read there. No, Alice, you may reject my love; you cannot pretend to ignore it."

Though she started as he called her Alice, she said nothing, but only

withdrew her hand. At last she said, "I don't think this is very generous of you. I came to ask a great favour at your hands, and you would place me in a position not to except it."

"So far from that," said he, rising, "I distinctly tell you that I place all, even my honour, at your feet, and without one shadow of a condition. You say you came here to ask me a favour, and my answer is, that I accord whatever you ask, and make no favour of it. Now what is it you wish me to do?"

"It's very hard not to believe you sincere when you speak in this way," said she, in a low voice.

"Don't try," said he, in the same low tone.

"You promise me, then, that nothing shall come of this?"

"I do," said he, seriously.

"And that you will make any amends the Commodore's friend may suggest? Come, come," said she, laughing, "I never meant that you were to marry the young lady."

"I really don't know how far you were going to put my devotion to the test."

The pleasantness with which he spoke this so amused her that she broke again into laughter, and laughed heartily too. "Confess," said she, at last—"confess it's the only scrape you did not see your way out of!"

"I am ready to confess it's the only occasion in my life in which I had to place my honour in the hands of a lady."

"Well, let us see if a lady cannot be as adroit as a gentleman in such an affair; and now, as you are in my hands, Mr. Maitland—completely in my hands—I am peremptory, and my first orders are, that you keep close arrest. Raikes will see that you are duly fed, and that you have your letters and the newspapers; but mind, on any account, no visitors without my express leave: do you hear me sir?"

"I do; and all I would say is this, that if the tables should ever turn, and it would be my place to

impose conditions, take my word for it, I'll be just as absolute. Do you hear me, madam?"

"I do; and I don't understand, and I don't want to understand, you," said she, in some confusion. "Now, good-bye. It is almost day. I declare that grey streak there is daybreak!"

"Oh, Alice, if you would let me say one word—only one—before we part."

"I will not, Mr. Maitland; and for this reason, that I intend we should meet again."

"Be it so," said he, sadly, and turned away. After he had walked a few paces, he stopped and turned round; but she was already gone, how and in what direction, he knew not. He hurried first one way, then another, but without success. If she had passed into the house—and of course she had—with what speed she must have gone! Thoughtful, but not unhappy, he returned to his room, if not fully assured that he had done what was wisest, well disposed to hope favourably for the future.

CHAPTER XXV.—JEALOUS TRIALS.

When Mrs. Maxwell learned in the morning that Mr. Maitland was indisposed and could not leave his room, that the Commodore had gone off in the night, and Mark and Mrs. Trafford had started by daybreak, her amazement became so insupportable that she hastened from one of her guests to the other, vainly asking them to explain these mysteries.

"What a ~~odgety~~ old woman she is!" said Beck Graham, who had gone over to Bella Lyle, then a prisoner in her room from a slight cold. "She has been rushing over the whole house inquiring if it be possible that my father has run away with Alice, that your brother is in pursuit of them, and Mr. Maitland taken poison in a moment of despair. At all events, she has set every one guessing and gossiping at such a rate that all thought of archery is forgotten, and even our private theatricals have lost their interest in presence of this real drama."

"How absurd!" said Bella, languidly.

"Yes, it's very absurd to fill one's house with company, and give them no better amusement than the chit-chat of a boarding-house. I declare I have no patience with her."

"Where did your father go?"

"He went over to Port Graham. He suddenly bethought him of a

lease—I think it was a lease—he ought to have sent off by post, and he was so eager about it that he started without saying good-bye. And Mark—what of him and Alice?"

"There's all the information I can give you," and she handed her a card with one line in pencil: "Good-bye till evening, Bella. You were asleep when I came in.—ALICE."

"How charmingly mysterious! And you have no idea where they've gone?"

"Not the faintest; except, perhaps, back to the Abbey for some costumes that they wanted for that 'great tableau.'"

"I don't think so," said she, bluntly. "I suspect—shall I tell you what I suspect? But it's just as likely you will be angry, for you Lyles will never hear anything said of one of you. Yes you may smile, my dear, but it's well known, and I'm not the first who has said it."

"If that be true, Beck, it were best not to speak of people who are so excessively thin-skinned."

"I don't know that. I don't see why you are to be indulged any more than your neighbours. I suppose every one must take his share of that sort of thing."

Bella merely smiled, and Rebecca continued: "What I was going to say was this—and of course you are

at liberty to dissent from it if you like—that however clever a tactician your sister is, Sally and I saw her plan of campaign at once. Yes, dear, if you had been at dinner yesterday you'd have heard a very silly project thrown out about my being sent over to fetch Tony Butler, under the escort of Mr. Norman Maitland. Not that it would have shocked me, or frightened me in the least—I don't pretend that; but as Mr. Maitland had paid me certain attentions at Lyle Abbey—you look quite incredulous, my dear but it is simply the fact; and so having, as I said, made these advances to me, there would have been considerable awkwardness in our going off together a drive of several hours without knowing—without any understanding——” She hesitated for the right word, and Bella added, “*A quoi s'entendit*, in fact.”

“I don't know exactly what that means, Bella; but in plain English, I wished to be sure of what he intended. My dear child, though that smile becomes you vastly, it also seems to imply that you are laughing at my extreme simplicity, or my extreme vanity, or both.”

Bella's smile faded slowly away, but a slight motion of the angle of the mouth showed that it was not without an effort she was grave.

“I am quite aware,” resumed Beck, “that it requires some credulity to believe that one like myself could have attracted any notice when seen in the same company with Alice Lyle—Trafford, I mean—and her sister; but the caprice of men, my dear, will explain anything. At all events, the fact is there, whether one can explain it or not; and to prove it, Papa spoke to Mr. Maitland on the morning we came away for the Abbey,—but so hurriedly—for the car was at the door, and we were seated on it—that all he could manage to say was, that if Mr. Maitland would come over to Port Graham and satisfy him on certain points—the usual ones, I suppose—that—that, in short, the matter was one which

did not offer insurmountable obstacles. All this sounds very strange to your ears, my dear, but it is strictly true, every word of it.”

“I cannot doubt whatever you tell me,” said Bella, and now she spoke with a very marked gravity.

“Away we went,” said Rebecca, who had now got into the sing-song tone of a regular narrator—“away we went, our first care on getting back home being to prepare for Mr. Maitland's visit. We got the little green-room ready, and cleared everything out of the small store-closet at the back, and broke open a door between the two so as to make a dressing-room for him, and we had it neatly papered, and made it really very nice. We put up that water-coloured sketch of Sally and myself making hay, and Papa leaning over the gate; and the little drawing of Papa receiving the French commander's sword on the quarterdeck of the Malabar: in fact, it was as neat as could be, but he never came. No, my dear—never.”

“How was that?”

“You shall hear—that is, you shall hear what followed, for explanation I have none to give you. Mr. Maitland was to have come over on the Wednesday following to dinner. Papa said five, and he promised to be punctual; but he never came, nor did he send one line of apology. This may be some newfangled politeness, the latest thing in that fashionable world he lives in, but still I cannot believe it is practised by well-bred people. Be that as it may, my dear, we never saw him again till yesterday, when he passed us in your sister's fine carriage-and-four, he lolling back this way, and making a little gesture, so, with his hand as he swept past, leaving us in a cloud of dust that totally precluded him from seeing whether we had returned his courtesy—if he cared for it. That's not all,” said she, laying her hand on Bella's arm. “The first thing he does on his arrival here is to take Papa's rooms

Well, you know what I mean — the rooms Papa always occupies here ; and when Raikes remarks, 'These are always kept for Commodore Graham, sir ; they go by the name of the 'Commodore's Quarters,' his reply is, 'They'll be better known hereafter by Mr. Norman Maitland's, Mr. Raikes.' Word for word what he said ; Raikes told me himself. As for Papa, he was furious : he ordered the car to the door, and dashed into our room, and told Sally to put all the things up again — that we were going off. I assure you it was no easy matter to calm him down. You have no idea how violent he is in one of these tempests, but we managed at last to persuade him that it was a mere accident, and Sally began telling him the wonderful things she had heard about Maitland from Mrs. Chetwyn, his fortune and his family, and what not. At last he consented to take the Chetwyns' rooms, and down we went to meet Mr. Maitland — I own, not exactly certain on what terms it was to be. Cordial is no name for it, Bella : he was — I won't call it affectionate — but I almost might ; he held my hand so long that I was forced to draw it away, and then he gave a little final squeeze in the parting, and a look that said very plainly, 'We at least understand each other.' It was at that instant, my dear, Alice opened the campaign."

"Alice ! What had Alice to do with it ?"

"Nothing — nothing whatever by right, but everything if you admit interference and — well, I'll not say a stronger word to her own sister. I'll keep just to fact, and leave the commentary on this to yourself. She crosses the drawing-room — the whole width of the large drawing-room — and, sweeping grandly past us in that fine Queen-of-Sheba style she does so well, she throws her head back — it was that stupid portrait-painter, Hillyer, told her 'it gave action to the features' — and says, 'Take me in to dinner, will you ?' But she was foiled ; old

Mrs. Maxwell had already bespoke him. I hope you're satisfied now, Bella, that this is no dream of mine."

"But I cannot see any great mischief in it either."

"Possibly not. I have not said that there was. Sally's no fool, however, and her remark was — 'There's nothing so treacherous as a widow.'"

Bella could not contain herself any longer, but laughed heartily at this profound sentiment.

"Of course, we do not expect you to see this with our eyes, Bella, but we're not blind for all that. Later on came the project for fetching over Tony Butler, when Alice suggested that Mr. Maitland was to drive me over to the Burnside——"

"Was that so very ungenerous, then ?"

"In the way it was done, my dear — in the way it was done. In that — ha, ha, ha ! — manner, as though to say, 'Hadn't you both better go off on a lark to-morrow that will set us all talking of you ?'"

"No, no, I'll not listen to this," cried Bella angrily ; "these are not motives to attribute to my sister."

"Ask herself ; let her deny it, that's all ; but, as Sally says, 'There's no playing against a widow, because she knows every card in your hand.'"

"I really had no idea they were so dangerous," said Bella, recovering all her good-humour again.

"You may perhaps find it out one day. Mind, I'm not saying Alice is not very handsome, and has not the biggest blue eyes in the world, which she certainly does not make smaller in the way she uses them ; or that any one has a finer figure, though some do contrive to move through a room without catching in the harp or upsetting the china. Men, I take it, are the best judges, and they call her perfection."

"They cannot think her more beautiful than she is."

"Perhaps not, dear ; and as you are so like as to be constantly mistaken——"

"Oh, Beck! surely this is not fair," said she, and so imploringly, that the other's voice softened down as she said,

"I never meant to be rude; but my head is gone wild to-day; for, after all, when matters had gone so far, Alice had no right to come in in this fashion; and, as Sally says, 'Why did she never encourage him till she saw his attentions addressed to another?'"

"I never perceived that she gave Mr. Maitland any encouragement. Yes, you may hold up your hands, Beck, and open your eyes very wide; but I repeat what I have said."

"That's a matter of taste, I suppose," said Beck, with some irritation. "There are various sorts of encouragements: as Sally says, 'A look will go further with one than a lock of your hair with another.'"

"But really Sally would seem to have a wisdom like Solomon's on these subjects," said Bella.

"Yes; and what's more, she has acquired it without any risk or

peril. She had neither to drive half over a county with a gentleman alone, or pass a good share of a night walking with him in the alleys of a garden."

"What do you mean by this?" asked Bella, angrily.

"Ask Alice; she'll be here, I suppose, this evening; and I'm sure she'll be delighted to satisfy all your sisterly anxiety."

"But one word, Beck—just one word, before you go."

"Not a syllable. I have said now what I rigidly promised Sally not to mention when I came in here. You got it out of me in a moment of irritation, and I know well what's in store for me when I confess it—so good-bye."

"But, Beck——"

"Don't make yourself cough, dear; lie down and keep your shawl round you. If I thought you were so feverish, I'd not have come over to torment you—good-bye;" and resisting all Bella's entreaties and prayers, Beck arose and left the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BESIDE THE HEARTH.

As Tony sat at tea with his mother, Janet rushed in to say that Dr. Stewart had just come home with his daughter, and that she seemed very weak and ill—"daunie-like," as Janet said, "and naething like the braw lassie that left this twa years ago. They had to help her out o' the stage, and if it hadna been that Mrs. Harley had gi'en her a glass o' gooseberry wine, she wad hae fainted." Janet saw it all, for she had gone into Coleraine, and the Doctor gave her a seat back with himself and his daughter.

"Poor girl! And is she much changed?" asked Mrs. Butler.

"She's no that changed that I wudna know her," said Janet, "and that's all. She has no colour in her cheeks, nor mirth in her een; and instead of her merry laugh, that set everybody off, she just got a

little faint smile that's mair sad than onything else."

"Of course she's weak; she's had a bad fever, and she's now come off a long journey," said Tony, in a sort of rough, discontented voice.

"Ay," muttered Janet; "but I doubt she'll never be the same she was."

"To be sure you do," broke in Tony, rudely. "You wouldn't belong to your county here if you didn't look at the blackest side of everything. This end of our island is as cheerful in its population as it is in scenery; and whenever we haven't a death in a cabin, we stroll out to see if there's no sign of a shipwreck on the coast."

"No such a thing, Master Tony. He that made us, made us like ither folk; and we're no worse or better than our neighbours."

"What about the letters, Janet? Did you tell the postmaster that they're very irregular down here?" asked Mrs. Butler.

"I did, ma'am, and he said ye're no warse off than others; that when the Lord sends floods, and the waters rise, human means is a' that we have; and if the boy couldna swim, the leather bag wi' the letters would hae gi'en him little help."

"And couldn't he have told ye all that without canting——"

"Tony! Tony!" broke in his mother, reprovingly. "This is not the way to bear these things, and I will not hear it."

"Don't be angry, little mother," said he, taking her hand between both his own. "I know how rough and ill-tempered I have grown of late, and, though it frets me sorely, I can no more throw it off than I could a fever."

"You'll be soon yourself again, my poor Tony. Your dear father had his days when none dare go near him but myself; and I remember well Sir Archy Cole, who was the General, and commanded in Stirling, saying to me, 'I wish, Mrs. Butler, you would get me the sick return off Wat's table, for he's in one of his tantrums to-day, and the Adjutant has not courage to face him. Many and many a time I laughed to myself over that.'"

"And did you tell this to my father?"

"No, Tony," said she, with a little dry laugh; "I didn't do that! The Colonel was a good man, and a God-fearing man; but if he had thought that anything was said or done because of certain traits or marks in his own nature, he'd have been little better than a tiger."

Tony pondered, or seemed to ponder, over her words, and sat for some time with his head between his hands. At last he arose hastily, and said, "I think I'll go over to the Burnside and see the Doctor, and I'll take him that brace of birds I shot to-day."

"It's a cold night, Tony."

"What of that, mother? If one waits for fine weather in this climate, I'd like to know when he'd go out."

"There you are railing again, Tony, and you must not fall into it as a habit, as people do with profane swearing, so that they cannot utter a word without blaspheming."

"Well, the country is beautiful; the weather is more so; the night is a summer one, and I myself am the most jolly, light-hearted young fellow from this to anywhere you like. Will that do, little mother?" and he threw his arm around her, and kissed her fondly. "They've got a colt up there at Sir Arthur's that no one can break; but if you saw him in the paddock, you'd say there was the making of a strong, active horse in him; and Wylie, the head groom, says he'd just let him alone, for that some horses 'break themselves.' Do you know, mother, I half suspect I am myself one of these unruly cattle, and the best way would be, never to put a cavesson on me?"

Mrs. Butler had not the vaguest conception of what a cavesson meant, but she said, "I'll not put that nor anything like it on you, Tony; and I'll just believe that the son of a loyal gentleman will do nothing to dishonour a good name."

"That's right; there you've hit it, mother; now we understand each other," cried he, boldly. "I'm to tell the Doctor that we expect him and Dolly to dine with us on Monday. Ain't I?"

"Monday or Tuesday, or whenever Dolly is well enough to come."

"I was thinking that possibly Skeffy would arrive by Tuesday."

"So he might, Tony, and that would be nice company for him—the Doctor and Dolly."

There was something positively comic in the expression of Tony's face as he heard this speech, uttered in all the simplicity of good faith; but he forebore to reply, and, throwing a plaid across his shoulders, gave his habitual little nod of good-bye, and went out. It was a cold, starlit night—far colder on the

sea-shore than in the sheltered valleys inland. Tony, however, took little heed of this; his thoughts were bent upon whither he was going; while between times his mother's last words would flash across him, and once he actually laughed aloud, as he said, "Nice company for Skeffy. Poor mother little knows what company he keeps, and what fine folks he lives with."

The minister's cottage lay at the foot of a little hill, beside a small stream or burn—a ~~onesome~~ ^{lovely} spot enough, and more than usually dreary in the winter season; but as Tony drew nigh, he could make out the mellow glow of a good fire as the gleam, stealing between the ill-closed shutters, fell upon the gravel without. "I suppose," muttered Tony, "she's right glad to be at home again, humble as it is;" and then came another, but not so pleasant, thought—"but why did she come back so suddenly? why did she take this long journey in such a season, and she so weak and ill?" He had his own dark misgivings about this, but he had not the courage to face them, even to himself; and now he crept up to the window and looked in.

A good fire blazed on the hearth, and at one side of it, deep in his old leather chair—the one piece of luxury the room possessed—the minister lay fast asleep, while opposite to him, on a low stool, sat Dolly, her head resting on the arm of a chair at her side. If her closely-cropped hair and thin wan face gave her a look of exceeding youthfulness, the thin hand that hung down at her side told of suffering and sickness. A book had fallen from her fingers, but her gaze was bent upon the burning log before her—mayhap in unconsciousness; mayhap she thought she read there something that revealed the future.

Lifting the latch—there was no lock, nor was any needed—of the front door, Tony moved stealthily along the little passage, turned the handle of the door, and on tip-toe

moved across the room unseen by Dolly, and unheard. As his hand touched the chair on which her head leaned, she looked up and saw him. She did not start nor cry out, but a deep crimson blush covered her face and her temples, and spread over her throat.

"Hush!" said she, in a whisper, as she gave him her hand without rising; "hush! he's very tired and weary; don't awake him."

"I'll not awake him," whispered Tony, as he slid into the chair, still holding her hand, and bending down his head till it leaned against her brow. "And how are you, dear Dolly? are you getting quite strong again?"

"Not yet awhile," said she, with a faint shadow of a smile, "but I suppose I shall soon. It was very kind of you to come over so soon; and it's a severe night too. How is Mrs. Butler?"

"Well and hearty; she sent you scores of love—if it was like long ago, I'd have said kisses too," said he, laughing. But Dolly never smiled; a grave, sad look indeed came over her, and she turned her head away.

"I was so glad to hear of your coming home, dear Dolly. I can't tell you how dreary the Burnside seems without you. Ay, pale as you are, you make it look bright and cheery at once. It was a sudden thought, wasn't it?"

"I believe it was—but we'll talk of it all another time. Tell me of home. Janet says it's all as I left it: is it so?"

"I suspect it is. What changes did you look for?"

"I scarcely know. I believe when one begins to brood over one's own thoughts, one thinks the world without ought to take on the same dull, cold colouring. Haven't you felt that?"

"I don't know—I may; but I'm not much given to brooding. But how comes it that you, the lightest-hearted girl that ever lived—what makes you low-spirited?"

"First of all, Tony, I have been

ill; then I have been away from home; but come, I have not come back to complain and mourn. Tell me of your friends and neighbours. How are all at the Abbey? We'll begin with the grand folks."

"I know little of them; I haven't been there since I saw you last."

"And how is that, Tony? You used to live at the Abbey when I was here long ago."

"Well, it is as I tell you. Except Alice Trafford—and that only in a carriage, to exchange a word as she passed—I have not seen one of the Lyles for several weeks."

"And didn't she reproach you? didn't she remark on your estrangement?"

"She said something—I forget what," said he, impatiently.

"And what sort of an excuse did you make?"

"I don't remember. I suppose I blundered out something about being engaged or occupied. It was not of much consequence anyhow, for she didn't attach any importance to my absence."

"Don't say that, Tony, for I remember my father saying in one of his letters, that he met Sir Arthur at the fair of Ballymena, and that he said, 'If you should see Tony, Doctor, tell him I'm hunting for him everywhere, for I have to buy some young stock. If I do it without Tony Butler's advice, I shall have the whole family upon me.'"

"That's easy enough to understand. I was very useful, and they were very kind; but I fancy that each of us got tired of his part."

"They were stanch and good friends to you, Tony. I'm sorry you've given them up," said she, sorrowfully.

"What if it was *they* that gave me up? I mean, what if I found the conditions upon which I went there were such as I could not stoop to? Don't ask me any more about it; I have never let a word about it escape my lips, and I am ashamed now to hear myself talk of it."

"Even to me, Tony—to sister Dolly?"

"That's true; so you are my dear, dear sister," said he, and he stooped and kissed her forehead; "and you shall hear it all, and how it happened."

Tony began his narrative of that passage with Mark Lyle with which our reader is already acquainted, little noticing that to the deep scarlet that at first suffused Dolly's cheeks, a leaden pallor had succeeded, and that she lay, with half-closed eyes, in utter unconsciousness of what he was saying.

"This, of course," said Tony, as his story flowed on—"this, of course, was more than I could bear, so I hurried home, not quite clear what was best to be done. I hadn't you, Dolly, to consult, you know;" he looked down as he said this, and saw that a great tear lay on her cheek, and that she seemed fainting. "Dolly, my dear—my own dear Dolly," whispered he, "are you ill—are you faint?"

"Lay my head back against the wall," sighed she, in a weak voice, "it's passing off."

"It was this great fire, I suppose," said Tony, as he knelt down beside her, and bathed her temples with some cold water that stood near. "Coming out of the cold air, a fire will do that."

"Yes," said she, trying to smile; "it was that."

"I thought so," said he rather proud of his acuteness. "Let me settle you comfortably here," and he lifted her up in his strong arms, and placed her in the chair where he had been sitting. "Dear me, Dolly, how light you are!"

She shook her head, but gave a smile at the same time of mingled melancholy and sweetness.

"I'd never have believed you could be so light; but you'll see what home and native air will do," added he, quickly, and ashamed of his own want of tact. "My little mother, too, is such a nurse, I'll be sworn that before a month's over you'll be skipping over the rocks, or helping me to launch the coble, like long ago: won't you, Dolly?"

"Go on with what you were telling me," said she, faintly.

"Where was I? I forget where I stopped. Oh, yes; I remember it now. I went home as quick as I could, and I wrote Mark Lyle a letter. I know you'll laugh at the notion of a letter by my hand, but I think I said what I wanted to say. I didn't want to disclaim all that I owed his family; indeed, I never felt so deeply the kindness they had shown me as at the moment I was relinquishing it for ever; but I told him that if he presumed, on the score of that feeling, to treat me like some humble hanger-on of his house, I'd beg to remind him that by birth, at least, I was fully his equal. That was the substance of it, but I won't say that it was conveyed in the purest and best style."

"What did he reply?"

"Nothing—not one line. I ought to say that I started for England almost immediately after; but he took no notice of me when I came back, and we never met since."

"And his sisters: do you suspect that they know of this letter of yours?"

"I cannot tell, but I suppose not. It's not likely Mark would speak of it."

"How, then, do they regard your abstaining from calling there?"

"As a caprice, I suppose. They always thought me a wayward, uncertain sort of fellow. It's a habit your well-off people have, to look on their poorer friends as queer and odd and eccentric—eh, Dolly?"

"There's some truth in the remark, Tony," said she, smiling; "but I scarcely expected to hear you come out as a moralist."

"That's because, like the rest of the world, you don't estimate me at my true value. I have a great vein of reflection or reflectiveness—which is it, Dolly? but it's the deepest of the two—in me, if people only knew it."

"You have a great vein of kind-heartedness, and you are a good son to a good mother," said she, as

a pink blush tinged her cheek, "and I like that better."

It was plain that the praise had touched him, and deeply, too, for he drew his hand across his eyes, and his lip trembled as he said, "It was just about that dear mother I wanted to speak to you, Dolly. You know I'm going away?"

"My father told me," said she, with a nod of her head.

"And though, of course, I may manage a short leave now and then to come over and see her, she'll be greatly alone. Now, Dolly, you know how she loves you—how happy she always is when you come over to us. Will you promise me that you'll often do so? You used to think nothing of the walk long ago, and when you get strong and hearty again you'll not think more of it. It would be such a comfort to me, when I'm far away, to feel that you were sitting beside her—reading to her, perhaps, or settling those flowers she's so fond of. Ah, Dolly, I'll have that window that looks out on the White Rocks in my mind, and you sitting at it, many and many a day, when I'll be hundreds of miles off."

"I love your mother dearly, Tony; she has been like a mother to myself for many a year, and it would be a great happiness to me to be with her; but don't forget, Tony"—and she tried to smile as she spoke—"don't forget that I'll have to go seek my fortune also."

"And aren't you come to live at home now for good?"

She shook her head with a sorrowful meaning, and said, "I'm afraid not, Tony. My dear, dear father does not grow richer as he grows older, and he needs many a little comfort that cannot come of his own providing, and you know he has none but me."

The intense sadness of the last few words was deepened by the swimming eyes and faltering lips of her that uttered them.

"And are you going back to these McGruders?"

She shook her head in negative.

"I'm glad of that. I'm sure they were not kind."

"Nay, Tony, they were good folk, but after their own fashion; and they always strove to be just."

"Another word for being cruel. I'd like to know what's to become of any of us in this world if we meet nothing better than justice. But why did you leave them?—I mean, leave them for good and all."

She changed colour hastily, and turned her head away, while in a low, confused manner she said, "There were several reasons. I needn't tell you I wasn't strong, Tony, and strength is the first element of governess life."

"I know how it came about," broke in Tony. "Don't deny it—don't, Dolly. It was all my fault."

"Don't speak so loud, Tony," whispered she, cautiously.

"It all came of that night I dined at Richmond. But if he hadn't struck at me——"

"Who struck at you, Tony, my man?" said the old minister, waking up. "He wasna over-gifted with prudence whoever did it, that I maun say; and how is Mrs. Butler, and how are you yourself?"

"Bravely, sir, both of us. I've had a long chat with Dolly over the fire, and I fear I must be going now. I've brought you a brace of wood-cocks, and a message from my mother about not forgetting to dine with us on Monday."

"I don't know about that, Tony. The lassie yonder is very weak just yet."

"But after a little rest, eh, Dolly? Don't you think you'd be strong enough to stroll over by Monday? Then Tuesday be it."

"We'll bide and see, Tony—we'll bide and see. I'll be able, perhaps, to tell you after meeting to-morrow; not that you're very reg'lar in attendance, Maister Tony; I mean to have a word or two with you about that one of these days."

"All right, sir," said Tony. "If you and Dolly come over to us on Monday, you may put me on the cutty-stool if you like afterwards;" and with that he was gone.

And all this has been my doing, thought Tony, as he wended his way homewards. I have lost to this poor girl the means by which she was earning her own livelihood, and aiding to make her father's life more comfortable! I must make her tell me how it all came about, and why they made her pay the penalty of my fault. Not very fair that for people so just as they are.

"And to think," added he, aloud, after a pause—"to think it was but the other day I was saying to myself, 'What can people mean when they talk of this weary world—this life of care and toil and anxiety?—and already I feel as if I stood on the threshold, and peeped in, and saw it all: but, to be sure, at that time I was cantering along the strand with Alice, and now—and now, I am plodding along a dark road, with a hot brain and a heavy heart, to tell me that sorrow is sown broadcast, and none can escape it.'"

All was still at the cottage when he reached it, and he crept gently to his room, and was soon asleep, forgetting cares and griefs, and only awaking as the strong sunlight fell upon his face and proclaimed the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AN UNWELCOME LETTER.

The Doctor had guessed aright. Tony did not present himself at meeting on Sunday. Mrs. Butler, indeed, was there, though the distance was more than a mile, and the day a raw and gusty one, with threatenings of snow in the air.

"Are you coming with me, Tony, to hear the minister? it will be an interesting lecture to-day on the character of Ahab," said she, opening his door a few inches.

"I'm afraid not, mother; I'm in for a hard day's work this morning.

Better lose Ahab than lose my examination."

Mrs. Butler did not approve of the remark, but she closed the door and went her way, while Tony covered his table with a mass of books, arranged paper and pens, and then, filling the bowl of a large Turkish pipe, sat himself down, as he fancied, to work, but in reality to weave thoughts about as profitable and as connected as the thin blue wreaths of smoke that issued from his lips, and in watching whose wayward curls and waftings he continued to pass hours.

I have often suspected — indeed, my experience of life leads me much to the conviction — that for the perfect enjoyment of what is called one's own company, the man of many resources must yield the palm to him of none; and that the mere man of action, whose existence is stir, movement, and adventure, can and does find his occasional hours of solitude more pleasurable than he who brings to his reveries the tormenting doubts and distrusts, the casuistical indecisions and the dreary discontents that so often come of much reading. Certainly in the former there is no strain — no wear and tear. He is not called on to breast the waves and stem the tide, but to float indolently down the stream without even remarking the scenery that clothes the banks.

Tony, I fancy, was a master of his art; he knew how to follow up any subject in thought till it began to become painful, and then to turn his attention to the sea and some far-off white sail, or to the flickering leaflet of falling snow, tossed and drifted here and there like some castaway — a never-failing resource. He could follow with his eyes the azure circles of smoke, and wonder which would outstrip the other. To fit him for the life of a "messenger" he had taken down 'Cook's Voyages; but after reading a few pages, he laid down the book to think how far the voyager's experiences could apply to the daily exigencies of a Foreign Office official,

and to ask himself if he were not in reality laying down too wide and too extensive a foundation for future acquirement. "No," thought he, "I'll not try to be any better or smarter than the rest. I'll just stick to the practical part, and here goes for Ollendorf." Three or four sentences read — he leaned back, and wondered whether he would not rather undertake an excursion on foot to Jerusalem, than set out on an expedition into the French language. As if a whole life could master that bulky dictionary, and transfer its contents to his poor brain! To be sure, Alice knew it; but Alice could learn what she pleased. She learned to skate in three lessons — and how she did it, too! Who ever glided over the ice with such a grace — so easy, so quiet, but with such a perfection of movement! Talk of dancing — it was nothing to it. And couldn't she ride? See her three fields off, and you'd know the ground just by the stride of her horse. Such a hand she had! But who was like Alice?

Ah! there was the boundless prairie, to his thoughts, on which he might ramble for ever; and on that wide swelling savannah, roaming and straying, we shall now leave him, and turn our glance elsewhere.

The morning service of the meeting-house over, Dr. Stewart proposed to walk home with Mrs. Butler. The exposition about Ahab had neither been as full or as able as he had intended, but it was not his fault—at least only in part his fault; the sum of which consisted in the fact that he had broken through a good rule, which up to that hour had never met with infraction — "he had opened a post-letter on the Sabbath morn. This comes," said he plaintively, "of letting the sinfu' things of this world mingle wi' the holier and higher ones of the world to come. Corruption is aye stronger than life; and now I maun tell you the whole of it." If we do not strictly follow the good minister, and tell what he had to say in his own words, it is to spare

our reader some time on a matter which may not possess the amount of interest to him it had for the person who narrated it. The matter was this: there came that morning a letter from Mrs. M'Gruder to Dr. Stewart—a letter that almost overwhelmed him. The compensation to humility of station is generally this, that the interests of the humble man are so lowly, so unpretending, and so little obtrusive, that they seldom or never provoke the attention of his more fortunate neighbours. As with the rivulet that can neither float a barque nor turn a mill-wheel none meddles, so with the course of these lowly lives few concern themselves, and they ripple along unheeded. Many and many a time had the old minister hugged this thought to his heart—many and many a time had he felt that there were cares and troubles in this life so proud and so haughty that they disdained the thatched cabin and the humble roof-tree, but loved to push their way through crowds of courtiers up marble stairs, and along gilded corridors. It was then with a perfect shock that he came to learn that even they, in all their lowliness, could claim no exemption from common calamity. The letter began by stating that the writer, before putting pen to paper, had waited till Miss Stewart should have reached her home, so that no anxieties as to her health should be added to the pain the communication might cause. After this lowering commencement the epistle went on to state, that the satisfaction which Dolly had at first given by her general good temper and strict attention to her duties, "compensating in a great measure for the defects in her own education and want of aptitude as a teacher," soon ceased to be experienced, as it was found that she was subject to constant intervals of great depression, and even whole days, when she seemed scarcely equal to her duties. The cause was not very long a secret. It was an attach-

ment she had formed to a brother of Mr. M'Gruder's, who, some years younger than himself, had been established in Italy as a partner, and had now come over to England on business.

It was not necessary to say that the writer had never encouraged this sentiment; on the contrary, she had more than remonstrated with her brother-in-law on the score of his attentions, and flatly declared that, if he persisted, she would do her utmost to have the partnership with his brother dissolved, and all future intercourse at an end between them. This led to scenes of a very violent nature, in which she was obliged, to own her husband had the cruelty to take his brother's side against her, and avow that Samuel was earning his own bread, and if he liked to share it with an "untochered lassie," it should be far from him, Robert M'Gruder, that any reproach could come—a sarcasm that Mrs. M'Gruder seemed keenly to appreciate.

The agitation caused by these cares, acting on a system already excited, had brought on a fever to Dolly; and it was only on her convalescence, and while still very weak, that a young man arrived in London and called to see her, who suddenly seemed to influence all her thoughts and plans for the future. Sam, it appeared, had gone back to Italy, relying on Dolly's promise to consult her father and give him a final reply to his offer of marriage. From the day, however, that this stranger had called, Dolly seemed to become more and more indifferent to this project, declaring that her failing health and broken spirits would render her rather a burden than a benefit, and constantly speaking of home, and wishing to be back there, "Though I wished," continued the writer, "that this resolve had come earlier, and that Miss Stewart had returned to her father before she had thrown discord into a united family, I was not going to oppose it, even late as it occurred.

It was therefore arranged that she was to go home, ostensibly to recruit and restore herself in her native air; but I, I need hardly tell you, as firmly determined she should never pass this threshold again. Matters were in this state, and Miss Stewart only waiting for a favourable day to begin her journey—an event I looked for with the more impatience as Mr. M'G. and myself could never, I knew, resume our terms of affection so long as she remained in our house—when one night, between one and two o'clock, we were awoken by the sound of feet in the garden under our window. I heard them first, and, creeping to the casement, I saw a figure clamber over the railing and make straight for the end of the house where Miss Stewart slept, and immediately began a sort of low moaning kind of song, evidently a signal. Miss Stewart's window soon opened, and on this I called Mr. M'Gruder. He had barely time to reach the window, when a man's voice from below cried out, 'Come down; are you coming?' On this, Mr. M'Gruder rushed downstairs and into the garden. Two or three loud angry words succeeded, and then a violent struggle, in which my husband was twice knocked down and severely injured. The man, however, made his escape, but not unrecognised; for your daughter's voice cried out, 'Oh, Tony, I never thought you'd do this,' or, 'Why did you do this?' or some words to that effect.

"The terms on which, through Miss Stewart's behaviour, I have latterly lived with Mr. M'Gruder, gave me no opportunity to learn anything from him. Indeed, he never so much as spoke of an incident which confined him two days to his room and five days to the house; but, as if bent on exasperation, redoubled his kind inquiries about your daughter, who was now, as she said, too ill to leave her room.

"No other cause was then open to me than to write the present letter to you and another to my

brother-in-law. He at least, I am determined, shall know something of the young lady with whom he wishes to share his fortune, though I trust that a minister of the gospel will have no need of any promptings of mine to prevent such a casualty. My last words, on parting with your daughter, were to ask if the man I saw that night was the same who had called to see her, and her reply was, 'Yes, the same.' I will not disguise that she had the grace to cry as she said it.

"That she is never to return here, I need not say. Ay, more than that; no reference to me will be responded to in terms that can serve her. But this is not all. I require—that you will send, and send open for my inspection, such a letter to Mr. S. M'Gruder as may finally put an end to any engagement, and declare that, from the circumstances now known to you, you could neither expect, or even desire, that he would make her his wife. Lastly, I demand—and I am in a position to enforce a demand—that you do not communicate with my husband at all in this affair, sufficient unpleasantness and distrust having been already caused by our unhappy relations with your family."

A few moral reflections closed the epistle. They were neither very novel nor very acute, but they embodied the sense of disappointment experienced by one who little thought in taking a teacher from the manse of a minister, she was incurring a peril as great as if she had sent over to France for the latest refinement in Parisian depravity. "Keep her at home with yourself, Dr. Stewart," wrote she, "unless the time comes when the creature she called Tony may turn up as a respectable man, and be willing to take her." And with a gracefully-expressed hope that Dolly's ill health might prove seasonable for self-examination and correction, she signed herself, "Your compassionate friend, MARTHA M'GRUDER."

"What do you say to that, Mrs. Butler? Did ever you read as much cruelty in pen and ink, I ask you? Did you ever believe that the mother of children could write to a father of his own daughter in such terms as these?"

"I don't know what it means, Doctor; it's all confusion to me. Who is Tony? it's not our Tony, surely?"

"I'm not so sure of that, Mrs. Butler. Tony was up in London, and he called to see Dolly. You remember that he told in his letter to you how the pair lassie's hair was cut short——"

"I remember it all, Dr. Stewart; but what has all that to do with all this dreadful scene at night in the garden?" The Doctor shook his head mournfully and made no reply. "If you mean, Dr. Stewart, that it was my Tony that brought about all these disasters, I tell you I will not—I cannot believe it. It would be better to speak your mind out,

sir, than to go on shaking your head. We're not altogether so depraved that our disgrace is beyond words."

"There's nothing for anger here, my dear old friend," said he, calmly, "though maybe there's something for sorrow. When you have spoken to your son and I to my daughter, we'll see our way better through this thorny path. Good-bye."

"You are not angry with me, Doctor?" said she holding out her hand, while her eyes were dimmed with tears—"you are not angry with me?"

"That I am not," said he, grasping her hand warmly in both his own. "We have no other treasures in this world, either of us, than this lad and this lassie, and it's a small fault if we cling to them the more closely. I think I see Tony coming to meet you, so I'll just turn home again." And with another and more affectionate good-bye they parted.

CHAP. XXVIII.—AT THE MANSE.

In no small perturbation of mind was it that Mrs. Butler passed her threshold. That a word should be breathed against her Tony, was something more than she could endure; that he could have deserved it was more than she could believe. Tony, of whom for years and years she had listened to nothing but flat-teries, how clever and ready-witted he was, how bold and fearless, how kind-hearted, and how truthful—ay, how truthful; and how is it then, asked she of herself, that he has told me nothing of all this mischance, and what share he has had in bringing misfortune upon poor Dolly?

"Is Master Tony at home, Jenny?" said she, as she entered.

"Yes; he's reading a letter that has just come wi' the post."

The old lady stopped, with her hand on the handle of the door, to draw a full breath, and regain a calm look; but a merry laugh from

Tony, as he sat reading his letter, did more to rally her, though her heart smote her to think how soon she might have to throw a shadow across his sunshine.

"Who's your letter from, Tony?" said she, dryly.

"From Skeffy; he'll be here to-morrow; he's to arrive at Coleraine by six in the morning, and wants me to meet him there."

"And what's the other sealed note in your hand?"

"This?—this is from another man—a fellow you've never heard of; at least you don't know him."

"And what may be his name, Tony?" asked she, in a still colder tone.

"He's a stranger to you, mother. Skeffy found the note at my hotel, and forwarded it, that's all."

"You weren't wont to have secrets from me, Tony," said she, tremulously.

"Nor have I, mother; except it

may be some trifling annoyance or worry that I don't care to tease you about. If I had anything heavier on my mind, you may trust me, I'd very soon be out with it."

"But I'm not to hear who this man is?" said she, with a strange pertinacity.

"Of course you are, if you want to hear: his name is there on the corner of his note—Robt. M'Gruder—and here's the inside of it, though I don't think you'll be much the wiser when you've read it."

"It's for yourself to read your own letter, Tony," said she, waving back the note. "I merely asked who was your correspondent."

Tony broke the seal, and ran his eye hastily over the lines. "I'm as glad as if I got a hundred pounds!" cried he. "Listen to this, mother:—

"DEAR SIR, — When I received your note on Monday—"

"But wait a bit, mother; I must tell you the whole story, or you'll not know why he wrote this to me. Do you remember my telling you, just at the back of a letter, that I was carried off to a dinner at Richmond?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, I wish I hadn't gone, that's all! Not that it was not jolly, and the fellows very pleasant and full of fun; but, somehow, we all of us took too much wine, or we talked too much, or perhaps both; but we began laying wagers about every imaginable thing, and I made a bet—I'll be hanged if I could tell what it was, but it was something about Dolly Stewart. I believe it was that she was handsomer than another girl. I forgot all about her hair being cut off, and her changed looks. At all events, off we set in a body to M'Gruder's house. It was then about two in the morning, and we all singing, or what we thought was singing, most uproariously. Yes, you may shake your head. I'm ashamed of it now, too, but it was some strange wine—I think it was called Marco-brunner—that completely upset me; and the first thing that really sobered me

was seeing that the other fellows ran away, leaving me all alone in the garden, while a short stout man rushed out of the house with a stick to thrash me. I tried to make him hear me, for I wanted to apologise; but he wouldn't listen, and so I gave him a shake. I didn't strike him; but I shook him off, roughly enough perhaps, for he fell, and then I sprang over the gate, and cut off as fast as I could. When I awoke next morning, I remembered it all, and heartily ashamed I was of myself; and I thought that perhaps I ought to go out in person and beg his pardon; but I had no time for that; I wanted to get away by that day's packet, and so I wrote him a few civil lines. I don't remember them exactly, but they were to say that I was very sorry for it all, and I hoped he'd see the thing as it was—a stupid bit of boyish excess, of which I felt much ashamed; and here's his answer:—

"DEAR SIR, — When I received your note on Monday morning, I was having leeches to my eye, and couldn't answer it. Yesterday both eyes were closed, and it is only to-day that I can see to scratch these lines. If I had had a little more patience on the night I first met you, it would have been better for both of us. As it is, I receive all your explanation as frankly as it is given; and you'll be lucky in life if nobody bears you more ill-will than—Yours truly,

RT. M'GRUDER.

"If you come up to town again, look in on me at 27 Cannon Street, City. I do not say here, as Mrs. M'G. has not yet forgiven the black eye."

"Oh, Tony! my own dear, dear, true-hearted Tony!" cried his mother, as she flung her arms around him, and hugged him to her heart. "I knew my own dear boy was as loyal as his own high-hearted father."

Tony was exceedingly puzzled to what precise part of his late behaviour he owed all this enthusiastic fondness, and was curious

also to know if giving black eyes to Scotchmen had been a trait of his father's.

"And this was all of it, Tony?" asked she, eagerly.

"Don't you think it was quite enough? I'm certain Dolly did; for she knew my voice, and cried out, 'Oh, Tony, how could you?' or something like that, from the window. And that's a thing, mother, has been weighing heavily on my mind ever since. Has this unlucky freak of mine anything to do with Dolly's coming home?"

"We'll find that out later on, Tony; leave that to me," said she, hurriedly; for, with all her honesty, she could not bear to throw a cloud over his present happiness, or dash with sorrow the delight he felt at his friend's coming.

"I don't suspect," continued he, thoughtfully, "that I made a very successful impression on that Mrs. McGruder the day I called on Dolly; and if she only connected me with this night's exploit, of course it's all up with me."

"Her husband bears you no grudge for it at all, Tony."

"That's clear enough; he's a fine fellow; but if it should turn out, mother, that poor Dolly lost her situation—it was no great thing, to be sure; but she told me herself it was hard enough to get as good; and if, I say, it was through me she lost it——"

"You mustn't give yourself the habit of coining evil, Tony. There are always enough of hard and solid troubles in life without our conjuring up shadows and spectres to frighten us. As I said before, I'll have a talk with Dolly herself, and I'll find out everything."

"Do so, mother; and try and make her come often over here when I'm gone; she'll be very lonely, yonder, and you'll be such good company for each other, won't you?"

"I'll do my best, for I love her dearly! She has so many ways, too, that suit an old body like myself. She's so quiet and so

gentle, and she'll sit over her work at the window there, and lay it down on her knee to look out over the sea, never saying a word, but smiling a little quiet smile when our eyes meet, as though to say, 'This is very peaceful and happy, and we have no need to tell each other about it, for we can feel it just as deeply.'"

Oh, if she'd only let Alice come to see her and sit with her, thought Tony; how she *would* love her! Alice could be all this, and would top; and then, what a charm she can throw around her with that winning smile! was there ever sunshine like it? And her voice—no music ever thrilled through *me* as that voice did. "I say, mother," cried he aloud, "don't say No; don't refuse her if she begs to come over now and then with a book or a few flowers; don't deny her merely because she's very rich and much courted and flattered. I pledge you my word the flattery has not spoiled her."

"Poor Dolly, it's the first time I ever heard that you were either rich or run after! What's the boy dreaming of, with his eyes staring in his head?"

"I'm thinking that I'll go in to Coleraine to-night, so as to be there when the mail arrives at six in the morning," said Tony, recovering himself, though in considerable confusion. "Skeffy's room is all ready, isn't it?"

"To be sure it is; and very nice and comfortable it looks, too;" and as she spoke she arose and went into the little room, on which she and Jenny had expended any amount of care and trouble. "But, Tony dear," she cried out, "what's become of Alice Lyle's picture. I put it over the fireplace myself this morning."

"And I took it down again, mother. Skeffy never knew Alice—never saw her."

"It wasn't for that I put it there; it was because she was a handsome lassie, and it's always a pleasant sight to look upon. Just bring

it back again; the room looks nothing without it."

"No, no; leave it in your own room, in which it has always been," said he, almost sternly. "And now about dinner to-morrow; I suppose we'd better make no change, but just have it at three, as we always do."

"Your grand friend will think it's luncheon, Tony."

"He'll learn his mistake when it comes to tea-time; but I'll go and see if there's not a salmon to be had at Carig-a-rede before I start; and if I'm lucky, I'll bring you a brace of snipe back with me." ●

"Do so, Tony; and if Mr. Gregg was to offer you a little seakale, or even some nice fresh celery — eh, dear, he's off, and no minding me! He's a fine, true-hearted lad," muttered she, as she reseated herself at her work; "but I wonder what's become of all his high spirits, and the merry ways that he used to have."

Tony was not successful in his pursuit of provender. There was a heavy sea on the shore, and the nets had been taken up; and during his whole walk he never saw a bird. He ate a hurried dinner when he came back, and, taking one more look at Skeffy's room to see it looked as comfortable as he wished it, he sent out for Coleraine.

Now though his mind was very full of his coming guest, in part pleasurably and in part with a painful consciousness of his inability to receive him handsomely, his thoughts would wander off at every moment to Dolly Stewart, and her return to home, which he felt convinced was still more or less connected with his own freak. The evening service was going on in the meeting-house as he passed, and he could hear the swell of the voices in the last hymn that preceded the final prayer, and he suddenly bethought him that he would take a turn by the "Burnside" and have a few minutes' talk with Dolly before her father got back from meeting.

"She is such a true-hearted, honest girl," said he to himself, "she'll not be able to hide the fact from me; and I will ask her flatly, Is this so? was it not on my account you left that place?"

All was still and quiet at the minister's cottage, and Tony raised the latch and walked through the little passage into the parlour unseen. The parlour, too, was empty. A large old Bible lay open on the table, and beside it a handkerchief, a white one, that he knew to be Dolly's. As he looked at it he bethought him of one Alice had given him once as a keepsake; he had it still. How different that fragment of gossamer with the frill of rich lace from this homely kerchief! Were they not almost emblems of their owners? and if so, did not his own fortunes rather link him with the humbler than with the higher? With one there might be companionship, with the other what could it be but dependence?

While he was standing thus thinking, two ice-cold hands were laid over his eyes, and he cried out, "Ay, Dolly, those frozen fingers are yours;" and as he removed her hands, he threw one arm round her waist, and, pressing her closely to him, he kissed her.

"Tony, Tony!" said she, reproachfully, while her eyes swam in two heavy tears, and she turned away.

"Come here and sit beside me, Dolly. I want to ask you a question, and we haven't much time, for the Doctor will be here presently, and I am so fretted and worried thinking over it that I have nothing left but to come straight to yourself and ask it."

"Well, what is it?" said she, calmly.

"But you will be frank with me, Dolly — frank and honest, as you always were — won't you?"

"Yes, I think so," said she, slowly.

"Ay, but you must be sure to be frank, Dolly, for it touches me very closely; and to show you that you

may, I will tell you a secret, to begin with. Your father has had a letter from that Mrs. M'Gruder, where you lived."

"From her?" said Dolly, growing so suddenly pale that she seemed about to faint; "are you sure of this?"

"My mother saw it; she read part of it; and here's what it implies, that it was all my fault—at least the fault of knowing me—that cost you your place. She tells, not very unfairly, all things considered, about that unlucky night when I came under the windows and had that row with her husband; and then she hints at something, and I'll be hanged if I can make out at what; and if my mother knows, which I suspect she does not, she has not told me: but whatever it be, it is in some way mixed up with your going away; and knowing, my dear Dolly, that you and I can talk to one another as few people can in this world—is it not so? Are you ill, dear—are you faint?"

"No; these are weak turns that come and go."

"Put your head down here on my shoulder, my poor Dolly. How pale you are! and your hands so cold. What is it you say, darling? I can't hear."

Her lips moved, but without a sound, and her eyelids fell lazily over her eyes, as, pale and scarcely seeming to breathe, she leaned heavily towards him, and fell at last in his arms. There stood against the opposite wall of the room a little horse-chair sofa, a hard and narrow bench, to which he carried her, and, with her head supported by his arm, he knelt down beside her, as helpless a nurse as ever gazed on sickness.

"There, you are getting better, my dear, dear Dolly," he said, as a long heavy sigh escaped her. "You will be all right presently, my poor dear."

"Fetch me a little water," said she, faintly.

Tony soon found some, and held it to her lips, wondering the while

how it was he had never before thought Dolly beautiful, so regular were the features, so calm the brow, so finely traced the mouth, and the well-rounded chin beneath it. How strange it seemed that the bright eye and the rich colour of health should have served to hide rather than heightened these traits!

"I think I must have fainted, Tony," said she, weakly.

"I believe you did, darling," said he.

"And how was it? Of what were we talking, Tony? Tell me what I was saying to you."

Tony was afraid to refer to what he feared might have had some share in her late seizure; he dreaded to recur to it.

"I think I remember it," said she, slowly, and as if struggling with the difficulty of a mental effort. "But stay; is not that the wicket I heard? Father is coming, Tony;" and as she spoke the heavy foot of the minister was heard on the passage.

"Eh, Tony man, ye here? I'd rather hae seen ye at the evening lecture; but ye're no fond of our form of worship, I believe. The Colonel, your father, I have heard, was a strong Episcopalian."

"I was on my way to Coleraine, Doctor, and I turned off at the mill to see Dolly, and ask her how she was."

"Ye winna stay to supper, then?" said the old man, who, hospitable enough on ordinary occasions, had no wish to see the Sabbath evening's meal invaded by the presence of a guest, even of one so well known as Tony.

Tony muttered some not very connected excuses, while his eyes turned to Dolly, who, still pale and sickly-looking, gave him one little brief nod, as though to say it were better he should go; and the old minister himself stood erect in the middle of the floor, calmly and almost coldly waiting the words "Good-bye."

"Am I to tell mother you'll

come to us to-morrow, Doctor — you and Dolly?" asked Tony, with his hand on the door.

"It's no on the Sabbath evening we should turn our thoughts to feasting, Master Tony; and none know that better than your worthy mother. I wish you a good evening and a pleasant walk."

"Good night," said Tony, shutting the door sharply; "and," muttered he to himself, "if you catch me crossing your threshold again, Sab-

bath or week-day——" He stopped, heaved a deep sigh, and, drawing his hand across his eyes, said, "My poor dear Dolly, hasn't my precious temper done you mischief enough already that I must let it follow you to your own quite fire-side?"

And he went his way, with many a vow of self-amendment, and many a kind wish, that was almost a prayer, for the minister and his daughter.

OUR NEUTRALITY.

THE most earnest partisan of the Federal States of America in this country must admit that the friends of the South have been extremely moderate in the expression of their sympathies. All the clamour has been made by the friends of the North; meetings have been convened, violent articles written, clap-trap appeals made, and prosecutions instituted, all in the interests of the Federals. So long as no substantial injustice was apparent, this was submitted to, and the good result at least followed that no grounds were afforded to the Northern Government on which to base a quarrel or an accusation. But unless the advocates of the South are much less warm in their sympathy than we suppose them to be, this comfortable state of things cannot be expected to last much longer. A conviction that Lord Russell has permitted his private political predilections to influence the policy of the Government in American affairs has long been gaining ground, and is now beginning to find expression. If, then, the Confederate party in this country is provoked into attempting to redress the balance, and if, when it gives full and appropriate vent to its feelings, the public should join in the outburst in a way not at all conducive to the preservation of friendly relations with the North, the fault must lie with those indiscreet partisans of Messrs. Lin-

coln and Seward whose words and acts have rendered reprisals inevitable. For ourselves, we have always regretted that the admiration for the people and army of the Confederate States, and the conviction of the justice of their cause, which are so undoubtedly felt by most of those whose education and intelligence qualify them to form opinions on the subject, should have found such inadequate expression. We should be glad if the friends of that brave people had shown their friendship more heartily. We should be glad if the tremendous calamities inflicted on them had been lightened by more cordial cheer, and by more earnest advocacy. Never has a nation struggling into life established by its sufferings and its heroism a better claim to support and honour than the South; never had a people striving to extinguish the independence of another less claim to forbearance than the North.

When last we took occasion to say something like this, the steam-rams had been already stopped. With the brave words before us that the spirited Foreign Secretary had recently uttered to Mr. Adams, and to those officious gentlemen who had undertaken to apprise him of the character and destination of the rams, we could not suppose that they were detained on any but strong evidence. But the ap-

pearance of the new volume of American state-papers greatly disturbed this conclusion, for it became evident that, only three days before the detention of the rams, Lord Russell had replied to the urgent representations of Mr. Adams by expressing his inability to interfere with vessels of the kind, except on evidence of an illegal act or purpose. It therefore became a particularly interesting question, whether the singular change wrought in his Lordship's determination in this short interval was caused by the sudden discovery of the requisite evidence, or by the urgency of the American Minister; while the fact that no steps have been taken in the prosecution of the owner, and that Government agents are still in search of evidence, seems altogether to preclude the first supposition.

With such grounds existing for the belief that a British Minister had been induced, under foreign dictation, or perhaps menace, to commit an illegal and oppressive act, it was to be expected that, among the many who did not fondly rely on the discretion and valour of that nobleman, some would be found desirous of knowing more of the matter. It would not, perhaps, have been very remarkable, had the representatives of the people of England, as a body, deemed the business worthy of their attention, and supported the inquisitive member who demanded the papers necessary for clearing up the point. But a majority of twenty-five decided that this was not a matter which the House of Commons need concern itself to investigate. And not only the House but a considerable portion of that other estate which especially boasts itself the denouncer of arbitrary power, the protector of the oppressed, and the assertor of national dignity and independence, stigmatised the inquiry as factious, and exerted all its powers of argument, with more or less ingenuity, to draw the public away from the true issue. The demand for papers was variously described as a party

measure, as an attempt to involve the country in war for the sake of Mr. Laird and his rams, as an endeavour to surprise the Government and obtain office, and as a means of causing one of two parties in a lawsuit prematurely to disclose its case. And all the organs of the press on the side of Government showed a singular unconsciousness that there could be any question at all between the Minister and Parliament. In fact, through ignorance, or negligence, or partisanship, they insisted on replying to a municipal and constitutional question on international grounds.

Yet nothing could be more explicit than the statements of the Opposition. The demand for papers was fully significant of the object. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, in beginning the discussion, clearly defined the aim of his inquiry; and Lord Robert Cecil pointed his speech with these unmistakable sentences:—

"It was obvious, as his hon. friend had said, that the Government, if it chose, without a vestige of proof to support its case, without an atom of law to justify its action, could ruin any man against whom, for any reason, whether of political apprehension or of private grudge, it desired to point the artillery of the law.—(Hear, hear.) The Government paid no costs, and law was costly. If it were defeated in one court, it could carry the case to another; if it were again defeated, it could turn off the question on a point of form; and thus it could so prolong and multiply proceedings that the resources of no citizen in the realm could bear up against the pressure. No similar power was known to the Constitution. The Government could not deprive a man of his liberty or of a sixpence of his money unless it could adduce adequate proof and valid law; yet it could fine a man to the amount of his whole fortune, under the pressure of legal proceedings, at the end of which it would have neither law nor evidence to justify its action. . . . But, surely, when the Government was putting a man under the screw, and squeezing out of him all his fortune by legal proceedings, trenching on his rights, and, in spite of adverse decisions

against itself, carrying the matter from court to court, the House of Commons had a right to satisfy itself that the Government was acting from legitimate motives, and that no secret and unworthy object had led it to take a course so detrimental to the interests of the country."

The history of these celebrated rams is soon told. The American Minister, aware that they were in course of construction, had frequently, in language expressive of a sense of injury, and which occasionally rose to something like menace, demanded of Lord Russell that they should be seized. The Foreign Secretary, in that valorous language which would be very well worthy of applause if his acts accorded with it, but which experience shows to be generally the forerunner of some pusillanimous collapse, replied as often that he had no power to seize the vessels except on evidence given by credible witnesses of an illegal purpose, and no such testimony had been offered. Such was his reply on 1st September, but on the 4th he resolved to detain the ships. In this interval, then, took place the change of purpose of which an account was demanded. Still, as evidence may arise at any time, and as a single day or hour might bring forth the conclusive proof which alone could justify the seizure, and which Lord Russell had already told his volunteer informers, in language singular from such an immaculate neutral, "he was *in hopes* they would propose to furnish him with," the shortness of the interval would not of itself necessarily imply that the change took place without reason. But certain circumstances gave to the case an extremely suspicious character. In the first place, Mr. Adams, writing to his Government on the 3d September, says, "As the case seemed doubtful, I concluded that the wisest course would be to put in one more remonstrance. Accordingly, I have taken advantage of some depositions, of *no great additional weight*, furnished to me by Mr. Dudley and others." Now, as the agents of the Federal Government, so indefatigable in

devising matter of complaint against England, had been able to discover nothing to render their case stronger, it seemed unlikely that our Government, which had acted throughout on their inspiration, should have been more successful. And on the *ninth* of September Lord Russell caused it to be announced to Messrs. Laird, that "the vessels will not be permitted to leave the Mersey until satisfactory evidence can be given of their destination; or, at least, until the inquiries *which are now being prosecuted to obtain such evidence* shall be brought to a conclusion." Accordingly, the vessels were *detained* till, in October, the character of the embargo laid on them was changed, and they were *seized* by the Government. Up to the present moment, however, the case has never been brought to trial. Thus there appeared but too much reason to suppose that Mr. Adams's "one more remonstrance" had been of such force as to supply the want of that evidence which many subsequent months have failed to elicit. Moreover, the bias of the Foreign Secretary is so well known, as to expose him to gravest suspicion whenever the balance of neutrality appears to incline strongly to the Federal side. In his Blairgowrie speech he revealed clearly the predictions of the ancient democrat and unsuccessful advocate of universal suffrage in favour of a country where democracy has certainly had rope enough given it, and has made of it the use that might be expected. We knew, after that oratorical display of his tendencies, what was to be expected of the noble Lord as holder of the scales. But the following case, quoted by Lord Robert Cecil—to which no Government speaker made any reply—is conclusive. Lord Robert said:—

"There was a curious circumstance connected with the case of the Gibraltar, which he thought would show the spirit in which the Government had acted in reference to vessels of this kind. Among the parliamentary papers would be found a letter from the freighter of the Gibraltar, in which he said:—

"We are informed by the Collector of her Majesty's Customs for this port, that if we permit you to ship the two large fort-guns on board the steamship Gibraltar, that vessel will not be allowed to clear, thus preventing us performing our charter-party with you. This action on the part of her Majesty's Government is based upon the suspicion that ultimately your fort-guns may find their way into the Southern Confederacy; the Collector, in reply to our question, having informed us that, if the fort-guns were for the Federal or Northern Government, no obstacles would be placed in the way of their being shipped, stating, at the same time, that such shipments to New York were of common occurrence."—(Cheers.) That was the statement of an officer of the Government.—(Hear, hear.)

"The ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—No; that letter is not from an officer of the Government.

"Lord R. RUSSELL.—Certainly not, but the writer gave the statement as one made to him by an officer of the Government, and his representation to that effect, though printed and circulated among the parliamentary papers, had never been contradicted by the Collector of Customs at Liverpool.—(Cheers.) It was all very well for the Attorney-General sitting there to contradict it; his honour was safe, because if it should afterwards turn out that the Collector did make the statement, it might be said that the honourable and learned gentleman had no communication with him; but, he repeated, no contradiction, either by or on behalf of the Collector, had ever been given to that formal declaration of the intentions of her Majesty's Government.—(Cheers.) It seemed to him that the case of the Gibraltar threw a flood of light upon the motives of the Government in detaining the steam-rams, and the principles on which they acted.—(Hear, hear.) They claimed a right to detain vessels—not in one case, but in many—without any authority from law, upon their own responsibility, because they believed that possibly at some future time they might find evidence that some statute had been broken.—(Hear, hear.) They claimed that right, and in acting upon it they explained that they did so for the benefit of one side, in a contest as to which they professed to maintain a position of absolute neutrality.—(Cheers.)"

Such, then, were the circumstances under which an explanation was asked for. Mr. Fitzgerald had foreseen that the Government officials might screen themselves from inquiry, on the ground that it was inexpedient to state prematurely the nature of evidence which was to be used in the judicial investigation. Accordingly the Attorney-General availed himself of the plea to the fullest extent. Now, whatever the legal inconvenience of the disclosure, it is evident that it could produce no result to be compared in importance with the issue before the House and the country. But the Government chose to remain under suspicions that ought to ruin it rather than part with that germ of evidence which, in so many months of careful nursing, has failed to arrive at fruition.

The Attorney-General denied that Mr. Adams's remonstrance had been of any effect, though that gentleman might flatter himself that it had. The resolution of the Government was formed, he said, on some ground that its own assiduity had brought to light. But that this ground, whatever it might be, was not of the nature required by law, was plainly stated, vaunted indeed, by the Attorney-General. "The honourable gentleman," he says, "asked what right the Government had to detain the ships. *I say boldly, and in the face of the country, that the Government on their own responsibility detained them.* They were prosecuting inquiries which, though imperfect, left on the mind of the Government strong reasons for believing that the result might prove to be that these ships were intended for an illegal purpose; and that if they left the country the law would be violated, and a great injury done to a friendly Power." But if "strong reasons for believing" were sufficient to justify the Government, why did Lord Russell snub the unfortunate busybodies of the Peace Society for beseeching him to act on suspicion? Why did he tell Mr. Adams, only three days before he

resolved on the detention of the vessels, that, in the absence of *proof*, the Government "are advised that they cannot interfere in any way with these vessels"? We might almost infer that the change that had occurred in those three days, in the minds of the Attorney-General and the Foreign Secretary, was due to a difference, not in the facts of the case or the nature of the information, but in the meaning they attached to certain phrases and shades of opinion. Strong grounds for believing that a certain result may be possible, would appear to be, in the minds of these eminent reasoners, something not only very much above mere suspicion, but equivalent to evidence and proof. And yet the tone of the Attorney-General forbids the supposition, for he seems to claim credit for the Government for having acted solely on their own responsibility, or, as Sir Hugh Cairns put it, for "having violated the law that they might vindicate the law." It is certain, therefore, that Lord Russell ordered the detention of the property of a British subject, knowing that he was acting illegally; that the change in his determination was not caused by fresh evidence; and that the Attorney-General denies that it was due to foreign dictation. Is it to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, explanations should have been demanded? Is it to be wondered at that they should have been refused? "I charge the Government," said Sir Hugh Cairns, "with having done, and, after hearing the Attorney-General to-night, I say having done on their own confession, what was illegal and unconstitutional, without law, without justification, and without excuse."

The Solicitor-General, after insisting further how unreasonable it was to ask for information or for papers, or to hinder the Government from pursuing in peace and quietness its illegal and unconstitutional course, proceeded to take fresh ground in the debate, for he

treated the enforcement of our Foreign Enlistment Act as a matter of international law:—

"The noble Lord the member for Stamford and other members of this House have accused the Government of pusillanimity, of acting under the dictation of the American Government, and of sacrificing the honour of this country.—('Hear, hear,' from the Opposition benches.) It appears to me that nothing more vitally concerns the honour of this country than the strict and scrupulous observance, now that we are neutrals, of those rules which we laid down when we were belligerents.—(Hear, hear.) And if there be any rule of international law on which we insisted more strongly than another, it was that neutrals should not be permitted to supply ships of war to belligerents. Allow me to call attention to the position we have taken on this subject; for I cannot conceive anything more disgraceful, or more calculated to lower this country in the eyes of the world, than the reproach, assuming it to be well founded, 'Your rules of international law are elastic, contracting or expanding according to your temporary interests: you lay down one law as belligerents which you will not bear as neutrals.'"

Thus we have a law officer of the Crown informing the House that international law prevents neutrals from supplying ships of war to belligerents—a question we shall discuss further—and dealing with the question before the House as if it were a subject to which international law was applicable, and for the illustration of which international maxims and precedents might rightly be introduced. For this little slip in his law, and for the misquotation of his cases, Mr. Walpole took the learned gentleman to task. But the mere confusion of the arguments on the side of the Government would have been of less consequence, but for the inferences which the speakers proceeded to draw from their own false premises. Lord Russell had stated in a despatch that he wished the United States Government to understand that he considered the case of the *Alabama* and the *Oreto*

"a scandal;" whereupon Sir Hugh Cairns proposed to the noble Lord this dilemma: If the scandal was owing to an evasion of existing laws, why were not those concerned in the evasion brought to trial? If the scandal consisted in a defect of the law to meet such cases, why did not the Government propose to amend the law? The Solicitor-General, coming to the rescue, said the dilemma might more correctly be termed a trilemma. "When," he explained, "a notorious criminal escapes from justice, it is said, 'That is a scandal to the law;' and that was about all that the noble Lord meant." How this differed from the first horn of the dilemma, the Solicitor-General did not explain; to us it seems identical with it. But the Americans, in their demands for compensation for the injuries done to their commerce by the Alabama, are now fortified by the opinion of the Solicitor-General, that the vessel is a notorious criminal which has escaped from justice, and that preventive means which it was in the power of Government to adopt, since they have resorted to them in the case of the steam-rams, were neglected in the case of the Alabama. A very short step in logic will carry the Government from these admissions to the point of granting compensation to the Federals.

Nor, bad as this is, is it the worst consequence that may follow from the language of our Ministers and their supporters; for throughout the debate they cast in the teeth of the Opposition the charge that they wanted to precipitate the country into war, and left it to be inferred from their tone and language that, had they not acted as they have, the United States would have a just case of war against us. Thus these extraordinary conclusions have been arrived at by the Ministry and sanctioned by the House of Commons—first, that the Government is justified in resorting to illegal and unconstitutional means for enforcing our municipal law in

the interest of the Federals; and secondly, that if illegal measures are not taken for the enforcement of our municipal law, the Federals will have just cause of war against us. We wonder if the gentlemen who make these admissions ever consider what the result of them may be should the steam-rams be acquitted, and subsequently become Confederate ships; or do they feel so confident that the Government will never let the law prevail against it, as to trouble themselves with no such anticipation? Nothing is more remarkable throughout these disputes than the readiness, for party purposes, to admit our liability in certain events which are still pending. It was so in the case of the Trent, when hypothetical concessions were freely made which it was soon found necessary to retract. And now the most compromising doctrines are promulgated on the chance that a judicial success may avert their consequences. When Ministers and Crown lawyers can commit, and the House of Commons can sanction, such errors, is it to be wondered at that newspaper writers should ignore the true issue, and denounce those who seek to assert the constitution and the rights of the subject as wishing to plunge us into war for the sake of Mr. Laird and his rams?

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the narrow limits of the ground of debate. Mr. Fitzgerald, and those who supported his motion, abstained entirely from discussing the question whether the vessels came within the meaning of the Foreign Enlistment Act, because that remains to be decided by a judicial tribunal. Nevertheless it is well worthy of discussion; for the meaning of the Act, always obscure from defects of language, has been invested with tenfold confusion by the efforts of its interpreters. The chief source of perplexity lies, not in the Act itself, but in the persistency with which many who might have known

better have mixed up municipal with international law, and continue to shift the matter from the one to the other according to the exigencies of their argument, till they hardly know themselves what thimble their pea is under. Thus, at one time we find it taken for granted that the American Minister, who can only deal with our Government on international grounds, has a right to demand the enforcement of our municipal law; at another, our Judges, sitting to execute our municipal law, are warned that peace or war may hang on their decision; while we have seen the Solicitor-General in the late debate telling the House that "if there be any rule of international law on which we insisted more strongly than another, it was that neutrals should not supply ships of war to belligerents." Even when one principle has been successfully disentangled and laid down, some fatality seems still to ravel it again into the web of the argument. Thus the Attorney-General, in the *Alexandra* case, stated that the usage of nations, as interpreted by American and other authorities, permits the sale of armed ships to a belligerent. He says, "The American authorities that you will hear of, and other authorities too, all say that, municipal legislation apart, a ship completely armed and equipped may be sold within the neutral territory, and that the belligerent has no right, by any settled rule or principle of international law, to complain of it." Nothing can be clearer than this statement, and it might be expected that henceforth the principles would be kept separate. Yet in the same speech we find him again mixing up his international and his municipal law in the same parcel. For Sir Hugh Cairns having asserted that, to constitute an offence against the Foreign Enlistment Act, it is necessary that the vessel should be armed and completed for war within the neutral boundary, the Attorney-General remarks in reply, "Would a foreign Government, if it had a right

to complain, admit such pettifogging distinctions as those? I think your Lordships can judge pretty well of that. . . . They would tell you, 'We are not bound by your municipal laws. *It is your business to make such laws as will prevent our having just grounds of complaint against you.*'" That is to say, a belligerent is entitled to dictate to a neutral the framing of municipal laws constituting that an offence which is not an offence by international law; and a belligerent may have against a neutral just grounds of complaint on some basis other than international law. These appear strange doctrines to come from her Majesty's Attorney-General. And as we mentioned in a former article, the great luminary Historicus went many steps beyond this in his advocacy of Federal interests; for he actually proposed, first, that the Confederates should be bound to interpret for us our own Foreign Enlistment Act, and next that they should be menaced with diplomatic action because he suspected their agents of attempting to violate it.

Extreme desire to see the North prevail over its antagonist has brought to light a race of jurists who seem to find something sacred in the fact of belligerency, in presence of which the rights of neutrals must be abrogated. Neutral commerce must be stopped, neutral ships seized, neutral persons outraged, neutral laws altered, to suit the interests, not of both belligerents, but of one of them. For nobody, Federal or Confederate, has ever proposed to strain the law in favour of the South. All that has been demanded in its behalf is strict execution of the law, and that it cannot obtain. Sometimes justice is evaded on the plea of indulgence and forbearance to "our cousins," in consideration of their difficulties—their difficulties arising from the absorption of their energies in the effort to effect the strangulation of the South. Sometimes the doctrine of doing as we

would be done by is appealed to—an excellent maxim, if it were only made applicable to both disputants in the quarrel. Sometimes sentiment is dropped and our interests only are considered, which somehow always appear to go against the interests of the South. And the most remarkable part of the whole business is, that all these things are done and permitted in the name of Neutrality. It reminds one of the Taepings in China, who rob, murder and ravish in the name of Christianity.

In the mean time our shipbuilders must be deeply, nay painfully, interested to know how the law stands with reference to their business. First, it may be asked, Has an English shipbuilder the right to sell vessels like the rams to a foreign Power which is *not* a belligerent? Let us reply by an extract from Phocion's letter to the 'Times,' 8th September, 1863:—

"The Supreme Court of the United States has accepted in its fullest extent the doctrine of *Vattel*, and has applied it specifically to the sale of armed vessels. 'There is nothing,' says that high court, 'in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels as well as munitions of war to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the person engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation.'—(Wheaton's Reports, p. 348.) Ships of war are thus deliberately ranked under the law of nations, by the highest judicial authority of the United States, in the same category with ordinary munitions of war, which neutral merchants may freely sell to a belligerent in the market of a neutral Power, or which they may transport for sale to the market of a belligerent Power, subject, indeed, to the right of seizure *in transitu*. It remains to be considered whether what is termed the British Foreign Enlistment Act (59th George III., cap. 69) has in any way fettered the commercial liberty of the subjects of Great Britain, regarded as a neutral Power which is under no special treaty-engagements towards either of the parties to the war now desolating the length and breadth of the once United States of North America."

As, moreover, we find that our Government would have been perfectly ready to let the rams go; had Mr. Laird satisfied them that they were built for any but the Confederate Government, we may answer the question in the affirmative.

Secondly, Judged by international law, does the fact of belligerency alter the legality of the transaction between seller and buyer? On this point we again quote Phocion's same letter:—

"Accordingly, a neutral Power does nothing incompatible with neutrality in allowing its subjects to carry any articles whatsoever of commerce to markets within the territory of a belligerent Power, nor is it required by the common law of nations to exercise its right of sovereignty over strangers who frequent its markets, in order to prevent the exportation of any articles which they may have purchased in its markets. On the contrary, although it may be competent for an independent state to deny to all merchants the liberty of carrying on trade in a particular article of merchandise within its territory, if the motive of such denial should be to impede the military operations of one of the belligerent Powers and to favour the other, it is manifest that such conduct would be a breach of neutrality."—(Opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States, January 20, 1796.)

Against this view it has been attempted (and notably by the Solicitor-General in the late debate) to quote the case in which the American Government yielded to the representations of ours in 1793. This was represented as a case parallel to, and illustrative of, that of the steam-rams, and justifying as an act of reciprocity the course of our Government. Let the reader judge by this extract from the American Secretary's letter to the representative of France whether it be a case in point:—

"*The arming* of men and vessels within our territory, and without consent or consultation on our part, to wage war on nations with which we are at peace, are acts which we will not gratuitously impute to the public authority of France. They are stated, indeed, with positiveness in one of the memo-

rials; but our unwillingness to believe that the French nation could be wanting in respect and friendship to us on any occasion, suspends our assent to a conclusion upon these statements till further evidence."—Jefferson to Genl. May 15, 1793.

What we complained of here was the arming, which our own law forbids, and which the Americans objected to as an invasion of their sovereignty. The case, therefore, is nothing to the purpose.

We may assume, therefore, that for all that has been alleged to the contrary, transactions of the kind in question, not illegal when the buyer is at peace, are not rendered illegal by the fact of the buyer being at war, according to international law. Until the contrary is proved, it seems that all denunciations of the conduct of the buyer or of the seller are futile, and that opinions assuming the illegality of the transaction rest upon nothing.

It has been laid down as good argument that the legality of the transaction between buyer and seller may be affected by the manner in which the buyer may be expected to make use of his purchase. It is argued that, because the Confederate buyer has no port in which the seller can deliver a ship of war, the transaction is therefore illegal. Now, is there any law which constrains the seller of a ship to deliver it at the buyer's port, or to ascertain the use which the buyer intends to make of the ship? If not, the case stands thus: the sale of a ship of war by a neutral to a belligerent is not illegal; the use of a ship of war by a belligerent against his enemy is not illegal—yet by putting two legal transactions together we obtain an illegal result.

International law, then — the only law of which a foreign Government has a right to demand the execution — respects the interests of the neutral trader, and does not prevent the *bona-fide* sale of a ship of war to a belligerent. But it is evident that the subjects of a neutral

Government might, under cover of such transactions, actually make war upon one of the belligerents; or a belligerent, by the purchase of vessels ready in all respects for hostilities, might make war from the neutral territory; both being infringements of the sovereignty of the neutral. It was to guard, then, against the imputation of complicity on the part of the neutral Governments, in such acts of war, or the infringement of their sovereignty, that the municipal law stepped in and forbade, not the sale of a ship of war, but the "arming, fitting out, and equipping." The object was, not to forbid acts of commerce on the part of the neutral trader, which both international and municipal law, but especially the latter, are bound to protect, but to prevent acts of commerce from taking the form of acts of war. The preamble to the Foreign Enlistment Act shows this, when it says that "the fitting out and equipping and arming of vessels by his Majesty's subjects, without his Majesty's licence, for warlike operations," &c., "may be prejudicial to and tend to endanger the peace and welfare of this kingdom." What was forbidden was, not the sale of an instrument of war, whether ship or cannon, but the sending forth from neutral territory of a warlike expedition, whether a navy or an army, a ship or a regiment — in fact, privateering directed against a friendly nation. Thus it was rendered impossible for a private person to send forth a warlike expedition, because the circumstances necessary to complete its warlike character could not be accomplished within the neutral territory. The case that was the subject of protest in 1793, was the arming and equipping of ships in American ports by French agents to engage in hostilities against England. It was to prevent the repetition of such acts of war that the American Foreign Enlistment Act, which our own closely follows, was framed. But the interests of the trader were not

at all affected by the Act, because they lay in the sale, and not in the arming or equipping. We suppose that nobody suspects Mr. Laird of intending to send forth hostile expeditions, or imagines that he really did not mean to sell the rams as a customary act of trade; and if so, it would appear that he ought not to have been molested. For the sale of a ship of war is not an act of war, since it may take place when war does not exist. It is an act of commerce, and the fact of war arising cannot make an act of commerce an act of war. It is impossible, therefore, that the sale of such a ship should be a violation of our municipal law, or that our Government, by suffering it, should be liable to an accusation of complicity in an act of war. All that our Government need concern itself with, are the facts that no British subject is engaged without warrant in warlike operations, and that no Foreign Power is arming and equipping vessels in our territory. Yet, strange to say, it appears to be taken for granted that, if the purchaser of these rams is the Confederate Government, they will be justly forfeited. Are not the Confederates a friendly people? Are they not entitled to buy from British traders whatever they please, including instruments of war—nay, is it not a violation of neutrality to prevent them? Let us again quote Phocion on this head:—

“It is to the *customary trade* of a nation in time of general peace that we must look for the rule which is to govern the exercise of its sovereignty in matters of trade after war has broken out between other nations; it being within the general rule of essential neutral duties for a nation, upon war arising between other nations, to continue in the same condition in which it was antecedently to the war. In accordance with this principle, the Executive Government of the United States maintained in 1796, in the case of horses, which were a customary article of commerce from the United States, that it would be a breach of neutrality for the United States to prohibit their exportation at the request of a belligerent Power—al-

though they might be recognised in many treaties as contraband of war—if the reason for the prohibition was to impede the military operations of either belligerent Power, and to favour the other.”—(Opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States, January 30, 1796.) Vattel has to a similar effect laid it down that if merchants only continue their customary trade they do not declare themselves against the interest of either belligerent: they only exercise a right which they are under no obligation to sacrifice to either.—(‘*Droit des Gens*,’ sec. 110.) So important is the continuance of customary practices which have prevailed in time of peace, in its bearings upon perfect neutrality, that the Executive Government of the United States have upheld the sufficiency of *custom* to justify a state in allowing its subjects to enlist in the service of a foreign belligerent.”

We will propose this dilemma:—If the real owners of the rams have proceeded, or “have attempted” or “procured” to equip, furnish, fit out, and arm them within the meaning of the Act, then whatever the Power may be in whose behalf they were equipped, &c., the law has been equally infringed, whether the owner be Monsieur Bravay or a Confederate agent, whether the Power be the Egyptian Government or the Government of Jefferson Davis; for the Act is directed against not only the intent to commit hostilities, but the intent to enter the service of a foreign state. But if no such attempt to “equip,” &c., is proved, then the act is an act of commerce not prohibited, and such as the Confederates may legally transact.

But it may be said, If such is the case, why do the Confederates, supposing the vessels to be built on their account, seek to conceal their share in the transaction? Does not secrecy show sense of guilt? This was one of the absurdities (since abandoned) on which the advocates of the Government measures used to ride off so triumphantly. Nobody has ever denied that vessels of war intended for a belligerent may be captured *in transitu* by the other belligerent.

Is it to be expected, then, that the buyers and sellers of vessels which our municipal law forbids to be armed, manned, and equipped, and which consequently must be defenceless until armed, manned, and equipped, should publish for the information of the enemy the contemplated existence, object and departure of such vessels? Will they not rather take every precaution that may deceive the enemy? And how can they at once avow their design in England, and conceal it from the Northern cruisers? The fictions of Monsieur Bravay and the Egyptian Government—if fictions they are—were devised to evade, not the English law, but Federal men-of-war; and our Government, in seizing the vessels, has been performing the office of the Federal navy.

Suppose, then, that in the law court the rams are proved to have been ordered by Confederate agents, but are acquitted of the facts of equipment and arming; under what law, we ask, are they to be adjudged liable to forfeiture? Yet the Government officials have been proclaiming in Parliament, and at meetings all over the country, that the rams were justly seized *because* they were indubitably ordered by the agents of the South. We say, on the other hand, that the Confederates may as legally buy from Mr. Laird a ship of war as the Federals may buy from a Birmingham manufacturer muskets and bayonets. They can also legally buy any sort of munition of war, and convey it from our ports. Over acts of equipment, &c., that may take place in the open sea, or in other ports not ours, we have no jurisdiction. They may therefore transfer the munitions of war to the ship of war, and make what use they please of her. And it is in vain to talk of any or all of these acts as evasions till it is shown what law is evaded either in letter or spirit, or that a succession of legal acts can constitute an illegal transaction.

We can now in some degree esti-

mate the action of the Government, not merely on the view we have taken, but by the light of the verdict in the case of the *Alexandra*, which pronounced that the sale of that ship of war was an act of commerce, and not to be interfered with. In face of that decision, and of the law on the subject, the Government have seized the rams in the expectation of certain evidence, not of equipment and arming, but of the intended purchaser. We say, not of equipment and arming, because there could be no difficulty in investigating those circumstances and obtaining all the evidence possible respecting them. The delay has been caused by the difficulty of ascertaining who was the purchaser. To afford time for procuring such evidence—which, if our view be just, is not material—the rams were constitutionally and illegally detained on the responsibility of the Government. And one of the sufferers by this injustice, Mr. Laird, is gravely lectured on the enormity of wishing to forward his own commercial interests at the risk of involving his country in war—that is to say, he is pronounced culpable because he did not cease his customary trade, not at the dictation of the law, but in accordance with the opinions of a certain party, those opinions being based on the absurd assumption that the Federal Government has a right to dictate the terms of our municipal law under penalty of war. Such censures will, we dare say, affect him very lightly. But we implied that there was another sufferer by the Government measure. If the Confederates had ordered the rams, and if there was no law, as we maintain, to prevent it, they are suffering a most grievous wrong in being thus deprived of their lawful property, and one for which no damages can compensate.

Thus far, then, we have been discussing the question of the rams on the ground of legality alone, and we have endeavoured to show that neither international nor municipal

law forbids their purchase by the Confederates. But there is another position from which to view the question—the position of the national interest; and on this ground it was very plainly put in the debate. For though a little weak sentiment was imported into the discussion—"doing as we would be done by," &c.—yet this was merely introduced to propitiate the various sections in the country and the House who are always desirous to believe that their inclinations, accidentally coincident with their interests, are inspired by the highest motives. And we are far from objecting to this point of view of national interest as otherwise than legitimate. What we do object to is the silly doctrine, often insisted on in these days, the offspring of maudlin or hypocritical virtue, that the relations of nations should be governed by the same sentiment and morality as the relations of individuals. Such is not the case, never was, and never will be. We are perfectly ready to grant, therefore, that in the case of *Federals versus Confederates* we are not bound to take either view as the just one, or to abstain from taking either view as the just one; and that if it is satisfactorily proved that our interests lie with *Federals versus Confederates*, and are so involved as to render war preferable to neutrality, there is nothing in morality or history or international custom to prevent us from joining the North. And of course, if we might join one party in a quarrel, *a fortiori* we might favour that party; for the party injured by our bias might always, if it preferred, change our position from bias to hostility by itself declaring war. But what we should object to as immoral and contemptible would be that such partisanship should continue to call itself neutrality.

Now—to disentangle various discordant threads of argument—one ground of our asserted self interest lies in the present position of affairs. It is said that if we do not wrest

our laws in favour of the *Federals* they will declare war: this involves, of course, the question whether it is our interest to accept dictation rather than war, which we will leave to our readers. It also involves the further question whether the *Federals* have a right to demand the execution of our municipal law under penalty of war; which to state is to confute. But as they have no right to do so, they are, of course, not impelled by any sentiment to do so, no duty being involved; and in declaring war they would be merely substituting will for law, and assailing us because they preferred war to peace. Now the ground of this preference would be, that open war with us would be better than the continued sale of *Alabamas* and rams to their enemies. But if we were at war, we could send against them, not single ships, but whole fleets of *Alabamas* and rams. We could sweep American commerce from the seas; we could break like a cobweb their thin blockade; we could make every Southern harbour an open port, and by that single act raise the Confederacy from the condition of a depressed and suffering people to the condition of a powerful nation, with full resources for maintaining its armies, and for crowning with independence its valiant struggle and its sombre glories. Such would be the immediate result to the *Federals* of attempting to enforce, by war, their dictation of the terms of our municipal law; and that they feel and know this, is evident from the example of the *Trent*. Never did a people more loudly commit itself to war—never did bluster more suddenly collapse. So that many among us have the proud satisfaction of feeling that *Britannia*, the mistress of the seas, &c. &c. &c., is shrinking, not from war, but from a bugbear, behind which is a Yankee with his tongue in his cheek.

Again, we would ask those who deprecate any check on the course of the Government, on the ground

that it will produce war, to state their reasons for believing that, if the Federals are thus ready for a quarrel, concession will obviate it. Those who are for checking the Government hold, on the contrary, that the most certain way to put an end to offensive menaces is to assume a firm attitude. Let us, they say, administer even-handed justice, repel unwarrantable interference, refuse unreasonable claims, meet menace sternly, and avoid foolish sentimentality, and we shall soon see a change for the better in the deportment of that very versatile Government and people, and hold a higher place in their esteem and in our own.

But, while thinking thus, we do not in the least deny that much ill feeling exist towards us in the Union, and that it may take the form of war. All we dispute is, that anything except absolute desperation, on the part of the North, can cause it to take that form so long as the South holds out strongly. But should the South be subjugated—a contingency which we have never denied to be possible—we might see the Government (whatever form it might by that time have taken) which would preside over what was the Union, embarrassed by the vastness of its own military power. And the readiest and most popular means of disposing of the difficulty would be to employ the army in attacking Canada. Believing this view to be in accordance with reason—seeing, too, that concession rather exasperates than diminishes the virulence of the North—we have, while admitting that it is better to stand neutral so long as the Confederates seem able to achieve their own independence, never disguised our opinion that regard for our own welfare should lead us even by force, if necessary, to prevent the calamity of their subjugation. And what feelings would be ours if the South, being subjugated, and the North, frenzied with the conquest, being at war with us, we should be forced to

remember that our own unjust and weak concessions had contributed in no slight degree to produce the catastrophe!

But there is still another ground on which these concessions are justified. It is said that we, as a great maritime and commercial people, have a strong interest in preventing the sale of ships between neutral and belligerent. This, though assumed as indisputable, we have taken occasion in a former article to question. For does anybody suppose that we should permit an Alabama to enjoy her present immunity? And if the South could find shipwrights and dockyards in other lands capable of supplying her with vessels of war, why does she come to these hostile shores for them? If she does not seek them in other countries, it must be either because they are unable to construct vessels of the kind that is wanted, or else that their municipal laws forbid the transaction. But as it is highly improbable that the municipal laws of any country are so stringent on this subject as those of England and America, we believe the fact to be that no private dockyards in other countries could turn out a vessel which would not presently become a British prize.

However, without yielding this point, we will waive it, and we will ask, Supposing it proved to be to our advantage that these transactions should be stopped, how are we to establish the rule? In what way will our precedent redound to our benefit? Now, an example is better than all the loose assertions that can be made, and fortunately the Solicitor-General furnishes us with one in his speech in the late debate. "Suppose," he says, "we were unhappily at war with the United States—a consummation, suppose, which no man desires, although speeches in this House sometimes seem to have that tendency"—(very true, though the speeches are those of him and his friends, we think)—"and we had blockaded all their ports, should we permit

steam-rams to issue from the ports of France? That is a question which I desire to have answered. —(Cheers.)” There cannot be the slightest difficulty in answering the question. If the vessels were to issue under circumstances which contravened the provisions of international law, we should have such remedy as international law might afford us. But if they were ships of war transferred by a *bona-fide* act of commerce to our enemy, and not armed and equipped in a French port, what remedy could we have? Could we represent to the French Government that we had bound it and its subjects by straining or altering our own municipal law? Would the French Government be ready to admit that its relations with its subjects and the conditions of the trade of its subjects were affected in any way by measures taken by us with a view to our own benefit? Might it not even be suspected that the very fact of this general change being so very much to our advantage would possibly cause other nations to decline to sanction it? And what a pretty, guileless, innocent proceeding it would be to go to other Powers and say, “We, as the great maritime Power, think this measure would be for our especial advantage—we feel sure you will be happy to contribute to support our supremacy—therefore we ask your adhesion!” When such a delightful condition of things exists, steam-rams and Alabamas must have been long obsolete. But what a charming freshness and simplicity in those statesmen who believe in the present existence of this golden age!

Perhaps it may be said that at least we shall have a claim on America in future. But on whose gratitude shall we count? On Mr. Seward's? That great moral and didactic writer may have been consigned to some revolutionary limbo long before we make our appeal. A king may have arisen who knows not Lincoln. But however the Government may be altered, the people

will be very much changed if they do not remember our concessions (supposing they remember them at all) as instances in which British pusillanimity was turned to excellent account by Yankee smartness, and which are much more worthy of ridicule than of imitation.

And what a cause is that in which our national character is abused, and for which we are shutting out so assiduously the few rays of cheer that still brighten the prospects of the gallant Confederates! But we will not speak in “Ercles’ vein.” Any penny trumpet can sound the note of indignation upon any trumpety theme, and the practice is too common not to have lost much of its effect. We prefer to hold that practical language which is most in unison with the general tone on this subject. The House of Commons has decided by a majority of twenty-five, that the oppression of British subjects, and the invasion of constitutional rights, are matters which do not concern it. But it thinks that these are matters in which it is proper for the American Government to take a lively interest, and which, if not managed to their mind, the Federals have a right to go to war about. After so unexpected a conclusion, it is possible that the Commons may in future votes confirm these views: it is also possible that the country may sanction them. It may be decided that Lord Russell, without law, is to seize anybody's property in the interests of the Federals, and that the proper interpretation of the Foreign Enlistment Act is, that ships of war must not be sold to the Confederates, but that any number of her Majesty's subjects may lawfully be enlisted for service in the armies of the North. If the general voice of the country asserts that this is the proper course for England to take, there is nothing more to be said; only, in that case, consistency must compel us to alter some of our national phraseology. A great Power that has its laws dictated under threat of war is a

contradiction in terms. It is equally absurd to talk of a nation as influential which succumbs to such peculiar influences. Britannia, too, must change some of her cherished epithets; for a ruler of the waves that dares not sell a ship to a friend must be a very feeble potentate; and we may as well, at the same time, modify some of our expensive institutions. Our arsenals may be turned into manufactories of shoddy to sell to Federal contractors. The national business may be managed by a Board of Trade regulated by the Peace Society. Let us take down Nelson from his column, and put up Admiral Milne. Let us remove the statue of our great representative Minister, Chatham, from the pedestal where, as Macaulay says, "it seems still, with eagle eye and outstretched arm to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes," and replace it in due season with the less imposing and less pretentious effigy of Lord Russell. And while we are in a submissive humour, let us try to conciliate other Powers; let us pass a law for the extradition of Mazzini, or let Lord Russell send him packing without any law; let us try to catch Kossuth for Austria; let us ask Russia what we can do to oblige her in the matter of Poland. When so many despotisms would be grateful to be allowed a little dictation, let us not give a monopoly to the shabbiest of all.

But we prefer to hope that we shall pause on the verge of our present course. We do not imagine the country to be so impressed with the abilities of Lord Russell as to submit even to his momentary autocracy. We shall hope to see the path he has chosen yet beset with

difficulties. We shall hope to see the doctrine of equal justice asserted with better success. We shall expect every award of so suspected a dispenser of justice to be rigidly scrutinised. We shall expect not only that branch of our municipal law which deals with ships to be strictly limited to its proper application, no matter who may object, but that the execution of that other and more important clause, which forbids the enlistment of her Majesty's subjects in the service of a foreign Power, shall be urgently and persistently demanded. That such a practice exists, and to a vast extent, has been long notorious. While we are about to lower the standard of our recruits, to provide for the vacancies that will soon be caused by the expiration of the service of our ten years' men, the Irishmen who might have replaced them have been lured to America by the prospect of returning, an organised and drilled body, to liberate Ireland from the Saxon. Perhaps it may be considered by the unprejudiced part of our people that this is "a scandal to our laws, and a case where 'notorious criminals have evaded justice.'" Perhaps it may even be doubted by-and-by, whether our dignity is maintained by the spectacle of the Government dragging the *Alexandra* case from tribunal to tribunal, with Mr. Adams clamouring at their heels, and Mr. Seward threatening war. In future debates, then, both the Federal Government and our Foreign Secretary may learn that, in England, happily for us, a numerical majority (even if Lord Russell's estimate of its sympathies be true) does not always represent either the opinion of the country or the opinion of Parliament.

PAST AND PRESENT TROUBLES IN HERAT AND AFGHANISTAN.

If any one will open the map of Persia and look towards the upper right-hand corner, across the north-eastern frontier of the kingdom, he will observe a large tract of country, which, fading away into space—into space, as it were, of blank, thinly-inhabited, nameless wastes—towards the north and south, has visible boundaries on the west and east. These two boundaries, in the absence of all proper definition, can scarcely be said really to exist; so, probably, we who in Europe remember only the strict bearing of the term would think; but they have at least the semblance of existence on the map. One of these boundaries—that on the west—marks the limit of empire of Nuzzarodeen Shah, monarch of Persia. The eastern boundary, a doubtful line trending south, is the western frontier of dominions recently under the powerful rule of the Afghan chief, the Sirdar Dost Mahomed Khan, but which, since his decease, some months ago, have been a prey to intestine commotion and strife. Towards the northern districts of the country, wild tribes of Hazarehs, who own allegiance at times to Persian and at times to Afghan rule, roam, scarcely ever molested by either Power, hither and thither as caprice or want of pasture urges them to move their black tents from one plain to the other. Beyond the Hazarehs, and sometimes, though rarely, occupying the same lands with them, are fierce, plundering tribes, who are subject to no chief in particular, and who yield a temporary obedience only to the chief who can assemble for a foray the greatest number of spears around his own, which he suddenly plants erect in the ground at his tent-door, a time-honoured sign to his fellow-brigands that, owing either to pecuniary embarrassment or a scolding wife, he is ready at a moment's notice to ride forth to plunder and to rob. These

are Turcomans—tribes whose hands are against every man's, and every man's hands against theirs—tribes who, bent only on lawless rapine and injury, ride with incredible swiftness straight from the wilds of Bokhara to the very gates of the Persian city of Meshed—tribes of countless horsemen, who, urged onwards by a spirit as ruthless and cruel as that of their ancestors, the Scythian conquerors of old, sweep down from their far-distant plains, and carry off into a lifelong, hopeless slavery every man, woman and child they have the evil chance to lay hands on. To the south, with the exception of the small principality of Lash Jowein, whose chiefs, though ever turbulent, declare themselves tributary to the ruler of Cabool, lies a poorly inhabited country, which loses itself eventually in a sea-like expanse of arid waste, the vast salt desert of Khorassan, a tract of country which stretches away, desolate and utterly barren, till it reaches the neighbourhood of the remote-lying cities of Yezd and Tubbus.

Of this country, peculiarly situated as it is, but a small part, comparatively speaking, bears the appearance of a really populous, inhabited land. Where the broad bed of the Herirood enters upon an extensive level plain, and where the bright crystal waters of the stream are conducted by a most perfect system of irrigation to the very base of the rocky hills that bound the plain to the north and south, has the territory a marked difference of appearance to those desert, arid plains which are so usually the characteristic feature of this portion of Central Asia. From the even surface of this plain, which nature has blessed with a soil fertile as that of the lands of a river's delta, rise numerous forts and villages. During the summer months fields of rice and various kinds of corn, irrigated by numberless run-

ning streams of water, and forced by the rays of a bright unclouded sun, yield both an early and late harvest. Here the vine, not for the sake of the juice of its grape, but for the sake of its luscious fruit only, is cultivated with great care, and produces a grape not to be surpassed either in size or flavour by any in the world. Nearly every kind of European fruit is abundant, and the plain throughout its length and breadth presents the appearance to a traveller as he enters upon it of one large cultivated garden. This garden, with its fertile soil, abundantly irrigated lands, and industrious peasantry, is the Valley of Herat; and looking across its fields of waving corn, the deep ridge-and-furrow of its vineyards, and its groves of fruit-trees, the eye at a distance even of six and eight miles, lights upon the city, with its straight lines of massive brick-built walls and lofty citadel, towering some hundred feet above the level of the adjacent plain.

It was hardly to be expected that a country situated as this is, and being what it in reality is, a very oasis of fertility and abundance, as compared with the sterile table-lands around, with the powerful and intriguing Court of Persia on the one side, the treacherous Afghan on the other, and to the north wild nomad tribes and plundering bands of horsemen, would have been left for any length of time together unmolested by its various lawless neighbours. And in very truth, of late years the doom of some evil destiny appears to have hung over the fated land. Repeated invasions of the territory, protracted sieges of the city, and continued warfare, appear to have become the chronic state of the country comprised within the so-called Valley of Herat. Instead of flourishing, blessed as it is in the manifold gifts of nature, under the gentle breath of peace, its lands have been laid waste and its hamlets depopulated by the rude tempest of ever-recurring war. Whole tribes of its former inhabitants have been car-

ried off by the conquerors, and have been forced, under the rude compulsion of the sword, to settle upon and cultivate distant desert tracts in the countries of their enemies. An immense extent of ruined suburbs stretching east from the lofty walls of the town, and the magnificent ruins of an ancient madressah or college, whose gorgeous columns, inlaid from base to capital with marble and rich mosaic, are still standing within some hundred yards of the gates of the present city, call to mind what must have been the former populous state of the country, and the high state of civilisation and wealth of its inhabitants.

Of the history of the ancient city of Herat—the Eri of the ancients—of the great city whose foundations were laid by Alexander about the time that he swept with his legions through Central Asia, very little has been made known to later ages by either writing or tradition. And with this little it is not our duty to deal at present; but for the proper understanding of the existing state of affairs in the Herat territory, and to arrive fairly at the causes that tended to bring about the recent beleaguering of the city by our old enemy, but late ally, the ruler of Cabool, we must cursorily glance at what has transpired in Herat itself and in the neighbourhood of late years. And in doing this, we may observe how frequently the fertile valley and the mighty fortress which rears itself aloft, a grim guardian of the rich lands at its feet, have been subject, the one to devastating invasions, and the other to protracted wasting sieges. It would be well, also, to remark how, subsequent to the opening of diplomatic relations with Persia, and with the growth of the present century, Herat and its territory have become at times a field upon which rival European interests have entered; how Russia, ever ready to enter the lists with us in the East, invariably sends as her Minister to the Persian Court one of the ablest of her diplomatic

servants, who, being on the spot and ever watchful, is as ready to take advantage of any false move on our part, as he is prepared to tender secret advice in the interests of his own Government—interests, as all know, necessarily at variance with ours. He bears in mind that within the easy range of Persian intrigue lies a territory that has been pronounced the “Key of India,” to preserve the independence of which we have twice proclaimed war and twice lavished our treasure and blood. He knows full well that in any complication arising in the state of parties in these countries, we must either at once adopt some decided line of policy, in the carrying out of which our Foreign Office will be only too apt to blunder, or drop into the groove of assumed indifference.

This latter course, congenial to the councils of the present Ministry, but utterly inconsistent with the previous policy of England in those countries, must indubitably tend to the diminishing of our prestige at the Persian Court, and indeed in the eyes of all Central Asia; for the inhabitants of those regions cannot but regard with interest a territory on the strict independence of which we have so much insisted. Russia's interest in the East, both commercial and political, is small as compared with ours. Hitherto the great aim and end of her policy in Central Asia has consisted in “*Spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*,” yet we might learn a profitable lesson from her, were we to make the careful selection made by the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg of the envoys that represent the Russian Emperor at the Court of Persia, and the judicious sending forth from time to time of her so-called scientific, but, in fact, political missions. On the appointment and fitting-out of these missions every care and attention possible are bestowed. The officers composing them are selected with a view to their peculiar qualifica-

tions for such service; and the careful way in which this selection is made makes manifest how anxious Russia is that her mission, both in outward proof and the actions of its members, should appear in the eyes of the people whose country it traverses, in the character of a mission sent on the part of an enlightened and great nation.

It was in the early part of the present century that the rapacious Shah Zemaun, monarch of Afghanistan, cast covetous eyes upon the rich plains of Bengal. An invasion of our territory, or an invasion of the territories of our Indian allies, by the warlike tribes of Afghanistan, would have been attended by the utmost peril to our then budding empire in the East. We had but a small disposable force to repel invasion; and our mercenary troops in those days were in a state little able to cope with the fierce warriors of Afghanistan. Then it was that Persia, both on account of her geographical position and of the enlightened character of her monarch, first appeared in a favourable light as an ally of England. Friendly relations were established by the Governor-General of India with the “*Asylum of the Universe*,”* and costly presents were sent on the part of the British Government to the Persian Court. Shah Zemaun was diverted from his design upon our Eastern possessions by a vigorous and timely attack made by a Persian force upon the then Afghan province of Khorassan. Herat, moreover, and its fertile valley, were threatened. Our Persian alliance was turned to good account, for the Afghan monarch, having then his own western frontier to defend, was powerless to carry out the coveted invasion of our territory. Persia stood us in good stead in this instance, and subsequently listening to the soothing voice of diplomacy, and feeling at the same time the electric touch of our gold, she allowed us to supplant the

* The title invariably borne by the kings of the Kajar dynasty.

much-dreaded French influence, which reigned paramount at her Court. The Emperor Napoleon's gigantic dreams of Eastern conquest were not unknown to us, and not until his armies had sustained defeat in Egypt did we fail to take any but the warmest interest in the wellbeing of Persia. Afterwards we were passive spectators when one of her rich northern provinces fell a prey to Russia; and so, probably, we should have remained, had not a French general, promising the aid of his Government, suddenly appeared at Teheran. Though we could allow Persia to be bullied into yielding up a rich province to a victorious Power, we were too jealous of her goodwill to brook any rival claims to her friendship. A clever diplomatist sent straight from England, and a subsidy that guaranteed the Persian monarch £150,000 per annum, speedily beat the French general out of the field, and Russia was checked, for we had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with Persia, and were determined to uphold her integrity. But by the year 1828 a complete change had come over the spirit of our policy. Russia again declared war with Persia; and the latter Power, unaided by us, had to accept humiliating terms at the hands of her conquerors. Not long subsequent to this, the strong fortress of Herat, and the fertile valley in which it was situated, became the chief point around which centred the conflicting political aims of Russia, Persia, and England; and the first beginning of troubles to the Heratees was the Prince-Royal of Persia putting himself at the head of an army in Khorassan. This army, under the guidance of able Russian and French officers—nominally adventurers—and well provided with heavy siege-guns, marched eventually into the Valley of Herat, and laid siege to the city. But for month after month the place, with a starving populace, and with a miserably-armed garrison, held out, sustained by the indomitable cou-

rage and skill of the one sole Englishman within the walls, the gallant and resolute Eldred Pottinger. The remonstrances of the English Ambassador at the Court of Mahomed Shah, urging the withdrawal of the Persian troops from before Herat, were of no avail. Our influence at the Court of the Kajars was gone. And so we declared war; and by a curious shuffle of the cards, striving to carry out the very reverse of our former policy with reference to Afghanistan, we endeavoured, by sending a friendly mission there, to substitute that Power for our lost ally, Persia. Lord Auckland, moreover, collected on the north-western frontier of India a great army to check the designs of Russia and Persia in Afghanistan. In consequence of our demonstration on our north-western frontier, and of our having occupied an island in the Persian Gulf, the siege of Herat was raised, and the Persians withdrew their forces to within their own frontier. No ostensible enemy, therefore, remained in Afghanistan; but the army collected by Lord Auckland on the north-western frontier, which had come to be called the Army of the Indus, though first, by the desire of the Supreme Government, somewhat diminished in numbers, finally received orders to march into the wild mountainous country that lay beyond the Sikh territory. We were about to set up a puppet king on the throne of Cabool, and he the most unpopular of Afghans. The disastrous result of this wild scheme—the source of which was in ministerial weakness in England, anticipating aid from the *éclat* of distant triumphs in arms—was, that our army, which had lain in brilliant array on the banks of the Indus, perished miserably amid the snowy mountain-passes of Afghanistan, and on the lustre and renown of the English name fell a tarnish, which is still present to the minds of the people of Central Asia.

Bright days, however, were in store

for Herat. Upon the withdrawal of the Persian beleaguering force from the walls of the city, the English Government determined upon sending a friendly mission to the ruler of the territory. The officer at the head of the mission, Major Tod, received instructions to assist the ruler in rebuilding the fortifications of the town, which had suffered greatly during the siege. For the siege had lasted upwards of twelve months; and, from the passing to and fro of troops, and the previous havoc of war, the greater part of the valuable lands in the vicinity of the town had been thrown out of cultivation, and the populous hamlets around had sunk into heaps of unsightly ruins. Large sums of money were distributed among the poorer class of cultivators. The peasantry were thus enabled to return to their old homes, and resume the cultivation of their spoiled lands. In the space of a few short months the lofty walls of the town were repaired and strengthened; the four gates, which had been terribly battered by the shot of the besiegers, were rebuilt. Rich tracts of land that had long lain waste, deeply furrowed by the Persian trenches, that were marked with lines and counter-lines where large camps had stood, on which the remains of huge watch-fires, smouldering, still lingered—suddenly threw off all ugly traces wrought by the hands of their late despoilers, and presented to the gladdened eyes of the Heratees a surface tinted with the bright green of growing crops of grain. Whole quarters of the town, into which the shells of the besiegers had plunged, and which had become dilapidated and deserted, save by packs of hungry, wolfish dogs, were rebuilt and repeopled. Soon the name of the English Government came to be revered throughout the valley, and this in a way that it had never before, perhaps, been revered in the far East. The English officers finally withdrew, leaving an impression with the Heratees that the British were at

the same time the most upright and the most generous of nations—an impression which is unfortunately no longer theirs: for by measures which, when not undecided, were hasty, and by the despatch of a subsequent mission, which arriving in Herat under very similar circumstances to those of the one above alluded to, vainly raised the hopes of the people, and then, being possessed of means barely sufficient to pay its own current expenses, withdrew without having aided the suffering inhabitants in any one way, we have striven to remove the favourable impression left before on the minds of the people.

Shortly subsequent to the withdrawal of Major Tod and his officers from Herat, strife and dissension arose among its chiefs. The ruler Kamran was strangled by the order of the Prime Minister, Yar Mahomed, who thereupon usurped the supreme power in the state. Under the rule of this chief Herat became one of the most flourishing states in Central Asia. Usurper though he was, he showed himself possessed of a remarkably sagacious politic mind. The freebooting tribes of Hazarehs and Turcomans were brought into a state of complete subjection. The Heratees still recount with pride how, in those days, a single traveller hesitated not to proceed unarmed on the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Imaum Reza; and how the pilgrim would journey in perfect safety across the lonely tracts of country that intervene between the Herat territory and the Persian city of Meshed, in which the saint's holy bones repose. Upon Yar Mahomed's death his son was proclaimed ruler. But his reign was a short one; rival chiefs opposed him, and he was strangled—the fate of many a Herat chief before and since. Under his rule, and subsequently, the affairs of Herat fell into confusion. Persia was not slow to take advantage of the disturbed state of the neighbouring territory. A prince of the blood-royal

was speedily put at the head of a large army, and this finally received orders to enter the Herat valley, and lay siege to the city. The army numbered in its ranks both Italian and French officers of the Shah's army. The state of affairs, it will be seen, was much similar to that of 1838, but this time no adventurous Pottinger came to the rescue of the besieged city. But the writer of this remembers well being told by one of the defenders of the place, at the close of this, the last Persian siege, how the chiefs, in the hour of their greatest need, recollecting what high hopes and courage had been instilled into the minds of a failing Herat garrison on a previous occasion by the example and presence of an Englishman, determined to counterfeit the arrival of an officer of that nation. By one gate of the town the besieged had still partial access to the open country without. It was arranged that at this gate a horseman, dressed in a red coat and tight-fitting trousers, should on some propitious morning be seen to arrive. A rumour was sedulously spread abroad in the town that a British officer, the bearer of assistance from the great Government of England, was shortly expected. The starving garrison felt, as it were, the joy of deliverance, and eagerly greeted from afar the solitary scarlet horseman as he approached across the plain, avoiding the pickets of the Persian army. But the sorry counterfeit was exposed. No sooner had the supposed English officer ridden from beneath the massive gateway than he was recognised as one of the personal attendants of a Burdooranee chief, who, by reason of a fair skin, had been chosen to represent the anxiously-expected "stranger." The hopes of the garrison fell low. Notwithstanding, for a period of twelve months the besieged Heratees held out, though all the time under a terrible stress for provisions. The chiefs eventually surrendered, and Herat, after having been given over to plunder, was occupied by the

Persians in the early spring of the year 1857.

During the time that Herat was under siege—the first investment of the place by a Persian army having given a *casus belli* to England—a British force under Sir James Outram had wounded Persia in her most vulnerable point, her southern seaboard; and, about the time that Herat fell, a treaty of peace was ratified between the two Powers, Persia and England. One of the terms of this treaty insisted upon the strict independence of the Herat territory, and the immediate withdrawal of the Persian troops from the scene of their late conquest. But it was not provided what chief was to be acknowledged the ruler of the independent state. And of his lamentable want of foresight on our part the Persian authorities took summary advantage; for the only Afghan chief who had rightful claims of descent to the rulership of Herat was (being then a prisoner in the Persian capital) brought forth, and cruelly assassinated. He was known to entertain strong English tendencies, and therefore the very possibility of his escaping and reaching Herat was to be avoided. At the time of this assassination it happened that the Barukzaee chief, Sultan Ahmed Khan, was an honoured guest at the Court of the Persian King. The chief was a refugee from his own country, Afghanistan, and for many years there had been bitter enmity between him and his relative, Dost Mahomed Khan, ruler of Cabool. The chief was a man of a bold ambitious character. His keen hatred of the English he had from early manhood proclaimed by word and deed. He was the Sultan Jan of the Afghan war, and this, his sobriquet during that war, was as familiar to our people as the name of any other Afghan chief. He was present with Akber Khan when that chief murdered the British Envoy, and it is still currently reported among the Afghans that he actively assisted his friend

Akber in the momentary struggle that took place previous to the firing of the fatal shot. When we were at war with the Sikhs, he was the only Afghan sirdar of note who interested himself in the struggle. And he did more than merely interest himself; he put himself at the head of some hundred Afghan horsemen, and harassed our troops whenever an opportunity offered.

It was hardly to be supposed that a chief whose past career was such as Sultan Jan's, would readily look for, still less obtain, the friendship of either the ruler of Cabool or of the British Government. Remembering his antecedents and his long residence at the Kajar Court, he was far more likely to play into the hands of Persia. Here then, within the capital itself, and of easy access, was the very man for Herat. And the selection being left entirely to the Persian authorities, as it was, they lost no time in availing themselves of the chance that thus offered itself. That there would be no demur on the chief's own part, were he selected, was well known. He had ever shown himself ambitious; and once in Herat, so long coveted by the Dost, and, strong as the nominee of Persia, he would set his old enemy at defiance. To the rulership of Herat, he certainly had no claim of birth. But he was, all things considered, so well qualified for the post, that this objection stood not a moment in his way. A few days after the assassination at Teheran of his only likely rival, Sultan Ahmed Khan was spurring fast across the desert plains of Khorassan, and in an incredibly short space of time reached the distant city of Herat. Fortunately for the new ruler, some 20,000 Persian troops remained still encamped without the walls; for without their support, the Herat chiefs, to whom he was unknown, would speedily have strangled or otherwise conveniently have disposed of him.

To a mind so thoroughly conversant with the Oriental character as Sir James Outram's was, it had been at once obvious that, unless

English officers should personally witness the evacuation of the Herat territory by the Persian troops, any immediate fruits of his late victories over the Persian forces would be lost. On some pretence or other — trusting, perhaps, to the secret connivance of Russia, perhaps to his own skilful misrepresentation of facts and the remoteness of the country — the Persian Prime Minister at Teheran would manage to postpone to some indefinite period the withdrawal of the Shah's troops from before the walls of Herat. Fortunately, what had instantly suggested itself to the practised judgment of Sir James Outram, was provided for by one of the terms of the treaty that had been drawn up between the two Powers, England and Persia. Officers were selected, and ordered to proceed with the returning British Envoy as far as Teheran. Thence they were to make the best of their way across the eastern frontier of Persia to the Herat valley. Before the journey had commenced, Sir James Outram's control over the affairs of the new mission had ceased. He was called away to India, and how there, ever in the van of battle, he stemmed the unchecked tide of insurrection and rebellion, is a world-known history. Benefiting no longer from his wise councils, the mission, still unorganised, passed unfortunately enough to the care of the Foreign Office. Formed as it was, this mission was a perfect satire on any previous political mission that had ever gone forth across the wilds of Central Asia to carry out the behests of a European Government. About to traverse countries of which little was known, and which had never been fairly mapped, it numbered not one scientific officer among its members. It was provided with no scientific instruments, and no sort of armed escort whatever swelled its sorry suite. At the capital, the Persian Prime Minister threw every obstacle in the way of its onward progress. After a delay of a month it left Teheran. Having incurred severe hardships, and with their

lives in their hands when passing through tracts of country infested by the Turcoman tribes, the officers composing the mission at length arrived at the distant Herat frontier, but not before they had successfully opposed numerous intrigues that had emanated from the Persian Court to stop and detain them at the large Persian towns that lay on their route. Once across the Persian frontier, brighter days were in store for them. The new Afghan ruler of Herat received them with open arms. And this was much to their surprise; for gloomy reports had from time to time reached them as they journeyed across the desert plains of Khorassan, that Sultan Jan, inspired by his old hatred of the English, would allow no officers of that nation to cross his frontier. This, as they afterwards learnt, was undoubtedly his original intention. But when the news reached Herat that English officers were actually on their way to the place, and that upon their report would depend the final departure of the British force from the south of Persia, the Prince commanding the Persian troops in and before Herat immediately withdrew the army under his command to within the Persian frontier. Thus the new ruler, an alien to the people under him, found himself suddenly deprived of the aid of those troops to whom he had looked for support. Powerful rival factions at once set themselves in array against him, and then it occurred to him that his only chance of remaining in power was to receive the British mission well. He knew that by so doing he would have at least the semblance of the friendship of the powerful British Government. He consequently adopted a line of policy which, though it completely compromised him with the Persian Government, made him popular with the people of Herat. He made the officers of the mission his welcome guests. In the course of the first interview, he declared to them, without reserve,

that from childhood he had cherished feelings of bitter hostility to the English, but these feelings, he candidly added, had invariably brought trouble upon his head. He was determined, now and henceforth, to be as friendly towards England as he had previously been hostile; and after-events showed that the Sirdar was sincere in the sentiments he then avowed.

By the prolonged stay of the mission at Herat the hopes of the Sirdar were raised. He could not but think that his ever-constant friendship, and his open avowal of it, in spite of instructions that reached him from time to time from the Persian Court, would be rewarded at no distant period by some material aid from the Government whose officers, without any object apparent to him, were remaining on, month after month, in his territory. The mission had ample opportunities of informing itself as to the perilous position of the new ruler—perilous in as far as his state of independence in the future was concerned. His not unnatural tendency to look in the hour of need for protection to the Power that had placed him where he was, and his deep-rooted hatred of his neighbour, Dost Mahomed Khan, were equally reported to the home Government. But nothing came of it. The time in which the independence of Herat might have been secured, and not left a mere empty word, went unprofitably by. For six months the mission remained within the walls of Herat, but *not one word* of instructions as to any definite policy to be pursued, whether it was to remain, or whether it was to leave, did the Government vouchsafe to send. Was it to be wondered at, then, that as the anxious days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, the high hopes that had been raised in the breast of the Sirdar fled, and gave way to disappointment? He gradually began to perceive that the Government of England that set so high a store on the independence of his territory, had no intention of giving *him* any material aid. It

was a disagreeable discovery, but he never for one instant wavered in his friendliness to his English guests. Embarrassing as his position was, intrigued against by rival chiefs whom he was powerless to punish, and helpless as he knew himself to be to resist foreign invasion, he never, by word or deed, was led by his disappointment to deviate from the character he had at first assumed, that of a considerate and friendly host. Though rumours of grave disasters to the English arms*—sometimes of the entire extinction of the English race in India—reached him, though reports were sedulously spread abroad in his own city that his guests were mere spies, sent to satisfy their Government of the defenceless state of his town and territory, he never varied his conduct towards them, or abated his show of friendship. He was always ready to receive them in his own tumble-down ruined serai, or to visit them in theirs; and during these visits, many were the interesting incidents of his early life that the Sirdar recounted. Not the least so was the story of his prison life at Bokhara, where he found himself a fellow-prisoner of poor Stoddart. The Sirdar eventually escaped, in the guise of a melon-seller, from the dungeon into which the treacherous Vizier of Bokhara had thrown him; but being loth to leave Stoddart, whose gallant bearing in misfortune had inspired him with admiration, he tried to persuade him to escape also, and even planned a disguise for him. But Stoddart was deaf to all entreaty. He vowed that till the day came in which the English Government would enforce his release, he would make no secret attempt to escape from the dungeon of the ruthless Vizier. High hopes of a great and gallant heart—hopes which were never fulfilled, but which resulted eventually in the miserable and agonising deaths of two brave and high-minded British officers!

It was after a stay of some six months that the mission, still without instructions from the Home Government, withdrew from Herat. It found that, owing to the intrigues of rival factions within the city, it could not prolong its stay without running the risk of seriously compromising the name and honour of the British Government. For in the position it held—nominally that of a political mission—it was impossible for it to remain in the city without identifying itself irrevocably with the government of the *de facto* ruler of Herat, and therefore opposing the claims of rival chiefs, many of whom were ready at any moment to rebel against a ruler who was a stranger to them all. What the mission endeavoured to do, was to hold itself aloof from all the strife and faction of parties that were going on around. But this was hard to accomplish in a city like Herat, where every chief was anxious to gain the good-will of the English officers, and came invariably to the mission-house for advice and counsel. It therefore did what was best to be done in the existing state of affairs; it withdrew. But the withdrawal took place under circumstances so peculiar that they will ever be remembered by the officers present, as affording a further proof of the staunch friendship and good-will of the disappointed Sirdar, who was about to be left, with a dismantled fortress and an empty treasury, entirely to his own resources. It is difficult to conceive how, under circumstances so adverse, the Sirdar Sultan Ahmed Khan remained ruler of the Herat territory. For a period of upwards of four years, till the hour in which he was struck dead by an apoplectic stroke, he retained in his own hands the supreme authority in the state. The first open, armed attack on his territory was made by Dost Mahomed, the chief whom all along he had most feared, and whom he hoped to defy.

* Delhi was at that time in the hands of the Indian rebel troops.

Though perhaps lying somewhat remote, it is not difficult to arrive at the cause that led the old chief of Cabool finally to attack the man whom for many years he so bitterly hated. It is very evident that, verging as he was on extreme old age, he would not have put himself at the head of an army that was about to take a long hazardous march, and the siege of one of the strongest fortresses in all Central Asia, unless he had first assured himself that the ruler of Herat had fallen back upon his old Persian tendencies—tendencies that were likely to be looked upon with jealousy by the Government of England. This Government, he knew, or at the least he hoped, would regard with favour, possibly aid in, an attack upon a chief whose territory it wished to see strictly independent. But how was it that the sentiments of a chief who had been so friendly to a British mission, who had so anxiously looked for the assistance of England, underwent such a change as to make him abandon the wish nearest his heart, and adopt a line of policy that threw him into the outstretched arms of Persia? We must attribute this change in the Sirdar's sentiments, not to his own choice most assuredly, but rather to the baneful influence of the Foreign Office extending itself dangerously over our true policy in Central Asia through the weak hands of its representative at the Persian capital. And to understand how it was that the Foreign Office, and the Foreign Office only, laboured—and that successfully—to upset and cast into ignominious shade British influence at the Court of Persia, we must look to that period which saw the last Persian war brought to a successful termination. Shortly subsequent to this, the control of British Policy in Persia and Central Asia was thrown entirely into the hands of the India Board, an office thoroughly competent to the control of affairs in those countries. To show that it was so, it is only necessary to mention their first

wise and judicious measure. This was, on the transfer of the Honourable C. Murray to the post of Minister at Dresden, to appoint to the Court of Persia Sir Henry Rawlinson, an officer who had passed some years of his early life both in Afghanistan and in Persia, and whose name alone bore a weight of prestige in those countries that promised favourably to raise declining British influence at the Court of Teheran. And those who saw how necessary it was to have at that Court an Envoy who had a rightly determined will, and who was, moreover, versed in the character of the people, were not disappointed in the officer they had selected. In a spirit more liberal than is now customary with the Foreign Office, the India Board, well understanding that gifts straight from the Home Government by the hands of its Envoy of brilliantly mounted fowling-pieces and curiously contrived revolvers have more significance and worth in the eyes of an Afghan chief than in Europe would be readily supposed, made Sir H. Rawlinson the bearer, probably at his own suggestion, of a few handsome presents to the Herat Sirdar, who had shown himself, since his accession to power, as anxious to preserve the friendship as he was to receive the assistance of the English Government. But having received no assistance or aid of any kind, the Sirdar had not unnaturally begun to think that this independence of his territory, to which he had once attached so much importance, was to be a mere empty sound. For how, in fact, was he, with not half-a-dozen six-pounder guns, without even a hundred stand of arms, to man the walls of a large fortress, or repel invasion of his territory, to which at any moment he was liable? The gift of a few presents straight from the Home Government by the hands of its Envoy, and the interchange of a few friendly letters, and the word of such a man as the new Envoy, quieted the disturbed mind of the Sirdar; and the thought of declar

ing himself a tributary state of Persia, and so getting her full aid and assistance, was chased from his contemplation like an evil dream. Once again, owing to the far-sighted policy of Sir Henry Rawlinson, British influence had a fair chance of retrieving the ground which we had so notoriously lost, and the circumspect Russians consequently gained, at the Kajar Court. At this favourable conjuncture of affairs, whether owing to the need of some political party-measure, or merely from apprehension of a curtailment of the patronage of the Foreign Office, the control of our affairs in Persia and Central Asia was, on Lord Malmesbury's going out of office, suddenly taken from the India Office and restored to the Foreign Office. That is to say, the guidance of our policy in those remote but to us important countries, was taken from an office where it had the advantage of the experience of able and gifted men, who from earliest manhood had been familiar with the character of the inhabitants of those countries, and with, what was also of importance, the state of parties there, and transferred, unreasonably enough, to an Office which, from its constitution, if it ever interposed its measures at all, could only hope to blunder onwards in disastrous and lamentable ignorance of anything connected with Central Asia, its chiefs, and its ever-shifting politics. The courier bearing the news of the transfer of the affairs of the Persian mission from the one Office to the other arrived duly at Teheran. The return courier to Constantinople, in the recesses of the large eastern bags swung across his horse, carried the resignation of the then British Minister and Envoy at the Court of Persia.

Thus it appears probable that the first disastrous result consequent on the transfer of the control of our relations with Persia and Central Asia, effected at home, was the resignation of a highly able, experienced officer, such as Sir Henry Rawlinson was known to be. The

second was the selection of his successor, a gentleman of whom nothing was known to the world at large beyond the fact on his having been attached to the Embassy at Constantinople; and on this ground, probably, he was deemed to be perfectly competent to fill the high post of her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Persia. The selection was scarcely a judicious one, for we must bear in mind what an important position it is that the British Minister occupies in Persia, and the high interests that are at times at stake. It is more than probable that, as far as the experience of the successor of Sir H. Rawlinson went, the Afghan ruler of Herat might have been, for all the new Minister knew to the contrary, a Chinaman, or a chief of Calmuck Tartars. The real and imperative wants of the Sirdar, his obviously dangerous position between two rival Powers, his frequent calls for assistance, were so many wild words that found no hearing within the walls of the English Minister's house at Teheran. Then it was, and then only, that the Sirdar, dragging the anchor of hope as he despondingly had done for many a weary month, and finding himself drifting upon the deadly shoal of an utterly defenceless position, threw himself into the outstretched arms of Persia, and went through the outward forms of declaring himself tributary to that Power, and consequently entitled to expect aid from her in the time of need and danger. The consequences of this act of his were those which had been foreseen by the common-sense of Sir H. Rawlinson, but which, in the ordinary course of things, had escaped the penetration of the Foreign Office and its selected officer. The Dost, well informed, no doubt, of the apathy of the British Minister, at once saw that the long-wished-for moment had come. His old enemy, Sultan Ahmed Khan, had done that which must inevitably incur, if any consistency whatever existed in the councils of our Gov-

ernment, the deep displeasure of the English; and with the old fire and intrepidity of his youth, at an age when most Orientals are utterly decrepid and imbecile, he put himself at the head of an army and marched upon Herat, vowing that he would either take the city or leave his bones without the walls. Herat sustained a siege of many months. Its chief was struck down by an apoplectic stroke, and Dost Mahomed, worn out by fatigue and exposure, died a few days subsequent to the great fortress falling into his hands. Upon Dost Mahomed's death the interest of all Afghans was centred upon Cabool. The death of the old chief had been long expected and often reported. His sons, and all Afghanistan, sprang at once to their arms, and for a short time it was a mere lottery who would succeed to the supreme power. The favourite son, Gholam Hyder, who had been many years ago declared heir-apparent by the Dost, had died suddenly some time previous to his father's demise. Of the remaining sons Afzul Khan was the eldest, and the one most likely to be declared ruler of Cabool, for he had been for many years the governor of one of the largest provinces in the dominions of Dost Mahomed Khan; and having been constantly engaged in repelling the attacks of the nomad tribes on the north-west frontier of the territory, his thousands of followers were inured to war and bloodshed, and it was well known among the Afghans that they were prepared to make a desperate onslaught upon any chief who would aspire to be a rival claimant to their master for the throne of Cabool. Though he was the eldest son, we chose to make light of his claims, and in a moment of panic, when the hill tribes on our north-west frontier were in arms against us, we recognised, as the future ruler of Afghanistan, his brother, Shere Ali Khan. This chief, happening to be at Cabool at the time of his father's death, and availing himself of the powerful Afzul Khan's absence, had pos-

sessed himself of the reins of government. The most sanguine could not otherwise have hoped than that his was to be but a temporary possession. Moreover, the time that our troops were hotly engaged beyond our own frontier, and when our force was in a somewhat critical position in a mountainous district on the confines of Afghanistan, was not a time to hold out suddenly the hand of recognition to any aspirant to the throne of Cabool, still less to such an aspirant as Shere Ali Khan. A little patience and a little calmness at this conjuncture would have been more becoming than the hasty recognition of a chief, of whose power to retain the supreme rule in the state we were ignorant. By late accounts we learn that Afzul Khan and another brother are in arms against the ruler we thought fit to recognise; and more bitter than ever is their hostility, now that they learn that we have thrown the shadow of our friendship upon him, and that at a time when he or they but little expected it. Now more than ever is it a matter of regret that we hastily recognised a chief who has but little chance of successfully opposing the swarms of Afghan warriors arrayed under the banners of his brothers, and who are probably at this very time making the bazaars of Cabool noisy with the clang of arms. Thus we have again to reap a crop of embarrassment, if not discredit, in displaying the worthlessness of our proffered friendship. Panic simply, during our late troubles on the north-west frontier of India, has led us to adopt a precipitate and affectedly cordial recognition of the first comer, and proffer a sop to avert the further enmity of a chief who has always shown himself hostile to us. So it was that when, in 1857, the frontier politicians, upon their overweening confidence giving place to intense alarm, on the discovery that rebellion was rife throughout our possessions in the north-west, devised the notable scheme of seeking to secure the inactivity of the long-ne-

glected Dost Mahomed, by means of paying him an enormous monthly stipend. But no sooner was it felt that large European reinforcements had re-established our sway than the stipend was stopped, and the sa-

gacious honest old king was abandoned to his reflections on the prodigality and fondness of British functionaries in a fright, and their parsimony and reserve as their terrors subsided.

ANNIE AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER I.

FRAU VON HEILMANN, mother of Gottfried von Heilmann, musician and composer, a prophet not without honour in his native place of Wüstestadt, knitted as deftly and as constantly as do all the homely and old-fashioned among her countrywomen.

On the morning when we first look in upon her, the easy-chair Frau von Heilmann occupies is placed in its fine-weather position—that is, the estrade in front of the centre window of a handsome and comfortable room on the *bel étage* of a house situated on the outskirts of a frequented public garden—a “garden” which is no garden as we English understand the word, but something between a wood and a park; a wood with no sylvan wildness, a park with no lawny slopes or turf expanse; in reality, it is the remnant of an ancient forest, cleared here and there to make place for a statue or a piece of water, and intersected in all directions by carriage-drives and narrower paths, making a sheltered and pleasant enough resort for the idle and the fashionable among the inhabitants of Wüstestadt.

Frau von Heilmann smiled to herself, over her knitting, as the autumn sunshine fell upon her. She was a handsome snowy-haired old woman, with bushy brows overhanging dark eyes that kept in them much of the fire of youth. She made a striking and pleasant picture, sitting as she did in a sort of indoor bower; ivy festooned the inside of the window, and was trained over the lattice-work which

edged two sides of the estrade; behind her chair was a little thicket formed by her great India-rubber plants, and a few pots of blossoming shrubs and sweet-scented flowers placed at their feet.

Outside, the sky seemed to be blown into a more and more burning blue, and the sunshine into a fiercer brightness, by the keen wind that was merrily, madly whirling about the red and brown leaves it had torn, somewhat untimely, from the trees in the great garden. The light that fell on this indoor picture was wonderfully clear and sharp.

Frau von Heilmann was a little deaf; when the door at the end of the room, on which she had her back turned, opened, she did not look round. Presently she started, for there fell into her lap a heavy drop, which proved to be the first of a perfect shower of bonbons—*chocolate à la crème*, which she loved right well—rained down upon her from a hand above her head. The shower ceasing, two arms were clasped round her neck, and a soft cheek pressed against hers.

“I was expecting you, Annchen, Töchterchen,” the old lady said. She laid down her knitting and tried to return the caresses lavished upon her, but she could not get at her assailant.

“Come round in front of me, my child. Take care of my plants! Come round where I can see you. You must tell me all about it.”

“If you won’t look at me, Mütterchen, perhaps I can. Knit, knit, knit! look only at your needles, like

a good, kind Mütterchen, as you are."

Annchen (or rather Annie, for she was an English girl) carefully pushed her way through the thicket—only her head and arms had penetrated it till now—and knelt down at the old lady's feet. She put the abandoned knitting into the old hands with a little shy, beseeching smile; then, when she heard the familiar and friendly click-click of the needles, she laid her head down on those motherly knees, and by-and-by began to cry—at first very quietly; and at first Frau von Heilmann only noticed this crying by now and then, when she came to a point in her knitting at which she had to shift her needles, laying her hand carressingly on the bright brown hair that was scattered over her lap. Generally at the same time—that is to say, in the same pause of her industry—she put one of her pet bonbons into her mouth, showing that these tears shed upon her knees caused her little uneasiness, not even fear that they might induce a more acute attack of her chronic complaint, rheumatism.

But when five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and the head was not raised, and the sobbing had become violent, Frau von Heilmann laid her knitting and her bonbons away on the little table that stood at her elbow, and lifted up the girl's face.

A quarter of an hour's hearty crying does not make a pretty face prettier, though undeniably it makes a plain one plainer. In spite of the temporary disfigurement, however, this face that Frau von Heilmann took between her kind brown hands was a sweet, bewitching, lovable, little face. In the eyes there was a tender, gentle, and yet wild look—wild in the sense of untamed; the pretty mouth had a passionate but refined fullness; the delicate nostril a sensitive curve; the soft clear skin let every change of mood shine through, betrayed by the flushing and retreating blood.

Holding this face between her strong old hands, Frau von Heilmann tried to read it.

"More tears than enough, Annchen. What ails thee, my child?"

"Everything, Mütterchen."

"Then I think we shall prove that it is nothing."

"It is one or the other—either everything or nothing. It sounds silly to say so, but truly, Mütterchen, I hardly know which. Either I am too happy—happier than any girl ever was before, or will be after"—here a sparkling light broke over her face—"or I am miserable, too miserable. There is something here"—clasping both hands tightly over her heart, and drawing a long breath—"that I cannot understand—a heavy weight that I cannot move. Ought not happiness to make the heart light, Mütterchen?—light as a feather, gay as a bird, bright as the sunshine?" Her voice, as she asked this, had a lark-like carol in its tones; but then the tears rushed blindingly into her eyes, and she murmured—"It is not so with me—"

"Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr."

Why do I feel like this, Mütterchen?"

"Ech!" ejaculated Frau von Heilmann, and her hands dropped and folded themselves in her lap, while her eyes grew dim and retrospective.

"I think this is how it is," she said, presently. "A great happiness coming to us suddenly, seems more than we can hold; a great blessing falling upon us all at once, seems more than we can bear. We feel burdened, weighed down, till we have found our way to the good God's feet, and asked His blessing upon His gift. When I was a girl, my heart would be light and dance in me because the sun shone, because a bird sang—nay, even for a ball or a ball-dress; but when I was a woman, and Gottfried my husband, my only and ever-beloved,

was given me—and again, when Gottfried my son, the true and noble heart, was born to me,—it was not thus. Is it that your heart is heavy with its *unpraised* happiness, Annchen, my child?"

The young girl flushed deeply beneath the searching eyes at the solemn question.

"I do not know, my mother," Then, after a long pause, the truthful tongue said, tremulously—

"Suppose, suppose, Mütterchen, that my heart sinks and fails me for fear that I do not love him enough?"

"It can hardly be that you do not love him, child! For 'enough,' leave that to time: you will go on loving him more and more, better and better, through all your life."

"Suppose, then, Mütterchen," and the voice was more tremulous yet, and very low—"suppose that I fear, with fear that makes my heart sicken and shrink till I feel as if I should die, that he does not love me, not more than a very little, not so much as he pities me—that he does not love me enough—not enough to satisfy my greedy heart, so starved for love—not enough to make it for his happiness that I should be his wife."

Frau von Heilmann smiled.

"It cannot be that he does not love you a good deal, Annchen; or why should he, who has found his old mother enough till now, want you for a wife? For 'enough'—be good, wise, and loving, Töchterchen; strive to grow more and more worthy."

"But, Mütterchen, I am not good, not wise—I am so childish, so hot, so hasty; and he, your son, is always—no," she smiled and blushed as she corrected herself, "almost always—so calm, so wise, so perfect. Yes," she added, with a vivid and proud kindling of the whole aspect, "he is so perfect—that is the greatest fault I can find with him; and though it is no fault in him, your noble son, it may be a misfortune, even a misery, for poor me."

"Your heart tells you how false

that is before your tongue has made an end of saying it," returned Frau von Heilmann. "My Gottfried is not perfect, I know, though I could not easily put my finger upon the speck or flaw. He lives towards perfection, as we all should do, striving towards the fulfilling of the command, 'Darum sollt ihr vollkommen sein;' but he is not perfect. If he were—we grow towards the standard of what we love, Töchterchen—if we set our hearts high, our lives will not be groveling. No woman's misery ever came to her through the perfectness, or approach towards it, of him she loved." Frau von Heilmann had noted and rightly understood that proud kindling of the sweet young face. She sealed the pure brow with a kiss, and said—

"Now tell me how it happened, Annchen. I, his old mother, was quite in the dark. Much as he talks of you—much for a man who talks so little about anything—and always with pity and grave kindness, I did not guess that he loved you."

"And does he? Oh, does he? Is it not a mistake? All pity and grave kindness—only such love as a father feels for a foolish little daughter."

"Last night, when he told me what he had done, I was satisfied that it was otherwise than that with him. But I, an old woman, cannot make love for a man, Annchen mein. Ask him—let him speak for himself. I love a love-story as if I were a young girl still, though. Will you not tell me yours?"

For a moment Annie hid her blushing face. Frau von Heilmann could feel how the full heart beat against her knee.

"What can be told at all is soon told," Annie began when she looked up again: having said which, she paused—long enough to have difficulty in breaking the silence. "You know, Mütterchen, I am not happy at Fraulein Grütze's. She is very hard and cold, and lately she has

been almost cruel. Some of the little ones love the 'English teacher,' or I should not be able to bear it. Yesterday all things seemed bitter and black. Do you know, Mütterchen, that as we took our dull walk by the dismal canal I gazed down upon it longingly; and if I had been alone, and it had not looked so ugly and slinky——"

"Child! Don't let Gottfried hear you talk like that."

"Would he be angry?"

"Hurt—grieved."

"Oh, Mütterchen!" Annie cried. "Suppose it is like that often!—that I often hurt and grieve him! You will come to hate me, and I shall be more miserable than ever, for I shall know I am making you two miserable. I cannot rule my tongue or myself always: I must be free sometimes—have some liberty: this often gets me into trouble at the school. But what a little fool I am! Is it likely I shall talk like that when I am happy? Already I cannot feel as I did yesterday. It is not like the same world. Yesterday the creeping water, the clinging fog—to-day! Is it the same world, mother?"

"No—not for you, little one." "And she doubts if she loves him enough," said Frau von Heilmann to herself.

"I was wicked yesterday, I know," Annie continued, "but it seemed as if there was nothing left to me. It was not bitter to struggle and to bear while there was some one else to keep and care for. I did not complain then, my mother; but just for one's poor little self, when one is miserable, you can fancy that sometimes it does not seem worth while to take such pains to keep alive. Well, when I went home from that walk yesterday (it was yesterday, though it seems long ago!) chilled through and through, and very wretched, Franklin Gruppe met me with a scolding. 'I had kept the girls out too long,' she said: 'Herr von Heilmann was waiting, and his precious time could not be wasted.' Do you know," Annie

interred in laughing parenthesis, "I shall lead a harder life than ever now, when she knows, I fancy. But what shall I care? Oh, I will be so good—so good! Yesterday it was scold, scold, scold—I do not know what she said to me. And then she sent me straight into the music-room to take my lesson first, that the young ladies might have time to warm their hands. I felt sure Herr von Heilmann had heard all that had passed, and I was ashamed to be scolded like a naughty child in his hearing—afraid he would believe I had deserved it all; but I was obliged to go to my lesson at once. When I went into the room he only bowed to me, just as usual, looking as tall and grand as he always does. He set my chair, arranged my music, standing till I was seated, as he always does." There Annie paused, a little proud and tender smile curving her lips. "I dashed at my music with my eyes full of stinging tears and my hands stiff with cold. I played frightfully, and did not stop myself for the wrong notes, and he did not stop me. Generally he is strict—half a wrong note doesn't escape him. I could not tell what this meant—it frightened me more than a scolding. I stopped suddenly and looked into his face. It had a strange expression; the corners of his mouth were twitching, and his eyes were contracted and——"

"Yes, yes—I know the look," nodded the mother. "His father used to look so when he was deeply moved."

"I felt obliged to say something, Mütterchen, for I couldn't bear his silence; so I said, rudely and pettishly, 'you do not think me worthy of correction to-day, mein Herr. Why don't you send me away, and throw my music after me—treat me as Herr Steinwitz treats such pupils.' You see, mother, I was grieved, really, though I wouldn't show it. I had hoped to please him that day; it was his own music, and I had studied industriously. How do you think he answered me? He

smiled, rather grimly—I knew he must have been all on edge with my false playing—and took my hands, saying, ‘The little hands are cold; mine are hot: I will warm them, and afterwards my Fraulein will play quite otherwise.’ Then he began to chafe my hands. I did not think anything of that; he had done it for me before, and I had seen him do it for two or three of the quite little children. He always treated me as if I too were quite a child. But that he should be so kind and patient when I had been so rude and naughty—I could not bear that! If he had scolded, I should perhaps have been as hard as iron; but at his goodness I burst out crying, and felt as if my heart were breaking. It is awkward to cry when one has no hand to hide one’s face with, nowhere to lean one’s head, Mütterchen——”

“Yes, yes,” nodded the old mother. “Go on, my child. What happened next?”

“My son felt my difficulty, I suppose. He did not give me my hands—he held them fast in one of his; but he drew me to him, closer and closer, till my head leant against his breast. Now, Mütterchen, what right had he to know that I should not be very angry?” Annie flashed up a shy smile into the listening face. “But somehow I did not seem to mind it—it did not seem strange to me to rest there. I did not try to get away; it seemed well with me there, and quite natural. Then, mother mine, while he held me against his heart, and bent his face down upon my head, he said—the words entered my soul without passing through my ears—I cannot tell you what he said. I did not move, I did not speak. I left off crying, and felt as if I had gone to heaven, or heaven had come down upon me. I was no more ashamed than if I had been in my own dear mother’s arms. Presently he put me from him, gently, but quickly; he placed my hands upon the keys, and turned the pages of my music. Fraulein Grösse entered; he had

heard her coming. He would not compromise me, for I had not spoken! Mütterchen, I feel I would trust him with all myself, my life, my happiness, my honour. I know he would guard them ten thousand times better than I could or would myself, and yet——”

“And yet—speak, Annchen.”

The bright proud face clouded; the clear voice lost all its ring of truth and delight, as the girl murmured—

“And yet I cannot feel sure that I love him.”

“At your peril let Gottfried hear you say that,” the mother remonstrated, with a severe smile. “He is humble in his noble simplicity; he will believe you.”

“Would it not perhaps be well for him, my mother, that he should believe that I do not love him?—not in the one way of loving.”

The door opened, and Herr von Heilmann came up the room towards the estrade. A tall and stately man, not young, and of a soldierly bearing; naturally fair, but browned to the brown fit for a soldier’s cheek. The high brow was a little bald, but the beard and mustache, which did not quite hide a handsome resolute mouth, were thick, strong, and tawny. The eyes had for habitual expression a look of introspective and concentrated thought; because they did not concern themselves constantly with the common things of that outward world, they passed with some for “dreamy,” but their glance could be keen and trenchant. They were the eyes of a wise enthusiast and a long-suffering patriot. The face was deeply lined, seeming to tell of things that had been; the whole aspect was noble and calm; the bearing and manner stiff rather than flexible. No wonder that a young girl like Annie Gresham, looking upon this man, should find it hard to realise that, otherwise than from “pity and grave kindness,” a half-chivalrous, half-paternal yearning to take a weak and friendless thing home to his pre-

tection, should he desire to make her his wife.

It was this that she did find it hard to realise; this was the real difficulty which grieved and vexed a proud and sensitive young heart.

Annie sprang up from her kneeling attitude when Herr von Heilmann entered the room and stood beside his mother, one hand resting on her chair; her eyes were on the ground, and so she lost the sight that would have gladdened her poor little heart—the warm lighting-up of the grave face when Herr von Heilmann caught sight of her. As she stood there in shy and troubled happiness, she was wondering to herself how he would address her, what sort of notice he would take of her. They had not met since—, and then she blushed overpoweringly, and rather scoffed at her own heart, and said to it, "It is nothing to him; he will call you 'highly-respected Fraulein,' very likely."

Herr von Heilmann was on the estrade now; he bent over his mother, and kissed her hand and her cheek; then, with a face of doubt and inquiry, he turned to Annie.

"She cannot feel sure that she loves you, she says," spoke Frau von Heilmann, rather maliciously. She was a little annoyed that Annie should have repeated that statement, and meant to string her to an acknowledgment of its falsehood.

Herr von Heilmann bowed over the hand he had taken in his own, and relinquished it. Annie had not looked into his face while that brief glow overspread it, but she now saw its cold gravity.

"Be seated, Fraulein," he said, setting a chair for her as he spoke. Then he looked at his watch—"I have ten minutes—the time will suffice for my explanation and apology." But he paused, and a shade of embarrassment crossed his brow. "Explain to her, mother," he resumed—"you women understand each other—that though yesterday I was surprised into a departure from my usual respectful attitude,

she was quite blameless. I was wrong; my conduct was hasty, ill-considered, for her compromising. While I now offer her my most earnest apology, I wish her to feel assured that in no way will I presume upon her goodness. How *should* she know if she can love me? Let her have time to question her heart. I will wait as long as she pleases; till she pleases to have them changed, things shall be between us as they have always been."

"Annchen!—have you nothing to say, child?" asked the mother, uneasy now at what she had done.

"Nothing, dear Frau," answered poor Annie, who felt as if the bounding life-current were freezing perceptibly within her.

"Gettiefried, my son, you are too scrupulous, too punctilious, too formal; you misrepresent yourself, and—"

"Excuse me, my mother. In such a matter a man cannot be too scrupulous. Yesterday I was rash and wrong. Had the Fraulein Grüppe entered one moment sooner, consider in what a position my indiscretion would have placed the dear child here."

As he finished, recalled the scene, and allowed himself to use so tenderly-familiar an epithet, a momentary passionateness shone from his eyes. Annie, had she seen that look, might have followed what would surely have been the bidding of her heart, and, running to him, laid her head again where it had so fearlessly rested yesterday; but she did not see it; she sat still in her place, giving no sign.

The day had changed—cruelly.

"True, true, true," said the mother, "but Fraulein Grüppe did not enter, and Annchen forgives you. Is it not so, Annchen?" she turned upon the girl somewhat impatiently.

"Herr von Heilmann may think me too forgiving if I do," she answered. "Surely if he finds so much of which to repent, there must be something for me to regret. My conduct yesterday must have appeared to him bold, unmaidenly."

She spoke with a burning blush and a stinging sense of humiliation.

"Your conduct was admirable—in the purity of childlike simplicity," he answered—"a simplicity which no man of honour would abuse or presume upon."

Annie hardly heeded his words. She was seized by the impulse to escape, to breathe freely, to be alone. She hurried by, caught up her shawl and bonnet, and, discovering all at once that she had exceeded the time of her leave of absence, she declared that she must go immediately.

Throwing her arms round Frau von Heilmann, putting her burning cheek to hers, she kissed her passionately. As she did so, she whispered, "Liebe Frau, you have been a little cruel; but it is best so." Then, with a quick shy look and a hurried gesture of farewell, she

passed Herr von Heilmann, and left the room.

As she took her way through the crisped leaves lying thick in the great garden, she felt her heart waiting and listening for a following footstep while her feet hurried her along.

Pausing to look back when she gained the door of her prison-house, she half fancied she saw the stately figure of Herr von Heilmann in the distance; if so, he had made no effort to overtake her. She might have known that he would not—that what he did not say to her when she was under the protection of his mother's presence, he was not likely to try to say to her in a public walk, and so expose her agitation to the remark of any chance passer-by. She did not think of this; she only recognised that the day was cruelly changed.

CHAPTER II.

Herr von Heilmann's lessons at Fraulein Grüppe's "Educational Institute" were given twice a-week—on Tuesday and Friday. On Wednesday the English teacher had a few hours at her own disposal—to visit friends, if she chanced to have any, nor to do any needful shopping. So Annie Gresham's week had three days in it; seeing which, she was surely not much to be pitied; there being lives that seem as if they could know neither days in the week, weeks in the month, nor months in the year. Thank heaven, not many! Please heaven, it may be that in those few the seeming show is other and worse than the reality. Nature, for most of us, does something to break up such dread monotony; even to the prisoner in the half-submarine dungeon comes change. The sun strikes the surface of the water, and the wind ruffles it, and there is a greenish and dancing shimmer reflected on the dreary wall; the shadow that stands to him for light changes with the

changing hours of the day. Perhaps there has hardly been so cunning-cruel a tyrant, or so dark and deep a dungeon, but that, to every prisoner not doomed to death, has been left open some chink or cranny that let in something of the outer life of the world.

We have seen how Annie Gresham had used her Wednesday holiday. With a strange mingling of dread and longing she lived towards the following Friday.

It came; and on it, at the appointed hour, came Herr von Heilmann. It went too, and with it went Herr von Heilmann, and he and Annie had not met.

Fraulein Grüppe so contrived—*how* she contrived was her secret—that Annie had no lesson that day. Herr von Heilmann left; Annie listened, as well as she could through the throbbing of her heart, to the silence following the last pupil's lesson to the opening door, the step along the passage, the closing door—and she had not been summoned to the music-room!

When it was too late, Fraulein Grösse pretended to remember and regret this. On any former day Annie would not have allowed herself to be so forgotten. On any former day she would have frankly put the question that now died on her lips — "Had he not asked for her?" To-day she choked back some bitter tears, and answered nothing to Fraulein Grösse's apology. All the more she tormented herself with that unspoken question, with others of the kind. If he had not asked for her, why had he not? Was it that he thought she did not choose to come? or did he think that her petulance of the other day deserved the rebuke of his neglect?

The same thing would have happened again; but on the next occasion, when all the lessons but Annie's had been given, and Fräulein Grösse was about to take leave of Herr von Heilmann, he said —

"Excuse me, madame, but my most promising pupil, Miss Gresham, has not been to me. Is she ill?"

"Dear me, no — only so sadly indifferent. Always out of the way when wanted. Your time is more than up, my good sir; I will not think of detaining you longer."

"I have time for Miss Gresham," was the quiet answer. Herr von Heilmann shot one of his keenly penetrating glances into Fraulein Grösse's handsome eyes, and she yielded at once. Reddening, and murmuring something of his too great goodness, she went to fetch Annie. Returning with her, she resumed her former seat and her knitting. Till to-day Annie had always been left alone with her master. Fraulein Grösse was not responsible for "the teacher," and "Englishwomen are so coldly cautious, so self-reliant, so competent to take care of themselves." However, something had aroused some kind of jealous suspicion in the Fraulein's mind. Had she, on Annie's face that day seen traces of tears and agitation? She therefore remained on duty — the duty, however, being to herself, not to Annie.

The lesson was only a lesson. Herr von Heilmann was inscrutable, and poor Annie strove to emulate her master's coolness. The lynx-eyed Fraulein discovered nothing; she could not perceive that the master leant over Annie more, or more closely, than over other of his pupils (in fact, it struck her that just the contrary was the case), or that his fingers lingered upon hers when they had occasion to touch them: it was such things as these that the coarse-textured mind of the woman had expected to discover. Had she been a wiser or a purer woman she might have found cause for the confirmation of her suspicion that between Annie and her master there was "a something," in the fact that the master treated this pupil with more of distant respect than he observed towards any of the others, though two or three of them were no younger than Annie.

Poor Annie played badly; instinctively she knew that the ends of Herr von Heilmann's mustache were gnawed pitilessly, that his brow contracted with a frequent frown, that it was no use to hope to see the quiet smile, or the pleased twinkle in the sincere eyes, with which he had been wont to praise her. Annie could not bear that he should think her careless of his pained displeasure; so she braved the grim presence of Fraulein Grösse, which often made her dumb, and said —

"I am very sorry to have played so ill, but I have had hardly any time for study." Which was the truth. He answered no otherwise, than by a grave bow, but the pleasant, kindly light came into his eyes, and as he closed the piano for her he said —

"My mother much desires to see you; you will make her a visit to-morrow?"

The Fraulein Grösse interposed —

"I am truly sorry to disappoint the most excellent Frau von Heilmann; but I propose a pleasure for my little friend to-morrow; I require her to take the young ladies

to a concert at Seonhans, at which Herr Steinwitz, whom the Fraulein Gresham admires, will play."

Sudden tears gathered blindingly in Annie's eyes. She did not admire Herr Steinwitz, who was a rival and opponent of her master's; but she did not dare speak, lest her tears should fall then and there: she hurried from the room with hardly a salutation to her master, and no message to her old friend, his mother. No sooner was it too late than she began to fret herself greatly at having been guilty of such ungracious discourtesy.

"Mees Gresham will never do you much credit, I fear, mein Herr," began the Fraulein; "she does not improve; how slightly and unappreciatively she played that wonderful Andante of yours! She will never do you justice."

"To-day Miss Gresham did not do herself justice," was Herr von Heilmann's somewhat grimly-spoken reply.

"She is so uncertain! In everything I find her so flighty and unequal—sadly unfit for her position, poor thing!"

"Unfit for her position, as you say," Herr von Heilmann returned, rather absently. "You are right, madam; it strikes me so. And if you would, out of the fulness of your womanly charity, make the position a little more fit for her, it might be well; but excuse me, I presume."

"Any suggestions of Herr von Heilmann's on any subject! Is there anything of which Mees Gresham has complained?" The voice was soft and smooth enough, but the eyes were dangerous, reminding Herr von Heilmann of the impolitic imprudence of interference.

He answered more blandly, not noticing the closing question—"I would suggest, then, some arrangement that should afford Miss Gresham fair time to study for her music lessons. She has a promising enough talent, madame, I assure you, and some love of the art."

With those words Herr von Heilmann accomplished his retreat.

There was no attempt after that to defraud Annie of her lessons, or of time to study for them; but Fraulein Grütze was invariably present. Two, three, four weeks passed without there being a possibility of her seeing Frau von Heilmann. In those weeks Annie grew thinner and paler. Sometimes it seemed to her that Herr von Heilmann himself was not quite as formerly—that a shade of melancholy saddened his serious eyes—that with each lesson he was more completely than ever only her master.

The setting-in of the "Wüststadt season" showed Annie more than she had known before of Herr von Heilmann's position. She saw him in public, courted and flattered by all the music-loving beauties of the town and the neighbourhood. He was "well-born"—as his father's son, he was not without a certain prestige, and his own reputation was steadily on the increase: among his pupils were many blond baronesses and fair countesses, whose passion for his art was secondary to their passion for its master, and who in public places appeared to encourage each other to flutter about him, surrounding him with an atmosphere of flattery and fascination.

One evening Annie, hidden, as she thought, in the group of girls of whom she was in charge, watched him thus surrounded, with a sad, proud feeling at her heart of how far off he stood—sad for herself, and proud, so proud, for him! The concert had been given for a charitable object—for the benefit of an old and disabled musician. Herr von Heilmann had played grandly: now he stood, cold and courteous, tall and stately, the centre of an admiring group, paying a grave acknowledgment of just homage here, gravely pushing aside foolish flattery there, while his eyes keenly searched the crowded room. Annie did not know how much her eyes were saying when his found them. Steadily, without any show of haste,

he made his way through the billowy sea of crinoline beauty to the quiet corner occupied by Fraulein Grösse's pupils. He spoke to each of them—a word about the violinist who had played, the harpist who was about to play, a brief criticism of the various schools of music represented by the selections of the programme.—then, last, he turned to Annie. There was nothing to draw attention upon her—no difference made that could be perceptible to the world at large, or even to the sharp eyes of the pupils; but there was something which Annie felt—some sunshine of kindness and encouragement, some pleased recog-

nition and acceptance of her unspoken admiration, passed from his eyes into her soul and made tumult there.

But somebody reported or invented something about that meeting which did not please the Fraulein Grösse. After that evening Annie was not again required to take unassisted charge in public of Fraulein Grösse's pupils—a charge she had always accepted with reluctance; for among the number were girls of her own age, who, having little womanly modesty or discretion, at times greatly vexed and annoyed her by the levity of their conduct.

CHAPTER III.

At last a Wednesday came on which Fraulein Grösse could find no excuse to prevent Annie from visiting her old friend, Frau von Heilmann. Not at the end of her resources, however, the Fraulein herself experienced an earnest wish to visit the dear old lady, and bade Annie wait till she was at leisure to accompany her. By this means Annie lost two hours of her precious holiday. At last, however, she and the Fraulein Grösse were on their way towards the Garten-Strasse. At the end of it they met Herr von Heilmann: he released Annie from her jailress by requesting the honour of a few moments' conversation with the Fraulein on the subject of the private concert to be given shortly at her Institute—at the same time stating that, as his mother was somewhat indisposed, it would be well that the honoured lady should postpone the favour of her visit.

"Will she see me? may I go on?" asked Annie, timidly.

"Will my mother see you! Certainly, *Das versteht sich*" (*ca va sans dire*.) Herr von Heilmann's tone was rather reproachful, while there was a slight twinkle of amusement in the corner of his eye. Then, from courtesy to the Fraulein, ogress,

(for a man must be courteous to an ogress who has more or less power to torment his heart), he added, still addressing Annie—"My mother stands on no ceremony with you, you know. The visit of the Fraulein Grösse being a more unwonted honour—"

Annie sped on, and Fraulein Grösse, well pleased, turned to accompany Herr von Heilmann some distance on his way. She knew now that there was little chance of Annie's seeing her master again that day, for she knew that Herr von Heilmann's engagements would detain him till long after Annie's leave of absence would have expired. Annie sped on, but when she reached the familiar door her heart failed her; she made no sudden ascent and rapid incursion, as had been her wont; her feet faltered; she approached her old friend with shy hesitation.

Frau von Heilmann sat in her cold-weather place near the stove to-day—knitting of course. She greeted Annie with kindness, but there was less motherliness and some restraint in her manner. She was under orders; the one subject on which she was not to speak was ever present to her, naturally.

"More crippled than ever, my

dear," she said, in answer to Annie's questions. "I'm set fast till spring now, and that seems a long time to live forward to, for at my age one cannot look for many more earthly springs. Very pretty, my child, and very warm," she said, as she drew on a pair of mittens Annie had brought her. "So you have sometimes thought of the old woman all this time—eh? You made these for her!"

"Yes; you did not think I had forgotten—would not have come to you if I could! I have been hindered and tormented: the time has been very long." The tears were in Annie's eyes.

"Poor little one! It is as Gottfried says; you are thinner and paler."

"He said so—he notices, then?"

"Why should he not? You know how kind-hearted and compassionate he is: his eyes are keen; too. Don't you, remember, child, when that poor teacher at Fraulein Gruppe's first fell ill, that it was my Gottfried who noticed how she drooped and withered—as it was my Gottfried who had her brought here and nursed and tended till she died—the poor, old, worn-out, friendless thing!"

"I remember," sighed Annie.

"As I was saying," proceeded Frau von Heilmann, "I am set fast till spring. I do not care much to go out: from that window, where Gottfried sets me whenever the sun shines, I see plenty of life and movement. A still-contained, inward-turned existence is the most fitting for an aged woman, some think, but I don't much believe it, Annchen. While we are in this world, it seems to me more beautiful and right to live its joys and sorrows—through those of others when our own are past. The thing that does sometimes fret me is, that I cannot hear my Gottfried play in public, and see how they court and praise him. Last night, in the concert-room of the Schauspielhaus, he played grandly, they tell me. Did you hear him, child?"

"No."

"He likes to play in that room; and then the concert was given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of actors and musicians. Yes, he played grandly: the Gräfinn Rosalie von Thauenwald had been here this morning, brimming over with enthusiasm. She has paid me a great deal of attention lately, Annchen mein; can she fancy that the simple old mother does not see through her?" Frau von Heilmann laughed merrily, but not ill-naturedly. "Well, she is a pretty creature. I do not hold in great esteem the gay young widows of old husbands, nor, indeed, any widow whose life shows no effort to bring itself into accord with the apostle's description of that of 'eine rechte Wittwe,' 'die einsam ist, die ihre Hoffnung auf Gott stellet.' But she is a pretty creature; there are many excuses to be made for her, and she may say" (through the sober-minded and pious demeanour of this German woman would sometimes flash a spark of French vivacity—"wicked-wise," she called it) "that she has at any rate set her heart upon the peace of God (Gottfried). I do not see how I can think the worse of her for that, though in my young days it was not the fashion for women, whether maidens or widows, to do the courting. Yet, undeniably, she is a charming creature, and seems to me to have more heart than most of her kind. Do you know her, Annchen?"

"By sight only, liebe Frau."

To-day it was not Mütterchen and Töchterchen. Formerly the old, dear words had been innocently used; they could be so no longer; they must mean their meaning, or not be spoken. If to-day they were uttered by chance, Annie would blush and grow confused beneath Frau von Heilmann's shrewd, inquiring look. In one of the awkward pauses ensuing when this had happened, Annie turned her eyes upon the flowers filling a vase on the table which stood near, and commented on their beauty. "Yes,

they are lovely ; but I do not much love to see such a forcing of the fair order of nature. May lilies in November must feel themselves so not-at-homish. They came from the young Gräfinn. She sent them this morning with the prettiest of notes, before she came herself. There lies the note, child ; read it if you will : observe how neatly she compliments Gottfried in the postscript. He read it with the grimmest of faces, nevertheless. I have had many such pretty notes with neat postscripts. Ach, Annchen, when the opera comes out, I expect I shall have a fine time of it then with bouquets and billets-doux, fruits, bonbons, and what not ! Sometimes I feel quite grieved that the pretty creatures should waste so much time and trouble : if I say so to Gottfried, he answers with one of his inwardly amused looks, ' You have the benefit, mother mine ; they are not harmed, nor am I. '

" But they must be harmed, and he too," cried Annie.

" Ech ! you think so, child. *Place aux dames* ; we will begin with the ladies. ' They must be harmed,' you say — and why ? It is no question of the true feelings of true women ; it is puppet-play. Take Gottfried from them, and they will set up some less worthy idol. Is it not something that it should be a true man, and a true musician, before whom they play out their little game ? "

" Perhaps. "

" Where for them do you find the harm, then, of their amusement ? "

" I do not know. Perhaps nowhere ; yet I feel as if it were somewhere. "

" As you do not know, we will pass on. You say he too must be harmed. How ? Do you think this sort of thing will make my Gottfried vain ? "

" No, no, no. I was not thinking that Herr von Heilmann could be made vain. But — but must it not be harmful to any man to have his notion of women brought so low ? "

" It must be harmful to any man to have his notion of women brought low. Yes, child, there you are right ; but on my son these things do but work thus. Even if, every day of his life, he were pained, grieved, disgusted, by seeing women so far from what he would have them, seeing their actions characterised by a want of all true humility, as by a want of all modest dignity, this would in no way affect his reverence for abstract womanhood, or lower his Ideal. I know this, not only because, when we have talked on the subject, he has said it, but also because his conduct in many instances has proved it to me. He is too through-and-through chivalrous, too wholly the soul of honour, for these things to work upon him harmfully. It seems to me that his eye pierces through the atmosphere of frivolous untruth and fashionable ugliness with which we so often surround ourselves, and reaches to the central potential truth of our being. The spiritual insight of such a nature may in the most seeming frivolous of fashionable follies detect the stirring and striving of a saving element — the blind beating of the bars, and the dazzled fluttering towards the truth — may therefore detect something not unworthy of reverence. Reverence is the inmost principle of my Gottfried's nature. I have never seen the thing bearing the shape of woman that he seemed able to scorn. With such a man a woman is safe, let her — But I am prosing ; when I talk of Gottfried the subject sometimes runs away with me, Annchen. " As she spoke she suddenly looked from her knitting full into the girl's face. " Prosing and philosophising. I have just been reading the Herr Professor Dichmann's work. "

Then, while Annie's heart was throbbing and burning to say some little word that should prove her recognition of the nobleness of such high faith and chivalry, the clever old woman began to talk with lucidity and power of the book she had just named — talk which ended in

being in itself a little philosophical essay—a mental exercise for self-improvement, for she knew right well that Annie heard little and understood less of what she was saying.

After Annie had risen to go, Frau von Heilmann said, "The Christmas holidays cannot be very far now; you must spend them with me as you did the Midsummer. I will arrange that with the *Fraulein Grösse*. You are not sold to her, body and soul, *Annenchen*, so pluck up courage, and don't be so much afraid of her as Gottfried thinks you are, poor child. Should she send you away, I could no doubt find you a place would suit you as well. Perchance better." Here she restrained a mischievous smile, which, spite of her efforts, indicated itself. "Through the Christmas weeks I shall be alone, as I was at Midsummer," she went on. "Gottfried goes to some of his grand friends—a round of visits in the neighbourhood, from one Schloss to another. I wish it, I send him. I did not desire that he should be a musician; I wished to see him a soldier, as his father was, but since he is a musician, I desire for him as great a name and as wide a fame, being a musician, as had his father being a soldier. The more he is known, the more he is respected. The people he goes to have influence—will be useful—so I send him, my Gottfried, out into the world."

The old woman's dark eyes flashed under the bushy snow-white brows, —a flash that quickened the beating of Annie's heart.

In leave-taking to-day Annie stooped to kiss the old brown hands; they drew her down: Frau von Heilmann kissed her solemnly on both cheeks, with the words "God guide thee, child." Then, still holding the girl fast, she added, "Gottfried gave me a message. He says, *Annenchen*, he begs of you to remember that, however your heart may decide in a certain matter, you must not flee from us and shun us; that we, he and his mother, will always be your friends. He earnestly begs

of you to remember this. He says that, if you choose so, he can be to you only a friend, and yet with all his might your friend. This is true; I know it. There, I have given his message; and again I say, God guide thee, child."

Again, and more fervently, Annie kissed the old woman's hands, then she hurried away.

Outside, instead of turning towards her prison-house, though she had already over-stayed her time, Annie took her way through the sodden paths and the bare trees of the great garden towards the dismal banks of the black canal.

She wanted freedom, open air, space. She felt that just then she could not endure to be shut in between walls, surrounded by eyes and tongues.

Having gained the canal-path, she hurried on and on, faster and faster, unconsciously driven by her driving thoughts, not heeding the increasing cold and darkness.

When at length she paused and turned, she was frightened to find herself alone so late in that dismal place. The lights of the town, the few she could see through the branches of the trees which intervened between her and it, looked far off; nothing seemed near but the clinging clammy fog and the crawling water.

Presently it seemed to her that, walk swiftly as she would, a following footstep gained upon her. Between her and the town, after she should have crossed the bridge, lay the desolate gardens, as dreary and deserted at this hour as any savage wilderness or wood. There came into her mind, against her will, stories she had heard about things that had happened in this neighbourhood, and the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the gaining footstep excited her wildest fears.

Reaching the bridge just as she knew by the sound that her pursuer, if such he were, was open her, she paused there, breathless and exhausted, ready in the desperation of her fear to jump into the water;—

either that, or he should pass her before she entered the garden.

A figure, looking large through the fog, was at her side; it passed. She thought she had not been observed; her heart gave a great bound: then the person who was so much an object of her dread paused and turned. Annie clutched the low parapet of the bridge, and held herself ready for a spring.

"Is it possible!—here alone, at this hour?" questioned the voice, which she had no doubt now was the dearest to her in all the world.

Poor Annie! she sprang to Herr von Heilmann, and clasped both little hands round his arm, beside herself with relief and gratitude for the first moment.

"You knew me, then?" was her senseless question.

"Not at first, Fraulein; and now it seems too incredible. I paused and turned because I could not let myself pass by any woman in such a place, at such an hour, without making her the offer of my protection."

Annie's hands loosed themselves and fell from off his arm. What could he think of her? She felt her soul shrink from the severe pain expressed by his voice. Would he not have cause now to believe the worst Fraulein Gruppe might choose to tell him of her insubordination and wild imprudence?

Poor Annie! It was a pity the darkness had made it impossible for her to detect the light, sudden and sweet, that had come into his face, the twinkle of the eye and twisch of the mouth, when he felt the confiding clasp of those little hands. She had once seen something like it, in the very early days of their acquaintance, when she talked his tongue with blundering difficulty. She had let a "du" slip out instead of the fit and formal "sie," and had for a moment wondered what error of hers had caused the look of repressed but pleased amusement, the transient sparkle, which she saw cross her master's grave face.

As well as she could the poor child excused herself as they walked towards the town side by side. Her longing for air and liberty had been irresistible, she told him; it was, sometimes: till the last few years, she had led such a free life. She had been thinking, and had not noticed how far she went or how dark it grew. She had paused on the bridge because the following footstep frightened her, and she felt safer there than in the garden.

"How could the bridge save you, my Fraulein?"

"The water might have saved me," she answered.

"Ach Himmel!" She did not catch his exclamation, or know the inward shudder—the inward grasping clasp—with which it was breathed. He said a few strong words of the danger she had incurred, but he did not speak any personal reproof—from him to her; that he assumed no right to do.

"I will not do so any more; I will not do anything so imprudent again; I am very sorry," Annie said, with childlike simplicity and fervour of penitence. "Now, think of it no more, pray!" she added, with some dignity.

"It is not a thing to be lightly dismissed from the mind, Fraulein; but I thank you earnestly for the goodness of your promise, and we will speak of the painful subject no more."

What did they then speak of? Nothing.

Herr von Heilmann was silent—from pain and displeasure, Annie thought. In truth, he was both pained and displeased, but infinitely pitiful too; and the subject of his thoughts was how best to extricate the heedless girl from the unpleasant consequences of her imprudence. They were in the Garten Strasse by the time he had settled that matter with himself.

"It will be best that you come to my mother," he said to Annie. "She will scold you sharply, but you know how good her heart is."

towards you. You must sup with us, and afterwards our old Hans shall conduct you to Fraulein Grüppe's, and my mother will send with you a note, in which she will apologise for having detained you."

"You are very kind. I am much ashamed to give so much trouble. Would it not, perhaps, be better that I should return at once?"

They stood under the entrance-lamp now, and she was reassured by the kindness of his face, as he answered, half jestingly—

"To be sent, like a naughty child, supperless to bed. The frugal evening meal is long over at the Fraulein Grüppe's. No; enter with me; you are half-starved and very tired; let my mother see you rested and refreshed before you return."

So they mounted the stairs, and together entered the well warmed and lighted room where the table was already spread for the friendly evening meal.

Herr von Heilmann hastened to offer to his mother a few words of explanation, adding, in a lighter and more familiar tone than he had used while they were alone, and gently laying his hand on Annie's shoulder as he spoke—

"Do not scold our poor little friend much, mother. She is tired and starved and cold, and she has promised, the good child, to be no more so imprudent."

With those words he passed through the room to his own apartments; and poor Annie, overcome by his kindness and the weakness of her own exhaustion, knelt down before his mother, rested her head on her lap, and burst into tears.

But neither those tears nor Herr von Heilmann's intercession saved Annie from a sharp scolding—a stinging reproof: after which the truest motherly kindness was lavished upon her.

Annie spent two very happy hours. It was so warm, so bright, so home-like, so every way pleasant, in Frau von Heilmann's living-room at the restful, comfortable, friendly

hour when the Abend-brod was eaten—the time when, the day's labour done, the mother and son drew nearest to each other. Annie—little, strange, and friendless Annie—was made to feel neither strange nor friendless, but one of the home inmates.

As by-and-by she stepped out into the bitter night, followed by the old house-servant, Hans, she drew close round her the soft warm shawl of Frau von Heilmann's, which her master had himself hung upon her shoulders, and said to herself—

"What do I care for the night or the cold—or her cruelty? Let the night be black and the wind biting. Let the Fraulein speak swords and look poison and daggers. It is well with me—all is warm to me—all is well with me."

This evening Annie's confidences to herself were made, not in the old home-tongue, but in the tongue of the home she had just left, the home which she had been made to feel, if even she had not been told, stood ready for her, waiting to be, when she willed it, her home. Lovingly she dwelt upon some of the homely home-suggestive phrases of the friendly tongue, and she was happy, so happy, till the old doubt returned. How could he love her? How *should* he love her? How otherwise than with "pity and grave kindness" should such a man love a girl like her?

If so—if he loved her so, and only so, well? was not this, from him, enough for her?—for her happiness? For her—for her happiness? Yes. But for him—for his happiness? Annie believed that, through his music, she knew something of her master that obliged her to answer the last question with a fatal "no."

She was at her prison-house.

"Leben sie wohl, my most highly honoured Fraulein," old Hans was saying.

If she were sharply rated or escaped lightly, she did not know.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following Friday Herr Von Heilmann and the Fraulein Grösse had a slight altercation, if such it could be called. The lady was angry and excited (perhaps, beginning to despair of her game, she sometimes let her mask slip on one side); the gentleman was courteous, severe, and resolute.

"You desire that Fraulein Gresham should play at your concert, madam. Well, I think it a pity; she is too nervous for it not to be painful to her to do so—too nervous to do herself or me justice; but if I bow to your desire in this matter, I cannot be dictated to as regards the composition she should render."

"As to her nervousness, mein Herr, she must conquer that. In her position she has no business to indulge in any such nonsense. Upon her playing I shall insist; and I much desire that she should play the Prelude and Fugue in C minor, composed by my late lamented father on the occasion of the death of the most worthy Princess Wilhelmina."

"Impossible, madam. The merit of the composition is a question upon which I will not presume to enter; but that it should be played by such hands as these" (here, with the most entirely business-like gravity, a complete absorption in the matter under discussion, he took up one of Annie's hands—she was sitting at the piano beside him—and laid it upon his own) "is a physical impossibility. These fingers are lithe, and the wrist" (raising it, and giving it a little shake) "is finely flexible; still the composition of which you speak is not for such hands as these." So saying, he seemed suddenly to awake to the consciousness that the hand he had again placed on his—the more strongly, by force of contrast, to mark its minuteness—was something more than a piece

of dainty mechanism. He gently replaced it on the keys of the piano with a look as he said, "Verzeihen sie, gnädigste Fraulein," that was from him a caress. But Annie, sitting passive while her fate was discussed, did not raise her eyes.

He turned again to the watchful Fraulein Grösse, and continued, severely—"As to this concert, the credit or discredit of it will be mine: the arrangement of the programme and allotment of the music is therefore wholly my affair, and I cannot submit, madame, to even such judicious and wise co-operation as yours would doubtless be. With my other pupils the playing or not playing on this occasion has been a matter of choice. I do not see why it should be compulsory on the part of the Fraulein Gresham. I therefore ask her—Miss Gresham, is it agreeable to you that your name should be placed upon the programme?"

The question was put in the severe tone which he had used to Fraulein Grösse, but the thoughtful eyes were full of kindness when they met Annie's. Annie cared for nothing in the matter but to please her master. It was impossible to her, after meeting that look, to answer his question otherwise than with another.

"Do you wish it?"

This time she detected a certain pleasant change in his face, enough to assure her that she had pleased him. Before he answered he appeared to reflect for a moment, then said, "On the whole, I think, yes."

"I must stipulate," he continued, turning upon Fraulein Grösse, "that Miss Gresham shall have the use of a piano for at least three hours daily." As he rose to go, he added—"I have always had pride and pleasure in my English pupils, finding among them some of the most intelligent and industrious of my

scholar. I assure myself that it is not Fraulein Gresham who will prove the exception."

He did not allow himself to seek an answer in Annie's face, or he would have met a very bright one.

"I cannot make them out!" Fraulein Grütpe remarked to her confidential friend. "If there is anything between them, she is the slickest little thing. I have watched, and watched, and I cannot detect a spark of coquetry or consciousness in her conduct. She is altogether the good pupil; sits and looks like a demure baby: 'Mais il n'est, comme on dit, pire eau que l'eau qui dort.'"

"The English women are so controlled, so quiet and so deep, you see, dear Angel," answered the friend addressed. "This girl is no doubt cunning enough to know the kind of manner-of-being (*Art zu seyn*) likely to catch a grave man of middle age like Herr von Heilmann, who in a wife would probably like to find the docility that other men, who marry earlier, look for in their children."

"Catch! 'wife!' You don't mean to tell me, my dearest"—the voice was sharp and angry—"that you think there is any danger—that you fancy he means to marry her?"

"No, no, no; a thousand times no!" cried the alarmed confidante. "Last time I had the happiness of seeing him with you, I thought there was a decided, a pronounced—in short, a something difficult to describe, but certainly a something

in his manner towards you, dearest Angel, very different from his manner towards other women."

After that Friday Annie set her heart to her music more than she had ever done before, though she had always loved it, and often found in it the one delight of dreary days. She no longer meekly relinquished to the first claimant the hours of study to which she had a right, and by rising very early she secured others which no one contested with her. She had set her heart towards her music, and yet, though she loved it, not for its own sake: the heart set towards the art was set upon pleasing the master. With the singular simplicity and singleness of purpose of which she was capable she kept this aim in sight. She was conscious that he especially desired her success; she did not question "why." Also she was conscious that she especially desired to please him; she did not question "why" or "what more." To the publicity of the concert she looked forward with no dread and no pleasure, but with intense anxiety. She would be no more nervous in playing before fifty people than in playing before her master only; their presence would merely affect her in as far as it affected him, making her more desirous to do well because she believed that it made him more desirous that she should do so. The one thing she cared about was, that she should not shame or disappoint him.

But before that day came other things happened to Annie.

CHAPTER V.

"A visit" and "Fraulein Gresham" were words that fell on Annie's ear as she sat in class one morning—unwonted words, falling there so strangely that she paid them no heed, did not believe that she had heard rightly. But when the class was over, Fraulein Grütpe sent her down to the refectory to receive a visitor. The refectory

was a long bare room; long tables and long forms, and the inevitable piano, were its only furniture. Visitors were ordinarily received in the salon, but Annie was so greatly out of favour that any place was good enough for a friend of hers.

"What dungeon do I find you in!" exclaimed a clear ringing English voice as Annie entered the

room. Her hands were taken, and her cheeks were kissed by a mustached mouth, before she had time to recognise her visitor.

"Cousin Basil!" her tone was half joyful, half doubtful.

"Do you doubt it? Will you have me turned away as an impostor? Have you quite forgotten me?"

"You are grown from a boy into a man, remember, and I had no reason to expect to see you. Where have you dropped from? Oh, it is pleasant to hear a home voice and see a home face."

"I'm glad you think so. I have had a world of difficulty in finding you out. I am here for a few days *en route* for home. This place is not really *en route*, but I made it so to see you. And now how can I see you in any satisfactory way? Do you ever get out? I am staying in a very pleasant family—the family of a friend of mine out there. They are really hospitable people—I will be delighted to see you. Can I speak to the principal here and get you leave of absence? You could tell her I'm your brother if you think she would not trust you with a cousin."

"She knows I have no brother—no near relations," Annie answered, smiling.

"No near relations! What do you call me, then, eh?"

"A second cousin is hardly a near though he may be a dear relation, Basil. Though you used to be like a brother to me, I cannot pass you off as one. Oh, how long do you stay? Of course, I *must* see something of you. I will manage it somehow."

"I only meant to stay a couple of days, but I fancy it may be a couple of weeks. To tell the truth, one of my friend's sisters is an uncommonly nice girl, and she can speak English, and it's uncommonly jolly to hear her do it. But I must get home before Christmas, however. Annie, what becomes of you in the holidays? Why not come over with me?"

"That is perfectly impossible, Basil."

"I know of old that 'perfectly impossible' of yours; it was always a settler. But how about getting out? Can't you come at once? The day is glorious; it is a shame to lose it in this den. Couldn't you take a good walk with me in those gardens? I have a world of things to tell you about."

While Annie was hesitating, Fraulein Grütze came into the room, curious as to her teacher's visitor. For some reason of her own she proved wonderfully gracious, accepted the guarantee of cousinship as all-sufficient, was charmed that her young friend should have the pleasure of seeing a countryman, granted immunity from all the duties of the day, and urged that they should enjoy the beautiful weather by going out-doors at once.

"At what hour is it likely to be most convenient for me to take my music-lesson, madame?" Annie asked; "this is Herr von Heilmann's afternoon, you remember, and I shall wish to return for my lesson."

"Excuse yourself that also for once, my too industrious Mees," said the answer in broken English, "I charge myself with your excuses."

"Yes, yes; a whole holiday. As madame is so good, I claim you for all the day?" cried Basil. "This evening we are going to the opera; you must join us, Annie. There are to be ladies of the party, madame."

"Exactly, sir; I can quite well confide my young friend to your care, I perceive. Go, dear Mees, and prepare yourself; the while I will entertain your cousin."

"An easy-going soul for a school-mistress," was Basil's comment as they left the house. "Young and handsome herself, she's fond of gaiety, no doubt, and so has more sympathy with the pleasures of other people. Are you comfortable with her, Annie?"

"I might be worse off; on the

whole, I am not unhappy," was Annie's evasive answer.

"And that is all you can say for yourself, poor little thing?" Basil drew his cousin's hand through his arm as he spoke. She did not like to withdraw it, though there were reasons why she would not have had it there.

The day was keen and bright. Annie enjoyed the brisk movement through the light clear air, the sense of freedom, her cousin's merry reminiscences of their early happy country life; above all she enjoyed the befriended feeling his presence gave her, the sense of kinship, of belonging to somebody. A second cousin was something to one so friendless, who so often felt herself so mere a "waif and stray." But in her enjoyment Annie did not forget her music or her master, or her determination, unrevealed to the Fraulein Grümpe, to be at the school by the time Herr von Heilmann was due there. After her lesson she would go out again—go to the opera, if Fraulein Grümpe chose to permit her. Of this she was doubtful; but she would take her chance—any way not sacrifice her lesson. The schoolhouse was not far from the gardens; the iron gate of its prison walls was visible through the vista of the grand avenue. As they returned towards it, laughing and talking gaily, eyes and cheeks bright with the keen yet sunny air, drawing many eyes (of which they were wholly unconscious) upon them, Annie saw Herr von Heilmann leave the gate and come towards them.

Annie hurried on her companion; she wished to meet her master, to question, to explain. It still wanted half an hour of the time at which he usually began to give his lessons. Just as they were about to meet, Herr von Heilmann, lifting his hat to Annie with very grave courtesy, turned into a narrower side-path.

"I say, Annie, who's your friend? That grand, soldierly-looking fellow?" asked Basil.

"That was Herr von Heilmann,"

Annie answered, in rather a choked voice.

"Who is Herr von Heilmann?"

"My music-master," spoken with still more difficulty. "I am too late! He has given his lessons earlier, and she did not tell me. I am too late." Annie pulled down her veil.

"So much the better: no need to go in then. That man a music-master! I should not have dreamt it. What a pity; he ought to be colonel of a regiment; he might be a great general. He reminded me of some of the portraits of Garibaldi."

Poor Annie! she felt as if all her pleasure in her holiday was gone; she let her companion take her just where he would. But Annie's was a light, elastic temperament; not fickle, but flexible; true as steel, and bending rather than breaking, as does highly-tempered steel.

The people to whose house Basil took her were friendly and kind. She so seldom had any change or gaiety, so seldom saw kind faces and heard kind words, that when she found herself one of a merry circle gathering round the table where the afternoon coffee was being poured out, and the object of universal kindness and interest, she could not help brightening up again—feeling her own heart expand in that heart-full home-atmosphere. She would be happy, she resolved; yet Herr von Heilmann's grave face and stately bow frequently presented themselves to her; she feared that he was pained and displeased: for the displeasure she did not so much care, because she had not merited it, and could by a word of explanation remove it; but the pain—she took that to heart, as her pain.

The operetta given that night was a light, sparkling piece—it suited Basil's taste well, and it amused Annie. Without stirring or delighting, it amused her; while the brilliant scene, the dazzle of light, and the mirth of her companions, excited her. Annie was

very gay; her look of enjoyment and her sweet yet piquante prettiness drew many eyes upon her. She did not know this, for she was an unconscious little creature, who gave herself wholly, as far as the outer world was concerned, to the interest of the moment—to seeing what she had come to see, and hearing what she had come to hear. So she was unrestrainedly gay till, during the last act, she became aware that Herr von Heilmann was in the house—in the box of the beautiful young Gräfinn Rosalie von Thauenwald. The box commanded that part of the parquet in which Annie sat—he must surely have seen her; but after she became aware of his presence, he did not look towards her. He stood behind the Gräfinn's chair; leaning against a pillar, he looked towards the stage. Again and again Annie felt her eyes irresistibly drawn towards him; his face expressed neither pleasure nor displeasure: he looked quiet, old, critical, a man of marble. Suddenly the wonderful thought came to Annie of how it was this man, who had once drawn her to his breast, held her against his heart. Should she ever, ever be again so near him? Or would the lovely face of that young Gräfinn some day rest there? How strangely she felt as this thought filled her with its marvellously mingled sweet and bitter.

Annie had looked once too often; she blushed overpoweringly, meeting the eyes of the Gräfinn. She turned away towards the stage, but she was conscious of how the Gräfinn turned to Herr von Heilmann, touched his arm with her gloved hand, offered him her glass, and whispered some words in the ear inclined towards her. Then she was conscious that Herr von Heilmann looked towards where she sat, as if for the first time: she turned to meet the look—she could not help it. With an air of grave respect, the master inclined his head to Annie as he declined the

offered glass. No smile of his answered that which rippled all over the face of the Gräfinn.

After this Annie neither saw nor heard much; she sat surrounded by a dream-atmosphere; between her and all she looked upon there was a haze. All colour and sparkle left her face; she was tired—very tired, she thought; she was glad when the curtain fell, and it all was over. In the corridor, after they had taken leave of their other friends, Basil having to take Annie back to the school, they met Herr von Heilmann. The Gräfinn, richly shawled, and her lovely face framed by a delicate white hood, was leaning upon his arm. He stopped to speak to Annie.

"You are tired with your day's pleasure, Fraulein," he said, kindly. Then with a sterner air, "Did you know that I had changed my hour?"

"I did not know—I was going back for my lesson when I saw you."

"Good!" Then a moment's pause. "To-morrow at eight, if not too early an hour for you, I can give you the lesson you lost to-day."

Annie had no time to thank him, except by the light flashing all over her face. The Gräfinn murmured something of the draught from the staircase; with a bow he moved on. Annie and Basil, pushed by the crowd, for a moment followed them closely.

"Who is the charming Engländerinn?" asked the Gräfinn, her heart perhaps not at ease. Annie's face, all bright again, had looked too bewitching, shining out of the pale pink hood—a hood that had been lent her by Basil's fair friend; and Herr von Heilmann had looked too kindly upon that little face.

Annie heard the question, and she heard the answer, paternally grave, stern in its earnest repression of any light comment, such as that on which the Countess had before ventured.

"A favourite little pupil of mine—a dear child of whom my mother is very fond."

Then Annie could hear no more, and could therefore attend to Basil. He was saying—

"Your music-master's wife is a very lovely creature; but do you know, I think she is of a jealous temper. I think she is jealous of you, Annie. I saw her watching you perpetually, and she didn't seem to like his stopping to speak to you. The music-masters must have a fine time of it in this place. That woman looks like a born coun-

tess at least, and her dress and jewels were magnificent."

"She is a 'born countess,' Basil; the Countess Rosalie von Thauenwald."

"Not Herr von Heilmann's wife?"

"Not Herr von Heilmann's wife."

"A widow?"

"Yes."

"She wishes to be his wife then, I should say."

CHAPTER VI.

Annie hardly slept that night, the day had been one of so much excitement. She was up and in the music-room with the first light of morning. It was piercingly cold, and the stove was not lighted. For a long time it was in vain that she tried to get the stiffness out of her fingers.

As the clock struck eight, Herr von Heilmann came, the morning fog thickly beading his mustache and beard. Annie's music was open before her, seeing which he said "Good," and she began at once.

He hardly had occasion to interrupt her. When she had finished, and turned to him timidly, she was met by a smile, very slight, but kind and encouraging, and the words—"Right industriously studied."

That was praise enough to make Annie brighten all over. Herr von Heilmann was chary both of praise and blame, a man of few words. How well Annie remembered the first time she had played to him, and the mingled despair and ambition—despair of all her present ambition for the future—of which that first lesson had left her full.

After letting her play through the Sonata of Beethoven's which had been her ambitious choice then, he had said, with a grim smile—

"All that should be quite otherwise. Put it aside for the present; later you may be able to understand it."

To-day Annie felt that her mas-

ter was, on the whole, content with her; indeed, when the lesson was ended, he said as much.

Then Annie tried to thank him for his "great goodness" in sparing her an hour when he was, she knew, so fully occupied. She spoke rather blunderingly, and before she had finished what she had meant to say, she stopped suddenly, for she saw something in the listening face that made her fancy she was paining or displeasing her master. When she stopped, Herr von Heilmann continued silent for a moment. He had risen to go, and stood leaning one hand on the piano; his eyes, contracted in that manner peculiar to him, looked past Annie out of the window behind her, and he gnawed the ends of his mustache with an air of somewhat grim meditation.

"My mother gave to you, Fraulein, the message I left with her for you?" were his first words. He paused, so Annie answered "Yes," in a voice scarcely audible, but which he caught.

"I think you can hardly have understood my message, or can hardly have given me credit for sincerity, if you talk of my 'great goodness' for you, because in so simple a matter I do not choose to see you treated with injustice. I remind you of that message this morning, Fraulein, and beg you to credit its sincerity, because I now have a message to deliver from my

mother to you. I demand your permission to repeat a word of warning from her to you on a subject which only one accredited as a friend, in a full sense, could be allowed to touch."

Annie flushed and trembled, but managed somehow to express that she was proud to have him for a friend, ready to listen to him or to his mother on any subject on which they wished to speak.

"I know not the custom in your England, *Fraulein*"—he spoke with hesitation, studiously avoiding to look at Annie's face, while some heat tingled into his own—"but here, in Germany, a young girl—*Ein junges Mädchen*—does not before her betrothal appear in public alone with— In short, to you, my *Fraulein*, a word is enough. I would not have allowed myself this freedom in addressing you had not the matter seemed to me urgent, and had I not known that the *Fraulein Grösse* neglects her duty towards you in many respects. Have I your forgiveness?"

Their eyes met now; his face betrayed the greater embarrassment, though hers was working with emotion.

"No," was her first word. She had meant to explain it by saying how strongly she felt his kindness—had even meant to explain the truth, though in her heart was a painful consciousness of the *Gräfinn Rosalie*, and a painful doubt as to whether it would not be more generous to her master to leave him in error; but these things were hardly recognised, and truth-speaking was a necessity of her nature. At that moment, just as that "no" had been uttered, *Fraulein Grösse* entered the room. She had only just heard of Herr von Heilmann's presence in the house, and entered in a state of great excitement as to what it could mean.

Herr von Heilmann's explanation was as brief and frigid as was consistent with his invariable courtesy. *Fraulein Grösse* escorted him from the room and across the hall,

half-deafening him with her exclamations about his great goodness. Having closed the door behind him, she passed into the empty refectory, and, pacing up and down, took counsel with herself. Should she or should she not dismiss Annie?—could she afford this gratification of her rage?—finally, would it be any gratification? What resource would then be open to the girl other than that of taking refuge with Frau von Heilmann, and to what might not that lead? This cousin—who she didn't believe was a cousin at all—if he would but take Annie off her hands! She must wait, she decided; wait and see if he showed any intention of doing so, meanwhile throwing the two together as much as possible.

Herr von Heilmann had forgotten one of his gloves—it lay upon the floor. Annie did not notice it till a few minutes after he had left; she looked to see what it was she trod under her foot. Then she lifted it up, audibly expressed her sorrow that she had trampled upon it, shook the dust of the not yet swept floor from it, smoothed and stroked it; touched it with her cheek, finally with her lips; then, as the door behind her opened, she started guiltily, hid it under her little apron, turned and faced Herr von Heilmann: he had come to seek it.

What could she do? She had thought him already out of reach, or she would have sent after him. For a musician's hand to be gloveless in that climate on such a morning was no light matter, and Herr von Heilmann, she knew, inherited his mother's complaint—was often disabled by rheumatism. Then for so dear a hand to suffer through her fault! What could she do? While she thought, Herr von Heilmann, after a rapid glance round the room, a word explaining what he sought, retired gloveless.

When the door had closed, Annie drew the treasure from its brief hiding-place and ran after him. She held it to him without a word;

he took it with only a bow. Did he suspect anything? No; he was far too grandly simple. He merely thought it strange he should have overlooked it.

Annie could eat no breakfast that morning, and again that night she had no sleep. She kept thinking over all that she wished she had said, fretting herself that she had not said it. She wondered, "If he had known that I kissed his glove, what would he have said? How would he have looked?" What would he have thought of her if he had known that, when he was in the house, she crossed the hall oftener than there was any need, just for the chance of being able, unobserved, to lay her hand with a caressing touch upon his fur coat? If he had seen her, once when she had found it thrown upon the ground, hold it a moment in her arms, burying her face in its soft warmth before she reverently restored it to its proper place?

Had Herr von Heilmann known these things, he might perhaps have hardly found them to his taste, but it is difficult to say how this would have been. He had on some subjects "old-fashioned" and "peculiar" notions. His ideal of womanhood he placed upon a pedestal; before it men were to bow down and worship. But the true knight-errantry in him modified the somewhat cold chivalry. A poor little

friendless girl like Annie could hardly be put upon a pedestal for distant worship; if she was, she would feel herself placed in a very comfortless position. Did he not know this instinctively, and long to give her a warmer and lowlier place? When he sat beside her, formal, courteous, kind, was not this longing often very strong within him?

Perhaps Herr von Heilmann was one of those men who, through their own high manhood, are enabled in their manner of loving unconsciously to combine the worshipful reverence, which the ideal of womanhood inspires in them, with the tender, protective tolerance for which the faulty weakness of the individual woman so largely calls. When the man loves in this sort, with what manner of loving can the woman most fitly answer his love?

Should not her life be one *unconscious* effort, by the intense and utter humility of her love and the religious devotion of her life, to raise herself towards less unworthiness of the higher and more abstract, while she is warmed, fed, and cherished by the dearer and more familiar half of this twofold devotion? And is it unbeautiful that an unreasoning fidelity of allegiance should endow with something of the dearness of the man who so loves her, all things that are or have been his?

CHAPTER VII.

"Do not expect much from it, my mother—not much fame or praise that will reach me in this world." Herr von Heilmann leant on the window near his mother's chair, which he had placed on her favourite estrade in the brief wintry sunshine of the afternoon. It was the time of day when he always spent an hour with her. She had been talking of his opera—the labour of the best part of the last fifteen years of his life; a subject of which all the musical public of

Wüstestadt was talking also, for it was now to be produced very shortly.

"Not that I call it 'music of the future;' to that school I do not, as you well know, belong. Neither do I say that I think it has little merit. Had I thought so, I could not have laboured at it as I have done; I would not produce it as I am about to do. But its merit is of a quiet order, consistent and maintained. It is a result of much deep and vivid musical thought, focussed by intense concentration of purpose,

and worked out with that 'patience' which one of your favourite French authors says is but another word for genius; and the possession of which is, perhaps, my only claim to the possession of genius. It has few, if any, "beauties" to become popular in the concert or reception room. The harmony of just balance and fair proportion is not the beauty that will take the public. I have done what I could towards making it a perfect work of art; and, having striven so hard, I must have attained to something, though only Heaven knows how far I have fallen short of my ideal. And now, this is my prophecy concerning it—mark, my mother, and see if it prove false—that it will fall flat; be, in fact, as regards its reception by the public, a failure. A few musicians and a few musical critics will recognise 'a something' in it of solid and ingrained merit, and the musical papers, those whose editors have not sworn allegiance to the new school, will here and there timidly suggest for it another hearing, while deploring that the stiff-necked classicality of its composer has hindered him from bowing in anything to the popular taste. So much for its present fate. As years go on it will be given another and another trial; and in the end, when I have long been dead, it will win for itself quiet recognition, and take its place among standard works of acknowledged merit."

"And if, Mr. Gottfried, you expect no more than this, why all the labour of so many years?"

"I have done the work I felt called on to do in the way that it was truest to myself to do it; with the rest I have no concern."

"But if, my son, by a slight concession to the populace, you could have given them a work not beyond the possibility of their comprehension, and yet far enough beyond any practice of their lives to be for their raising and ennobling?"

"Mother, the artist should work

only towards his ideal, looking neither before nor after, to the right nor left, straining towards it with every nerve and sinew. God only knows how far short even then he ever falls. As to results, with them he has nothing to do; they are in higher hands."

"You may be right in all, Gottfried; probably you are. I did not expect you to flash out upon the people like a firework and dazzle them half-blind; but I had hoped more than you tell me I shall see realised. If it is to be as you say, so best. Only, Gottfried, the old mother feels it a little hard; her greedy heart craves a little glory for her son." Gathering tears choked Frau von Heilmann's voice; they came hardly and stingingly to one who so seldom wept; and at the sight of them her son was greatly moved. Stooping before her, he kissed one hand and then the other, one cheek and then the other, murmuring—

"Mother, my mother, I beg of thee" (*Mutter, meine Mutter, ich bitte dich*). The words were nothing; the tone, of such deep and strong tenderness, was everything.

With a fervent blessing she flung her arms round his neck. Then she loosed him, pushed him away. "The old woman grows childish," she said, and resumed her knitting, while he resumed his former position, leaning in the window—savouring the bitterness failure would bring him in her disappointment.

It was some little time before the silence was broken; then it was by Frau von Heilmann asking sharply, "What ails my son?"

While her fingers had plied her needles, soothing him by the familiar click-clack, her eyes had watched his face; and now she saw the contraction of the brow and the twitch of the mouth, which she understood right well.

"What ails my son?" she asked again, as he did not directly turn towards her, or answer. "What did you see? Whom are you watching?"

"The Fraulein Gresham passed

down the garden avenue with her friend, the young Englishman of whom I told you."

"Alone with him?"

"Yes."

"You cautioned her, as I bade you?"

"I did."

"Then she's a worthless, headstrong girl."

"Softly, my mother. I am pained by her imprudence, but she is hardly to blame. Fraulein Grösse drives her to the alternative of choosing between the society of her friend and the observance of foreign conventionalities. A girl too simple, sincere, and pure to be a prude, could hardly hesitate."

"Gottfried, you think she loves him, the young Englishman?" There was a twinkle of amusement in the mother's eye, a suppressed chuckle in her throat.

"I think so. I think, too, mother, that it is well she should. His is a trustworthy face: you may believe I studied it the first time I had the opportunity—that night at the opera: he is her own age, and of her own country. I often pitifully remember her answer once, long ago, when I ventured to ask her, seeing her look sad, was she home-sick; she said she did not know, she felt like it; but she did not see why she should have home-sickness, having no home in this world to be sick for. He will marry her, and take her home. Think of the dearness one's own tongue must have, heard in a foreign land—a dearness communicating itself to whoever hears it. It is hardly likely he will not make her love him. I have much doubt if she would be happy sharing our life, my mother. It seems natural and right that she should pine for her own land and her own people. I am grave

and harsh, old enough to be her father almost; sometimes I think she is afraid of me. It will be best that she should love this young Englishman, and return to her own land."

"And you, my son? It is then with you—as I think the child suspects" (these words hardly audible)—"pity, paternal kindness—no more?"

"Your humour is somewhat mocking to-day, mother," Herr von Heilmann returned, with a glance of surprise. "With me and with you it will be as it has always been," he said, sadly. "I have my mother, I have my art; and you, you have your son; it will be with us as it has always been."

"Unless, indeed," said the mother, with a little scornful laugh, "the beautiful widowed Gräfinn should forcibly take possession of my son and leave me nothing. Well, Gottfried, the old woman thinks her own thoughts, hopes her own hopes, and waits to see them realised. I shall have a daughter yet, and not a Gräfinn!"

"Your temperament is sanguine, mother."

"In that it is most unlike my son's."

A long pause.

Then Herr von Heilmann said, "Both her betrothal and her wedding must take place here, my mother; she has no other friends."

"Both shall take place here, then; if my son wills it, it must be so."

"I think, mother, if she does not come soon to see you, you had better send for her. There are many things of which it will be well that you should talk with her. She does not look well or happy; perhaps, the poor child, she is tormenting herself about her duty."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE END.

A few days later Annie was kneeling before Frau von Heilmann caressing her hands, with the

words, "Once again, at last. I thought the time would never come. It was very good of you to send

for me; unless you had, I could not have got to you, and it seems so long, so long that I have not seen you."

"But Annchen has found time to walk and take her pleasure with other friends!" the old woman answered, with some asperity. Then she took the small face between her hands, and her tone was softer as she said, "But my little one has not thriven upon her pleasure. What have these eyes been doing, child?" She might well ask; they had wept themselves very dim. "And what has your heart been doing, to make the poor cheeks so wan?"

"Breaking, perhaps," answered Annie, the words seeming to burst out unawares. Just then Herr von Heilmann entered, and Annie sprang up in visible, plainly visible, agitation.

"Gottfried will not stay long," said the mother; "he is very busy to-day with the rehearsal—for that he has put off all his lessons; but he means to give you yours here in the evening—that is why I sent for you. The time is short now before the grand event, Annchen, you know."

"Yes," murmured Annchen.

Having seen her seated, Herr von Heilmann took up his usual position, leaning in the window, so appearing as if he had some intention of remaining.

"Fraulein Gresham will honour me by being present on the first night?" he asked, after he had answered a few questions of his mother's about the one topic of all importance to her. "The first night may be the last," he added.

Annie was silent.

"You have a correct judgment, a pure taste, and a truthful tongue, Fraulein." He smiled as he named the last qualification. "I shall greatly value your unprejudiced opinion of my work."

"You do not think of being present?" he asked, in a colder tone, as Annie still remained silent.

Then she looked up into his face,

"If you will find me any little

hole to creep into!" she began, with a flash of enthusiasm. Then she let her eyes fall, and explained in a quiet tone, "Fraulein Grösse says she cannot possibly find room for me."

She did not tell him that she had offered a year's salary for a ticket, and had, before Basil's departure made her again a prisoner, rambled over the town trying to procure one.

"Of course I have reserved places for my friends," Herr von Heilmann answered, the pleasant light shining in his eyes again. "If you will honour me by accepting tickets for three of these places for yourself and two friends."

"You are too good!" cried Annie; "it did seem so hard not to be able to hear it!" she said, turning to the mother. "But I can only use one ticket. I have no friends. My cousin is gone to England, to be at home at Christmas."

These words, "England," "home," "Christmas," together with the thrill of joy that had been such a revulsion from the other thoughts filling her mind, were too much for Annie to-day; having uttered them in a choked voice, she burst into tears. There was so much pain in the poor little heart which could not be wept away, that grief such as tears could reach *would* pour itself out.

"Your cousin has left. You are alone again!" Herr von Heilmann said, pityingly. Then, as he saw Annie's tears, and heard her convulsive sobbing, he moved to her side. He restrained himself, however, so far as to do no more than lay his hand lightly on her head, murmuring "Poor child! poor lonely little one!" Then, with the words, "Comfort her, mother—you best can; be very kind to her," he left the room.

Annie now flung herself at the mother's feet, and buried her face in her lap.

Frau von Heilmann stroked her hair caressingly, but said nothing. It was Annie who first broke the

silence. Lifting up her head suddenly, she asked—

"Does he think I am crying because Basil my cousin is gone?"

"It is likely enough he does, my little one!"

"No matter," murmured Annie, drying her eyes and trying to choke back her sobs; "perhaps it is better he should think so. But do *you* think so?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Tell me, is it so?"

"No, no, no," sobbed Annie. "I began to cry, because—because I am so lonely, so miserable; because I could not help it. The thought of England and home, at this Christmas time, makes my heart sicken and sink. Last Christmas it was different; I had not then lost all. Was it wrong? Are you angry? My crying can do no harm. Is he angry?"

"It pained him, child; it pained Gottfried. If you knew him as I do, if you loved him as I do, you would think that was harm enough."

"I do think so—I will not do it again; but—" She paused, then with a great effort she said, "It was not only to have my lesson that you sent for me to-day—you are going to tell me something; but I know it—I think I know it."

"If so, we will speak of something else—of you, of your cousin. He comes back again soon, I suppose—when, child? When he is here again, there must not be so much rambling about together—you must bring him here. Gottfried wishes it. Your friend must not be a stranger here. And then the betrothal—there must be one in our country fashion. It shall be here; Gottfried says so. He will be to you as father, friend, brother."

"Are you—is he—trying to break my heart?" cried Annie. She sprang up in a blaze of indignation, but it soon passed; she sank down again and moaned, "Forgive me. He is very good; you are very good. It is only I—" She wept again, and so convulsively

now that Frau von Heilmann strove earnestly to soothe her.

"My child! my poor little one! speak to me. Trust me, tell me all!"

"I must—I must speak, I must tell you, or my heart will burst," gasped Annie. "Oh, I love him, I love him, so dearly, so dearly! I know it; now it is too late."

"Too late," echoed Frau von Heilmann, and over her face gathered a cloud. She spoke abstractedly as she said, "Too late! I do not suppose it is too late. Patience, child. He is gone, you say, but he will write; if he is worth having, he will ask you again. Patience, child. So he asked you, and you refused him; and now he is gone, your heart goes after him; for this I do not see that it need break." In spite of herself, her tone was hard and taunting. After her confession Annie had hidden her burning face; now she raised it, and its perplexity lightened that of Frau von Heilmann.

"You speak of your cousin. Is it not so, my child?"

"No," answered Annie. "It is best, perhaps, you should not understand. I ought not to have spoken, but you bade me, and my heart is so full. Let me go now, and—and—"

She tried to rise, but the old woman's hands, pressing heavily upon her shoulders, held her down.

"You did not speak of your cousin? Töchterchen, is it Gottfried?" The mother bent down, and the last words were whispered in the girl's ear.

"Yes, yes, yes. But I know, oh I know it is too late. I wish, I wish I had not told you. I hope he will be happy; I will pray to God to make him so. She is so beautiful, and she looks kind and good."

"Of whom are you speaking, you poor child? And what do you mean by 'knowing it is too late'? And if you love Gottfried, who loves you, what are you breaking your poor heart about?"

"Is it not true then? Is it not

this you sent for me to tell me? Then, what *have* I done? Fraulein Gröppe told me that——"

"That?"

"That your son, my master, would in a few months be married to the Gräfinn Rosalie von Thanenwald. That the betrothal was to be at Schloss Thanenwald, on the first day of next year."

"A lie, a cruel lie! It is this the eyes have grown so dim, the cheeks so wan about. Blessings on them, Annchen mein; his mother has been hard upon you, vexed with you, that you tried him and pained him, and would not at once own that you loved him: his mother has been hard upon you. But, Töchterchen, you are, and will be, my Töchterchen. He loves you; not only as you fancied, poor little one, out of pity and kindness, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice, does he desire to marry you, but he loves you with all that is best in love. His heart opens and closes with difficulty, my Annchen: somehow you, the little stranger woman, got into it, and you are there for ever."

"He cares for me, for me! Oh, Mütterchen, are you quite, quite sure?"

"For you, and, in the same way, for no other."

"But—he seemed so ready to give me up, so pleased—what did that mean?"

"Ready he was, pleased even, because he thought you would so be happier. It means that he does not love with the self-seeking passion some men call love, but with a love, the strongest desire of which is the good and happiness of what he loves. Yes, he was ready to give you up, so far as to be to you only a brother, a friend—whatever you most needed. But, as I said, you are in his heart for ever. Oh, he is good, he is noble, is my Gottfried. Thank God for his love, my daughter."

"Mother, I will. I will, mother. I do, I will—all the days of all my life."

"Gottfried!" the mother called,

thinking she heard a movement in his room.

Annie buried her face in the mother's lap.

Herr von Heilmann obeyed the summons. Did Annie ever forget how each step of his, as he came towards them, echoed in her heart? What she felt was like dying into another life, she thought—dying from a dull, cold, loveless world, into a world of love.

"Take this child, this little daughter of mine," Frau von Heilmann said. "Take her; she has been here long enough. Take her away, I say; she wearies me."

"Mother!"

"Take her away, I say," she reiterated in mock anger, while the tears began to stream down her face. "She is more yours than mine: why should I have all the burden of her? Take her; she wearies me."

Herr von Heilmann paused beside the little prostrate figure, and perused his mother's face.

"He does not believe his own old mother! Töchterchen, look up; speak to him."

Annie looked up: she spoke to him, but only with her eyes. It was enough. He bowed down before his mother: the trembling hands were laid upon their heads: by both that blessing was felt to be the true betrothal.

Afterwards he tried to lift Annie from the ground. First she turned, and, bending low, laid her face upon his feet; afterwards she let him do with her what he would.

Frau von Heilmann nodded approval.

"Right, right, my daughter," she said. "Gottfried, for that you shall not chide her. Right, right, Annchen, true daughter of mine. 'A vos pieds et dans vos bras.' When I was a young woman, and I was thought to be a right proud one, I set my pride on this, that no man should ever hold me in his arms, whose feet I did not feel that I could kneel and kiss. I did not marry very early. He was rather

long in coming,—the man towards whom I could feel thus. He did come, however, and he was your father, my son—a father of whom my son is almost worthy.”

When Herr von Heilmann's opera was produced, it fared a little better than he had prophesied for it, yet not much. But it was well given, and he saw and heard it with his little betrothed bride at his side—his little betrothed bride, whose heart he now knew to be so wholly, so humbly, so wonderingly his; to whom his love was all-sufficing; who walked softly in the light of the new knowledge of its depth and strength, feeling that it made all places holy, all life sacred.

To a man the happiness of love cannot, and should not, be all-sufficing as to a woman; yet to Herr von Heilmann it was very full and satisfying, making him feel that he could afford to bear all things, even to the disastrous damning with faint praise of his timid friends. He was calmly content; not that his work should die and be forgotten, but that it should bide its due time for such recognition from posterity as its intrinsic merit could justly claim; happily not sharing the opinion of the French cynic, who pronounced—*“La postérité n'est pas autre chose qu'un public qui succède à un autre.”*

As for Frau von Heilmann—the

little one, as she is called in Wüstenstadt, happy still to need some such distinctive title—let any who can doubt of her happiness: the writer of this bit of her story is not one of that number! She is by no means an idle little woman; she is proud to share her husband's labour, happy to know that she lightens it. Annie had played, and played wonderfully well, at that school-concert in her maiden days. Frau von Heilmann has played to larger and more critical audiences, some few times, when he has been incapacitated by sudden attacks of his winter enemy, fulfilling for her husband his engagements to play in public.

On one of these occasions the writer of this small portion of her story last saw her. It was a pretty and pleasant sight; for beside the lovely little child-like woman, whose small fingers did marvels of delicate and intelligent execution, stood the husband, stiff and soldierlike, following the movements of those fingers with unremitting attention; and when all was over it was to him she turned, looking up into his face with eyes that asked plainly as eyes could speak—*“Master, have I done well? Husband, are you pleased with me?”* The answer of his face left nothing doubtful. It was easy enough to see how completely Annie was mistress of the heart of him she still loved, honoured, and revered as her *Master*.

A LETTER FROM SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

NO. II.

It was exactly a month before the Austrian and Prussian armies crossed the Eider, that I found myself performing that historical operation at Rendsburg. Contrary to my expectation, I crossed it without opposition. It is true that, inasmuch as the Eider was frozen over from one end to the other, a solitary invader might enter Schleswig in spite of the whole Danish army; and so probably they made a merit of necessity, and pretended not to care who entered and who left the province. Considering the critical state of the relations of Denmark with Germany at the moment, I was much struck with the enlightened and civilised treatment which the traveller met with on both sides. Although pontoon-trains were rumbling through the streets of Rendsburg, and engineers were taking the preliminary steps to erecting batteries which should command the Kronewerke, and the town was full of Saxon and Hanoverian troops, and every outward indication was in favour of a speedy outbreak of hostilities, not the slightest suspicion attached to those who crossed or recrossed the frontiers. A drawbridge not twenty yards long separated the German from the Danish sentry; every time they paced it they almost met in the centre. At one end of the bridge floated the German, at the other the Danish, flag. Groups of Danish soldiers inspected groups of German soldiers, at twenty yards apart, as prize-fighters do before the fight begins; and the peaceable inhabitants of the town came to look at the combatants eyeing each other. One seemed to be standing on a volcano with a very thin crust indeed. Observing people pass both sentries unchallenged, I followed the example, and in two minutes found myself in Schleswig.

Soldiers, with the little red-and-white cockade of Denmark in their caps, were far more occupied, it seemed to me, in making preparations to resist the expected attack than their opponents were in carrying out their aggressive works.

Two strong lines of palisades, loopholed for musketry, flanked the bridge; and an erection of some description, the nature of which I could not exactly discover, was in progress on a commanding position. The Kronewerke is the *ête-de-pont* on the Schleswig side of the bridge which crosses the Eider; there are a few buildings used for barracks near it, and in a semicircular form surrounding it is the district claimed by Holstein, and which contains six villages, in most of which, at the moment of my visit, Danish troops were billeted. It was then reported to be the intention of General Hake, commanding the Federal army of execution, to summon the Danish General to evacuate the position; and the Danish General having announced his determination not to comply with this summons, a conflict was considered imminent. It did not ultimately take place, because the Federals were not in sufficient force, and the Saxon General did not wish to summon either the Prussian or Austrian contingents to his assistance. The jealousy which then existed between the Federals and the armies of the Great Powers, and which has gone on increasing ever since, might have been exasperated with immense advantage to the Danes at this early stage of the war.

It was never properly understood in this country that both the Federal-German army and the Danish army had a common enemy which they hated more even than they hated each other, and this was the Prussian army. They both had the

same policy in one respect, and this was to keep their quarrel to themselves, and not to allow the two Great Powers to interfere with overpowering force, and settle the matter offhand in their own sense. It is most probable that, had Prussia and Austria never meddled in the affair, the Germans and Danes would have been still fighting out the matter with pretty equal chances of success; but the moment those two absolute Governments were permitted to take the affair in hand and settle it according to treaty, they obtained the control of the situation, and the power of abusing to an unlimited extent the confidence reposed in them.

After an unmolested exploration of the Kronewerke, I returned to Holstein by way of the railway bridge. Here, too, German and Danish sentries were keeping amicable guard, and on each side the river expanded into a sort of lagoon, covered with ice, on which boys were skating; and firmly frozen-in were the small craft which represented the maritime commerce of Rendsburg. Although trains were running regularly at this time from Rendsburg to Schleswig, I preferred making the journey in an open wagon, partly for the sake of seeing the country, and partly for the convenience of being able to choose my own hour of starting. Rumbling once more over the drawbridge, we soon found ourselves beyond the limits of the six villages, and traversed a hard frozen road, over which our well-roughed horses made good progress. The fields on each side were covered with a thin coating of snow, and divided with hedges, as in England. Farmhouses were few and far between, and villages, or more properly hamlets, very rare. In the first one through which we passed we observed a battery of field-artillery, but soldiers were not moving along the line, and there did not seem any intention to reinforce the troops then occupying the Kronewerke. According to the usual habit of the country,

we stopped at a half-way house, after an hour and a half's drive, for a glass of schnaps and a bait, and then, once more facing the bleak cutting wind, we trundled merrily along, by the light of a rising moon, into Schleswig. On the way we passed the railway junction of Kloster Krug, the scene of rather a sharp combat, a month later, between the Danes and the Austrians; then winding between the low hills crowned with the batteries of the Dannevirke, we entered the long town of Schleswig, and found its single street encumbered with troops, and its not very spacious hotels crowded with officers. We were upwards of an hour vainly trying to persuade inhospitable hotel-keepers to take us in. Being all German in sympathy, they were in no very amiable mood at finding themselves obliged to provide accommodation for their enemies; and it was only after much persuasion that my German companion induced a stanch patriot to turn his two daughters out of their bedroom, and place the accommodation at our disposal. This mark of friendship and confidence warmed our hearts to our host, and he and a waiter with strong political feelings entertained us with an account of their grievances till a late hour. Considering that the room in which we dined was crowded with Danish officers, and that our political conversation was by no means carried on in a subdued tone, I was struck with the proof which this episode afforded of the leniency of the Danish rule. As compared with the tyranny of despotic governments the administration of these provinces by Denmark contrasts most favourably; but unfortunately there is no amount of political liberty which will satisfy the sentiment of national independence, which is in most instances unreasonable; for it may be safely laid down as an axiom, that people would rather govern themselves badly than let other people govern them well. However, I do not mean to imply

by this that Holstein, as a sovereign German duchy separated from Denmark, would not be governed upon liberal and enlightened principles, nor can it be said that the rule of Denmark has been altogether unexceptionable. No doubt many serious grievances have existed: still at such a moment of political agitation the freedom of speech and of action permitted to a population avowedly hostile was remarkable.

We were roused at an early hour the following morning by strains of martial music, and looking out of the window we observed regiments forming in the open space in front of the hotel, and the street already crowded with a train of artillery and ammunition waggons. Every outward indication betokened the confident anticipation of the speedy outbreak of hostilities; and the contrast with the German preparations which were going on at Rendsburg was very remarkable. There, it is true, things looked warlike, but it was in a sleepy, uncertain sort of way: here everything was activity and bustle. The men looked bright and cheery, the officers seemed in high spirits at the prospect of a fight. The laurels of their former campaign were still unwithered; and they believed they would reap a fresh supply whenever the attack from Germany should come. They little thought then that the overwhelming armies of the two great German Powers would be employed to crush them, and rightly judged that, so long as they only had the Federal troops to deal with, their chances of success were not unequal. Finding the battery of artillery bound apparently upon a military promenade, my friend and I followed it upon speculation, passing the old castle of Gottorp, a huge ugly building, like a factory prettily situated. We found ourselves winding along some narrow country lanes, and, afraid that the officer in command of the battery might imagine we were spies, we kept at a respectable distance, scrambling across ploughed fields and over deep-rutted country

roads, until the glitter of bayonets in another direction revealed to us the objects of the promenade. On striking a highroad we found troops moving in large masses into the batteries of the Dannevirke, which crowned the hills we had been ascending. Although we were the only civilians, no notice was taken of us, and we were allowed to explore at leisure this celebrated fortification. As I walked along the covered-ways which connected together the nineteen or twenty separate forts, each bristling with cannon and surrounded by ditches and *chevaux-de-frises*, I thought I saw in prospective the grave of many of the brave men who were now drawn up within its lines in all the display of a grand military review; but even then the inadequacy of the force was apparent to the most unskilled in military matters. The defences of the Dannevirke consist of no less than three different ramparts, one four miles long, one two miles long, and one fourteen miles long. When in addition to this twenty miles of earthwork is added the position of Frederickstadt and the whole line of the Schlei, it is difficult to comprehend why the Danes should ever have seriously thought of making a stand against an overwhelming force, with the troops at their disposal. That a hundred thousand men could make the position impregnable is scarcely to be doubted; and from the earliest times this line of defence has been regarded by the Danes as their natural military frontier. Traditions as far back as the tenth century exist to prove that, even at that remote period, the military instinct of the people had led them to execute a line of defence which the most advanced stage of civilisation should adopt, and render celebrated in the future history of the country. The recent evacuation of the Dannevirke has divested it of that interest which, before the war began, it possessed in the eyes of those who considered that the tide of German invasion would meet here its first

check; but it is perhaps destined to acquire a higher importance in a political than in a historical sense. Sooner or later the question of the division of Schleswig will have to be discussed, and the most favourable arrangement which Denmark can anticipate, will be a final separation from Holstein and the strip of Schleswig which lies to the south of the Dannevirke. Even then a large German population will be annexed violently to a people they detest; but if Denmark is to exist at all, the sentiments of a certain proportion of Schleswigers will necessarily be outraged. It may be broadly asserted that one third of the population are decidedly German, and will be contented with nothing short of an absolute separation; one third German, but not so decidedly as to reject the compromise of a personal union; and the remaining third is more or less Danish, and is satisfied with the present condition of things. It is evident that, when we come to discuss the best frontier, we must consider the military as well as the national question, and endeavour to find a line which shall afford Denmark a frontier valuable in a strategical point of view, even though at the sacrifice of the principle of nationality to a limited extent. The natural frontier of Denmark is the Dannevirke, although it embraces a German population; just as the natural frontier of France is said to be the Rhine, in spite of the multitude of Germans who would, in the case of "a rectification," find themselves French subjects. If we cannot induce Germany to accept this line, which nature seems to indicate as the limit of Europe—for the waters of the North Sea and the Baltic can almost be made to meet across the peninsula at this point—the alternative which will force itself upon Denmark will be a Scandinavia. This solution, which would have been a final and most desirable one upon the conclusion of the war of 1849-50, is now rendered impossi-

ble to us by the disastrous treaty of 1852, whereby we are bound in honour to maintain King Christian upon the throne of Denmark. By the ratification of the Diet of Copenhagen, his title as King is a sound and valid one; and just as he can under no pretence be considered Duke of Holstein, because the formalities necessary to his title have never been gone through in the duchy, so, on the other hand, in the kingdom, where no formality has been left unaccomplished, are we bound by the letter of our treaty. The dynastic tie which exists between the throne of this country and that of Denmark will render it more congenial to the nation to adhere to its obligations in this regard than if the occupant of that throne were a stranger; but we shall not the less have reason to regret a treaty which has involved us in complications in which our interests were in no way concerned, and imposed upon us duties of a very onerous and trying character. It may be that the Danes themselves may take another view of their interests should the kingdom be limited by a line of frontier across Schleswig, and desire that fusion with the northern kingdoms which it is well known both France and Sweden consider inevitable. It will be time enough when that contingency arises to decide upon the best course to be pursued. In the meantime, we are certainly bound to prevent intrigues on the part of those Powers who signed the treaty for the creation of a Scandinavia, and the best way to thwart any such design would be by discovering a line of frontier that would satisfy the Danes, and leave the Germans no cause to complain. Questions of this kind must generally find their ultimate solution in a compromise; and if the kingdom of Denmark is to be preserved at all, it will only be by the instant abandonment of Holstein and this lower strip of Schleswig. The only fear is that the day of compromises is gone by. There can be little doubt that some

months ago both parties might have been forced into accepting such an arrangement. To me the Dannevirke was interesting on both grounds; first, because I thought it would be the scene of a bloody fight; and, secondly, because I regarded it as the final limit of Germany. At that time there was no question of an Austro-Prussian invasion, and it did not seem improbable that the Danish army would be able successfully to resist the troops of the Confederation alone. Indeed, the best chance for Denmark was that the Diet should precipitate matters, and that hostilities should commence between Germany and Denmark against the will of the two great Powers. This course of events proved the salvation of Denmark in 1849-50, when Prussia came in at the eleventh hour, and, as the Germans and Holsteiners allege, betrayed them to Denmark. There can be no doubt that the vehement pressure exercised upon Germany, which repressed the violent policy popular with the masses, and substituted for the vacillating Confederate action consequent upon it, the strong combined operations of Austria and Prussia, was most unfortunate for the Danish cause. Neither the King of Bavaria nor Mr. von Beust would have had the courage to invade Jutland if the conduct of affairs had been left to them and their colleagues. If Prussia and Austria have been guilty of inexcusable violence in entering Jutland, they have outraged the constitution of Germany in a manner still more reprehensible; and there can be little doubt that the day will come when they will be punished as severely for invading the rights of Germany as the territory of Denmark.

I cannot say that, standing on the crisp snow which covered the heights of the Dannevirke, and looking on the proud array of men drawn up behind its intrenchments, I anticipated that in less than two months they would be struggling

for bare life in Jutland. I have seldom seen an army which looked more business-like and full of fight; nor, it must be admitted, have they shown themselves wanting in any of the finer qualities of a soldier. Numbers alone have driven them to their last intrenchments, and the want of numbers alone compelled them to evacuate the strong position they were now holding. In a plain on the extreme right were drawn up the cavalry, and behind the batteries upon the heights were massed the artillery and infantry. About mid-day the King, surrounded by his Staff, and accompanied by the Crown-Prince and the unfortunate General de Meza, who has since had reason to regret that he ever had any connection with the Dannevirke, rode along the line; but previous to his arrival, a general order, in the patriotic sense, was read by the colonels to each regiment formed into square. Then the King himself passed them in review, and addressed to each division a few stirring words, which were received with cheers and every appearance of enthusiasm. It was an interesting and exciting spectacle, not so much on account of the display itself, as from the political significance which attached to it. It was a hard day's work scrambling over the stiff half-frozen ground from one battery to another, along the ridges of hills for miles; but we were repaid as well by the good fortune which had led us so opportunely to the spot, as by the lovely view over the town of Schleswig, the broad frozen Schlei, and the wood-crowned hills in rear: and when at last we reached the town hungry and tired, we were more than consoled by our day's work, and gained much interesting information from a young Danish officer, whose sanguine anticipations of the result of the impending hostilities have certainly not been realised. The trains continued to run between Schleswig and Rendsburg exactly as if those two towns were not occupied by hostile armies; and

there was no hindrance to my walking straight out of the Dannevirke down to the booking-office, and being within an hour in the office of General Hake at Rendsburg narrating my experiences, if so it had pleased me. However, the liberality and unsuspiciousness of the Danes were so great, it would have been most unworthy to abuse it; and I went back to Holstein in a reticent frame of mind, with a higher opinion of the Danish army, and of their powers of resistance, than I had before, and with a stronger conviction of the inevitable certainty of a speedy outbreak of hostilities.

As at this crisis in the Danco-German question European diplomacy had taken the complication fairly in hand, and was disporting itself recklessly in its meshes, a residence in Kiel lost a good deal of the piquancy which the popular enthusiasm, and the uncertainty of political events, had imparted to it on the occasion of my first arrival. I got tired of skating out to sea down the magnificent harbour of Kiel, over miles of unsurpassed ice; of listening to canards, which proved oftener false than true; and of getting up in my leisure hours the genealogical tree of the House of Oldenburg. But while Holstein was hushed in the calm which preceded the storm, the Prussian Prime-Minister was arranging some very lively combinations indeed at Berlin. The operations of so skilled an artist could not be other than a profitable study, so I repaired to that extremely dull and pedantic city, and watched with interest the progress of that diplomacy which resulted in the precipitate and unexpected crossing of the Eider. The general impression which prevailed in Berlin just before that event took place was, that it could not possibly come off until the middle of February. Indeed, a review of the army was fixed for the 2d, and announced as publicly as possible, in order that the Danes might be thrown off their guard, and the

crossing effected on the 1st with less chance of opposition. The fact was, that Berlin had been worked up to a martial furor; the military element, which is largely preponderating and highly influential, was burning for distinction. It had found its only development, for many years past, in the tightness of the uniform which, in the mind of the Prussian officer, at once elevates him into a cherub, or some such superior order of being—though it did seem unnatural that, being already provided with wings, they should wish to add spurs. The fact is, that except in the last Holstein war, when they were beaten by the Danes, the Prussians have seen no fighting, and it would have cost even Bismark his place had he attempted to stem the torrent of military ardour which his policy had excited, which carried away society, and which sent even the stalwart Prime Minister whirling down the flood rather faster than he originally intended.

As I found everybody of distinction going to Holstein, and as I had good reason to believe that the public was purposely left in error with reference to the crossing of the Eider, I started off once more to the scene of action, and arrived in Kiel on the night of the 81st of January. The news brought in by the waiter, with coffee, was, that a sanguinary battle had taken place at 5 A.M., and that the Danish army was routed and retreating. This ultimately dwindled down to two shots exchanged and a Dane slightly wounded. But the important fact remained—the Eider had been crossed, and the right thing to do was clearly to cross it also. So thought a knot of friends collected in the street, which, although the hour was early, was already full of gossiping groups; so, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, I found myself, with four eager patriots and an English friend, seated in an open cart of the country, provided with three cross benches, rattling over the hard frozen road as ra-

pidly as a pair of stout nags could drag us.

In an hour we had reached the Eider, which here presented the appearance of a canal rather than of a river, and is spanned by a draw-bridge to allow the passage of boats. The bridge-keeper, who had been accused of spying for the Danes, was already in custody, and his family, grouped around the door of their abode, watched the invading battalions crossing the narrow bridge. Since seven o'clock in the morning, when the leading regiments crossed without resistance, one incessant stream of troops had been pouring into Schleswig, and we arrived just in time to hear the triumphant cheers of the rear-guard as they passed out of one duchy into the other. Soon we overtook the artillery, and our pace was reduced to a walk. The roads were like ice; and the unroughed artillery and cavalry horses slipped about terribly; but every face beamed with animation, and it was easy to perceive in the ruddy youthful countenances of the men, full of hope and eagerness, that they were new to the work. Here were no rugged, furrowed visages, such as betoken a veteran army. The serious business of war was to these men as yet a holiday pastime; laughter and songs rang in the clear frosty air, and our unpretending waggon, with its six "civil" occupants, was the subject of an incessant volley of chaff as we squeezed our way to the front. There was a goodly sprinkling of Kielers on foot, making their way to see the fun; students of the college, with little red caps, trudged along with newspaper correspondents and amateur spectators. The boom of distant cannon sent a thrill down the line as it broke in upon the merriment, and a cart conveying a sick dragoon to the rear gave matters a serious look, for we supposed him to be wounded. Everybody was eager to push on, and a little after mid-day we entered the half-way village of Gettorf. Here the population was in a condition of fran-

tic enthusiasm; the tap-room of the village inn was filled with a noisy multitude of soldiers and country people fraternising, drinking, and singing 'Schleswig-Holstein meer umschlungen.' Flags were waving, and Duke Frederick had been already proclaimed amid the applause of the populace. Taking advantage of a halt in the line, we pushed on through scenery less tame than that through which we had already passed; the country became more undulating, and at one point the road passed through a thick wood, and over a hill which would have afforded a defensible position. Probably the movement on the part of the Prussians had been too sudden to admit of the Danes profiting by it: the firing had long since ceased; indeed, we had only heard one or two shots; but now we met two carriages driving in all haste towards Kiel. These contained the Austrian and Prussian Ministers on their way from Copenhagen. We were also informed that the firing we had heard proceeded, in the first instance, from two Danish war-steamers, which had thus greeted the leading columns of the Prussian army as they debouched from the wood on to the shores of the bay. Except slightly wounding a horse, they did no damage; and on the artillery coming up and opening fire, the wooden ships were compelled to get under weigh; and when we came upon the scene of action they were no more visible. The artillery which had been so recently engaged were in position on a range of hills overlooking the harbour, and two or three round-shot were imbedded by the side of the road which ran along their base. We had now passed the whole of the column which had originally impeded our progress, and drove into Eckernförde in style. As only quite the leading regiments had entered, and were still billeting themselves, we were fortunate enough to find accommodation, but not repose. The town presented a scene

of confusion and excitement perfectly bewildering; the whole population seemed bent upon forcing the Prussian soldiers to share their patriotic emotion. They embraced them, drank with them, sang with them, cheered them, and paraded the streets with them. The population of the town is only about 6000; but they made noise enough for ten times that number. Flags were being hung out in every direction; provident patriots had brought some from Kiel; stripes of red, white, and blue were being hastily patched together, and fluttered from every housetop, except from the mansion immediately opposite the hotel, which was inhabited by a medical man with Danish sympathies—because, as I understood, his practice had been chiefly among Danish employes. However that may be, it spoke well both for Danes and Germans that he should at such a moment have the courage to stand alone. He could not, however, prevent a number of pretty daughters looking out upon, and taking a lively interest in, the animated scene below. For just in front of the hotel popular demonstrations kept going off like fireworks: every now and then a stern officer dashed through the crowd on special service, and scorned to notice the political excitement around him. Probably he had very vague ideas on the subject, and knew as little of the Schleswig-Holstein question as the British public or the officers of the Austrian army, who “wondered how it was that, being in an enemy’s country, the people should all be so civil.” Presently a great crowd gathered at the hotel door, and, forming into a sort of procession, went off to the marketplace singing the national anthem. I followed it, and was chiefly struck by the stern rebukes which respectable citizens administered to any member of the crowd disposed to be too boisterous, and the submissive way in which the more rowdy element received reproof. Still nothing could prevent the triumph of dragging Prussian

soldiers along to assist in proclaiming Duke Frederick; for these simple people seemed to think that Bismark might be touched by this exhibition of sympathy on the part of the Prussian army. The town-hall of Eckernförde is a queer, ramshackle old place, with a broad flight of stone steps leading up to it; and on this the Corporation took its stand; while a band played vigorously, and people shouted themselves hoarse, until the order for silence was given, and a burly burgher addressed his fellow-citizens in a stentorian voice, congratulating them upon the recovery of their ancient liberties, complimenting the Prussian army upon having taken the matter so decidedly in hand, expressing his sense of the obligation they were under to them for rendering possible the proclamation of Duke Frederick, whose name was coupled with many endearing epithets, and was received with most enthusiastic applause. “Finally,” said the speaker, “we have still in the town a rascally Danish Burgomaster, who must be instantly requested to leave; but of course the people will not think of meddling—my colleagues and myself are men enough for the task of ejecting him!” The band then struck up a sacred anthem, and every head was bared, while all joined in the well-known words of the hymn, “God our strong tower.” After which the mob betook themselves again to parading the streets and singing; whilst, curious to see the result of the Burgomaster episode, I inquired where might be the residence of that worthy; and, having found it, lingered in a promiscuous manner at a neighbouring corner. I found a good many other persons similarly occupied; and in a few minutes the late orator and his friends entered the silent mansion, from which, of course, no popular flag was waving, and which was conspicuous from its gloomy aspect. I don’t exactly know what there was to expect. I am half afraid I had thought a stand-up fight possible at the top of the

steps. At all events, I felt rather ashamed of the idle curiosity which tempted me to wait for a report of the interview. It was satisfactory to those interested, as the Burgo-master promised to vacate the premises at 10 P.M.; meantime some citizens were left with him to take over the records. This man had contrived, apart from being a Dane, to make himself extremely unpopular in the province; and many were the stories current of his cruelty and injustice. As, however, I am not aware how far they are to be relied upon, and as whatever may have been his misdeeds he has suffered for them, it will be unnecessary here to repeat them. At a later period of the evening, when I passed the house, I saw two sentries at the door, so that he had applied for protection, fearing some popular ebullition of feeling; but the alarm was groundless. Even the Danes must render justice to the people of both the duchies for the moderation they have displayed in the moments of their triumph. A very primitive description of illumination, consisting simply of candles in all the windows, closed the day's proceedings; but all night singing went on, and once the town was thrown into a state of excitement by the report of the return of the Danish men-of-war in the darkness, for the purpose of bombarding it. As it was understood that the army was to continue its march on the following morning, and that the Danes were to be attacked in a position called Kochendorf, distant only a few miles from the town, we secured a light trap; and, with a pair of wretched-looking nags, started at an early hour in rear of the army. The weather was still cold, but raw and foggy, and the roads as slippery as ever, so that our progress was slow. We were somewhat puzzled, after getting past one division, to meet some batteries which had received the order to countermarch, and none of the officers whom we asked seemed to know the reason. It turned out afterwards that Kochendorf was evacuated, and that

Duke Frederick Charles, rather than return to Eckernförde *re infecta*, had determined to attack Missunde. This necessitated another disposition of troops, and we shortly after came upon the vanguard at some cross-roads, near the village of Kosel, and were brought to a halt. Thinking we should be more independent without it, we left our waggon at this point, and, when the order was given to advance, accompanied the head of the column on foot. Passing through the village, the inhabitants of which were all excitedly collected to witness from afar the coming engagement, I ascended a hill, on which stood a picturesque church, and from the churchyard, filled with spectators, was just able to distinguish with my glass the indistinct forms of the Danish skirmishers. Unfortunately the mist lay so heavy over the landscape that the fortifications of Missunde itself were not visible, and, after leaving the churchyard, we felt very much as though we were groping our way in the dark as we approached the enemy's position. Soon a shot from the Danish batteries enlightened us as to their exact whereabouts, and our artillery was brought up into position, extending itself in the form of a semicircle along the crest of the hill. Fortunately the frost had hardened the surface of the ploughed land across which the guns were to be dragged. The fields were divided by mud banks surmounted by hedges, and pioneers were actively employed cutting gaps through them. These banks afforded very comfortable shelter for amateurs; but the firing was not hot enough to drive one behind them for long. I afterwards understood that no fewer than seventy-four pieces of ordnance were engaged in the bombardment; but I only counted six batteries, and the fire was not kept up with much spirit. In fact, the fog seemed to exercise a depressing influence upon all concerned: our extremities were very cold; but there was not even excitement enough to make one forget one's "poor feet." The unhappy

Danes did not the least know where the infantry was massed, and could only judge what to fire at by the flashes of our heavy guns. The flashes of theirs alone revealed the position of Missunde, and the consequence was that comparatively little damage was done on either side. The enemy's fire was necessarily feeble, as they had but few guns in position; but the sound of shot and shell was evidently new to the young soldiers who composed the Prussian army, and who paid the tribute of respect to a whistling shell common to novices. Once I perceived, advancing dimly through the fog, the line of Danish skirmishers, and thought that some life was about to be infused into the monotonous artillery combat, which had lasted for about two hours: but they halted two fields distant, and retreated in good order, having apparently made themselves acquainted with our position. On the extreme right, picturesquely situated by the side of a small frozen meer, stood a mill; and we determined to explore in that direction, as the fire had slackened on the left. Making a short cut across the ice, which in one or two places had been split with round-shot, we found a regiment of cavalry galloping in hot haste along a narrow lane towards the enemy, and two regiments drawn up in a field, apparently waiting the order for an attack. The Danes had got the range pretty well, and their riflemen were keeping up a well-sustained fire. Though we could not make out the direction from which they came, so thick was the fog, their hissing little messengers went flying about like invisible grasshoppers; and wounded men went scrambling to the rear, or got their comrades to carry them there in their greatcoats; for no stretchers had come up, and ambulances were nowhere to be seen: in fact, nothing could have been worse than the arrangements for the wounded. Now and then one went to the rear attended by quite an unnecessary quantity of comrades; but, on the

whole, the men behaved quite as well as could have been expected of raw troops; and when at last the order came to advance on the intrenchments, they skirmished up with alacrity to within three hundred yards of the enemy, losing in so doing a good many men. The object of the move was to cover the retreat of the artillery. It had never from the first been intended to storm Missunde. As the result proved, this, as well as every other fortification on the line, would inevitably have to be evacuated; and it would have been difficult to have suggested a more useless afternoon's amusement than was provided for the Prussian army on the 21 of last February. It is true that, had the affair not taken place, we should have been deprived of that curious document which emanated from the general commanding in which the artillerymen present are recommended to boast for the rest of their lives of having been "gunners of Missunde." Apart from the terrible bores these men will become, if they follow the advice contained in the general order, it will be seen, from the mild character of the fighting, that there are other reasons why they had better not talk too much about it, more especially as they have done nothing since to eclipse the brilliancy of this day's work. The men with whom I conversed, as we toiled back towards the village, seemed rather mystified, as well they might be, with the whole operation. We had neither achieved a success, nor been repulsed, nor done anything except stand to be fired at throughout the greater part of a raw misty afternoon. And now, the fact that our shells had set fire to some houses in Missunde, which were blazing luridly through the fog, was a poor triumph. Fighting on these terms was not such good fun after all. Though it had not been attended with much danger—for the official list only gave 40 killed, and 180 wounded—we had been the only spectators at all near the front, and we found a cloud of German newspaper correspondents and citizens of Kiel in

the village eager for sensation intelligence, which, under the circumstances, it was difficult to provide. However, a great deal of sanguinary hand-to-hand fighting, which never took place, was reported, with many graphic details, to have occurred in the trenches. The Prussian army was supposed to have covered itself with glory, though, even at this moment of anti-Danish excitement, the anti-Prussian feeling was so strong that there were many present who would have chuckled over any decided reverse which could have happened to the Prussian army.

The little village of Kosel did not promise well for a night's accommodation; the road back to Eckernförde would be impassable for some hours, and it was getting late enough to make us feel nervous at the prospect of a good deal of scrambling and discomfort before we should discover quarters. Fortunately we found our trap with the two rosinantes, and were sitting speculating in what direction to go, when we saw a road leading towards the enemy's position free of all incumbrance. Along this we determined to proceed, in hopes of finding a village unoccupied by troops. There was so much confusion that no one thought of preventing our taking a line which led us straight to the enemy; and in five minutes we had left the din and bustle of the retreating army behind us. There was something startling in the sudden change to solitude; and in about half an hour we began to wonder how far we might be from the nearest Danes. A clean little village, a charming old-fashioned roadside inn, and a group of peasants collected round the porch, was a welcome sight. They raised their hands in astonishment at our appearance, and in deprecation of our venturing any further. The Danes, they said, were not above a quarter of an hour distant, and we had better stay at the inn for the night. The driver, who, like a true patriot, had a cockade in his hat, was recommended to

dispense with that little addition, and he became altogether very *piano* at the unpleasant neighbourhood in which he found himself. If any of the villagers had been spies, we might easily have been made prisoners, had that been worth anybody's while; but, so far from this being the case, the rustics seem to take courage. We were the first "Germans" they had seen. Their faces beamed with joy at the proof which our presence afforded of the reality of a speedy deliverance from their oppressors; and, to my great regret, they began to sing, in subdued voices it is true, that eternal 'Schleswig-Holstein meer umschlungen,' with the air of which by this time I had become disagreeably familiar. The *empressment* of our host and hostess, the alacrity of a neatly-dressed, sprightly Hebe, who lingered in the room a great deal more than was actually necessary, to gossip with us about the Danes, and to hear our news about the battle, made us congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune. While those with the army were lodging in barns, we had a most luxurious inn all to ourselves. And when, after the fatigues of the day, we had discussed an admirably cooked dinner, and drew round the fire, with the usual accompaniments to the digestive process, we thought that there were worse places in the world than Fleckeby, and that it was decidedly pleasanter to be in front of an advancing army than in rear. The line, it must be admitted, is rather a delicate one to hit: for armies in this relative position to each other are constantly performing the process known as "feeling each other;" and if they "feel you" between them the results are not satisfactory. However, there is an excitement in being ahead of everything, which, added to the extra comfort, makes the alternative, even though the risk be added, the most agreeable. We had a long discussion, before "turning in," upon our plans for the morrow, the question being whether it was better to return to

the Prussian army, on the chance of another attack on Missunde, and the crossing of the Schlei, or whether we should not make an exploration towards the Austrian headquarters, on the chance of an attack upon the Dannevirke coming off. We were about an hour's drive from the Dannevirke in our present position; and although our host gave us very precise information as to the whereabouts of the Danes, one was never sure of escaping reconnoitring parties. There is no doubt that, as amateurs, we should have been much better treated in the Danish than in the Prussian army, so that it would have been rather good policy to have "fallen" into the hands of the enemy, had it not involved a return to England by way of Copenhagen, an operation for which I could not afford the time. All our plans were frustrated next morning by the change in the weather. The mists of the day before were succeeded by hurricanes of wind, with a violent beating rain, that made campaigning a most unpleasant occupation. Another attack on Missunde or the crossing of the Schlei was clearly out of the question, so we decided in favour of the left wing. While we were standing watching disconsolately the storm-gusts succeeding each other, the familiar uniform of the Austrian army suddenly turned a corner of the road, and an officer in command of a picket rushed up the steps of our obsequy hostel to find warmth and food. Although, when he gave his orders to the sergeant, his mouth was full of beefsteak, I understood the Italian in which they were conveyed; and he started when, after having allowed him to enter into details, I made a remark in the same language. He had not calculated upon this in a remote corner of Schleswig, and evidently at once set me down as a spy. It was in vain to attempt afterwards to extract a word of information from him. He would neither say where he had come from, where he was going to, which roads were safe, which occupied by the enemy.

The more questions I asked, the more suspicious naturally did he become, and he declined at last even to condole with me on the state of the weather. Getting impatient of inaction, we determined on being storm-stayed no longer; and being assured by our host that the Austrian headquarters were at a village called Lottorf, we ordered our driver to take us there. For more than an hour we followed lanes and cross-roads without meeting a soul: at last I became sceptical about the direction, and we stopped at a hamlet, and were informed that we had passed the turning to Lottorf some time since; that no troops had appeared in the immediate neighbourhood, but that firing had been heard. As whenever hostile armies are at all near each other, firing is always being heard by the country people, whether there is any or not, we did not believe this latter part of the story, and decided, as we had passed Lottorf, not to go back there, but to push on and trust to Providence. It afterwards turned out that, had we gone to Lottorf, we should have gone straight into the Danish lines, as the enemy was holding the position in force. However, in blissful ignorance of this narrow escape, we kept on, still wondering where any army was. We were in the very middle of the position, and could not see a uniform of any kind. It was not until we reached the village of Breckendorf that we observed some Austrian videttes on the hill-tops, and saw men creeping about in the fields reconnoitring. Still we could not believe in the proximity of the Danes, unless, indeed, we had come through them without knowing it. We said as much to the Austrian officer in command, who replied that he did not know what had become of the enemy, and that he was going to call in his scouts. If we could only have suspected that we had actually been passing over ground which in another hour was to be one of the most hotly contested fields of the war, we should

have looked at it with greater interest. If we had left Fleckeby an hour or two later, we should have tumbled into the middle of the battle of Ober Selk; as it was, the villainous weather and the absence of any sign of the enemy induced us to push on to headquarters, in the hope of getting some good information. The difficulty was to find out where headquarters were. Every officer we asked told us a different place; some thought we were spies, others did not know themselves, or pretended they did not; so we found ourselves approaching Rendsburg, simply because there was no other place to go to.

The country through which we had passed since leaving Fleckeby was not devoid of a rugged beauty, and, from its diversified character, formed a pleasing contrast to other parts of Holstein. The hills, though not high, were in places scarped, and granite boulders lay strewn at their base; while here and there we observed tumuli, which had all the appearance of having been artificially constructed. However, we had neither time nor inclination for geological observation. From a military point of view, the country was admirably adapted for skirmishing, and the battle, which took place at mid-day, was a sort of running fight over the hills, the Danes slowly retreating upon the Dannevirke, some five or six miles distant, standing on the hill-tops, and pouring down upon the advancing Austrians destructive volleys of musketry. They disputed effectively one position after another all through the afternoon, the Austrians only achieving their day's success at the price of thirty officers and upwards of 500 men killed and wounded. It was in a narrow lane that we met the division of Gondecourt, on whom this loss was inflicted, marching unconsciously to their fate. We had as little idea as they seemed to have of the bloody work awaiting them; and as regiment after regiment passed, and the officers inquired of us how far it was to their night-quarters, neither they nor we suspected the

long sleep on the hillside that was in store for many of them. At the head of the column rode Gondecourt himself, and splashing through the deep mire after him came regiments of Galicians, Hungarians, and Styrians, the latter with sprigs of pine in their caps. We were obliged to draw up for nearly an hour to let the long train of artillery and transport go by; and as we watched the various nationalities pass, we could not help being struck with the strange political inconsistency which enabled the oppressors to use the oppressed to fight against oppression. It is a curious feature of the Schleswig-Holstein question, that it should have reversed all our positions; and that while the Prussians and Austrians apparently find themselves contending for the cause of nationality, we should so vehemently express our sympathies against it. If the Austrian army, fighting under the red, white, and blue flag, is an anomaly, the desire in England that these colours should be replaced by any other is no less so. The fact is, that we are all under false colours, and unless we take the trouble to understand the foreign political situation, we shall never get right. As long as the British public insist upon confusing the feeling in Germany with the policy of the Prussian and Austrian Governments, they will remain in their present bewildered condition. When it is clearly understood that the two great Powers have merely marched into the Duchies to deprive the populations of their freedom, we shall understand how the emblem of liberty may be waved by the hand of despotism. The invasion of Schleswig-Holstein by these two armies is, in the eyes of the Germans, the invasion of an integral part of Germany by their most detested enemy. Hence it is that every German patriot would have rejoiced in seeing these regiments of Austrian foreigners driven out of the country. The unpopularity of Prussia and Austria in England is certainly not greater than it

is in Federal Germany, but here that dislike is based on their anti-Danish policy in Germany, people see in the military alliance between these two Powers a combination fatal to their liberties, fatal to those aspirations after German unity, which it was hoped might have found its first development in the emancipation of the Duchies from a foreign rule—fatal to expectations raised at the late meeting of princes at Frankfort—fatal, in a word, to the peace of Europe. The real reason that all Germany flung itself, with a violence which astonished the British public, into this Holstein question, was not from any intense devotion to the people of the Duchies, but because they could rally upon it men of very different opinions; and they even hoped to commit the great Powers to a liberal policy by making them follow submissively the dictation of the Frankfort Diet. But the great Powers saw the pitfall in time, and in a common danger found the strongest bond of union. Not from any tenderer feeling than an instinct of self-preservation did they join in a cordial embrace, and band themselves to a crusade ostensibly in favour of the integrity of Denmark, which perplexes the British public, because they do not understand that it is really directed against Germany. The question now is, having completely succeeded in their arbitrary policy, will Germany submit tamely to the subtle violence which has been used against her, or will she be driven in despair into the arms of the French Emperor, and purchase his support at the price of her own liberties, of the Rhine Provinces, and of the peace of Europe. That the Northern Powers look upon such a contingency as imminent, is clear from that Alliance known as "Holy," which has been reformed within the last few weeks, and which is based upon the prospect of a general conflagration.

It will only be in accordance with the intriguing policy of Prussia, if, while pledging herself to a united

action with Russia and Austria, she should be secretly coquetting with the common enemy at Frankfort. The best chance for the peace of Europe lies in the perfidy of those who destroy conspiracies when they are most dangerous by treachery; but, looking at the thunder-clouds which lower over Europe, no one can deny the danger of the storm. Those who think that conferences can avert it, build their hopes upon a very sandy foundation.

Having only the day before been present with the Prussian army, I had a good opportunity of comparing it with the Austrian troops who were now marching past. The difference was sufficiently marked. The youthful, light-hearted Prussian seemed to go into action as a new experience, but did not inspire much confidence in his steadiness; the Austrian, on the other hand, worn and rugged, often brutalised in expression, plodded on like a machine. The Prussian looked intelligent enough to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question: the Austrian looked as if brandy and tobacco constituted the sum total of his ideas; but he was every inch a "professional," the others looked like amateurs. There can be little doubt with which army one would prefer to go into action. How it was we did not hear the firing which took place a short time after we had passed the column we could not make out, so close to it must we have been. However, we pushed on to Rendsburg more for the purpose of dining than anything else; and afterwards having received definite information as to the locality of the headquarters, we started once more along bylanes, which brought us out ultimately on the pretty undulating shores of the Wittenensee, a very considerable lake. By this time it was getting dark, but we were far from the end of our fatigues. Following the somewhat vague directions of a jovial innkeeper, we finally, more by good-luck than good management, discovered the remote hamlet of Damendorf, where General Von

Wrangel had fixed his headquarters; but he and his Staff, having heard the firing, were witnessing the battle which we had missed, and came back late with the news. As there was no corner in which to lay our heads, we had nothing for it but to push on to Eckernförde. Here, again, every table was occupied, to say nothing of the beds. Our horses were incapable of moving another yard, but we determined to struggle on to Kiel, and about midnight were once more *en route* with fresh nags. Our bad-luck this night pursued us; for we met a train of no less than 1500 waggons, conveying stores to the army, and spent the whole night scraping past them, at the constant risk of finding an unexpected bed in a ditch. It was 4 A.M. before I was once more ensconced in a snug bed, after twenty hours spent in an open waggon—the greater number of them in storms of rain or sleet. As we received positive information at Kiel that the grand attack on the Dannevirke was to take place on the following day, we made another night-journey by carriage to Rendsbørg, reaching that town at 8 in the morning, and leaving it again shortly after daybreak in a pitiless snowstorm. We followed the high-road to Schleswig, the same which I had traversed more than a month before, but which, as we soon found to our cost, was no longer free to the traveller. To the Prussian guards which protected the rear of the army was assigned the duty of making war upon Germany, while the front was conquering the Danes. Not even officers of the Federal army in uniform were allowed by these jealous guardsmen to penetrate their lines, and every civilian was regarded either as a Danish spy, or, what was still more odious, a member of the National Verein. We were the first of a series who were subsequently expelled from the neighbourhood of military operations for our political opinions. Not that the intelligent colonel who refused to allow us to pass had the

least idea what our sentiments were, but all Englishmen are, in the eyes of the Yunker, revolutionary, and a danger not merely to society, but even to the discipline of an army. The Prussian officer, as a rule—which, like every other, has brilliant exceptions—prides himself upon being a soldier and nothing else. He generally succeeds to admiration in this limited ambition, so far as his bearing to the rest of the world is concerned; but the fact to some extent accounts for the unpopularity of the class generally. One may affect military precision without allowing it to degenerate into rudeness, and maintain the dignity of one's profession without showing contempt for all who do not belong to it,—all which reflections were suggested to me by the extremely uncivil treatment I received, first, from a colonel, and then from a general, simply because I asked to be allowed to go, as I had done two days before, to headquarters. The elements combining with the colonels to make any connection with the fortunes of the Prussian army most disagreeable, I determined to quit the scene of operations, and, as it turned out afterwards, I missed nothing, for the night I left Schleswig the Dannevirke was evacuated, and up to this time the Prussian army has had no opportunity of distinguishing itself, except by waging an incessant war against newspaper correspondents. For more than a month the Danes have kept their invaders at bay, and in their heroic resistance to a common enemy they have the sympathies and admiration of all Europe. Whatever be the result of the war, the two great Powers can reap no glory from it. If they succeed in maintaining Denmark on the basis of its integrity, they will confer no benefit either on the Holsteiners or the Danes, and have shed much useless blood; if they abandon this principle, they will have made war under false pretences. The antagonism between Federal Germany and Denmark on

the Holstein question was logical and consistent—the treaty of 1852 was never ratified by the Diet, and in some instances protested against by independent sovereigns. A rupture between Germany and Denmark might have been deplorable, but it would have been comprehensible, and the Western Powers would have found it an easy matter to arbitrate between two peoples, both animated by the same aspirations in favour of civil and political freedom; but this formidable combination of the three great northern Powers against the liberties of Europe is a danger no less to Scandinavia than to Germany, and will in all probability precipitate that crisis which it has been formed to prevent. Whatever may be the interests of Russia in the Danish question, Prussia and Austria have effectually succeeded in neutralising the influence of that Power by cordially co-operating with her in measures for the suppression of the Polish insurrection. The cement which binds together this triple alliance is Polish blood, and Russia is now pledged to stand by the two great German Powers in what are called, in diplomatic phraseology, all “eventualities.” Whether Sweden assists Denmark, or Italy attacks Austria, the two Powers may count upon their great neighbour; or if the arbitration of questions is transferred from the sword to the pen, and the scene of operations is no longer in Jutland, but in London, even here, in conference, Russia will be true to her resuscitated alliance, and encourage the two great German Powers to dictate those terms to us which will terminate the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty in the sense they desire. Had we chosen a moment of triumph of our own arms or diplomacy for inviting a conference, we might have anticipated a success, but the time when a strong combination is formed against us, and Prussia and Austria are flushed

with victory (such as it is), hardly seems propitious; and the hesitation of Denmark to consent to come here and be cut up is not incomprehensible. Meantime Prince Gortschakoff and M. von Bismark will vie with each other in the arrogance of their diplomatic tone, and, following to some degree the tactics of the North American generals, who put the negroes in the front to bear the brunt of the battle, while they write heroics from the rear, they will push on the devoted Austria to her destruction. Altogether it is impossible to regard the European “situation” except with feelings of alarm; and it is painful to think that the want of foresight which has induced the whole British nation to rush violently into a particular view of a question which they confessedly did not understand, and which was fraught with such disastrous consequences, not merely to the country they wished to befriend, but to Europe at large, has helped materially to bring about the catastrophe. Those who were in favour of a policy which in this country is stigmatised as German, but which in reality was a policy of compromise, at a time when compromise favourable to Denmark was possible, foresaw but too clearly, from the day of the King of Denmark’s death, the fatal effect of a pro-Danish popular enthusiasm, based on a purely Dundreary view of a most important and complicated question.

It is no satisfaction, where the interests of the country are concerned, that prognostications of evil made then should now turn out true. Better far, like Dr. Cumming, predict things which never happen, and retain thereby a constant hold on the imagination of the reader, than be right in one’s prophecy only to find it fulfilled when the pages which have embodied it are forgotten.



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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART XL.—CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN the door closed upon Lucy and her sister, Mr. Wentworth stood by himself, facing the other people assembled. The majority of them were more surprised, more shocked than he was; but they were huddled together in their wonder at the opposite end of the table, and had somehow a confused, half-conscious air of being on the other side.

"It's a very extraordinary revelation that has just been made to us," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I am throwing no doubt upon it, for my part; but my conviction was, that Tom Wodehouse died in the West Indies. He was just the kind of man to die in the West Indies. If it's you," said the Doctor, with a growl of natural indignation, "you have the constitution of an elephant. You should have been dead ten years ago, at the very least; and it appears to me there would be some difficulty in proving identity, if anybody would take up that view of the question." As he spoke, Dr. Marjoribanks walked round the newcomer, looking at him with medical criticism. The Doctor's eyes shot out fiery hazel gleams as he contemplated the heavy figure. "More

appearance than reality," he muttered to himself, with a kind of grim satisfaction, poising a forefinger in air, as if to probe the unwholesome flesh; and then he went round to the other elbow of the unexpected heir. "The thing is now what you mean to do for them, to repair your father's neglect," he said, tapping peremptorily on Wodehouse's arm.

"There is something else to be said in the mean time," said Mr. Wentworth. "I must know precisely how it is that a state of affairs so different from anything Mr. Wodehouse could have intended has come about. The mere absence of a will does not seem to me to explain it. I should like to have Mr. Brown's advice—for my own satisfaction, if nothing else."

"The parson has got nothing to do with it, that I can see," said Wodehouse, "unless he was looking for a legacy, or that sort of thing. As for the girls, I don't see what right I have to be troubled; they took deuced little trouble with me. Perhaps they'd have taken me in as a sort of footman without pay—you heard what they said,

Waters? By Jove, I'll serve Miss Mary out for that," said the vagabond. Then he paused a little, and, looking round him, moderated his tone. "I've been badly used all my life," said the prodigal son. "They would never give me a hearing. They say I did heaps of things I never dreamt of. Mary ain't above thinking of her own interest—"

Here Mr. Proctor came forward from the middle of the room, where he had been standing in a perplexed manner since the ladies went away. "Hold—hold your tongue, sir!" said the late Rector; "haven't you done enough injury already—?" When he had said so much, he stopped as abruptly as he had begun, and seemed to recollect all at once that he had no title to interfere.

"By Jove," said Wodehouse, "you don't seem to think I know what belongs to me, or who belongs to me. Hold *your* tongue, Waters; I can speak for myself. I've been long enough snubbed by everybody that had a mind. I don't mean to put up with this sort of thing any longer. Any man who pleases can consult John Brown. I recollect John Brown as well as anybody in Carlingford. It don't matter to me what he says, or what anybody says. The girls are a parcel of girls, and I am my father's son, as it happens. I should have thought the parson had enough on his hands for one while," said the new heir, in the insolence of triumph. "He tried patronising me, but that wouldn't answer. Why, there's his brother, Jack Wentworth, his eldest brother, come down here purposely to manage matters for me. He's the eldest son, by Jove, and one of the greatest swells going. He has come down here on purpose to do the friendly thing by me. We're great friends, by Jove, Jack Wentworth and I; and yet here's a beggarly younger brother, that hasn't a penny—"

"Wodehouse," said Mr. Wentworth, with some contempt, "sit down and be quiet. You and I have some things to talk of which

had better not be discussed in public. Leave Jack Wentworth's name alone, if you are wise, and don't imagine that I am going to bear your punishment. Be silent, sir!" cried the Curate, sternly, "do you suppose I ask any explanation from you? Mr. Waters, I want to hear how this has come about? When I saw you in this man's interest some time ago, you were not so friendly to him. Tell 'me how it happens that he is now your client, and that you set him forth as the heir?"

"By Jove, the parson has nothing to do with it. Let him find it out," muttered Wodehouse in his beard; but the words were only half audible, and the vagabond's shabby soul was cowed in spite of himself. He gave the lawyer a furtive thrust in the arm as he spoke, and looked at him a little anxiously; for the position of a man standing lawfully on his natural rights was new to Wodehouse; and all his certainty of the facts did not save him from a sensation of habit which suggested that close examination was alarming, and that something might still be found out. As for Mr. Waters, he looked with placid contempt at the man, who was not respectable, and still had the instincts of a vagabond in his heart.

"I am perfectly ready to explain," said the irreproachable solicitor, who was quite secure in his position. "The tone of the request, however, might be modified a little; and as I don't, any more than Mr. Wodehouse, see exactly what right Mr. Wentworth has to demand—"

"I ask an explanation, not on my own behalf, but for the Miss Wodehouses, who have made me their deputy," said the Curate, "for their satisfaction, and that I may consult Mr. Brown. You seem to forget that all *he* gains they lose; which surely justifies their representative in asking how did it come about?"

It was at this point that all the other gentlemen present pressed

closer, and evinced an intention to take part. Dr. Marjoribanks was the first to speak. He took a pinch of snuff, and while he consumed it looked from under his grizzled sandy eyebrows with a perplexing mixture of doubt and respect at the Perpetual Curate. He was a man of some discrimination in his way, and the young man's lofty looks impressed him a little in spite of himself.

"Not to interrupt the explanation," said Dr. Marjoribanks, "which we'll all be glad to hear—but Mr. Wentworth's a young man not possessed, so far as I am aware, of any particular right;—except that he has been very generous and prompt in offering his services," said the Doctor, moved to the admission by a fiery glance from the Curate's eye, which somehow did not look like the eye of a guilty man. "I was thinking, an old man," and an old friend, like myself, might maybe be a better guardian for the ladies' interest—"

Mr. Proctor, who had been listening very anxiously, was seized with a cough at this moment, which drowned the Doctor's words. It was a preparatory cough, and out of it the late Rector rushed into speech. "I have come from—from Oxford to be of use," said the new champion. "My time is entirely at my own—at Miss Wodehouse's—at the Miss Wodehouses' disposal. I am most desirous to be of use," said Mr. Proctor, anxiously. And he advanced close to the table to prefer his claim.

"Such a discussion seems quite unnecessary," said Mr. Wentworth, with some haughtiness. "I shall certainly do in the mean time what has been intrusted to me. At present we are simply losing time."

"But—" said the Rector. The word was not of importance, nor uttered with much resolution, but it arrested Mr. Wentworth more surely than the shout of a multitude. He turned sharp around upon his adversary and said, "Well?" with an air of exasperation; while

Wodehouse, who had been lounging about the room in a discomfited condition, drew near to listen.

"I am comparatively a stranger to the Miss Wodehouses," said Mr. Morgan, "still I am their clergyman; and I think with Dr. Marjoribanks, that a young man like Mr. Wentworth, especially a man so seriously compromised—"

"Oh, stop! I do think you are all a great deal too hard upon Mr. Wentworth," said the lawyer, with a laugh of toleration, which Wodehouse echoed behind him with a sense of temerity that made his laughter all the louder. He was frightened, but he was glad to make himself offensive, according to his nature. Mr. Wentworth stood alone, for his part, and had to put up with the laugh as he best could.

"If any one here wishes to injure me with the Miss Wodehouses, an opportunity may easily be found," said the Curate, with as much composure as he could muster; "and I am ready to relinquish my charge when they call on me to do so. In the mean time, this is not the place to investigate my conduct. Sit down, sir, and let us be free of your interference for this moment at least," he said, fiercely, turning to the new heir. "I warn you again, you have nothing but justice to expect at my hands. Mr. Waters, we wait your explanations." He was the tallest man in the room, which perhaps had something to do with it; the youngest, best born, and best endowed. That he would have carried the day triumphantly in the opinion of any popular audience, there could be no kind of doubt. Even in this middle-aged unimpressible assembly, his indignant self-control had a certain influence. When he drew a chair towards the table and seated himself, the others sat down unawares, and the lawyer began his story without any further interruption. The explanation of all was, that Mr. Wodehouse, like so many men, had an ambition to end his days as a country gentle-

man. He had set his heart for years on an estate in the neighbourhood of Carlingford, and had just completed his long-contemplated purchase at the moment of his last seizure. Nobody knew, except the Curate and the lawyer, what the cause of that seizure was. They exchanged looks without being aware of it, and Wodehouse, still more deeply conscious, uttered, poor wretch! a kind of gasp, which sounded like a laugh to the other horrified spectators. After all, it was his crime which had brought him his good fortune, for there had been an early will relating to property which existed no longer—property which had been altogether absorbed in the newly acquired estate. "I have no doubt my late excellent partner would have made a settlement had the time been permitted him," said Mr. Waters. "I have not the slightest doubt as to his intentions; but the end was very unexpected at the last. I suppose death always is unexpected when it comes," said the lawyer, with a little solemnity, recollecting that three of his auditors were clergymen. "The result is painful in many respects; but law is law, and such accidents cannot be entirely avoided. With the exception of a few trifling personal matters, and the furniture, and a little money at the bank, there is nothing but freehold property, and of course the son takes that. I can have no possible objection to your consulting Mr. Brown; but Mr. Brown can give you no further information." If there had been any little hope of possible redress lingering in the mind of the perplexed assembly, this brought it to a conclusion. The heir, who had been keeping behind with an impulse of natural shame, came back to the table when his rights were so clearly established. He did not know how to behave himself with a good grace, but he was disposed to be conciliatory as far as he could, especially as it began to be disagreeably apparent that the posses-

sion of his father's property might not make any particular difference in the world's opinion of himself.

"It ain't my fault, gentlemen," said Wodehouse. "Of course, I expected the governor to take care of the girls. I've been kept out of it for twenty years, and that's a long time. By Jove, I've never known what it was to be a rich man's son since I was a lad. I don't say I won't do something for the girls, if they behave to me as they ought; and as for you, gentlemen, who were friends of the family, I'll always be glad to see you in my house," he said, with an attempt at a friendly smile. But nobody took any notice of the overtures of the new heir.

"Then they have nothing to depend upon," said Mr. Proctor, whose agitated looks were the most inexplicable feature of the whole—"no shelter even; no near relations I ever heard of, and nobody to take care of Lucy if——" Here he stopped short and went to the window and stood looking out in a state of great bewilderment. The late Rector was so buried in his own thoughts, whatever they might be, that he did not pay any attention to the further conversation which went on behind him—of which, however, there was very little—and only came to himself when he saw Mr. Wentworth go rapidly through the garden. Mr. Proctor rushed after the Perpetual Curate. He might be seriously compromised, as Mr. Morgan said; but he was more sympathetic than anybody else in Carlingford under present circumstances; and Mr. Proctor, in his middle-aged uncertainty, could not help having a certain confidence in the young man's promptitude and vigour. He made up to him out of breath when he was just entering George Street. Carlingford had paid what respect it could to Mr. Wodehouse's memory; and now the shutters were being taken off the shop windows, and people in general were very willing to reward themselves for

their self-denial by taking what amusement they could out of the reports which already began to be circulated about the way in which the Miss Wodehouses were "left." When the late Rector came up with the Perpetual Curate opposite Masters's shop, there was quite a group of people there who noted the conjunction. What could it mean? Was there going to be a compromise? Was Carlingford to be shamefully cheated out of the "investigation," and all the details about Rosa Elsworthy, for which it hungered? Mr. Proctor put his arm through that of the Curate of St. Roque's, and permitted himself to be swept along by the greater impetus of the young man's rapid steps; for at this moment, being occupied with more important matters, the late Rector had altogether forgotten Mr. Wentworth's peculiar position, and the cloud that hung over him.

"What a very extraordinary thing!" said Mr. Proctor. "What could have betrayed old Wodehouse into such a blunder? He must have known well enough. This fellow—this fellow—has been living all the time, of course. It is quite inexplicable to me," said the aggrieved man. "Do you know if there are any aunts or uncles—any people whom poor little Lucy might live with, for instance, if——" And here Mr. Proctor once more came to a dead stop. Mr. Wentworth, for his part, was so far from thinking of her as "poor little Lucy," that he was much offended by the unnecessary commiseration.

"The sisters will naturally remain together," he said; "and of course there are many people who would be but too glad to receive them. Miss Wodehouse is old enough to protect her sister—though of course the balance of character is on the other side," said the inconsiderate young man; at which Mr. Proctor winced, but made no definite reply.

"So you think there are people she could go to?" said the late

Rector, after a pause. "The thing altogether is so unexpected, you know. My idea was——"

"I beg your pardon," said the Curate; "I must see Mr. Brown, and this is about the best time to find him at home. Circumstances make it rather awkward for me to call at the Rectory just now," he continued, with a smile—"circumstances over which I have no control, as people say; but perhaps you will stay long enough to see me put on my trial. Good-bye now."

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Proctor; "about this trial. Don't be affronted—I have nothing to do with it, you know; and Morgan means very well, though he's stupid enough. I should like to stand your friend, Wentworth; you know I would. I wish you'd yield to tell me all about it. If I were to call on you to-night after dinner—for perhaps it would put Mrs. Hadwin out to give me a chop?"

The Curate laughed in spite of himself. "Fellows of All-Souls don't dine on chops," he said, unable to repress a gleam of amusement; "but come at six, and you shall have something to eat, as good as I can give you. As for telling you all about it," said Mr. Wentworth, "all the world is welcome to know as much as I know."

Mr. Proctor laid his hand on the young man's arm, by way of soothing him. "We'll talk it all over," he said, confidentially; "both this affair, and—and the other. We have a good deal in common, if I am not much mistaken, and I trust we shall always be good friends," said the inexplicable man. His complexion heightened considerably after he had made this speech, which conveyed nothing but amazement to the mind of the Curate; and then shook hands hastily, and hurried back again towards Grange Lane. If there had been either room or leisure in Frank Wentworth's mind for other thoughts, he might have laughed or puzzled over the palpable mystery; but as it was, he had

dismissed the late Rector entirely from his mind before he reached the door of Mr. Brown's room, where the lawyer was seated alone. John Brown, who was altogether a different type of man from Mr. Waters, held out his hand to his visitor, and did not look at all surprised to see him. "I half expected a call from you," he said, "now that your old friend is gone, from whom you would naturally have sought advice in the circumstances. Tell me what I can do for you;" and it became apparent to Mr. Wentworth that it was his own affairs which were supposed to be the cause of his application. It may be supposed after this that the Curate stated his real object very curtly and clearly without any unnecessary words, to the unbounded amazement of the lawyer, who, being a busy man, and not a friend of the Wodehouses, had as yet heard nothing of the matter. Mr. Brown, however, could only confirm what had been already said. "If it is really freehold property, and no settlement made, there cannot be any question about it," he said; "but I will see Waters to-morrow and make all sure, if you wish it; though he dares not mislead you on such a point. I am very sorry for the ladies, but I don't see what can be done for them," said Mr. Brown; "and about yourself, Mr. Wentworth?" Perhaps it was because of a certain look of genuine confidence and solicitude in John Brown's honest face that the Curate's heart was moved. For the first time he condescended to discuss the matter — to tell the lawyer, with whom indeed he had but a very slight acquaintance (for John Brown lived at the other end of Carlingford, and could not be said to be in society), all he knew about Rosa Elsworthy, and something of his suspicions. Mr. Brown, for his part, knew little of the Perpetual Curate in his social capacity, but he knew about Wharfside, which was more to the purpose; and having himself been truly

in love once in his life, common-place as he looked, this honest man did not believe it possible that Lucy Wodehouse's representative could be Rosa Elsworthy's seducer — the two things looked incompatible to the straightforward vision of John Brown.

"I'll attend at their investigation," he said, with a smile, "which, if you were not particularly interested, you'd find not bad fun, Mr. Wentworth. These private attempts at law are generally very amusing. I'll attend and look after your interests; but you had better see that this Tom Wodehouse, — I remember the scamp — he used to be bad enough for anything, — don't give you the slip and get out of the way. Find out if you can where he has been living these two days. I'll attend to the other matter too," the lawyer said cheerfully, shaking hands with his new client; and the Curate went away with a vague feeling that matters were about to come right somehow, at which he smiled when he came to think of it, and saw how little foundation he had for such a hope. But his hands were full of business, and he had no time to consider his own affairs at this particular moment. It seemed to him a kind of profanity to permit Lucy to remain under the same roof with Wodehouse, even though he was her brother; and Mr. Proctor's inquiries had stimulated his own feeling. There was a certain pleasure, besides, in postponing himself and his own business, however important, to her and her concerns; and it was with this idea that he proceeded to the house of his aunt, and was conducted to a little private sitting-room appropriated to the sole use of Miss Leonora, for whom he had asked. As he passed the door of the drawing-room, which was ajar, he glanced in, and saw his aunt Dora bending over somebody who wept, and heard a familiar voice pouring out complaints, the general sound of which was equally familiar, though he

could not make out a word of the special subject. Frank was startled, notwithstanding his pre-occupations, for it was the same voice which had summoned him to Wentworth Rectory which now poured out its lamentations in the Miss Wentworths' drawing-room in Carlingford. Evidently some new complication had arisen in the affairs of the family. Miss Leonora was in her room, busy with the books of a Ladies' Association, of which she was treasurer. She had a letter before her from the missionary employed by the society, which was a very interesting letter, and likely to make a considerable sensation when read before the next meeting. Miss Leonora was taking the cream off this piece of correspondence, enjoying at once itself and the impression it would make. She was slightly annoyed when her nephew came in to disturb her. "The others are in the drawing-room, as usual," she said. "I can't imagine what Lewis could be thinking of, to bring you here. Louisa's coming can make no difference to you."

"So Louisa has come? I thought I heard her voice. What has happened to bring Louisa here?" said the Curate, who was not sorry to begin with an indifferent subject. Miss Leonora shook her head and took up her letter.

"She is in the drawing-room," said the strong-minded aunt. "If you have no particular business with me, Frank, you had better ask herself: of course, if you want me, I am at your service—but otherwise I am busy, you see."

"And so am I," said Mr. Wentworth, "as busy as a man can be whose character is at stake. Do you know I am to be tried to-morrow? But that is not what I came to ask you about."

"I wish you would tell me about it," said Miss Leonora. She got up from her writing-table and from the missionary's letter, and abandoned herself to the impulses of nature. "I have heard disagree-

able rumours. I don't object to your reserve, Frank, but things seem to be getting serious. What does it mean?"

The Curate had been much braced in his inner man by his short interview with John Brown; that, and the representative position he held, had made a wonderful change in his feelings: besides, a matter which was about to become so public could not be ignored. "It means only that a good many people in Carlingford think me a villain," said Mr. Wentworth: "it is not a flattering idea; and it seems to me, I must say, an illogical induction from the facts of my life. Still it is true that some people think so—and I am to be tried to-morrow. But in the mean time, something else has happened. I know you are a good woman, aunt Leonora. We don't agree in many things, but that does not matter. There are two ladies in Carlingford who up to this day have been rich, well off, well cared for, and who have suddenly lost all their means, their protector, even their home. They have no relations that I know of. One of them is good for any exertion that may be necessary," said the Curate, his voice softening with a far-off masculine suggestion as of tears; "but she is young—too young to contend with the world—and she is now suffering her first grief. The other is old enough, but not good for much——"

"You mean the two Miss Wodehouses?" said Miss Leonora. "Their father has turned out to be—bankrupt?—or something——"

"Worse than bankrupt," said the Curate: "there is a brother who takes everything. Will you stand by them—offer them shelter?—I mean for a time. I don't know anybody I should care to apply to but you."

Miss Leonora paused and looked at her nephew. "First tell me what you have to do with them," she asked. "If there is a brother, he is their natural protector—certainly not you—unless there is something

I don't know of. Frank, you know you can't marry," said Miss Leonora, with a little vehemence, once more looking in her nephew's face.

"No," said Frank, with momentary bitterness; "I am not likely to make any mistake about that—at present, at least. The brother is a reprobate of whom they know nothing. I have no right to consider myself their protector—but I am their friend at least," said the Curate, breaking off with again that softening in his voice. "They may have a great many friends, for anything I know; but I have confidence in you, aunt Leonora: you are not perhaps particularly sympathetic," he went on with a laugh; "you don't condole with Louisa, for instance; but I could trust you with——"

"Lucy Wodehouse!" said Miss Leonora; "I don't dislike her at all, if she would not wear that ridiculous grey cloak; but young men don't take such an interest in young women without some reason for it. What are we to do for you, Frank?" said the strong-minded woman, looking at him with a little softness. Miss Leonora, perhaps, was not used to be taken into anybody's confidence. It moved her more than might have been expected from so self-possessed a woman. Perhaps no other act on the part of her nephew could have had so much effect, had he been able to pursue his advantage, upon the still undecided fate of Skelmersdale.

"Nothing," said the Curate. He met her eye very steadily, but she was too clear-sighted to believe that he felt as calmly as he looked. "Nothing," he repeated again—"I told you as much before. I have been slandered here, and here I must remain. There are no parsonages or paradises for me."

With which speech, Mr. Wentworth shook hands with his aunt and went away. He left Miss Leonora as he had left her on various occasions—considerably confused in her ideas. She could not enjoy any longer the cream of the missionary's letter. When she tried to resume her reading, her attention flagged over it. After a while she put on her bonnet and went out, after a little consultation with her maid, who assisted her in the housekeeping department. The house was tolerably full at the present moment, but it was elastic. She was met at the green door of Mr. Wodehouse's garden, by the new proprietor, who stared excessively and did not know what to make of such an apparition. "Jack Wentworth's aunt, by Jove!" he said to himself, and took off his hat, meaning to show her "a little civility." Miss Leonora thought him one of the attendants at the recent ceremonial, and passed him without any ceremony. She was quite intent upon her charitable mission. Mr. Wentworth's confidence was justified.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Wentworth's day had been closely occupied up to this point. He had gone through a great many emotions, and transacted a good deal of business, and he went home with the comparative ease of a man whose anxieties are relieved, not by any real deliverance, but by the soothing influence of fatigue and the sense of something accomplished. He was not in reality in a better position than when he left

his house in the morning, bitterly mortified, injured, and wounded at the tenderest point. Things were very much the same as they had been, but a change had come over the feelings of the Perpetual Curate. He remembered with a smile, as he went down Grange Lane, that Mr. Proctor was to dine with him, and that he had rashly undertaken to have something better than a chop. It was a very foolish en-

agement under the circumstances. Mr. Wentworth was cogitating within himself whether he could make an appeal to the sympathies of his aunt's cook for something worthy of the sensitive palate of a Fellow of All-Souls, when all such thoughts were suddenly driven out of his mind by the apparition of his brother Gerald—perhaps the last man in the world whom he could have expected to see in Carlingsford. Gerald was coming up Grange Lane in his meditative way from Mrs. Hadwin's door. To look at him was enough to reveal to any clear-sighted spectator the presence of some perpetual argument in his mind. Though he had come out to look for Frank, his eyes were continually forsaking his intention, catching at spots of lichen on the wall and clumps of herbage on the roadside. The long discussion had become so familiar to him, that even now, when his mind was made up, he could not relinquish the habit which possessed him. When he perceived Frank, he quickened his steps. They met with only such a modified expression of surprise on the part of the younger brother as was natural to a meeting of English kinsfolk. "I heard Louisa's voice in my aunt's drawing-room," said Frank; "but, oddly enough, it never occurred to me that you might have come with her;" and then Gerald turned with the Curate. When the ordinary family questions were asked and answered, a silence ensued between the two. As for Frank, in the multiplicity of his own cares, he had all but forgotten his brother; and Gerald's mind, though full of anxiety, had something of the calm which might be supposed to subdue the senses of a dying man. He was on the eve of a change, which appeared to him almost as great as death; and the knowledge of that gave him a curious stillness of composure—almost a reluctance to speak. Strangely enough, each brother at this critical moment felt it necessary to occupy himself with the affairs of the other,

and to postpone the consideration of his own.

"I hope you have changed your mind a little since we last met," said Frank; "your last letter——"

"We'll talk of that presently," said the elder brother; "in the mean time I want to know about *you*. What is all this? My father is in a great state of anxiety. He does not seem to have got rid of his fancy that you were somehow involved with Jack—and Jack is here," said Gerald, with a look which betokened some anxiety on his own part. "I wish you would give me your confidence. Right or wrong, I have come to stand by you, Frank," said the Rector of Wentworth, rather mournfully. He had been waiting at Mrs. Hadwin's for the last two hours. He had seen that worthy woman's discomposed looks, and felt that she did not shake her head for nothing. Jack had been the bugbear of the family for a long time past. Gerald was conscious of adding heavily at the present moment to the Squire's troubles. Charley was at Malta in indifferent health; all the others were boys. There was only Frank to give the father a little consolation; and now Frank, it appeared, was most deeply compromised of all; no wonder Gerald was sad. And then he drew forth the anonymous letter which had startled all the Wentworths on the previous night. "This is written by somebody who hates you," said the elder brother; "but I suppose there must be some meaning in it. I wish you would be frank with me, and tell me what it is."

This appeal had brought them to Mrs. Hadwin's door, which the Curate opened with his key before he answered his brother. The old lady herself was walking in the garden in a state of great agitation; with a shawl thrown over the best cap, which she had put on in honour of the stranger. Mrs. Hadwin's feelings were too much for her at that moment. Her head was nodding with the excitement of age

and injured virtue trembling in every line of her face. "Mr. Wentworth, I cannot put up with it any longer; it is a thing I never was used to," she cried as soon as the Curate came within hearing. "I have shut my eyes to a great deal, but I cannot bear it any longer. If I had been a common lodging-house keeper, I could not have been treated with less respect; but to be outraged—to be insulted——"

"What is the matter, Mrs. Hadwin?" said Mr. Wentworth, in dismay.

"Sir," said the old lady, who was trembling with passion, "you may think it no matter to turn a house upside down as mine has been since Easter; to bring all sorts of disreputable people about—persons whom a gentlewoman in my position ought never to have heard of. I received your brother into my house," cried Mrs. Hadwin turning to Gerald, "because he was a clergyman and I knew his family, and hoped to find him one whose principles I could approve of. I have put up with a great deal, Mr. Wentworth, more than I could tell to anybody. I took in his friend when he asked me, and gave him the spare room, though it was against my judgment. I suffered a man with a beard to be seen stealing in and out of my house in the evening as if he were afraid to be seen. You gentlemen may not think much of that, but it was a terrible thing for a lady in my position, unprotected, and not so well off as I once was. It made my house like a lodging-house, and so my friends told me; but I was so infatuated I put up with it all for Mr. Frank's sake. But there is a limit," said the aggrieved woman. "I would not have believed it—I *could* not have believed it of you—not whatever people might say: to think of that abandoned disgraceful girl coming openly to my door——"

"Good heavens!" cried the Curate: he seized Mrs. Hadwin's hand, evidently forgetting everything else

she had said. "What girl?—whom do you mean? For heaven's sake compose yourself and answer me. Who was it?—Rosa Elsworthy? This is a matter of life and death with me," cried the young man. "Speak quickly: when was it—where is she? For heaven's sake, Mrs. Hadwin, speak——"

"Let me go sir," cried the indignant old lady; "let me go this instant—this is insult upon insult. I appeal to you, Mr. Gerald—to think I should ever be supposed capable of encouraging such a horrid shameless——! How dare you—how dare you name such a creature to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Hadwin, with hysterical sobs. "If it were not for your family, you should never enter my house again. Oh, thank you, Mr. Gerald Wentworth—indeed I am not able to walk. I am sure I don't want to grieve you about your brother—I tried not to believe it—I tried as long as I could not to believe it—but you hear how he speaks. Do you think, sir, I would for a moment permit such a creature to enter my door?" she cried again, turning to Frank Wentworth as she leaned upon his brother's arm.

"I don't know what kind of a creature the poor girl is," said the Curate; "but I know that if you had taken her in, it would have saved me much pain and trouble. Tell me, at least, when she came, and who saw her—or if she left any message? Perhaps Sarah will tell me," he said, with a sigh of despair, as he saw that handmaiden hovering behind. Sarah had been a little shy of Mr. Wentworth since the night Wodehouse disappeared. She had betrayed herself to the Curate, and did not like to remember the fact. Now she came up with a little toss of her head and a sense of equality, primed and ready with her reply.

"I hope I think more of myself than to take notice of any such," said Sarah; but her instincts were more vivid than those of her mistress, and she could not refrain from particulars. "Them as saw her

now, wouldn't see much in her; I never see such a changed creature," said Sarah; "not as I ever thought anything of her looks! a bit of a shawl dragged round her and her eyes as if they would jump out of her head. Laws! she didn't get no satisfaction here," said the housemaid, with a little triumph.

"Silence, Sarah!" said Mrs. Hadwin; "that is not a way to speak to your clergyman. I'll go in, Mr. Wentworth, please—I am not equal to so much agitation. If Mr. Frank will come indoors, I should be glad to have an explanation—for this sort of thing cannot go on," said the old lady. As for the Curate, he did not pay the least attention either to the disapproval or the impertinence.

"At what time did she come?—which way did she go?—did she leave any message?" he repeated; "a moment's common-sense will be of more use than all this indignation. It is of the greatest importance to me to see Rosa Elsworthy. Here's how it is, Gerald," said the Curate, driven to his wit's end; "a word from the girl is all I want to make an end of all this—this disgusting folly—and you see how I am thwarted. Perhaps they will answer *you*. When did she come?—did she say anything?" he cried, turning sharply upon Sarah, who, frightened by Mr. Wentworth's look, and dismayed to see her mistress moving away, and to feel herself alone opposed to him, burst at last into an alarmed statement.

"Please, sir, it ain't no fault of mine," said Sarah; "it was Missis as saw her. She ain't been gone not half an hour. It's all happened since your brother left. She come to the side-door; Missis wouldn't hear nothing she had got to say, nor let her speak. Oh, Mr. Wentworth, don't you go after her!" cried the girl, following him to the side-door, to which he rushed immediately. Not half an hour gone! Mr. Wentworth burst into the lane which led up to Grove street, and where there was not a soul to be

seen. He went back to Grange Lane, and inspected every corner where she could have hid herself. Then, after a pause, he walked impetuously up the quiet road, and into Elsworthy's shop. Mrs. Elsworthy was there alone, occupying her husband's place, who had gone as usual to the railway for the evening papers. She jumped up from the high stool she was seated on when the Curate entered. "Good gracious, Mr. Wentworth!" cried the frightened woman, and instinctively called the errand-boy, who was the only other individual within hearing. She was unprotected, and quite unable to defend herself if he meant anything; and it was impossible to doubt that there was meaning of the most serious and energetic kind in Mr. Wentworth's face.

"Has Rosa come back?" he asked; "is she here? Don't stare at me, but speak. Has she come back? I have just heard that she was at my house half an hour ago: have you got her safe?"

It was at this moment that Wodehouse came lounging in, with his cigar appearing in the midst of his beard, and a curious look of self-exhibition and demonstration in his general aspect. When the Curate, hearing the step, turned round upon him, he fell back for a moment, not expecting such an encounter. Then the vagabond recovered himself, and came forward with the swagger which was his only alternative.

"I thought you weren't on good terms here," said Wodehouse; "who are you asking after? It's a fine evening, and they don't seem up to much in my house. I have asked Jack Wentworth to the Blue Boar at seven—will you come? I don't want to bear any grudge. I don't know if they can cook anything fit to be eaten in my house—It wasn't me you were asking after?" The fellow came and stood close, shoulder to shoulder, by the Perpetual Curate. "By Jove, sir! I've as good a right here as you—or anywhere," he muttered, as

Mr. Wentworth withdrew from him. He had to say it aloud to convince himself of the fact; for it was hard, after being clandestine for half a lifetime, to move about freely in the daylight. As for Mr. Wentworth, he fixed his eyes full on the new-comer's face.

"I want to know if Rosa has come home," he repeated, in the clearest tones of his clear voice. "I am told she called at Mrs. Hadwin's half an hour ago. Has she come back?"

He scarcely noticed Mrs. Elsworthy's answer, for in the mean time, the cigar dropped out of Wodehouse's beard, out of his fingers. He made an involuntary step back out of the Curate's way. "By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself—the news was more important to him than to either of the others. After a minute he turned his back upon them, and kicked the cigar which he had dropped out into the street with much blundering and unnecessary violence—but turned round and stopped short in this occupation as soon as he heard Mrs. Elsworthy's voice.

"She hasn't come here," said that virtuous woman, sharply. "I've given in to Elsworthy a deal, but I never said I'd give in to take her back. She's been and disgraced us all; and she's not a drop's blood to me," said Mrs. Elsworthy. "Them as has brought her to this pass had best look after her; I've washed my hands of Rosa, and all belonging to her. She knows better than to come here."

"Who's speaking of Rosa?" said Elsworthy, who just then came in with his bundle of newspapers from the railway. "I might have know'd as it was Mr. Wentworth. Matters is going to be cleared, sir, between me and you. If you was going to make a proposal, I ain't revengeful; and I'm open to any arrangement as is honourable, to save things coming afore the public. I've been expecting of it. You may speak free, sir. You needn't be afraid of me."

"Fool!" said the Curate, hotly, "your niece has been seen in Carlingford; she came to my door, I am told, about an hour ago. Give up this folly, and let us make an effort to find her. I tell you she came to my house——"

"In course, sir," said Elsworthy; "it was the most naturalest place for her to go. Don't you stand upon it no longer, as if you could deceive folks. It will be your ruin, Mr. Wentworth—you know that as well as I do. I ain't no fool, but I'm open to a honourable proposal, I am. It'll ruin you—ay, and I'll ruin you," cried Rosa's uncle, hoarsely—"if you don't change your mind afore to-morrow. It's your last chance, if you care for your character, is to-night."

Mr. Wentworth did not condescend to make any answer. He followed Wodehouse, who had shuffled out after his cigar, and stopped him on the step. "I wonder if it is any use appealing to your honour," he said. "I suppose you were a gentleman once, and had the feelings of——"

"By Jove! I'm as good a gentleman as you are," cried the new heir. "I could buy you up—you and all that belongs to you, by Jove! I'm giving Jack Wentworth a dinner at the Blue Boar to-night. I'm not a man to be cross-questioned. It appears to me you have got enough to do if you mind your own business," said Wodehouse, with a sneer. "You're in a nice mess, though you are the parson. I told Jack Wentworth so last night."

The Curate stood on the step of Elsworthy's shop with his enemy behind, and the ungrateful vagabond whom he had rescued and guarded, standing in front of him, with that sneer on his lips. It was hard to refrain from the natural impulse which prompted him to pitch the vagabond out of his way. "Look here," he said, sharply, "you have not much character to lose; but a scamp is a different thing from a criminal. I will make the principal people in Carlingford

aware what were the precise circumstances under which you came here at Easter if you do not immediately restore this unhappy girl to her friends. Do you understand me? If it is not done at once I will make use of my information—you know what that means. You can defy me if you please; but in that case you had better make up your mind to the consequences; you will have to take your place as a——”

“Stop!” cried Wodehouse, with a shiver. “We’re not by ourselves—we’re in the public street. What do you mean by talking like that here? Come to my house, Wentworth—there’s a good fellow—I’ve ordered a dinner——”

“Be silent, sir!” said the Curate. “I give you till noon to-morrow; after that I will spare you no longer. You understand what I mean. I have been too merciful already. To-morrow, if everything is not arranged to my satisfaction here——”

“It was my own name,” said Wodehouse, sullenly; “nobody can say it wasn’t my own name. You couldn’t do me any harm—you know you wouldn’t, either, for the sake of the girls; I’ll—I’ll give them a thousand pounds or so, if I find I can afford it. Come, you don’t mean that sort of thing, you know,” said the conscious criminal; “you wouldn’t do me any harm.”

“If I have to fight for my own reputation I shall not spare you,” cried the Curate. “Mind what I say! You are safe till twelve o’clock to-morrow; but after that I will have no mercy—not for your sisters’ sake, not for any inducement in this world. If you want to be known as a——”

“Oh Lord, don’t speak so loud!—what do you mean? Wentworth, I say, hist! Mr. Wentworth! By Jove, he won’t listen to me!” cried Wodehouse, in an agony. When he found that the Curate was already out of hearing, the vagabond looked round him on every side with his natural instinct of suspicion. If he had known that Mr. Wentworth was thinking only of

disgrace and the stern sentence of public opinion, Wodehouse could have put up with it; but he himself, in his guilty imagination, jumped at the bar and the prison which had haunted him for long. Somehow it felt natural that such a Nemesis should come to him after the morning’s triumph. He stood looking after the Curate, guilty and horror-stricken, till it occurred to him that he might be remarked; and then he made a circuit past Elsworthy’s shop window as far as the end of Prickett’s Lane, where he ventured to cross over so as to get to his own house. His own house!—the wretched thrill of terror that went through him was a very sufficient offset against his momentary triumph; and this was succeeded by a flush of rage as he thought of the Curate’s other information. What was to be done? Every moment was precious; but he felt an instinctive horror of venturing out again in the daylight. When it approached the hour at which he had ordered that dinner at the Blue Boar, the humbled hero wrapped himself in an old overcoat which he found in the hall, and slunk into the inn like the clandestine wretch he was. He had no confidence in himself, but he had confidence in Jack Wentworth. He might still be able to help his unlucky associate out.

When Mr. Wentworth reached his rooms, he found that his guest had arrived before him, and consequently the threatened explanation with Mrs. Hadwin was forestalled for that night. Mr. Proctor and Gerald were sitting together, not at all knowing what to talk about; for the late Rector was aware that Frank Wentworth’s brother was on the verge of Rome, and was confused, and could not help feeling that his position between a man on the point of perversion in an ecclesiastical point of view, and another whose morals were suspected and whose character was compromised, was, to say the least, a very odd position for a clergyman of un-

blemished orthodoxy and respectability; besides, it was embarrassing, when he had come for a very private consultation, to find a stranger there before him. The Curate went in very full of what had just occurred. The events of the last two or three hours had worked a total change in his feelings. He was no longer an injured, insulted, silent object of a petty but virulent persecution. The contemptuous silence with which he had treated the scandal at first, and the still more obstinate sense of wrong which latterly had shut his lips and his heart, had given way to-day to warmer and more generous emotions. What would have seemed to him in the morning only the indignant reserve of a man unjustly suspected, appeared now a foolish and unfriendly reticence. The only thing which restrained him was a still lingering inclination to screen Wodehouse, if possible, from a public exposure, which would throw harm upon his sisters as well as himself. If any generosity, if any gentlemanly feeling, were still left in the vagabond's soul, it was possible he might answer the Curate's appeal; and Mr. Wentworth felt himself bound to offer no public explanation of the facts of the case until this last chance of escape had been left for the criminal. But, so far as regarded himself, his heart was opened, his wounded pride mollified, and he was ready enough to talk of what had just happened, and to explain the whole business to his anxious companions. When he joined them, indeed, he was so full of it as almost to forget that he himself was still believed the hero of the tale. "This unfortunate little girl has been here, and I have missed her," he said, without in the least concealing his vexation, and the excitement which his rapid walk had not subdued; to the great horror of Mr. Proctor, who tried all he could, by telegraphic glances, to recall the young man to a sense of the fact that Sarah was in the room.

"I must say I think it is imprudent—highly imprudent," said the late Rector: "they will call these women to prove that she has been here again; and what conclusion but one can possibly be drawn from such a fact? I am very sorry to see you so unguarded." He said this, seizing the moment after Sarah had removed the salmon, which was very good, and was served with a sauce which pleased Mr. Proctor all the more that he had not expected much from an impromptu dinner furnished by a Perpetual Curate; but the fact was, that Gerald's arrival had awakened Mrs. Hadwin to a proper regard for her own credit, which was at stake.

When Sarah withdrew finally, and they were left alone, Frank Wentworth gave the fullest explanation he was able to his surprised auditors. He told them that it was Wodehouse, and not himself, whom Rosa had met in the garden, and whom she had no doubt come to seek at this crisis of their fortunes. There was not the least doubt in his own mind that Wodehouse had carried her away, and hidden her somewhere close at hand; and when he had given them all his reasons for thinking so, his hearers were of the same opinion; but Mr. Proctor continued very doubtful and perplexed, clear though the story was. He sat silent, brooding over the new mystery, while the brothers discussed the original questions.

"I cannot think why you did not go to the Rector at once and tell him all this," said Gerald. "It is always best to put a stop to gossip. At least you will see him to-morrow, or let me see him——"

"The Rector is deeply prejudiced against me," said the Perpetual Curate, "for a very unworthy reason, if he has any reason at all. He has never asked me to explain. I shall not interfere with his investigation," said the young man, haughtily; "let it go on. I have been working here for five years, and the Carlingford people ought to know better. As for the Rector,

I will make no explanations to him."

"It is not for the Rector, it is for yourself," said Gerald; "and this fellow Wodehouse surely has no claim——"

But at the sound of this name, Mr. Proctor roused himself from his pause of bewilderment, and took the words out of Mr. Wentworth's mouth.

"He has been here since Easter; but why?" said the late Rector. "I cannot fancy why Mr. Wodehouse's son should come to you when his father's house was so near. In hiding? why was he in hiding? He is evidently a scamp," said Mr. Proctor, growing red; "but that is not so unusual. I don't understand — I am bound to say I don't understand it. He may be the culprit, as you say; but what was he doing here?"

"I took him in at Miss Wodehouse's request. I cannot explain why — *she* will tell you," said the Curate. "As for Wodehouse, I have given him another chance till twelve o'clock to-morrow: if he does not make his appearance then——"

Mr. Proctor had listened only to the first words; he kept moving uneasily on his seat while the Curate spoke. Then he broke in, "It appears I cannot see Miss Wodehouse," he said, with an injured tone; "she does not see any one. I cannot ask for any explanation; but it seems to me most extraordinary. It is three months since Easter. If he has been living with you all the time, there must have been some occasion for it. I don't know what to think, for my part; and yet I always imagined that I was considered a friend of the family," said the late Rector, with an aggrieved look. He took his glass of claret very slowly, looking at it as if expecting to see in the purple reflection some explanation of the mystery. As for Gerald Wentworth, he relapsed into silence when he found that his arguments

did not alter Frank's decision; he too was disappointed not to find his brother alone. He sat with his eyes cast down, and a singular look of abstraction on his face. He had got into a new atmosphere — a different world. When his anxieties about Frank were satisfied, Gerald withdrew himself altogether from the little party. He sat there, it is true, not unaware of what was going on, and even from time to time joining in the conversation; but already a subtle change had come over Gerald. He might have been repeating an "office," or carrying on a course of private devotions, from his looks. Rome had established her dualism in his mind. He had no longer the unity of an Englishman trained to do one thing at a time, and to do it with his might. He sat in a kind of languor, carrying on within himself a thread of thought, to which his external occupation gave no clue; yet at the same time suffering no indication to escape him of the real condition of his mind. The three were consequently far from being good company. Mr. Proctor, who was more puzzled than ever as to the true state of the case, could not unburden himself of his own intentions as he had hoped to do; and after a while the Curate, too, was silent, finding his statements received, as he thought, but coldly. It was a great relief to him when he was called out by Sarah to speak to some one, though his absence made conversation still more difficult for the two who were left behind. Mr. Proctor, from the other side of the table, regarded Gerald with a mixture of wonder and pity. He did not feel quite sure that it was not his duty to speak to him — to expound the superior catholicity of the Church of England, and call his attention to the schismatic peculiarities of the Church of Rome. "It might do him good to read Burgon's book," Mr. Proctor said to himself; and by way of introducing that subject, he began to talk of Italy, which was not a bad device, and

did credit to his invention. Meanwhile the Curate had gone to his study, wondering a little who could want him, and, to his utter bewilderment, found his aunt Dora, veiled, and wrapped up in a great shawl.

"Oh, Frank, my dear, don't be angry. I couldn't help coming," cried Miss Dora. "Come and sit down by me here. I slipped out and did not even put on my bonnet, that nobody might know. Oh, Frank, I don't know what to say. I am so afraid you have been wicked. I have just seen that—that girl. I saw her out of my window. Frank! don't jump up like that. I can't go on telling you if you don't stay quiet here."

"Aunt, let me understand you," cried the Curate. "You saw whom? Rosa Elsworth? Don't drive me desperate, as all the others do with their stupidity. You saw her? when?—where?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank! to think it should put you in such a way—such a girl as that! Oh, my dear boy, if I had thought you cared so much, I never would have come to tell you. It wasn't to encourage you—it wasn't—Oh, Frank, Frank! that it should come to this!" cried Miss Dora, shrinking back from him with fright and horror in her face.

"Come, we have no time to lose," said the Curate, who was desperate. He picked up her shawl, which had fallen on the floor, and bundled her up in it in the most summary way. "Come, aunt Dora," said the impetuous young man; "you know you were always my kindest friend. Nobody else can help me at this moment. I feel that you are going to be my deliverer. Come, aunt Dora—we must go and find her, you and I. There is not a moment to lose."

He had his arm round her, holding on her shawl. He raised her up from her chair, and supported her, looking at her as he had not done before since he was a boy at school, Miss Dora thought. She was too frightened, too excited, to cry, as

she would have liked to do; but the proposal was so terrible and so unprecedented that she leaned back trembling on her nephew's arm, and could not move either to obey or to resist him. "Oh, Frank, I never went after any improper person in my life," gasped aunt Dora. "Oh, my dear, don't make me do anything that is wrong; they will say it is my fault!" cried the poor lady, gradually feeling herself obliged to stand on her feet and collect her forces. The shawl fell back from her shoulders as the Curate withdrew his arm. "You have lost my large pin," cried aunt Dora, in despair; "and I have no bonnet. And oh! what will Leonora say? I never, never would have come to tell you if I had thought of this. I only came to warn you, Frank. I only intended——"

"Yes," said the Curate. The emergency was momentous, and he dared not lose patience. He found her large pin even, while she stood trembling, and stuck it into her shawl as if it had been a skewer. "You never would have come if you had not been my guardian angel," said the deceitful young man, whose heart was beating high with anxiety and hope. "Nobody else would do for me what you are going to do—but I have always had confidence in my aunt Dora. Come, come. We have not a moment to lose."

This was how he overcame Miss Dora's scruples. Before she knew what had happened, she was being hurried through the clear summer night past the long garden walls of Grange Lane. The stars were shining overhead, the leaves rustling on all sides in the soft wind—not a soul to be seen in the long line of darkling road. Miss Dora had no breath to speak, however much disposed she might have been. She could not remonstrate, having full occasion for all her forces to keep her feet and her breath. When Mr. Wentworth paused for an instant to ask "which way did she go?" it was all Miss Dora could do to indicate with her finger the dark depths

of Prickett's Lane. Thither she was immediately carried as by a whirlwind. With a shawl over her head, fastened together wildly by the big pin—with nothing but little satin slippers, quite unfit for the exertion required of them—with an agonised protest in her heart that she had never, never in her life gone after any improper person before—and, crowning misfortune of all, with a horrible consciousness that she had left the garden-door open, hoping to return in a few minutes, Miss Dora Wentworth, single woman as she was, and ignorant of evil, was whirled off in pursuit of the unfortunate Rosa into the dark abyses of Prickett's Lane.

While this terrible Hegira was taking place, Mr. Proctor sat opposite Gerald Wentworth, sipping his claret and talking of Italy. "Perhaps you have not read Burgon's book," said the late Rector. "There is a good deal of valuable information in it about the Catacombs, and he enters at some length into the question between the Roman Church and our own. If you are interested in that you should read it," said Mr. Proctor; "it is a very important question."

"Yes," said Gerald; and then there followed a pause. Mr. Proctor did not know what to make of the faint passing smile, the abstracted look, which he had vaguely observed all the evening; and he looked so inquiringly across the table that Gerald's new-born dualism came immediately into play, to the great amazement of his companion. Mr. Wentworth talked, and talked well; but his eyes were still abstracted, his mind was still otherwise occupied; and Mr. Proctor, whose own intelligence was in a state of unusual excitement, perceived the fact without being at all able to explain it. An hour passed, and both the gentlemen looked at their watches. The Curate had left them abruptly enough, with little apology; and as neither of them had much interest in the other, nor in the conversation, it was natural that the host's

return should be looked for with some anxiety. When the two gentlemen had said all they could say about Italy—when Mr. Proctor had given a little sketch of his own experiences in Rome, to which his companion did not make the usual response of narrating his—the two came to a dead pause. They had now been sitting for more than two hours over that battle of Lafitte, many thoughts having in the mean time crossed Mr. Proctor's mind concerning the coffee and the Curate. Where could he have gone? and why was there not somebody in the house with sense enough to clear away the remains of dessert, and refresh the varied interlocutors with the black and fragrant cup which cheers all students? Both of the gentlemen had become seriously uneasy by this time; the late Rector got up from the table when he could bear it no longer. "Your brother must have been called away by something important," said Mr. Proctor stiffly. "Perhaps you will kindly make my excuses. Mr. Morgan keeps very regular hours, and I should not like to be late—"

"It is very extraordinary. I can't fancy what can be the reason—it must be somebody sick," said Gerald, rising too, but not looking by any means sure that Frank's absence had such a laudable excuse.

"Very likely," said the late Rector more stiffly than ever. "You are living here, I suppose?"

"No; I am at Miss Wentworth's—my aunt's," said Gerald. "I will walk with you;" and they went out together with minds considerably excited. Both looked up and down the road when they got outside the garden-gate: both had a vague idea that the Curate might be visible somewhere in conversation with somebody disreputable; and one being his friend and the other his brother, they were almost equally disturbed about the unfortunate young man. Mr. Proctor's thoughts, however, were mingled with a little offence. He had meant

to be confidential and brotherly, and the occasion had been lost; and how was it possible to explain the rudeness with which Mr. Wentworth had treated him? Gerald was still more seriously troubled. When Mr. Proctor left him, he walked up and down Grange Lane in the quiet of the summer night, watching for his brother. Jack came home smoking his cigar, dropping Wodehouse, whom the heir of the Wentworths declined to call his friend, before he reached his aunt's door, and as much surprised as it was possible for him to be, to find Gerald lingering, meditating, along the silent road; but still Frank did not come. By-and-by a hurried light gleamed in the window of the summer-house, and sounds of commotion were audible in the orderly dwelling of the Miss Wentworths; and the next thing that happened was the appearance of Miss Leonora, also with a shawl over her head, at the garden-door. Just then, when they were all going

to bed, Collins, Miss Dora's maid, had come to the drawing-room in search of her mistress. She was not to be found anywhere, though her bonnets and all her outdoor gear were safe in their place. For the first time in her life the entire family were startled into anxiety on Miss Dora's account. As for Mrs. Gerald Wentworth, she jumped at once to the conclusion that the poor lady was murdered, and that Frank must have something to do with it, and filled the house with lamentations. Nobody went to bed, not even aunt Cecilia, who had not been out of her room at eleven o'clock for centuries. Collins had gone into the summer-house and was turning over everything there as if she expected to find her mistress's body in the cupboard or under the sofa; Lewis, the butler, was hunting through the garden with a lantern, looking under all the bushes. No incident so utterly unaccountable had occurred before in Miss Dora Wentworth's life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The first investigation into the character of the Rev. F. C. Wentworth, Curate of St. Roque's, was fixed to take place in the vestry of the parish church, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day which followed this anxious night. Most people in Carlingford were aware that the Perpetual Curate was to be put upon his trial on that sunny July morning; and there was naturally a good deal of curiosity among the intelligent townfolk to see how he looked, and what was the aspect of the witnesses who were to bear testimony for or against him. It is always interesting to the crowd to see how a man looks at a great crisis of his life—or a woman either, for that matter; and if a human creature, at the height of joy, or in the depths of sorrow, is a spectacle to draw everybody's eyes, there is a still greater dramatic interest in the sight when hope and fear are both

in action, and the alternative hangs between life or death. It was life or death to Mr. Wentworth, though the tribunal was one which could inflict no penalties. If he should be found guilty, death would be a light doom to the downfall and moral extinction which would make an end of the unfaithful priest; and, consequently, Carlingford had reason for its curiosity. There was a crowd about the back entrance which led to the shabby little sacristy where Mr. Morgan and Mr. Leeson were accustomed to robe themselves; and scores of people strayed into the church itself, and hung about, pretending to look at the improvements which the Rector called restorations. Mrs. Morgan herself, looking very pale, was in and out half-a-dozen times in the hour, talking with terrible science and technicalism to Mr. Finial's clerk of works, who could not make

her see that she was talking Gothic—a language which had nothing to do with Carlingford Church, that building being of the Revolution or churchwarden epoch. She was a great deal too much agitated at that moment to be aware of the distinction. As for Mr. Wentworth, it was universally agreed that, though he looked a little flushed and excited, there was no particular discouragement visible in his face. He went in to the vestry with some eagerness, not much like a culprit on his trial. The Rector, indeed, who was heated and embarrassed and doubtful of himself, looked more like a criminal than the real hero. There were six of the amateur judges, of whom one had felt his heart fail him at the last moment. The five who were steadfast were Mr. Morgan, Dr. Marjoribanks, old Mr. Western, (who was a distant cousin of the Wodehouses, and brother-in-law, though old enough to be her grandfather, of the beautiful Lady Western, who once lived in Grange Lane), and with them Mr. Centum, the banker, and old Colonel Chiley. Mr. Proctor, who was very uneasy in his mind, and much afraid lest he should be called upon to give an account of the Curate's behaviour on the previous night, had added himself as a kind of auxiliary to this judicial bench. Mr. Waters had volunteered his services as counsellor, perhaps with the intention of looking after the interests of a very different client; and to this imposing assembly John Brown had walked in, with his hands in his pockets, rather disturbing the composure of the company in general, who were aware what kind of criticism his was. While the bed of justice was being arranged, a very odd little group collected in the outer room, where Elsworthy, in a feverish state of excitement, was revolving about the place from the door to the window, and where the Miss Hemmings sat up against the wall with their drapery drawn up about them, to show that they were of different clay from Mrs. Elswor-

thy, who, respectful but sullen, sat on the same bench. The anxious public peered in at the door whenever it had a chance, and took peeps through the window when the other privilege was impossible. Besides the Miss Hemmings and the Elsworths there was Peter Haylea, who also had seen something, and the wife of another shopkeeper at the end of George Street; and there was the Miss Hemmings' maid, who had escorted them on that eventful night of Rosa's disappearance. Not one of the witnesses had the smallest doubt as to the statement he or she was about to make; they were entirely convinced of the righteousness of their own cause, and the justice of the accusation, which naturally gave a wonderful moral force to their testimony. Besides—but that was quite a different matter—they all had their little grudges against Mr. Wentworth, each in his secret heart.

When Elsworthy was called in to the inner room it caused a little commotion amid this company outside. The Miss Hemmings looked at each other, not with an agreeable expression of face. "They might have had the politeness to call us first," Miss Sophia said to her sister; and Miss Hemmings shook her head and sighed, and said, "Dear Mr. Bury!" an observation which meant a great deal, though it did not seem perfectly relevant. "Laws! I'll forget everythink when I'm took in there," said the shopkeeper's wife to Miss Hemmings' maid; and the ladies drew still closer up, superior to curiosity, while the others stretched their necks to get a peep into the terrible inner room.

It was indeed a formidable tribunal. The room was small, so that the unfortunate witness was within the closest range of six pairs of judicial eyes, not to speak of the vigilant orbs of the two lawyers, and those of the accused and his supporters. Mr. Morgan, by right of his position, sat at the end of the table, and looked very severely at the first witness as he came in—which Els-

worthy did, carrying his hat before him like a kind of shield, and polishing it carefully round and round. The Rector was far from having any intention of discouraging the witness, who was indeed his mainstay; but the anxiety of his peculiar position, as being at once counsel for the prosecution, and chief magistrate of the bed of justice, gave an unusual sternness to his face.

"Your name is George Elsworthy," said the Rector, filling his pen with ink, and looking penetratingly in the witness's face.

"George Appleby Elsworthy," said Rosa's uncle, a little alarmed; "not as I often sign in full; for you see, sir, it's a long name, and life's short, and it ain't necessary in the way of business —"

"Stationer and newsmonger in Carlingford," interrupted the Rector; "I should say in Upper Grange Lane, Carlingford; aged——"

"But it doesn't appear to me that newsmonger is a correct expression," said old Mr. Western, who was very conversational; "newsmonger means a gossip, not a tradesman; not that there is any reason why a tradesman should not be a gossip, but ——"

"Aged?" said Mr. Morgan, holding his pen suspended in the air, "I will say newswendor if that will be better — one cannot be too particular — Aged ——?"

"He is come to years of discretion," said Dr. Marjoribanks, "that's all we need; don't keep us all day waiting, man, but tell your story about this elopement of your niece. When did it take place, and what are the facts? Never mind your hat, but say out what you have got to say."

"You are much too summary, Doctor," said Mr. Morgan, with a little offence; but the sense of the assembly was clearly with Dr. Marjoribanks — so that the Rector dashed in 45 as the probable age of the witness, and waited his further statement.

After this there was silence, and Elsworthy began his story. He narrated all the facts of Rosa's dis-

appearance, with an intention and bias which made his true tale a wonderful tacit accusation. Rage, revenge, a sense of wrong, worked what in an indifferent narrator only the highest skill could have wrought. He did not mention the Curate's name, but arranged all his facts in lines like so many trains of artillery. How Rosa was in the habit of going to Mrs. Hadwin's (it was contrary to Elsworthy's instinct to bring in at this moment any reference to Mr. Wentworth) every night with the newspaper — "not as I sent her of errands for common — keeping two boys for the purpose," said the injured man; "but, right or wrong, there's where she'd go as certain as the night come. I've seen her with my own eyes go into Mrs. Hadwin's garden-door, which she hadn't no need to go in but for being encouraged; and it would be half an hour at the least afore she came out."

"But, bless me! that was very imprudent of you," cried Mr. Proctor, who up to this time had not uttered a word.

"There was nobody there but the old lady and her maids — except the clergyman," said Elsworthy. "It wasn't my part to think as she could get any harm from the clergyman. She wouldn't hear no remonstrances from me; she *would* go as regular as the evening come."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Waters, who saw John Brown's humorous eye gleaming round upon the little assembly; "but let us come to the immediate matter in hand. Your niece disappeared from Carlingford on the ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Western, "we must not sink into conversation; that's the danger of all unofficial investigations. It seems natural to let him tell his story as he likes; but here we have got somebody to keep us in order. It's natural, but it ain't law — is it, Brown?"

"I don't see that law has anything to do with it," said John Brown, with a smile.

"Order! order!" said the Rector, who was much goaded and aggra-

vated by this remark. "I request that there may be no conversation. The witness will proceed with what he has to say. Your niece disappeared on the 15th. What were the circumstances of her going away?"

"She went down as usual with the newspaper," said Elsworthy; "it had got to be a custom as regular as regular. She stopped out later nor common, and my wife and me was put out. I don't mind saying, gentlemen," said the witness, with candour, "as my missis and I wasn't altogether of the same mind about Rosa. She was late, but I can't say as I was anxious. It wasn't above a week afore that Mr. Wentworth himself brought her home safe, and it was well known as he didn't like her to be out at night; so I was easy in my mind, like. But when eleven o'clock came, and there was no denying of its being past hours, I began to get a little fidgety. I stepped out to the door, and I looked up and down, and saw nobody; so I took up my hat and took a turn down the road——"

At this moment there was a little disturbance outside. A voice at which the Curate started was audible, asking entrance. "I must see Mr. Wentworth immediately," this voice said, as the door was partially opened; and then, while his sons both rose to their feet, the Squire himself suddenly entered the room. He looked round upon the assembled company with a glance of shame and grief that went to the Curate's heart. Then he bowed to the judges, who were looking at him with an uncomfortable sense of his identity, and walked across the room to the bench on which Gerald and Frank were seated together. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the Squire, "if I interrupt your proceedings; but I have only this moment arrived in Carlingford, and heard what was going on, and I trust I may be allowed to remain, as my son's honour is concerned." Mr. Wentworth scarcely waited for the assent which everybody united in mur-

muring, but seated himself heavily on the bench, as if glad to sit down anywhere. He suffered Frank to grasp his hand, but scarcely gave it; nor, indeed, did he look, except once, with a bitter momentary glance at the brothers. They were sons a father might well have been proud of, so far as external appearances went; but the Squire's soul was bitter within him. One was about to abandon all that made life valuable in the eyes of the sober-minded country gentleman. The other—— "And I could have sworn by Frank," the mortified father was saying in his heart. He sat down with a dull, dogged composure. He meant to hear it, all, and have it proved to him that his favourite son was a villain. No wonder that he was disinclined to respond to any courtesies. He set himself down almost with impatience that the sound of his entrance should have interrupted the narrative, and looked straight in front of him, fixing his eyes on Elsworthy, and taking no notice of the anxious glances of the possible culprit at his side.

"I hadn't gone above a step or two when I see Mr. Hayles at his door. I said to him, 'It's a fine evening,'—as so it was, and the stars shining. 'My Rosa ain't been about your place, has she?' I says; and he says 'No.' But, gentlemen, I see by the look of his eye as he had more to say. 'Ain't she come home yet?' says Mr. Hayles——"

"Stop a moment," said John Brown. "Peter Hayles is outside, I think. If the Rector wishes to preserve any sort of legal form in this inquiry, may I suggest that a conversation repeated is not evidence? Let Elsworthy tell what he knows, and the other can speak for himself——"

"It is essential we should hear the conversation," said the Rector, "since I believe it was of importance. I believe it is an important link in the evidence—I believe——"

"Mr. Morgan apparently has heard the evidence before," said the inexorable John Brown.

Here a little commotion arose in the bed of justice. "Hush, hush," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "the question is, What has the witness got to say of his own knowledge? Go on, Elworthy; we can't possibly spend the whole day here. Never mind what Hayles said, unless he communicated something about the girl."

"He told me as the Miss Hemmings had seen Rosa," said Elworthy, slowly; "had seen her at nine, or half after nine—I won't be sure which—at Mrs. Hadwin's gate."

"The Miss Hemmings are outside. Let the Miss Hemmings be called," said Mr. Proctor, who had a great respect for Mr. Brown's opinion.

But here Mr. Waters interposed. "The Miss Hemmings will be called presently," he said; "in the mean time let this witness be heard out; afterwards his evidence will be corroborated. Go on, Elworthy."

"The Miss Hemmings had seen my Rosa at Mrs. Hadwin's gate," repeated Elworthy, "a-standing outside, and Mr. Wentworth a-standing inside; there ain't more respectable parties in all Carlingford. It was them as saw it, not me. Gentlemen, I went back home. I went out again. I went over all the town a-looking for her. Six o'clock in the morning come, and I had never closed an eye, nor took off my clothes, nor even sat down upon a chair. When it was an hour as I could go to a gentleman's house and no offence, I went to the place as she was last seen. Me and Mr. Hayles we went together. The shutters was all shut but on one window, which was Mr. Wentworth's study. We knocked at the garden-door, and I ain't pretending that we didn't make a noise; and, gentlemen, it wasn't none of the servants—it was Mr. Wentworth himself as opened the door."

There was here a visible sensation among the judges. It was a point that told. As for the Squire, he set his stick firmly before him, and leaned his clasped hands upon it, to steady himself. His health-

ful, ruddy countenance was paling gradually. If it had been an apostle who spoke, he could not have taken in more entirely the bitter tale.

"It was Mr. Wentworth himself, gentlemen," said the triumphant witness; "not like a man roused out of his sleep, but dressed and shaved, and his hair brushed, as if it had been ten instead o' six. It's well known in Carlingford as he ain't an early man; and gentlemen here knows it as well as me. I don't pretend as I could keep my temper. I give him my mind, gentlemen, being an injured man; but I said as—if he do his duty by her—"

"Softly a moment," said Mr. Brown. "What had Mr. Wentworth's aspect at six o'clock in the morning to do with Rosa Elworthy's disappearance at nine on the previous night?"

"I don't see that the question is called for at the present moment," said Mr. Waters. "Let us hear what reasons you have for attributing to Mr. Wentworth an unusual degree of interest in your niece."

"Sir," said Elworthy, "he come into my shop as regular as the day; he never come but he asked after Rosa, or spoke to her if she was there. One night he walked all the way up Grange Lane and knocked at my door and brought her in all of a glow, and said I wasn't to send her out late no more. My missis, being a woman as is very particular, was struck, and thought as harm might come of it; and, not to be talked of, we sent Rosa away. And what does Mr. Wentworth do, but the moment he hears of it comes right off to my shop! He had been at his own home, sir, a-visiting his respected family," said Elworthy, turning slightly towards the side of the room where the father and sons sat together. "He came to my shop with his carpet-bag as he come off the railway, and he gave me my orders as I was to bring Rosa back. What he said was 'Directly,' that very day. I never had no thought but what his

meaning was honourable—being a clergyman," said the witness, with a heavy sigh; and then there ensued a little pause.

"The Miss Hemmings had better be called now," said Mr. Waters. "Elsworthy, you can retire; but we may require you again, so you had better not go away. Request Miss Hemmings to do us the favour of coming here."

The Squire lifted his heavy eyes when the next witness entered. She made a very solemn curtsy to the gentlemen, and sat down on the chair which somebody placed for her. Being unsupported, a lady—not to say an unmarried lady—profoundly conscious of the fact—among a number of men, Miss Hemmings was naturally much agitated. She was the eldest and the softest-hearted; and it occurred to her for the first time, as she gave a frightened look towards the Curate, that he was like her favourite younger brother, who had died ever so many ages ago—a thought which, for the first time, made her doubtful of her testimony, and disposed to break down in her evidence.

"You were in Grange Lane on the evening of the 15th ultimo," said Mr. Morgan, after he had carefully written down her name, "about nine o'clock?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Morgan," said the poor lady; "we were at St. Roque's Cottage drinking tea with Mrs. Bland, who was lodging with Mrs. Smith in the same rooms Mrs. Rider used to have. I put the note of invitation in my pocket in case there should be any doubt; but indeed, poor Mrs. Bland was taken very ill on the 16th, and Dr. Marjoribanks was called, and he knows it could not be any other evening—and besides——"

"About nine o'clock," said Mr. Waters; "did I understand you, it was about nine o'clock?"

"She was such an invalid, poor dear," said Miss Hemmings, apologetically; "and it is such a privilege to have real Christian conversation. We dined early on purpose, and we were asked for half-

past six. I think it must have been a little after nine; but Mary is here, and she knows what hour she came for us. Shall I call Mary, please?"

"Presently," said the counsel for the prosecution. "Don't be agitated; one or two questions will do. You passed Mrs. Hadwin's door coming up. Will you kindly tell the gentlemen what you saw there?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Hemmings. She looked round at the Curate again, and he was more than ever like Willie who died. "I—I don't take much notice of what I see in the streets," she said, faltering; "and there are always so many poor people going to see Mr. Wentworth." Here the poor lady stopped short. She had never considered before what harm her evidence might do. Now her heart smote her for the young man who was like Willie. "He is so very kind to all the poor people," continued the unwilling witness, looking doubtfully round into all the faces near her; "and he's such a young man," she added, in her tremulous way. It was Miss Sophia who was strong-minded; all the poor women in Back Grove Street were perfectly aware that their chances were doubled when they found Miss Jane.

"But you must tell us what you saw all the same," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I daresay Mr. Wentworth wishes it as much as we do."

The Curate got up and came forward with one of his impulses. "I wish it a great deal more," he said. "My dear Miss Hemmings, thank you for your reluctance to say anything to harm me; but the truth can't possibly harm me: tell them exactly what you saw."

Miss Hemmings looked from one to another, and trembling more and more. "I am sure I never meant to injure Mr. Wentworth," she said; "I only said I thought it was imprudent of him—that was all I meant. Oh, I am sure, if I had thought of this, I would rather have done anything than say it. And whatever Sophia might have

imagined, I assure you, gentlemen, I never, never for a moment thought Mr. Wentworth meant any harm."

"Never mind Mr. Wentworth," said Mr. Brown, who now took the matter in hand. "When you were passing Mrs. Hadwin's house about nine o'clock on the evening of the 15th, you saw some one standing at the door. Mr. Wentworth particularly wishes you to say who it was."

"Oh, Mr. Brown—oh, Mr. Morgan," cried the poor lady; "it was little Rosa Elsworthy. She was a designing little artful thing. When she was in my Sunday class, she was always thinking of her vanities. Mr. Wentworth was talking to her at the garden-door. I daresay he was giving her good advice; and oh, gentlemen, if you were to question me for ever and ever, that is all I have got to say."

"Did you not hear what they were talking about?" said Mr. Proctor. "If it was good advice—" The late Rector stopped short, and grew red, and felt that his supposition was that of a simpleton. "You heard what they were talking about? What did they say?" he concluded, peremptorily, in a tone which frightened the reluctant witness more and more.

"I did not hear a single word," she cried—"not a word. That is all I know about it. Oh, please, let me go away. I feel very faint. I should like a little cold water, please. I did not hear a word—not a word. I have told you everything I have got to say."

Everybody looked more serious when Miss Hemmings stumbled from her chair. She was so frightened at her own testimony, and so unwilling to give it, that its importance was doubled in the eyes of the inexperienced judges. The Squire gave a low groan under his breath, and turned his eyes, which had been fixed upon her, on the ground instead; but raised them immediately, with a gleam of anxiety, as his son again rose from his side. All that the Curate meant to do was to give the trembling

lady his arm, and lead her out; but the entire assembly, with the exception of John Brown, started and stared as if he had been about to take instant revenge upon the frightened woman. Miss Hemmings burst into tears when Mr. Wentworth set a chair for her by the door, and brought her a glass of water, in the outer room; and just then somebody knocked and gave him a note, with which he returned to the presence of the awful tribunal. Miss Sophia Hemmings was corroborating her sister's statement when the Perpetual Curate re-entered. He stood behind her quite quietly, until she had finished, with a slight smile upon his lip, and the note in his hand. Dr. Marjoribanks was not partial to Miss Sophia Hemmings. She was never ill herself, and rarely permitted even her sister to enjoy the gentle satisfaction of a day's sickness. The old Doctor looked instead at the Perpetual Curate. When Miss Hemmings withdrew, Dr. Marjoribanks interposed. "It appears to me that Mr. Wentworth has something to say," said the Doctor. "It is quite necessary that he should have a hearing as well as the rest of us. Let Peter Hayles wait a moment, till we hear what Mr. Wentworth has to say."

"It is not yet time for us to receive Mr. Wentworth's statement," said the Rector. "He shall certainly be heard in his own defence at the proper time. Mr. Waters, call Peter Hayles."

"One moment," said the Curate. "I have no statement to make, and I can wait till you have heard what everybody has to say, if the Rector wishes it; but it might save time and trouble to hear me. I have another witness whom, up to this moment, I have been reluctant to bring forward—a witness all-important for me, whom I cannot produce in so public a place, or at an hour when everybody is abroad. If you will do me the favour to adjourn this inquiry till the evening, and to meet then in a private house—in my own, or Miss Wentworth's,

or wherever you may appoint—I think I can undertake to make this whole business perfectly clear.”

“Bless me!” said Mr. Proctor, suddenly. This unexpected and irrelevant benediction was the first sound distinctly audible in the little stir of surprise, expectation, and excitement which followed the Curate’s speech. The Squire let his stick fall out of his hands, and groped after it to pick it up again. Hope had suddenly all at once come into possession of the old man’s breast. As for the Rector, he was too much annoyed at the moment to speak.

“You should have thought of this before,” said Dr. Marjoribanks. “It would have been just as easy to fix this meeting for the evening, and in a private house, and would have saved time. You are very welcome to my dining-room, if you please; but I don’t understand why it could not have been settled so at once, and saved our time,” said the Doctor; to which sentiment there were several murmurs of assent.

“Gentlemen,” said the Curate, whose eyes were sparkling with excitement, “you must all know in your hearts that this trial ought never to have taken place. I have lived among you for five years, and you ought to have known me by this time. I have never been asked for an explanation, neither could any explanation which it was possible for me to make have convinced a mind prejudiced against me,” he said, after a moment’s pause, with a meaning which everybody understood. “It is only now that I feel myself able to clear up the whole matter; and it is for this reason alone that I ask you to put off your inquiry till to-night.”

“I don’t feel inclined to consent to any adjournment,” said Mr. Morgan; “it looks like an attempt to defeat the ends of justice.” The Rector was very much annoyed—more than he dared confess to himself. He believed in his heart that young Wentworth was guilty, and he felt equally convinced that here was

some unexpected loophole through which he would escape. But public opinion was strong in Grange Lane—stronger than a new Rector. The Banker and the Doctor and the Indian Colonel, not to speak of old Mr. Western, were disposed to grant the request of the Curate; and when even Mr. Proctor forsook his side, the Rector himself yielded. “Though it is against my judgment,” he said, “and I see no advantage to be gained by it, the meeting had better be held in the Rectory, this evening at seven o’clock.”

“Most of us dine at seven o’clock,” said Dr. Marjoribanks.

“This evening at eight o’clock,” said the Rector, severely. “I will request all the witnesses to be in attendance, and we must hope to find Mr. Wentworth’s witness of sufficient importance to justify the change. At eight o’clock this evening, in my house, gentlemen,” said the Rector. He collected his notes and went outside, and began talking to his witnesses, while the others collected together round the table to consult over this new phase of the affair. The three Mr. Wentworths went out together, the father between his two tall sons. The Squire’s strength was much shaken, both in mind and body. When they were out of the shadow of the church, he looked up in Frank’s face.

“I hope you consider me entitled to an immediate explanation,” said Mr. Wentworth. “When I read that anonymous letter, it went a long way towards breaking my heart, sir; I can tell you it did. Jack here too, and your brother making up his mind as he has done, Frank. I am not a man to complain. If it were all over with me to-morrow, I shouldn’t be sorry, so far as I am concerned, if it weren’t for the girls and the little children. But I always thought I could have sworn by Frank,” said the old man mournfully. He was ever so much older since he had said these words before in the long lime avenue at Wentworth Hall.

FORSYTH'S LIFE OF CICERO.

"WHAT will History say of me six hundred years hence?" So wrote Cicero, unburdening his heart to his friend Atticus in such confidential correspondence as surely was never known before or since; but, in this particular question, merely expressing the very natural anxiety of every man who feels that his name and acts will become historical. More than thrice the six hundred years have passed, and, in Cicero's case, History has hardly yet made up its mind. He has been lauded and abused, from his own times down to the present, in terms as extravagant as are to be found in the most passionate of his own orations: both his accusers and his champions have caught the trick of his rhetorical exaggeration more easily than his eloquence. Modern German critics like Drumann and Mommsen have attacked him with hardly less bitterness, though with more decency, than Dio Cassius. Bishop Middleton, on the other hand, in his elaborate Biography, is as blind to his faults as though he were delivering a panegyric in the Rostra at Rome. Perhaps it is the fond partiality of the learned Bishop's view, displayed in those pleasant volumes which are still to this day the great storehouse of materials on the subject, which has produced a reaction in the minds of sceptical and disputatious Germans, and of our own delightful but paradoxical De Quincey. It is impossible not to sympathise in some degree with the Athenian who was tired of always hearing Aristides extolled as "the Just;" and there was certainly a strong temptation to pick holes in a man's character who was perpetually, during his lifetime and for eighteen centuries after his death, having a trumpet sounded before him to an-

nounce him as the prince of patriots as well as philosophers; worthy indeed, as Erasmus thought, to be canonised as a saint of the Catholic Church, but for the single drawback of his not having been a Christian.

There was quite room, therefore, for a Life of Cicero such as Mr. Forsyth has given us; written, not in the spirit of an advocate, but with the impartiality of an historian. He has placed before us once more the facts of that eventful life—in itself a history of those fifty years which saw the last flashes of Roman true grandeur, the last gasps of Roman liberty—clearly, and with sufficient fulness of detail, and in a style which will attract a far larger circle of readers than the limited world of scholars. Not that his work is unscholarly—far from it; but the writer's scholarship, as well as his acquaintance with both Roman and English law, is modestly and skilfully worked into the fabric of the story. We have thus the life of the great orator and statesman brought more vividly before English readers, who may fairly be assumed to be but moderately conversant with the intrigues of Roman politicians, or the intricacies of Roman legislation. In truth, the state of parties at Rome, at this crisis of her history, is so perplexing even to careful students, as to add largely to the difficulty of pronouncing any fair judgment upon the political conduct of Cicero. If our own conclusions are sometimes less favourable than Mr. Forsyth's, we fully recognise the fairness and clearness with which he states the facts. Certainly the great Roman orator, in his most imaginative visions of future fame, never dreamt that his life would be written by a "British barrister"—a foreign curi-

osity which he thought would produce quite a sensation at Rome;* but he would have no reason to complain of his treatment.

In one respect, the times of Cicero, in spite of their complicated politics, should have more interest for a modern reader than most of what is called Ancient History. Forget the date but for a moment, and there is scarcely anything ancient about them. The scenes and actors are modern—terribly modern; far more so than the middle ages of Christendom. Between the times of our own Plantagenets and Georges, for instance, there is a far wider gap, in all but years, than between the consulships of Cæsar and Napoleon. The habits of life, the ways of thinking, the family affections, the tastes of the Romans of Cicero's day, were in many respects wonderfully like our own; the political jealousies and rivalries have repeated themselves again and again in the last two or three centuries of Europe: their code of political honour and morality, debased as it was, was not much lower than that which was held by some great statesmen a generation or two before us. Let us be thankful, if the most frightful of their vices were the exclusive shame of paganism.

It was in an old but humble country-house, near the town of Arpinum, under the Volscian hills, that Marcus Tullius Cicero was born, one hundred and six years before the Christian era. The family was of ancient equestrian dignity, but, as none of its members had hitherto borne any office of state, it did not rank as "noble." His grandfather and his father had borne the same three names—the last an inheritance from some forgotten ancestor who had either been successful in the cultivation of vetches (*cicer*), or, as less complimentary traditions said, had a wart

of that shape upon his nose. The grandfather was still living when the little Cicero was born; a stout old conservative, who had successfully resisted the attempt to introduce vote by ballot into his native town, and hated the Greeks (who were just then coming into fashion) as heartily as his English representative, fifty years ago, might have hated a Frenchman. "The more Greek a man knew," he protested, "the greater rascal he turned out." The father was a man of quiet habits, taking no part in even local politics, given to books, and to the enlargement and improvement of the old family house, which, up to his time, seems not to have been more than a modest grange. The situation was beautiful and romantic; and the love for it, which grew up with the young Cicero as a child, he never lost in the busy days of his manhood. It was in his eyes, he said, what Ithaca was to Ulyssee, "A rough, wild nurse-land, but whose crops are men."

There was an aptness in the quotation; for at Arpinum, a few years before, was born that Caius Marius, seven times consul, who had at least the virtue of manhood in him, if he had few besides.

But the quiet country gentleman was ambitious for his son. Cicero's father, like Horace's, determined to give him the best education in his power; and of course the best education was to be found in Rome, and the best teachers there were Greeks. So to Rome young Marcus was sent in due time, with his younger brother Quintus. They lodged with their uncle-in-law, Aculeo, a lawyer of some distinction, who had a house in rather a fashionable quarter of the city, and moved in good society; and the two boys attended the Greek lectures with their town cousins. Greek was as necessary a part of

* "Mira enim persona induci potest *Britannici jurisconsulti*."—Letter to Trebatius (*Ad Div.* vii. 11).

† Cicero hated the ballot himself as cordially as his ancestor: "It uncovers men's faces and conceals their thoughts; it gives them the opportunity of doing what they like, and promising all that they are asked."

a Roman gentleman's education in those days as Latin and French are with us now; like Latin, it was the key to literature (for the Romans had as yet, it must be remembered, nothing worth calling literature of their own); and, like French, it was the language of refinement and the play of polished society. Let us hope that by this time the good old grandfather was gathered peacefully into his urn; it might have broken his heart to have seen how enthusiastically his grandson Marcus threw himself into this newfangled study; and one of those letters of his riper years, stuffed full of Greek terms and phrases even to affectation, would have drawn anything but blessings from the old gentleman if he had lived to hear them read.

Young Cicero went through the regular curriculum—grammar, rhetoric, and the Greek poets and historians. Like many other youthful geniuses, he wrote a good deal of poetry of his own, which his friends, as was natural, thought very highly of at the time, and of which he himself retained the same good opinion to the end of his life, as would have been natural to few men except Cicero. But his more important studies began after he had assumed the "white gown" which marked his emergence from boyhood into more responsible life—at sixteen years of age. He then began a special education for the bar. It could scarcely be called a profession, for an advocate's practice at Rome was gratuitous; but it was the best training for public life; it was the ready means, to an able and eloquent man, of gaining that popular influence which would secure his election in due course to the great magistracies which formed the successive steps to political power. Mr. Forsyth shows how the mode of studying law at Rome bore a very considerable resemblance to the preparation for the English bar. Our modern law-student purchases his admission to the chambers of some special pleader or conveyancer, where he is supposed to learn his

future business by copying precedents and answering cases, and he also attends the public lectures at the Inns of Court. So at Rome the young aspirant was to be found (but at a much earlier hour than would suit the Temple or Lincoln's Inn) in the open hall of some great jurist's house, listening to his opinions given to the throng of clients who crowded there every morning; while his more zealous pupils would accompany him in his stroll in the Forum, and attend his pleadings in the courts or his speeches on the Rostra, either taking down on their tablets, or storing in their memories, his *dicta* upon legal questions. In such wise Cicero became the pupil of Mucius Scaevola, whose house was called "the oracle of Rome"—scarcely ever leaving his side, as he himself expresses it; and after that great lawyer's death, attaching himself in much the same way to a younger cousin of the same name and scarcely less reputation. Besides this, to arm himself at all points for his proposed career, he read logic with Diodotus the Stoic, studied the action of Æsop and Roscius—then the stars of the Roman stage—declaimed aloud like Demosthenes in private, made copious notes, practised translation to form a written style, and read day and night. He trained severely as an intellectual athlete; and if none of his contemporaries attained such splendid success, perhaps none worked so hard for it. He made use, too, of special advantages which were open to him—little appreciated, or at least seldom acknowledged, by the men of his day—the society and conversation of elegant and accomplished women. In Scaevola's domestic circle, where the mother, the daughters, and the granddaughters successively seem to have been such charming talkers that language found new graces from their lips, the young advocate learnt some of his not least valuable lessons. "It makes no little difference," said he in his riper years, "what style of expression one be-

comes familiar with in the associations of daily life."

But no man could be completely educated for a public career at Rome until he had been a soldier. By what must seem to us a mistake in the Republican system—a mistake which we have seen made more than once in the present American war—political offices of state were necessarily combined with military command. Prætor or consul, however hopelessly civilian in tastes and antecedents, might be sent to conduct a campaign in Italy or abroad at a few hours' notice. If a man was a heaven-born general, all went well; if not, he had usually a chance of learning in the school of defeat. It was desirable at all events, that he should have seen what war was in his youth. Young Cicero served his first campaign, at the age of nineteen, under the father of a man whom he was to know only too well in after life—Pompey the Great—and in the division of the army which was commanded by Sylla as lieutenant-general. He bore arms only for a year or two, and probably saw no very arduous service, or we should certainly have heard of it from himself; and he never was in camp again until he took the chief command as pro-consul in Cilicia. He was at Rome, leading a quiet student-life—happily for himself, too young to be forced or tempted into an active part—during the bloody feuds of Sylla and the younger Marius.

He seems to have made his first appearance as an advocate when he was about twenty-five, in some suit of which we know nothing. Two years afterwards he undertook his first defence of a prisoner on a capital charge, and secured by his eloquence the acquittal of Sextus Roscius on a very vague accusation of having murdered his father. That there was "not a tittle of evidence" against him was, as Mr. Forsyth thinks—and probably he is right—a very minor consideration with a jury of highly intelligent Roman citizens. What kind of con-

siderations, besides the rhetoric of counsel, did usually sway these gentlemen, we shall see hereafter. In consequence of this decided success, briefs came in upon the young pleader almost too quickly. Like many other successful orators, he had to combat some natural deficiencies: he had inherited from his father a somewhat delicate constitution; his lungs were not powerful, and his voice required careful management; and the loud declamation and vehement action which he had adopted from his models—and which were necessary conditions of success in a large arena—he found very hard work. He left Rome for a while, and retired for rest and change to Athens.

The six months which he spent there, though busy and studious, must have been very pleasant ones. To one like Cicero, Athens was at once classic and holy ground. It combined all those associations and attractions which we might expect to find in a visit to the capitals of Greece and of Italy, and a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, and religion—all, to his eyes, had their cradle there. It was the home of all that was literature to him; and there were the Eleusinian mysteries—which are mysteries still, but which undoubtedly contained whatever faith in the Invisible and Eternal rested in the mind of an enlightened pagan. There can be little doubt but that Cicero took this opportunity of initiation. His brother Quintus and one of his cousins were with him at Athens; and there also he renewed his acquaintance with an old schoolfellow, Titus Pomponius, who lived so long in the city, and became so thoroughly Athenian in his tastes and habits, that he is better known to us, as he was to his contemporaries, by the surname of Atticus, which was given him half in jest, than by his more sonorous Roman name. It is to the accidental circumstance of his being so long an absentee, and the correspondence which was maintained between the

two friends, with occasional intervals, for something like four-and-twenty years, that we are indebted for a more full and reliable insight into the character of Cicero than of any other of the great minds of antiquity; nearly four hundred of his letters to Atticus, written in all the familiar confidence of private friendship by a man by no means reticent as to his personal feelings, having been preserved to us. Atticus's replies are lost; it is said that he was prudent enough, after his friend's unhappy death, to reclaim and destroy them. They would perhaps have told us, in his case, not very much that we care to know beyond what we know already. Rich, luxurious, with elegant tastes and easy morality—a true Epicurean, as he boasted himself to be—he had nevertheless a kind heart and an open hand. He has generally been called selfish, somewhat unfairly; at least his selfishness never took the form of indifference or unkindness to others. His vocation was certainly not patriotism; but the worldly wisdom which kept well with men of all political colours, and eschewed the wretched intrigues and bloody feuds of Rome, stands out in no unfavourable contrast with the conduct of many of her *soi-disant* patriots. If he declined to take a side himself, men of all parties resorted to him in their adversity; and the man who befriended the younger Marius in his exile, protected the widow of Antony, gave shelter on his estates to the victims of the triumvirate's proscription, and was always ready to offer his friend Cicero both his house and his purse whenever the political horizon clouded round him, we hold to have been as good a citizen as the noisiest clamourer for "liberty" in the Forum, or the readiest hand with the dagger. He kept his life and his property safe through all those years of peril and proscription, with less sacrifice of principle than many who had made louder professions, and died—by a singular act of voluntary starvation, to make short work with an incur-

able disease—at a ripe old age; a godless Epicurean, no doubt, but not the worst of them.

We must return to Cicero, and deal somewhat briefly with the next few years of his life, of which ample details will be found in Mr. Forsyth's pages. He extended his foreign tour for two years, visiting the chief cities of Asia Minor, remaining for a short time at Rhodes to take lessons once more from his old tutor Molo the rhetorician, and everywhere availing himself of the lectures of the most renowned Greek professors, to correct and improve his own style of composition and delivery. Soon after his return to Rome, he married. Of the character of his wife Terentia very different views have been taken. In all her husband's letters she is mentioned in terms of apparently the most sincere affection. He calls her repeatedly his "darling"—"the delight of his eyes"—"the best of mothers;" yet he procured a divorce from her, for no distinctly assigned reason, after a married life of thirty years, during which we find no trace of any serious domestic unhappiness. The imputations on her honour made by Plutarch, and repeated by others, seem utterly without foundation; and Cicero's own share in the transaction is not improved by the fact of his marrying as soon as possible an almost girl, with whom he did not live a year before a second divorce released him. Terentia is said also to have had an imperious temper; but the only ground for this assertion seems to have been that she quarrelled occasionally with her sister-in-law Pomponia, daughter of Atticus and wife of Quintus Cicero; but as Pomponia, by her own brother's account, showed her own temper very disagreeably to her husband, the feud between the ladies was more likely to have been her fault than Terentia's. But the very low notion of the marriage relations entertained by both the later Greeks and Romans help to throw some light upon a proceed-

ing which would otherwise seem very mysterious. Terentia, as is pretty plain from the hints in her husband's letters, was not a good manager in money matters; there is room for suspicion that she was not even an honest one in his absence, and was "making a purse" for herself; she had thus failed in one of the only two qualifications which, according to Demosthenes—an authority who ranked very high in Cicero's eyes—were essential in a wife, to be "a faithful house-guardian" and "a fruitful mother."* She did not die of a broken heart; she lived to be 104, and, according to Dio Cassius, to have three more husbands. But we agree with Mr. Forsyth, that "as she was fifty years old when Cicero divorced her, this is most probably an untrue story."

Increasing reputation as a brilliant and successful pleader, and the social influence which this brought with it, secured the rapid succession of Cicero to the highest public offices. Soon after his marriage he was elected Quæstor—the first step on the official ladder—which, as he already possessed the necessary property qualification, gave him a seat in the Senate for life. The Ædileship and Prætorship followed, each as early, in point of age, as it could legally be held. His Quæstorship had involved his accompanying his chief, the Prætor, into Sicily for a year; but otherwise his practice as an advocate suffered no interruption. It was while he held the office of Ædile that he brought to justice the most important criminal of the day—Caius Verres, charged with high crimes and misdemeanours in his government of Sicily; the grand scale of whose offences, and the absorbing interest of the trial, have led to his case being quoted as an obvious parallel to that of Warren Hastings, though with much injustice to the latter, so far as it

may seem to imply any comparison of moral character. The case was not tried out; for Verres, finding neither bribery, nor influence, nor intimidation of any avail against the overwhelming facts brought out in evidence, retired into voluntary exile soon after the trial began, and allowed judgment to go by default; but the history of it would require a volume of itself, though the few pages which it occupies in the work before us give a very able sketch of its leading features. Every species of crime and injustice which a bad man possessed of irresponsible power could commit, had been exhausted by the Roman governor on those unhappy provincials. The reckless gratification of his avarice and his passions seldom satisfied him, without the addition of some bitter insult to the sufferers. But there was even a more atrocious feature in the case, of which Cicero did not fail to make good use in his appeal to a Roman jury. Many of the unhappy victims had the Roman franchise. The torture of an unfortunate Sicilian might be turned into a jest by a clever advocate for the defence, and regarded, by a philosophic jury with less than the cold compassion with which we regard the sufferings of the lower animals; but "to scourge a man that was a Roman and uncondemned," was a thought which made the officers of the great Empire, at its pitch of power, tremble before a wandering teacher who bore the despised name of Christian. And this was what Verres had done.

"He was as cruel as he was rapacious. There was a deep and dreadful dungeon at Syracuse, called Latomia, formed out of a stone-quarry by the tyrant Dionysius, and used as a prison for malefactors. Into this Roman citizens were thrown by Verres, and kept in chains until they were strangled by his orders. One unhappy man amongst them, named Gabius, contrived to escape from the horrible place, and fled to Messana. Here he

* Τὰς μὲν ἑταίρας ἡδονῆς ἐνεκ' ἔχομεν, τὰς δὲ γυναῖκας τοῦ παιδοποιεῖσθαι γηραιῶς, καὶ τῶν ἐνδόν φύλακα πιστὴν ἔχειν.—*Demosth. in Nocturnam.*

made no secret of his intention to embark for Rome, and to impeach Verres there. But he was seized by the magistrates, who at Messana were the obsequious creatures of the Governor; and Verres, happening to arrive the same day, condemned him to be first stripped and flogged naked in the market-place, and then crucified. While the poor wretch was being scourged, no sound escaped his lips, except the oft-repeated cry, '*Civis Romanus sum!*' as if, says Cicero, he thought those magic words would have power to save him. But in vain. Verres ordered a cross to be erected on a headland that commanded a view of Italy across the strait, saying, in savage mockery, that as Gabius called himself a Roman citizen, he might have the opportunity of looking towards his land. And there he was crucified and died."

Mr. Forsyth's English gives the horrible story forcibly enough; but he would be the first to admit that, in order to judge of its thrilling effect upon a Roman jury, it must be read in the grand periods of the oration itself, to which (as he remarks elsewhere of Cicero's eloquence generally) "it is impossible to do justice by any translation." The fruitless appeal made by the unhappy citizen to the outraged majesty of Rome, and the indignant demand for vengeance which the great orator sounds upon it—proclaiming the recognised principle that, in every quarter of the world, the humblest wanderer who could say he was a Roman citizen should find protection in the name—will be always remembered as having supplied Lord Palmerston with one of his most telling illustrations. But this great speech of Cicero's—perhaps the most magnificent piece of declamation in any language—though written and preserved to us, was never spoken; Verres, as has been said, not daring to challenge a verdict, but withdrawing to Marseilles soon after the trial opened. He lived there, undisturbed in the enjoyment of his plunder, long enough to see the fall and assassination of his great accuser, but only (as it is said) to share his fate soon afterwards as

one of the victims of Antony's proscription.

There was no check as yet in Cicero's career. It had been a steady course of fame and success, honestly earned and well deserved; and it was soon to culminate in that great civil triumph which was to earn for him the proud title of *Pater Patriæ*—the Preserver of Rome. In the prime of his manhood he reached the great object of a Roman's ambition; he became virtually Prime Minister of the Republic: for he was elected, by acclamation rather than by vote, the first of the two consuls for the year, and his colleague was a man who valued his office chiefly for its opportunities of peculation, and whom Cicero knew how to manage. It is true that this high dignity—so jealous were the old republican principles of individual power—would last only for a year; but that year was to be a most eventful one, both for Cicero and for Rome. The terrible days of Marius and Sylla had passed, only to leave behind a taste, for blood and licence amongst the corrupt aristocracy and turbulent commons. There were men amongst the younger nobles quite ready to risk their lives in the struggle for absolute power; and the mob was ready to follow whatever leader was bold enough to bid highest for their support.

It would be unreasonable here to do more than glance at the well-known story of Catiline's conspiracy. Born in the same year with Cicero, his unsuccessful rival for the consulship, and hating him with the implacable hatred with which a bad, ambitious, and able man hates an opponent who is his superior in ability and popularity as well as character, Catiline seems to have felt, as his revolutionary plot ripened, that between the new consul and himself the fates of Rome must choose. Twice he tried assassination, and he failed—so watchful and well informed was the intended victim. And then Cicero, perhaps, was roused to a conscious-

ness that one or other must fall: for in the unusually determined measures which he took in the suppression of the conspiracy, the mixture of personal alarm with patriotic indignation is very perceptible. When the thunders of his eloquence had driven Catiline from the Senate-house, and forced him—half, as it seems, in mad passion and half in desperation—to join his fellow-traitors in the camp at Fæsulæ, and so put himself in the actual position of levying war against the state, it remained to deal with those influential conspirators who had been detected and seized within the city walls. Even now, not all Cicero's eloquence, nor all the efforts of our imagination to realise, as men realised it then, the imminence of the public danger, can reconcile the summary process adopted by the consul with our English notions of calm and deliberate justice. Of the guilt of the men there was no doubt; most of them even admitted it. But there was no formal trial; and a few hours after a vote of death had been passed upon them in a hesitating Senate, Lentulus and Cethegus, two members of that august body, with three of their companions of guilt, were brought from their separate places of confinement, with some degree of secrecy (as appears from different writers), carried down into the gloomy prison-vaults of the Tullianum, and there quietly strangled, by the sole authority of the consul. Unquestionably, the men deserved death, if ever political criminals deserved it: the lives and liberties of good citizens were in danger; it was necessary to strike deep and strike swiftly at a conspiracy which extended no man knew how widely, and in which men like Julius Cæsar, and Crassus were strongly suspected of being engaged. The consuls had been armed with extra-constitutional powers, conveyed by special resolution of the Senate in that comprehensive formula that they "were

to look to it that the state suffered no damage." Still, without going so far as to call this unexampled proceeding, as the German critic Mommsen does, "an act of the most brutal tyranny," we can quite understand how Mr. Forayth, bringing a calm and dispassionate legal judgment to bear upon the case, finds it impossible to reconcile it with his ideas of dignified and even-handed justice. It was the hasty instinct of self-preservation, the act of a weak government uncertain of its very friends, under the influence of terror—a terror for which, no doubt, there were abundant grounds. When Cicero stood on the prison steps, where he had waited to receive the report of those who were making sure work with the prisoners within, and announced their fate to the assembled crowd below in the single word "*Vixerunt*"—a euphemism which we can only weakly translate into "They have lived their life"—no doubt he felt that he and the republic held theirs from that moment by a firmer tenure; no doubt very many of those who heard him felt that they could breathe again, now that the grasp of Catiline's assassins was, for the moment at all events, off their throats; and the crowd who followed the consul home were sincere enough, when they hailed such a vigorous avenger as the Father of his Country. But none the less it was, as Mr. Forayth justly says, "a great mistake;" and Cicero came to find it so in after years; though—partly from his immense self-appreciation, and partly from an honest determination to stand by his act and deed in all its consequences—he never suffered the shadow of such a confession to appear in his most intimate correspondence. He claimed for himself ever afterwards the sole glory of having saved the state by such prompt and decided action; and in this he was fully borne out by the facts: justifiable or unjustifiable, the act was his; and there were burning hearts at Rome which

dared not speak out against the popular consul, but set it down to his sole account against the day of retribution.

For the present, however, all went successfully. The boldness of the consul's measures cowed the disaffected, and confirmed the timid and wavering. His colleague Antonius—himself by no means to be depended on at this crisis, having but lately formed a coalition with Catiline as against Cicero in the election for consuls—had, by judicious management, been got away from Rome to take the command against the rebel army in Etruria. He did not, indeed, engage in the campaign actively in person, having just now what Mr. Forsyth thinks “a convenient fit of the gout;” but his lieutenant-general was an old soldier who cared chiefly for his duty, and Catiline's band—reckless and desperate men who had gathered to his camp from all motives and from all quarters—were at length brought to bay, and died fighting hard to the last. Scarcely a man of them, except the slaves and robbers who had swelled their ranks, either escaped or was made prisoner. Catiline's body—easily recognised by his remarkable height—was found, still breathing, far in advance of his followers, where the Roman ranks had stood, surrounded by the dead bodies of the legionaries—for the loss on the side of the Republic had been very severe. He had possessed, as even Cicero takes occasion to declare, many noble qualities in his youth; the last that remained to him was a desperate personal courage.

For the month that yet remained of his consulship, Cicero was the foremost man in Rome—and as a consequence, in the whole world. Nobles and commons vied in doing honour to the saviour of the state. Catulus and Cato—men from whose lips words of honour came with a double weight—saluted him publicly by that memorable title of *Pater Patriæ*; and not only the

capital, but most of the provincial towns of Italy, voted him some public testimony of his unrivalled services. No man had a more profound appreciation of those services than the great orator himself. It is possible that other men have felt quite as vain of their own exploits, and on far less grounds; but surely no man ever paraded his self-complacency like Cicero. “His vanity was something wonderful,” says his biographer: it was indeed a thing to marvel at rather than to smile at, because it was the vanity of so able a man. Other great men have been either too really great to entertain the feeling, or have been wise enough to keep it to themselves. But to Cicero it must have been one of the enjoyments of his life. He harped upon his consulship in season and out of season, in his letters, in his judicial pleadings, in his public speeches (and we may be sure in his conversation), until one would think his friends must have hated the subject even more than his enemies. He wrote accounts of it in prose and verse, in Latin and Greek—and, no doubt, only limited them to those languages because they were the only ones he knew. The well-known line which provoked the ridicule of critics like Juvenal and Quintilian, because of the unlucky jingle peculiarly unpleasant to a Roman ear—
“O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!”

—expresses the sentiment which—rhyme or no rhyme, reason or no reason—he was continually repeating in some form or other to himself and to every one who would listen.

His consulship closed in glory; but on his very last day of office there was a warning voice raised amidst the triumph, which might have opened his eyes—perhaps it did—to the troubles which were to come. He stood up in the Rostra to make the usual address to the people on laying down his authority. Metellus Nepos had been newly elected one of the tribunes:

it was his office to guard jealously all the rights and privileges of the Roman people. Influenced, it is said, by Cæsar — possibly himself an undiscovered partisan of Catiline — he dealt a blow at the retiring consul under cover of a discharge of duty. As Cicero was about to speak, he interposed a tribune's "veto;" no man should be heard, he said, who *had put Roman citizens to death without a trial*. There was consternation in the Forum. Cicero could not dispute a perfectly legal exercise of power; only, in a few emphatic words subjoined to the usual formal oath on quitting office, he protested that his act had saved Rome. The people shouted in answer, "Thou hast said true!" and Cicero went home a private citizen, but with that hearty tribute from his grateful countrymen ringing pleasantly in his ears. But the bitter words of Metullus were yet to be echoed by his enemies again and again, until that fickle popular voice took them up, and howled them after the once popular consul.

Let us follow him for a while into private life; a pleasanter companionship for us, we confess, than the unstable glories of the political arena at Rome. In his family and social relations the great orator wins from us an amount of personal interest and sympathy which he fails sometimes to command in his career as a statesman. At forty-five years of age he has become a very wealthy man — has bought for something like £80,000 a noble mansion on the Palatine Hill; and, besides the old-fashioned family seat near Arpinum — now his own by his father's death — he has built, or enlarged, or bought as they stood, villas at Antium, at Formiæ, at Pompeii, at Cumæ, at Puteoli, and at half-a-dozen other places, besides the one favourite spot of all, which was to him almost what Abbotsford was to Scott, the home which it was the delight of his life to embellish — his country-house among the pleasant hills of Tusculum. It had once belonged to Sulla, and

was about twelve miles from Rome. In that beloved building and its arrangements he indulged, as an ample purse allowed him, not only a highly-cultivated taste, but in some respects almost a whimsical fancy. He would have it on the plan of the Academia at Athens, with its *palastra* and open colonnade. Greek taste and design were as fashionable among the Romans of that day as the Louis Quatorze style was with our grandfathers; but its grand feature was a library, and its most valued furniture was books. Without books, he said, a house was but a body without a soul. He entertained for these treasures not only the calm love of a reader, but the passion of a bibliophile; he was particular about his bindings, and admired the gay colours of the covers in which the precious manuscripts were kept as well as the more intellectual beauties within. He had clever Greek slaves employed from time to time in making copies of all such works as were not to be readily purchased. His friend Atticus collected for him everywhere — manuscripts, paintings, statuary; though for sculpture he professes not to care much, except for such subjects as formed appropriate decorations for his *palastra* and his library. Very pleasant must have been the days spent together by the two friends — so alike in their private tastes and habits, so far apart in their chosen course of life — when they met there in the brief holidays which Cicero stole from the law-courts and the Forum, and sauntered in the shady walks, or lounged in the cool library, in that home of lettered ease, where the busy lawyer and politician declared that he forgot for a while all the toils and vexations of public life.

He had his little vexations, however, even in these happy hours of retirement. Morning calls were an infliction to which a country gentleman was liable in ancient Italy as in modern England. A man like Cicero was very good company,

and somewhat of a lion besides; and country neighbours, wherever he set up his rest, insisted on bestowing their tediousness on him. His villa at Formis, he protested, was more like a public hall. Most of his visitors, indeed, had the consideration not to trouble him after ten or eleven in the forenoon (fashionable calls in those days began, uncomfortably early); but there were one or two, especially his next-door neighbour Arrius, and a friend's friend named Sebosus, who were in and out at all hours; the former had an unfortunate taste for philosophical discussion, and was postponing his return to Rome (he was good enough to say) from day to day in order to enjoy these long mornings in Cicero's conversation. Such are the doleful complaints in two or three of the letters to Atticus; but, like all such complaints, they were probably only half in earnest: popularity, even at a watering-place, was not very unpleasant, and the writer doubtless knew how to practise the social philosophy which he recommends to others, and took his place cheerfully and pleasantly in the society which he found about him — not despising his honest neighbours because they had not all adorned a consulship or saved a state.

There were times when Cicero fancied that this rural life, with all its refinements of wealth and taste and literary leisure, was better worth living than the public life of the capital. His friends and his books, he said, were the company most congenial to him; "politics might go to the dogs;" to count the waves as they rolled on the beach was happiness; he "had rather be mayor of Antium than consul at Rome;" "rather sit in his own library with Atticus in their favourite seat under the bust of Aristotle than in the curule chair." It is true that these longings for retirement usually followed some political defeat or mortification; that his natural sphere, the only life in which he could be really happy,

was in the keen excitement of party warfare — the glorious battle-field of the Senate and the Forum; the true key-note of his mind is to be found in these words of his to Coelius — "Cling to the city, my friend, and live in her light; every foreign employment, as I thought from my earliest manhood, is obscure and petty for those whose abilities can make them famous at Rome." Yet the other strain had nothing in it of affectation or hypocrisy; it was the schoolboy escaped from work, thoroughly enjoying his holiday, and fancying that nothing would be so delightful as to have holidays always. "*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*" has been the cry of public men before and since Cicero's day, to whom, as to the great Roman, banishment from political life, and condemnation to perpetual leisure, would have been a sentence that would have crushed their very souls.

He was very happy at this time in his family. His wife and he loved one another with an honest affection; anything more would have been out of the natural course of things in Roman society at any date, and even so much was become a notable exception in these later days; it is paying a high honour to the character of Cicero and his household — and from all evidence that has come down to us it may be paid with truth — that even in those evil times it might have presented the original of what Virgil drew as almost a fancy picture, or only to be realised in some happy retirement where the vices of Roman civilisation had never reached —

"*Interea dulces pendent circum ocula nati;
Caste pudicitiam servat domus.*"

His little daughter Tullia, or Tulliola, which was her pet name (the Roman diminutives being formed somewhat more elegantly than ours, by adding a syllable instead of cutting short), was the delight of his heart; in his earlier letters to Atticus he is constantly making

some affectionate mention of her—sending her love, or some playful message which his friend would understand. She had been happily married (though she was then but thirteen at the most) the year before his consulship; but the affectionate intercourse between father and daughter was never interrupted until her early death. His only son, born after a considerable interval, who succeeded to Tullia's place as a household pet, is made also occasionally to send some childish word of remembrance to his father's old friend: "Cicero the Little sends his compliments to Titus the Athenian"—"Cicero the Philosopher salutes Titus the Politician."* Between himself and his younger brother Quintus there was maintained (with one brief interruption) the most cordial affection; he treated his nephew, the younger Quintus, almost as his own son; and the boy received the earlier part of his education with his young cousin, in one or other of his uncle's country-houses, under a clever Greek freedman of his, an excellent scholar, but, as the boys complained, terribly passionate. All his slaves and freedmen loved him; and to one of the latter, Tiro, his confidential and intelligent agent in all his transactions, literary or other, he writes on hearing of his illness with the affection of a father. Every glimpse which Cicero's correspondence affords us gives token of a kindly heart, and makes us long to know something more. Mr. Forsyth, in his desire to vindicate him from any suspicion of want of filial affection, takes the trouble to discuss and explain a somewhat curt announcement in a letter to Atticus of his father's death; even proposing to read, with Madvig, *discessit*—"left us," instead of *decessit*—"died." There really seems no occasion. Unless Atticus knew

the father intimately, there was no need to dilate upon the old man's death; and Cicero mentions subsequently, in terms quite as brief, the marriage of his daughter and the birth of his son—events in which we are assured he felt deeply interested. If any further explanation of this seeming coldness be required, the following remarks are apposite and true:—

"The truth is, that what we call *sentiment* was almost unknown to the ancient Romans, in whose writings it would be as vain to look for it as to look for traces of Gothic architecture amongst classic ruins. And this is something more than a mere illustration. It suggests a reason for the absence. Romance and sentiment came from the dark forests of the North, when Scandinavia and Germany poured forth their hordes to subdue and people the Roman Empire. The life of a citizen of the Republic of Rome was essentially a public life. The love of country was there carried to an extravagant length, and was paramount to, and almost swallowed up, the private and social affections. The state was everything, the individual comparatively nothing. In one of the letters of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius to Fronto, there is a passage in which he says that the Roman language had no word corresponding with the Greek *φιλιοστροφία*,—the affectionate love for parents and children. Upon this Niebuhr remarks that the feeling was 'not a Roman one; but Cicero possessed it in a degree which few Romans could comprehend, and hence he was laughed at for the grief which he felt at the death of his daughter Tullia.'"

Mr. Forsyth finds considerable difficulty, as other biographers have found before him, in tracing at all satisfactorily the sources of the magnificent fortune which must have been required to keep up, and to embellish with so luxurious a taste, so many residences in all parts of the country. True, these

* These messages are written in Greek at the end of the letters (*Ad Attic.*, ii. 9, 12). Abeken thinks that in the originals they might have been added in the little Cicero's own hand, "to show that he had begun Greek;" "a conjecture too pleasant not to be readily admitted." See Merivale's translation of Abeken's 'Cicero in Seinen Briefen,' p. 114.

expenses often led Cicero into debt and difficulties; but what he borrowed from his friends he seems always to have repaid, so that the money must have come in from some quarter or other. His patrimony at Arpinum would not appear to have been large; he got only some £3000 or £4000 dowry with Terentia; and we have no hint of his making money by any commercial speculations, as some Roman gentlemen did. On the other hand, it is the barest justice to him to say that his hands were clean from these ill-gotten gains which made the fortunes of many of the wealthiest public men at Rome, who were criminals in only a less degree than Verres—peculation, extortion, and downright robbery in the unfortunate provinces which they were sent out to govern. Such opportunities lay as ready to his grasp as to other men's, but he steadily eschewed them. His declining the tempting prize of a provincial government, which was his right on the expiration of his prætorship, may fairly be attributed, as Mr. Forsyth observes, to his having in view the higher object of the consulship, to secure which, by an early and persistent canvass, he felt it necessary to remain in Rome; but he again waived the right when his consulship was over; and when, some years afterwards, he went unwillingly as præconsul to Cilicia, his administration there was marked by a probity and honesty quite exceptional in a Roman governor. His emoluments, confined strictly within the legal bounds, would be only moderate, and, whatever they were, came too late in his life to be any explanation of his earlier expenditure. He received many valuable legacies, at different times, from personal friends or grateful clients who died childless (be it remembered how *orbitas* had become the reproach of a sensual and effete aristocracy); he boasts himself, in one of his "Philippics," that he had received from this source above £170,000. Mr. Forsyth also notices

the large presents that were made by foreign kings and states to conciliate the support and advocacy of the leading men at Rome—"we can hardly call them bribes, for in many cases the relation of patron and client was avowedly established between a foreign state and some influential Roman: and it became his duty, as of course it was his interest, to defend it in the Senate and before the people." In this way, he thinks, Cicero held "retainers" from Dyrrhachium; and, he might have added, from Sicily. The great orator's own boast was, that he never took anything for his services as an advocate; and, indeed, it was forbidden by law. But with all respect for Cicero's material honesty, one learns from his letters, unfortunately not to put implicit confidence in him when he is in a boasting vein; and he might not look upon voluntary gifts after a cause was decided, in the light of payment. Pætus, one of his clients, gave him a valuable library of books; and one cannot believe that this was a solitary instance of the quiet evasion of the Cincian law, or that there were not other transactions of the same nature which never found their way into any letter of Cicero's that was likely to come down to us.

We must return to Rome. Cicero had never left it but for his short occasional holiday. Though no longer in office, the ex-consul was still one of the foremost public men, and his late dignity gave him important precedence in the Senate. He was soon to be brought into contact, and more or less into opposition, with the two great chiefs of parties in whose feuds he became at length so fatally involved. Pompey and Cæsar were both gradually acquiring influence, and both had ambitious plans of their own, totally inconsistent with any remnant of republican liberty—plans which Cicero more or less suspected, and of that suspicion they were probably both aware. Both, by their successful campaigns,

had not only acquired fame and honours, but a far more dangerous influence—an influence which was to overwhelm all others hereafter—in the affection of their legions. Pompey was absent still in Spain at this time, soon to return from his long war against Mithridates, to enjoy the most splendid triumph ever seen at Rome, and to take the lead of the oligarchical party just so long and so far as they would help him to the power he coveted. The enemies whom Cicero had made by his strong measures in the matter of the Catilinarian conspiracy took advantage now of Pompey's name and popularity to make an attack upon him. The tribune Metellus, constant to his watchword, now moved that the successful general, upon whom all expectations were centred, should be recalled to Rome with his army "to restore the violated constitution." All knew what the violation of the constitution meant; it was the putting citizens to death without a trial. The measure was not passed, though Cæsar, jealous of Cicero even more than of Pompey, lent himself to the attempt.

But the blow fell on Cicero at last from a very different quarter, and from the mere private grudge of a determined and unprincipled man. Publius Clodius—already notorious for the most abandoned profligacy—was detected, in a woman's dress, at the celebration of the rites of the Bona Dea—a kind of religious freemasonry amongst the Roman ladies, the mysteries of which are very little known, and probably would at all times be best left without explanation. But for a man to have been present at them was a sacrilege unheard of, and which was held to lay the whole city under the just wrath of the offended goddess. The celebration had been held in the house of Cæsar, as prætor, under the presidency of his wife Pompeia; and it was said that the object of the young profligate was an intrigue with that lady. The circumstances,

as Mr. Forsyth observes, are not favourable to the suspicion; but Cæsar divorced her forthwith, with the often-quoted remark that "Cæsar's wife must not be even suspected." For this crime—unpardonable even in that corrupt society, when crimes of far deeper dye passed almost unproved—Clodius was, after some delay, brought to public trial. The defence set up was an *alibi*, and Cicero came forward as a witness to disprove it. The evidence was clear enough; but the jury had been tampered with by Clodius and his friends; liberal bribery, and other corrupting influences of even a more disgraceful kind, had been successfully brought to bear upon the majority of them, and he escaped conviction by a few votes. But he never forgave the part which Cicero had taken against him; and from that time forth the latter found a new, unscrupulous, indefatigable enemy, of whose services his old opponents gladly availed themselves. Cicero himself for some time underrated this new danger. He lost no opportunity of taunting the unconvicted criminal in the bitterest terms in the Senate, and of exchanging with him—very much to the detriment of his own character and dignity in our eyes—the coarsest jests when they met in the street. But the temptation to a jest, of whatever kind, was always irresistible to Cicero: it was a weakness for which he more than once paid dearly, for they were remembered against him when he had forgotten them. Meanwhile Clodius—a sort of milder Catiline, not without many popular qualities—had got himself elected tribune. The powers of the office were formidable for all purposes of obstruction and attack; Clodius had taken pains to ingratiate himself with all classes; and the consuls of the year were men of infamous character, for whom he had found a successful means of bribery by the promise of getting a special law passed to secure them the choice of the rich,

est provincial governments—those coveted fields of plunder—of which they must otherwise have taken their chance by lot. When all was ripe for his revenge, he brought before the people in full *comitia* the following bill of pains and penalties:—"Be it enacted, that whoever has put to death a Roman citizen uncondemned in due form of trial, shall be interdicted from fire and water." Such was the legal form of words which implied banishment from Rome, outlawry, and social excommunication. Every man knew against whom it was levelled. It was carried—carried in spite of the indignation of all honest men in Rome, in spite of Cicero's humiliating efforts to obtain its rejection.

"He dressed himself in mourning and went about the streets beseeching the pity of the populace, as if he were canvassing for their votes at an election. The whole equestrian class put on mourning also. All Italy seemed moved at the thought of Cicero's danger. Deputations of burghers came up from distant towns to Rome to implore the consuls to protect him. When he appeared as a suppliant in the Forum or in the streets, he was accompanied by large bodies of friends in mourning, for twenty thousand of the noblest youths of Rome testified their attachment and their sorrow by changing their dress. The Senate met and passed a resolution that the whole house should go into mourning. But Gabinius interfered, and, by virtue of his executive power as consul, prohibited such a mark of respect. Knights and Senators flung themselves at his feet in vain."

In vain, also, was any personal appeal which Cicero could make to the only two men who might have had influence enough to sway the popular vote. He was ostensibly on good terms both with Pompey and Cæsar; in fact, he made it his policy so to be. He foresaw that on their future course would probably depend the fate of Rome, and he persuaded himself, perhaps honestly, that he could make them "better citizens." But he trusted neither; and both saw in him an obstacle to their own ambition.

Cæsar now looked on coldly, not sorry at the turn which affairs had taken, faintly suggesting that some "milder measure" might meet the case. From Pompey Cicero had a right to look for some active support; indeed, such had been promised in case of need. He threw himself at his feet with prayers and tears; but the humiliation was in vain; and he anticipated the execution of that disgraceful edict by a voluntary withdrawal from Rome. His property was at once confiscated; his villas at Tusculum and at Formiæ were plundered and laid waste, the consuls claiming the lion's share of the spoil; and Clodius, with his armed mob, set fire to the noble house on the Palatine, razed it to the ground and erected on the site a temple to—*Liberty!*

Cicero had friends who strongly urged him to defy the edict; to remain at Rome, and call on all good citizens to arm in his defence. Modern historians very generally have assumed that, if he could have made up his mind to such a course, it would probably have been successful. He was to rely, we suppose, upon those "twenty thousand Roman youths"—rather a broken reed to trust to (remembering what those young gallants were), with Cæsar against him, now at the head of his legions just outside the gates of Rome. He himself seriously contemplated suicide, and consulted his friends on the subject in the gravest and most business-like manner; though, with our modern notions on the subject, such a consultation has more of the ludicrous than the sublime; the sensible and practical Atticus convinced him that such a solution of his difficulties would be the greatest possible mistake—a mistake, moreover, which could never be rectified.

But any course would have become him better than that which he chose. Had he remained and faced Clodius and his bravos manfully—had he turned his back upon Rome for ever, and shaken the dust

off his feet against the ungrateful city, and become a noble pensioner upon Atticus at Buthrotum—he would have died a greater man. He wandered from place to place, sheltered by friends whose unselfish loyalty marks their names with honour in that false and evil generation—Sica, and Flaccus, and Plancius—bemoaning himself like a woman, “too blinded with tears to write,” “loathing the light of day.” Atticus thought he was going mad. “The language of his grief,” says Mr. Forsyth, “is almost incoherent, and painful to read.” We have no wish to dwell upon this miserable weakness of a great mind, which Cicero’s most eager eulogists admit, and which his detractors have not failed to make the most of. We cannot excuse him, but we will give his biographer’s excuse:—

“Seldom has misfortune so crushed a noble spirit, and never, perhaps, has the ‘bitter bread of banishment’ seemed more bitter to any one than to him. We must remember that the love of country was a passion with the ancients to a degree which it is now difficult to realise; and exile from it, even for a time, was felt to be an intolerable evil. The nearest approach to such a feeling was, perhaps, that of some favourite under an European monarchy, when, frowned upon by his sovereign, he was hurled from place and power, and banished from the court. The change to Cicero was indeed tremendous. Not only was he an exile from Rome, the scene of all his hopes, his glories, and his triumphs, but he was under the ban of an outlaw. If found within a certain distance from the capital, he must die, and it was death to any one to give him food or shelter. His property was destroyed, his family was penniless, and the people whom he had so faithfully served were the authors of his ruin. All this may be urged in his behalf, but still it would have been only consistent with Roman fortitude to have shown that he possessed something of the spirit of the fallen archangel.”

His exile lasted nearly a year and a half. Then there came a reaction in his favour. The new consuls were well disposed towards him; Clodius’s insolence had already disgusted Pompey; Cæsar was absent

with his legions in Gaul; his friends who had all along been active in his favour (though in his querulous mood he accused them of apathy), took advantage of the change, and all the frantic violence of Clodius could not prevent his recall.

His return was a triumphal progress. He landed at Brundisium on his daughter’s birthday. She had just lost her husband Piso, who had gallantly maintained her father’s cause throughout, but she was the first to welcome him with tears of joy which overmastered her sorrow. He took his way to Rome with the slow march of a conqueror. The journey which Horace made easily in twelve days, occupied Cicero twenty-four. But he took not the shortest but the most public route—through Naples, Capua, Minturnæ, Terracina, and Aricia.

“From every town on the road the magistrates came out to offer their congratulations. The inhabitants crowded round the man in whose safety they had shown such a warm interest. The peasants abandoned their rustic labours in the fields, and brought their wives and families to see him as he passed; and from distant places deputations were sent to meet him, so that the roads were crowded by the throng. It was the gala-week of all Italy, and his entry into every town and village on his route was the signal for a festive holiday. But his greatest triumph was yet to come. As he approached the Capitol by the Via Appia, the Senate came forth in a body beyond the walls to welcome him. A gilded chariot was waiting to receive him, and on this he mounted outside the gate. The whole population of Rome seemed to have deserted the city, and choked the road and the adjoining fields. Well might Cicero say that that one day was equivalent to immortality.”

His exultation was naturally as intense as his despair had been. He made one of his most florid speeches in the Senate, and another to the people assembled in the Forum, “full of compliments to everybody, including himself.” It is a curious note of the temper and logical capacities of a mob in all generations, that within a few hours of their applauding to the echo this

oration of Cicero's, Clodius succeeded in exciting them to a serious riot by appealing to the ruinous price of corn as one of the results of the exile's return.

For nearly four years more, though unable to shake Cicero's recovered position in the state—for he was now supported by Pompey—Clodius and his partisans, backed by a strong force of trained gladiators in their pay, kept Rome in a state of anarchy which is almost inexplicable. It was more than suspected that Crassus, now utterly estranged from Pompey, supplied out of his enormous wealth the means of keeping on foot this lawless agitation. Elections were overawed, meetings of the Senate interrupted, assassinations threatened and attempted. Already men began to look to military rule, and to think a good cause none the worse for being backed by "strong battalions." Things were fast tending to the point where Pompey and Cæsar—as yet trusty allies in profession and appearance, deadly rivals at heart—hoped to step in with their veteran legions. Even Cicero, the man of peace and constitutional statesman, felt comfort in the thought that this final argument could be resorted to by his own party. But Clodius's mob-government, at any rate, was to be put an end to somewhat suddenly. Milo, now one of the candidates for the consulship, a man of determined and unscrupulous character, had turned his own weapons against him, and kept strong bodies of gladiators and wild-beast fighters in his pay. They walked the streets of Rome like the Capulets and Montagues; and it was said that Milo had been heard to swear that he would rid the city of Clodius if he got the chance. The chance came at last, in a casual meeting on the Appian road, near Bovillæ. A scuffle began between their retainers, and Clodius was killed—his friends said, murdered. The excitement at Rome was intense: the dead body was carried and laid publicly on the Rostra. Riots ensued; Milo was

obliged to fly, and renounce his hopes of power; and the Senate, intimidated, named Pompey—not indeed "Dictator," for the name had become almost as hateful as that of king—but sole consul, for the safety of the state.

Cicero had resumed his practice as an advocate, and was now called upon to defend Milo. But Pompey, either from some private grudge, or in order to win favour with the populace, determined that Milo should be convicted. The jury were overawed by his presence in person at the trial, and by the occupation by armed soldiers of all the avenues of the court, under colour of keeping order. The great advocate himself, who saw in Pompey, as he hoped, the good genius of Rome, grew nervous, and broke down utterly in his speech for the defence. His great oration, *Pro Milone*, is not that which he tried to deliver, but the polished and elaborate composition of calmer hours. Milo was convicted and banished; but he had more practical philosophy than his advocate, for when he read the speech in his exile, he is said to have declared that "it was fortunate for him it was not spoken, or he should never have known the flavour of the red mullet of Marseilles."

The removal of Clodius was a deliverance upon which Cicero never ceased to congratulate himself. The "battle of Bovillæ," as he terms it, became an era in his mental records of only less significance than his consulship. His own public life continued to be honourable and successful. He was elected into the college of Augurs, an honour which he had long coveted; and he was appointed to the proconsular government of Cilicia, which latter was a greatness literally "thrust upon him," and which he would gladly have declined, for it took him away in these eventful days from his beloved Rome; and to these grand opportunities for enriching himself, he was, as has been said, honourably indifferent. One consolation he found on reaching his

new province—that even in the farthest wilds of Cilicia there were people who had heard of “the consul who saved Rome.” He made a little war, too, upon some troublesome hill-tribes, and gained a victory which his legions thought of sufficient importance to salute him with the honoured title of “Imperator.” Such military honours are especially flattering to men who, like Cicero, are naturally and essentially civilians; and to Cicero's vanity they were doubly delightful. Unluckily they set him to entertain hopes of the further glory of a triumph, which possibly, but for the revolution which followed, he might have obtained. As it was, this only led to his parading about with him everywhere, from town to town, for months after his return, the lictors with laurelled fasces, which betokened that a triumph was claimed—a pompous incumbrance which, as he confessed, was a grand subject for evil-disposed jesters, and a considerable inconvenience to himself.

The future master of Rome was now coming home, after ten years' absence, at the head of his victorious legions. But Cicero, in common with most of the senatorial party, failed to see in Julius Cæsar the great man that he was. He hesitated a little—Cæsar would gladly have had his support, and bid him fair; but when the Rubicon was crossed, he threw in his lot with Pompey. He was certainly influenced in part by a personal attachment: Pompey seems to have exercised a degree of fascination over his weakness. Yet nothing can be more certain than that, as Mr. Forsyth has remarked, “Cicero always mistrusted Pompey, and Pompey always disliked Cicero;” and he foreboded that, let the contest end which way it would, “the result would certainly be a despotism.” He foresaw that Pompey's real designs were as dangerous to the liberties of Rome as any of which Cæsar could be suspected. “*Sullaturit animus*,” he says of him in one of his letters, coining a verb to put his idea strongly—“he wants

to be like Sulla.” And it was no more than the truth. He found out afterwards, as he tells Atticus, that proscription-lists of all Cæsar's adherents had been prepared, and that his old friend's name figured as one of the victims. We think that after this we can forgive him, better than Mr. Forsyth can, the little feeling that he showed when he heard of Pompey's own miserable end.

Cicero's conduct and motives at this eventful crisis have been discussed over and over again. It may be questioned whether at this date we are in any position to pass more than a very cautious and general judgment upon them. We want all the “state papers” and political correspondence of the day—not Cicero's letters only, but those of Cæsar and Pompey and Lentulus, and much information besides that was never trusted to any *litera scripta*—in order to lay down with any accuracy the course which a really unselfish patriot could have taken. But there seems little reason to accuse Cicero of double-dealing or trimming in the worst sense. Expediency is, and must be more or less, the watchword of a statesman. If he would do his country real service, he must do to some extent what Cicero professed to do—make friends with those in power. “*Sic vivitur*”—“*Tempori serviendum est*”—are not the noblest mottoes, but they are acted upon continually by the most respectable men in public and private life, who do not open their hearts to their friends so unreservedly as Cicero does to the Epicurean Atticus. It seemed to him a choice between Pompey and Cæsar; and he probably hoped to be able so far to influence the former, as to preserve some shadow of a constitution for Rome. What he saw in those “dregs of a Republic”—that *fax Romuli*, as he himself calls it—that was worth preserving; how any honest despotism could seem to him more to be dreaded than that, prostituted liberty—this we find it

harder to comprehend. We fear that the remark of Abeken goes very near the truth—"His devotion to the Commonwealth was grounded not so much upon his conviction of its actual merits, as of its fitness for the display of his own abilities."

But that Commonwealth was past saving, even in name. Within two months of his having been declared a public enemy, all Italy was at Cæsar's feet. Before another year was past the battle of Pharsalia had been fought, and the great Pompey lay a headless corpse on the sea-shore in Egypt. It was suggested to Cicero—who had hitherto remained constant to the fortunes of his party, and was then in their camp at Dyrrachium—that he should take the chief command, but he had the sense to decline; and though men called him "traitor," and drew their swords upon him, he withdrew from a cause which he saw was lost, and returned to Italy, though not to Rome.

The meeting between him and Cæsar, which came at last, set at rest any apprehensions from that quarter. Cicero does not appear to have made any dishonourable submission, and the conqueror's behaviour was nobly forgetful of the past. They gradually became on almost friendly terms. Cicero paid the dictator compliments in the Senate, and found that, in private society, his favourite jokes were repeated to the great man, and were highly appreciated. With these little successes he was obliged now to be content. He had again taken up his residence in Rome; but his political occupation was gone, and his active mind had leisure to employ itself in some of his literary works.

It was at this time that the blow fell upon him which prostrated him for the time, as his exile had done, and under which he claims our far more natural sympathy. His dear daughter Tullia—again married, but unhappily, and just divorced—died at his Tusculan villa. Their loving intercourse had

undergone no change from her childhood, and his grief was for a while inconsolable. He shut himself up for thirty days. The letters of condolence from well-meaning friends were to him—as they so often are—as the speeches of the three comforters to Job. He turned in vain, as he pathetically says, to philosophy for consolation: when he did find it, it was in hard work.

He was yet to take a part in one great national struggle—the last for Rome and for himself. There was some grandeur, no doubt, in the cause which he once more so vigorously espoused; but all the thunders of Cicero's eloquence, all the admiration of modern poets and historians, fail to enlist our hearty sympathies with the assassins of Cæsar. Those magnificent orations against Antony—better known as the *Philippics*—would alone confer upon Cicero a deserved immortality; and so far as he withstood that basest of Rome's bad men, Cicero's last days were greater to him than any triumph. But the levity with which he speaks of the assassination of a man who had never treated *him*, at any rate, with less than a noble forbearance, "is disgusting"—we thank Mr. Forsyth for that strong word. He wishes that "the gods may damn him after he is dead;" and refers to the "Ides of March" with the same flippant triumph as to the "Battle of Bovillæ." He was present at that bloody scene in the Capitol, rejoicing in a deed which was to turn out almost what Goethe called it—"the most absurd that ever was committed." The great Dictator who lay there alone in his blood, deserted by the very men who had sought of late to crown him, was perhaps Rome's fittest master; certainly not the worst of the many with whom a personal ambition took the place of principle. "Three slaves removed the dead body of their master from where it lay, and carried it to his usual residence." Poor wretches! they knew nothing about liberty or the constitution; they had little to

hope, and probably little to fear; they had only a humble duty to do, and did it. But when we read of them, and of that freedman who, not long before, sat by the dead body of Pompey till he could scrape together wreck from the shore to light some sort of poor funeral-pile, we return with a shudder of disgust to those "noble Romans" who occupy at this time the foreground of history.

In one important point, Cicero showed a wise foresight: he had always felt that "as long as Antony lived, all that would be gained by Cæsar's murder would be only a change of masters." Cæsar was dead, but Rome now belonged to those who had the legions. It had come to that: and when Antony succeeded in joining interests with young Octavianus Cæsar (afterwards misnamed Augustus) — as yet a boy in years; but premature in craft and falsehood — who came "to claim his inheritance," and succeeded in rousing in the old veterans of his uncle the desire to take vengeance on his murderers, the fate of the Republic and of Cicero was sealed.

It was on a little eyot formed by the river Reno, near Bologna, that Antony, young Cæsar, and Lepidus (the nominal third in what is known as the Second Triumvirate) met to arrange among themselves the division of power, and what they held to be necessary to the securing it for the future — the proscription of their several enemies. No private affections or interests were to be allowed to interfere with this merciless arrangement. If Lepidus would give up his brother, Antony would surrender an uncle. Octavianus made a cheap sacrifice in Cicero, whom Antony, we may be sure, with those philippics ringing in his ears, demanded with an eager vengeance. All was soon amicably settled; the fatal lists were made out, and the Triumvirate occupied Rome.

Cicero and his brother — whose name was known to be also on the

roll — heard of it while they were together at the Tusculan villa. Both took immediate measures for escape. But Quintus had to return to Rome to obtain a supply of money for their flight, and there met his fate at once.

"It seems that his son had been left behind, and was still there when his father arrived. Quintus concealed himself in the same house with him, but by some means or other the bloodhounds of Antony got scent of his lurking-place. They came, but could not find him; and, seizing young Quintus, they tortured him to make him betray his father. He nobly refused, but, as we may infer from one of the accounts, the extremity of pain forced from him cries which his father heard; unable to endure the thought of his son's agony, he came forth from his hiding-place, and delivered himself up to the assassins. A heartrending scene followed: each prayed that he might die before the other; and, to end the contest, the murderers killed them both at the same moment."

Cicero himself might yet have escaped, but for something of his old indecision. He had embarked in a small vessel with the intention of joining Brutus in Macedonia, when his mind suddenly changed, and he insisted on being put on shore again. He wandered about, half-resolving — for the third time — on suicide. He would go to Rome, stab himself on the altar-hearth in young Cæsar's house, and call down the Nemesis of Heaven upon the traitor. The accounts of these last hours of his life are unfortunately somewhat contradictory, and none of the authorities thoroughly to be depended upon; Mr. Forsyth, in his narrative, has followed Abeken's careful attempt to harmonise them. Urged by the prayers of his slaves, the faithful adherents of a kind master, he once more embarked, and once more (Appian says, from sea-sickness, which he never could endure) landed near Caieta, where he had a villa. Either there, or, as other accounts say, at his Formian villa, he laid himself down to pass the night, and wait for death. "Let me die," said he, "in my own

country, which I have so often saved." But again the faithful slaves aroused him, forced him into a litter, and hurried him down through the woods to the sea-shore—for the assassins were in search of him. They found his house shut up; but some traitor showed them a short cut by which to overtake the fugitive. He heard their steps approaching, and ordered the litter to be set down. He looked out, and recognised at the head of the party a tribune named Lænas, whom he had once successfully defended on a capital charge; but he saw no gratitude or mercy in the face, though there were others who covered their eyes for pity when they saw the dishevelled grey hair and pale, worn features of the great Roman. He turned from him to the centurion, one Herennius, and said, "Strike, old soldier, if you understand your trade!" At the third blow — by one or other of those officers—his head was severed. They carried it straight to Antony, where he sat on the seat of justice in the Forum, and claimed the offered reward. The triumvir, in his joy, paid it some ten times over. He sent the bloody trophy to his wife; and the Roman Jezebel spat in the dead face, and ran her bodkin through the tongue which had spoken those bold and bitter truths against her false husband. The head was then nailed upon the Rostra, to speak there more eloquently than ever of the dead liberty of Rome.

Mr. Forsyth, at the end of these pleasant volumes, has summed up Cicero's character with modesty, fairness, and ability. He suggests, at the same time that the reader will do well to form his own estimate from the biography itself. We believe

that he will nowhere find the facts more impartially collected, or put into a more agreeable shape. The passage in which the author gives his own view is too long for extract, but deserves careful reading. He admits to the full not only the vanity for which he more than once paid so dearly, but his want of courage — of decision — and, more than all, of sincerity. But he adds, and, we think, with justice—

"He was egotistical, but not selfish; and his anxiety to do what was right was one chief cause of his irresolution. He would have been a more consistent, if he had been a less scrupulous, man. His lot was cast in times which tried men's souls to the uttermost, and when boldness was as much required in a statesman as virtue. His moral instinct was too strong to allow him to resort to means of which his conscience disapproved; and if he knew he had acted wrongly, he instantly felt all the agony of remorse. . . . His constant aim was to do right; and although he sometimes deceived himself and made great mistakes, they were the errors of his judgment rather than of his heart."

There was one comprehensive quality wanting in Cicero's nature, which clouded his many excellencies, led him continually into false positions, and even in his delightful letters excites in the reader, from time to time, an impatient feeling of contempt: he wanted manliness. It was a quality which, without doubt, was dying out in his day amongst even the best of the luxurious and corrupt aristocracy of Rome. It was perhaps but little missed in his character by those who knew and loved him best. But without that quality, to an English mind, no man is recognised as the true philosopher or hero.

TONY BUTLER.

PART VIII.

CHAP. XXIX.—DEPARTURES.

ALL was confusion and dismay at Tilney. Bella Lyle's cold turned out to be scarlatina, and Mark and Alice brought back tidings that old Commodore Graham had been seized with a fit, and was seriously, if not dangerously, ill. Of course, the company scattered like an exploded shell. The Graham girls hastened back to their father, while the other guests sought safety in flight, the great struggle now being who should soonest secure post-horses to get away. Like many old people rich in this world's comforts, Mrs. Maxwell had an especial aversion to illness in any shape. It was a topic she never spoke on; and, if she could, would never have mentioned before her. Her intimates understood this thoroughly, and many were the expressions employed to imply that Mr. Such-a-one had a fever, or Mrs. So-and-so was given over by her doctors. As to the fatal result itself, it was always veiled in a sort of decent mystery, as though it would not be perfectly polite to inquire whither the missing friend had retired to.

"Dr. Reede says it is a very mild case of the malady, and that Bella will be up in a day or two, aunt," said Alice.

"Of course she will," replied the old lady, pettishly. "It's just a cold and sore throat—they hadn't that fine name for it long ago, and people got well all the sooner. Is he gone?"

"No; he's talking with Mark in the library; he'll be telling him, I think, about the Commodore."

"Well, don't ask him to stop to dinner; we have sorrow enough without seeing a doctor."

"Oh, here comes Mark! where is Dr. Reede?"

"He's gone over to see Maitland. Fenton came to say that he wished to see him."

"Surely he's not ill," said Alice.

"Oh, dear! what a misfortune that would be!" cried the old lady, with real affliction in her tone; "to think of Mr. Norman Maitland taking ill in one's house."

"Haven't you been over to ask after him, Mark?"

"No. I was waiting till Reede came back; he's one of those men that can't bear being inquired after; and if it should turn out that he was not ill, he'd not take the anxiety in good part."

"How he has contrived to play the tyrant to you all, I can't imagine," said Alice; "but I can see that every whim and caprice he practises is studied as courtiers study the moods of their masters."

"To be sure, darling, naturally," broke in Mrs. Maxwell, who always misunderstood everybody. "Of course, we are only too happy to indulge him in a whim or fancy; and if the Doctor thinks turtle would suit him—turtle is so light; I took it for several weeks for luncheon—we can have it at once. Will you touch the bell, Mark, and I'll tell Raikes to telegraph? Who is it he gets it from?"

Mark pulled the bell, but took no notice of her question. "I wish," muttered he below his breath, "we had never come here. There's Bella now laid up, and here's Maitland. I'm certain he's going away, for I overheard Fenton ask about the distance to Dundalk."

"I suppose we might survive even that misfortune," said she, haughtily.

"And one thing I'll swear to," said Mark, walking the room with

impatience — “it’s the last Ireland will see of him.”

“Poor Ireland! the failure in the potato-crop was bad enough, but this is more than can be endured.”

“That’s all very fine, Alice, but I’m much mistaken if you are as indifferent as you pretend.”

“Mark! what do you mean?” said she, angrily.

“Here’s Raikes now, and will some one tell him what it is we want?” said Mrs. Maxwell; but the others were far too deeply engaged in their own whispered controversy now to mind her.

“Captain Lyle will tell you by-and-by, Raikes,” said she, gathering up the mass of loose *impedimenta* with which she usually moved from one room to the other, and by which, as they fell at every step, her course could always be tracked. “He’ll tell you,” added she, moving away. “I think it was caviar, and you are to telegraph for it to Swan & Edgar’s; but my head is confused to-day, — I’ll just go and lie down.”

As Mrs. Maxwell left by one door, Alice passed out by another; while Mark, whose temper evinced itself in a flushed cheek and a contracted brow, stood at a window, fretfully tapping the ground with his foot.

“Have you any orders, sir?” asked Raikes.

“Orders! No — stay a moment. Have many gone away this morning?”

“Nearly all, sir. Except your family and Mr. Maitland, there’s nobody left but Major Clough, and he’s going, I believe, with Dr. Reede.”

“You’ve heard nothing of Mr. Maitland going, have you?”

“Oh, yes, sir! his man sent for post-horses about an hour ago.”

Muttering impatiently below his breath, Mark opened the window and passed out upon the lawn. What an unlucky turn had everything taken! It was but a week ago, and his friend Maitland was in high delight with all around him.

The country, the scenery, the people, were all charming — indeed, in the intervals between the showers, he had a good word to say for the climate. As for Lyle Abbey, he pronounced it the perfection of a country-house; and Mark actually speculated on the time when these opinions of his distinguished friend would have acquired a certain currency, and the judgment of one that none disputed would be recorded of his father’s house. And all these successes were now to be reversed by this stupid old sailor’s folly — insanity he might call it; for what other word could characterise the pretension that could claim Norman Maitland for a son-in-law? — Maitland, that might have married, if the law would have let him, half a score of infantas and archduchesses, and who had but to choose throughout Europe the alliance that would suit him. And Alice — what could Alice mean by this impertinent tone she was taking towards him? Had the great man’s patience given way under it all, and was he really going away, wearied and tired out?

While Mark thus doubted and reasoned and questioned, Maitland was seated at his breakfast at one side of the fire, while Dr. Reede confronted him at the other.

Though Maitland had sent a message to say he wished to see the Doctor, he only gave him now a divided attention, being deeply engaged, even as he talked, in deciphering a telegram which had just reached him, and which was only intelligible through a key to the cipher.

“So then, Doctor, it is simply the return of an old attack — a thing to be expected, in fact, at his time of life?”

“Precisely, sir. He had one last autumn twelvemonth, brought on by a fit of passion. The old Commodore gives way rather to temper.”

“Ah! gives way, does he?” muttered Maitland, while he mumbled below his breath, “seventeen thousand and four D + X, and a gamba

—a very large blood-letting.' By the way, Doctor, is not bleeding—bleeding largely—a critical remedy with a man of seventy-six or seven?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir; and if you observe, I only applied some leeches to the *nucha*. You misapprehended me in thinking I took blood from him freely."

"Oh yes, very true," said Maitland, recovering himself. "I have no doubt you treated him with great judgment. It is a case, too, for much caution. Forty-seven and two G's," and he hastily turned over the leaves of his little book, muttering continually, "and two G's, forty-six, forty-seven, with two B's, two F's. Ah! here it is. Shivering attacks are dangerous—are they—in these cases?"

"In which cases?" asked the Doctor, for his shrewd intelligence at once perceived the double object which Maitland was trying to contemplate.

"In a word, then," continued Maitland, not heeding the Doctor's question, but bending his gaze fixedly on the piece of paper before him, scrawled over and blotted by his own hand—"in a word, then, a man of seventy seized with paralysis, and though partially rallied by bleeding, attacked with shivering, is in a very critical state? But how long might he live in that way?"

"We are not now speaking of Commodore Graham, I apprehend?" asked the Doctor, slyly.

"No; I am simply putting a case—a possible case. Doctors, I know, are not fond of these imagined emergencies; lawyers like them."

"Doctors dislike them," broke in Reece, "because they are never given to them in any completeness—every important sign of pulse and tongue and temperature omitted—"

"Of course you are right," said Maitland, crumpling up the telegram and the other papers; "and now for the Commodore. You are not apprehensive of anything serious, I hope?"

"It's an anxious case, sir—a very anxious case; he's eighty-four."

"Eighty-four!" repeated Maitland, to whom the words conveyed a considerable significance.

"Eighty-four!" repeated the other once more. "No one would suspect it. Why, Sally Graham is the same age as my wife; they were at school together."

Too polite to push a question which involved a double-shotted answer, Maitland merely said, "Indeed!" and, after a slight pause, added—"You said, I think, that the road to Dundalk led past Commodore Graham's cottage?"

"By the very gate."

"May I offer you a seat with me? I am going that way. I have received news which calls me suddenly to England."

"I thank you much, but I have some visits yet to make before I return to Port Graham. I promised to stop the night there."

Having charged the Doctor to convey to the Commodore's daughters his sincere regret for their father's illness, and his no less sincere hope of a speedy recovery, Maitland endeavoured, in recognition of a preliminary question or two about himself, to press the acceptance of a fee; but the Doctor, armed with that self-respect and tact his profession so eminently upholds, refused to accept it, and took his leave, perhaps well requited in having seen and spoken with the great Mr. Norman Maitland of whom half the country round were daily talking.

"Mr. Maitland is not ill, I hope?" said Alice, as she met the Doctor on his way through the garden.

"No, Mrs. Trafford; I have been making a friendly call—no more," said the Doctor, rather vain that he could thus designate his visit; and, with a few words of advice about her sister, he went his way. Alice, meanwhile, saw that Maitland had observed her from his window, and rightly guessed that he would soon be in search of her.

With that feminine instinct that

never deceives in such cases, she determined that whatever was to pass between them should be undisturbed. She selected a most unfrequented path, bordered on one side by the high laurel-hedge, and on the other by a little rivulet, beyond which lay some rich meadows, backed in the distance by a thick plantation.

She had not gone far when she heard a short quick footstep behind her, and in a few minutes Maitland was at her side. "You forgot to liberate me," said he, "so I had to break my arrest."

"Signor mio, you must forgive me—we have had such a morning of confusion and trouble: first Bella ill—not seriously, but confined to bed; and then this poor old Commodore—the Doctor has told you all about it; and, last of all, Mark storming about the house, and angry with every one for having caught cold or a fever, and so disgusted (the great) Mr. Maitland that he is actually hurrying away with a vow to heaven never more to put foot in Ireland."

"Be a little serious, and tell me of your mission this morning," said he, gravely.

"Three words will do it. We reached Port Graham just as the Doctor arrived there. The Commodore, it seemed, got home all safe by about four o'clock in the morning; and, instead of going to bed, ordered a fire in his dressing-room, and a bottle of mulled port; with which aids to comfort he sat down to write. It would not appear, however, that he had got far in his correspondence, for at six, when his man entered, he found but two lines, and his master, as he thought, fast asleep; but which proved to be a fit of some kind, for he was perfectly insensible. He rallied, however, and recognised his servant, and asked for the girls. And now Dr. Reede thinks that the danger has in a great measure passed off, and that all will go well."

"It is most unhappy—most unhappy," muttered Maitland. "I am sincerely sorry for it all."

"Of course you are, though perhaps not really to blame—at least not blamable in a high degree."

"Not in any degree, Mrs. Trafford."

"That must be a matter of opinion. At all events, your secret is safe, for the old man has totally forgotten all that occurred last night between you; and, lest any clue to it should remain, I carried away the beginning of the letter he was writing. Here it is."

"How thoughtfully done!" said he, as he took the paper and read aloud, "'Dear Triphook, come over and help me to a shot at a rascal'—not civil, certainly—'at a rascal'; that, because he calls himself— It was well he got no farther," added he, with a faint smile.

"A good, bold hand it is too for such an old man. I declare, Mr. Maitland, I think your usual luck must have befriended you here. The fingers that held the pen so steadily might have been just as unshaken with the pistol."

There was something so provocative in her tone that Maitland detected the speech at once, and became curious to trace it to a cause. At this sally, however, he only smiled in silence.

"I tried to persuade Mark to drive over and see Tony Butler," continued she, "but he wouldn't consent: in fact, a general impulse to be disobliging would appear to have seized on the world just now. Don't you think so?"

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that your *protégé*, Butler, refuses to accept my offer. I got three lines from him, very dry and concise, saying 'No' to me. Of course I trust to your discretion never to disclose the negotiation in any way. I myself shall never speak of it; indeed I am very little given to doing civil things, and even less accustomed to finding them ill received, so that my secrecy is insured."

"He ought not to have refused," said she, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps not."

"He ought certainly to have

given the matter more consideration. I wish I could have been consulted by him. Is it too late yet?"

"I suspect it is," said he, dryly. "First of all, as I told you, I am little in the habit of meeting a repulse; and, secondly, there is no time to renew the negotiation. I must leave this to-day."

"To-day?"

"Within an hour," added he, looking at his watch; "I must manage to reach Dublin in time to catch the mail-packet to-morrow morning."

"This is very sudden, this determination."

"Yes, I am called away by tidings I received a while ago—tidings of, to me, the deepest importance."

"Mark will be extremely sorry," said she, in a low tone.

"Not sorrier than I am," said he, despondently.

"We all counted on your coming back with us to the Abbey; and it was only a while ago Bella begged that we should wait here for a day or two, that we might return together, a family party."

"What a flattery there is in the phrase!" said he, with deep feeling.

"You don't know," continued she, "what a favourite you are with my mother. I dare not trust myself to repeat how she speaks of you."

"Why will you multiply my regrets, Mrs. Trafford? why will you make my parting so very, very painful?"

"Because I prefer that you should stay; because I speak in the name of a whole house who will be afflicted at your going."

"You have told me of all, save one," said he, in a voice of deepest feeling; "I want to learn what she thinks."

"She thinks that if Mr. Maitland's good-nature be only on a par with his other qualities, he would sooner face the tiresomeness of a stupid house than make the owners of it feel that they bored him."

"She does not think anything of

the kind," said he, with a peculiar smile. "She knows that there is no question of good-nature or of boredom in the matter at all; but there is something at stake far more touching than either." He waited to see if she would speak, but as she was silent, he went on. "I will be honest, if you will not. I am not going away of my free will. I have been called by a telegram this morning to the Continent; the matter is so pressing that—shall I confess it?—if this stupid meeting with the Commodore had been arranged, I should have been a defaulter. Yes, I'd have made, I don't well know what explanation to account for my absence. I can imagine what comments would have been passed upon my conduct. I feel very painfully, too, for the part I should have left to such of my friends here as would defend me, and yet have not a fragment to guide their defence. And still, with all these before me, I repeat, I would have gone away, so imminent is the case that calls me, and so much is the matter one that involves the whole future of my life. And now," said he, while his voice became fuller and bolder, "that I have told you this, I am ready to tell you more, and to say that at one word of yours—one little word—I'll remain."

"And what may that word be?" said she, quietly; for while he was speaking she had been preparing herself for some such issue.

"I need not tell you," said he, gravely.

"Supposing, then, that I guess it—I am not sure that I do—but suppose that—and could it not be just as well said by another—by Bella, for instance?"

"You know it could not. This is only fencing, for you know it could not."

"You mean, in fact, that I should say, 'Don't go!'"

"I do."

"Well, I'm willing enough to say so, if my words are not to convey more than I intend by them."

"I'll risk even that," said he,

quickly. "Put your name to the bond, and we'll let lawyers declare what it is worth after."

"You frighten me, Mr. Maitland," said she, and her tone showed that now at least she was sincere.

"Listen to me for one moment, Alice," said he, taking her hand as he walked beside her. "You are fully as much the mistress of your fate as I am master of mine. You may consult, but you need not obey. Had it been otherwise, I never would have dared on a hardihood that would probably have wrecked my hopes. It is just as likely I never could satisfy the friends about you on the score of my fortune—my means—my station, and so on. It is possible, too, that scandal, which makes free with better men, may not have spared me, and that they who would have the right to advise you might say, Beware of that dreadful man. I repeat, this is an ordeal my pride would feel it hard to pass through; and so I come to you in all frankness, and declare I love you. To you—you alone—I will give every guarantee that a man may give of his honour and honesty. I will tell all my past, and so much as I mean for the future; and in return I only ask for time—nothing but time, Alice. I am not asking you for any pledge, simply that you will give me—what you would not have refused a mere acquaintance—the happiness of seeing you daily; and if—if, I say, you yourself should not deem the hand and the love I offer beneath you—if you should be satisfied with the claims of him who would share his fortune with you—that then—not till then—others should hear of it. Is this too much for me to ask or you to give, Alice?"

"Even now I do not know what you ask of me."

"First of all, that you bid me stay."

"It is but this moment you have declared to me that what calls you away is of the very last importance to you in life."

"The last but one, Alice—the

last is here," and he kissed her hand as he spoke, but still with an air so deferent that she could not resent it.

"I cannot consent that it shall be so," said she, with energy. "It is true, I am my own mistress, and there is but the greater reason why I should be more cautious. We are almost strangers to each other. All the flattery of your professions—and of course I feel it as flattery—does not blind me to the fact that I scarcely know you at all."

"Why not consent to know me more?" asked he, almost imploringly.

"I agree, if no pledge is to accompany my consent."

"Is not this a somewhat hard condition?" said he, with a voice of passionate meaning. "You bid me, in one word, place all that I have of hope on the issue—not even on that, but simply for leave to play the game. Is this generous, Alice—is it even just?"

"You bewilder me with all these subtleties, and I might ask if this were either just or generous; but at least I will be frank. I like you very well. I think it not at all impossible that I might like you better; but even after that, Mr. Maitland, there would be a long stage to travel to that degree of regard which you profess to desire from me. Do I make myself understood?"

"Too well, for me and my hopes!" said he, despondingly. "You are able, however, to impose hard conditions."

"I impose none, sir. Do not mistake me."

"You leave none others open to me, at least, and I accept them. To give me even that faint chance of success, however, I must leave this to-day. Is it not better I should?"

"I really cannot advise," said she, with a well-assumed coldness.

"Even contingently Mrs. Trafford will not involve herself in my fortunes," said he, half haughtily. "Well, my journey to Ireland, amongst other benefits, has taught me a lesson that all my wander-

ings never imparted. I have at last learned something of humility. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Maitland," said she, with calm, but evidently not without effort.

He stooped and kissed her hand, held it for a moment or two in his own, and, with a very faint Good-bye, turned away and left her. He turned suddenly around, after a few paces, and came back. "May I ask one question, Alice, before I go?"

"I don't know whether I shall answer it," said she, with a faint smile.

"I cannot afford to add jealousy to my other torments. Tell me, then—"

"Take care, sir, take care; your question may cost you more than you think of."

"Good-bye—good-bye," said he, sadly, and departed. "Are the horses ready, Fenton?" asked he, as his servant came to meet him.

"Yes, sir; and Captain Lyle has been looking for you all over the garden."

"He's going—he's off, Bella," said Alice, as she sat down beside her sister's bed, throwing her bonnet carelessly down at her feet.

"Who is going?—who is off?" asked Bella, eagerly.

"Of course," continued Alice, following up her own thoughts, "to say 'stay' means more than I like to be pledged to—I couldn't do it."

"Poor Tony!—give him my love, Alice, and tell him I shall often think of him—as often as ever I think of bygone days and all their happiness."

"And why must it be Tony that I spoke of?" said Alice, rising, while a deep crimson flush covered her face and brow. "I think Master Tony has shown us latterly that he has forgotten the long ago, and has no wish to connect us with thoughts of the future."

CHAPTER XXX.—CONSPIRATORS.

In one of those low-ceilinged apartments of a Parisian *hôtel* which modern luxury seems peculiarly to affect, decorating the walls with the richest hangings, and gathering together promiscuously objects of art and vertu, along with what can minister to voluptuous ease, Maitland and Caffarelli were now seated. They had dined, and their coffee stood before them on a table spread with a costly dessert and several bottles, whose length of neck and colour indicated choice liquor.

They lounged in the easiest of chairs in the easiest of attitudes, and, as they puffed their havannas, did not ill represent in tableau the luxurious self-indulgence of the age we live in. For let us talk as we will of progress and mental activity, be as boastful as we may about the march of science and discovery, in what are we so really conspicuous as in the inventions that multiply ease, and bring the means of indul-

gence within the reach of even moderate fortune?

As the wood fire crackled and flared on the ample hearth, a heavy splash of hail struck the window, and threatened almost to smash it.

"What a night!" said Maitland, drawing closer to the blaze. "I say, Carlo mio, it's somewhat cosier to sit in this fashion than to be toddling over the Mont Cenis in a shabby old sledge, and listening to the discussion whether you are to spend the night in the 'Refuge No. One' or 'No. Two.'"

"Yes," said Caffarelli, "it must have been a great relief to you to have got my telegram in Dublin, and to know that you need not cross the Alps."

"If I could only have been certain that I understood it aright, I'd have gone straight back to the north from whence I came; but there was a word that puzzled me—the word '*calamità*.' Now we have not yet arrived at the excellence of

accenting foreign words in our telegraph offices; and as your most amiable and philosophical of all nations has but the same combination of letters to express an attraction and an affliction, I was sorely puzzled to make out whether you wrote with or without an accent on the last syllable. It made all the difference in the world whether you say events are a 'load-stone' or a 'misfortune.' 'I gave half an hour to the study of the passage, and then came on.'

"Per Baccol I never thought of that; but what, under any circumstances, would have induced you to go back again?"

"I fell in love!"

Caffarelli pushed the lamp aside to have a better view of his friend, and then laughed long and heartily. "Maso Arretini used often to say, 'Maitland will die a monk;' and I begin now to believe it is quite possible."

"Maso was a fool for his prediction. Had I meant to be a monk, I'd have taken to the cowl when I had youth and vigour and dash in me, the qualities a man ought to bring to a new career. Ha! what is there so strange in the fact that I should fall in love?"

"Don't ask if you were offended with me, and I'll try and tell you."

"I am calm; go on."

"First of all, Maitland—no easy conquest would satisfy your vanity, and you'd never have patience to pursue a difficult one. Again, the objects that really have an attraction for you—such as Ambition and Power—have the same fascination for you that high play has for a gambler. You do not admit nor understand any other; and, last of all, one is nothing if not frank in these cases.—You'd never believe any woman was lovely enough, clever enough, or graceful enough to be worthy of Norman Maitland."

"The candour has been perfect. I'll try and imitate it," said Maitland, filling his glass slowly, and slightly wetting his lips. "All you have just said, Carlo, would be un-

impeachable if all women were your countrywomen, and if love were what it is understood to be in an Italian city; but there are such things in this dreary land of fog and snow-drift as women who do not believe intrigue to be the chief object of human existence, who have fully as much self-respect as they have coquetry, and who would regard no addresses so offensive as those that would reduce them to the level of a class with which they would not admit companionship."

"Bastions of virtue that I never ask to lay siege to!" broke out the other, laughing.

"Don't believe it, Carlo. You'd like the campaign well, if you only knew how to conduct it. Why, it's not more than a week ago I quitted a country-house where there were more really pretty women than you could number in the crowd of one of your ball-rooms on either Arno or Tiber."

"And, in the name of heaven, why didn't you bring over one of them at least, to strike us with wonderment and devotion?"

"Because I would not bring envy, malice, and jealousy to all south of the Alps; because I would not turn all your heads or torment your hearts; and, lastly, because—she wouldn't come. No, Carlo, she wouldn't come."

"And you really asked her?"

"Yes. At first I made the lamentable blunder of addressing her as I should one of your own dark-skinned damsels, but the repulse I met taught me better. I next tried the serious line, but I failed there also; not hopelessly, however—at least not so hopelessly as to deter me from another attempt. Yes, yes, I understand your smile, and I know your theory—there never was a bunch of grapes yet that was worth going on tip-toe to gather."

"Not that, but there are scores within reach quite as good as one cares for," said Caffarelli, laughing. "What are you thinking of?" asked he, after a pause. ||

"I was thinking what possible hope there was for a nation of twenty millions of men, with temperament like yours—fellows so ingrained in intolerance that the first element they weigh in every enterprise was, how little trouble it was to cost them."

"I declare," said the Italian, with more show of energy, "I'd hold life as cheaply as yourself if I had to live in your country—breathe only fogs, and inhale nothing pleasanter than coal smoke."

"It is true," said Maitland, gravely, "the English have not got climate—they have only weather; but who is to say if out of the vicissitudes of our skies we do not derive that rare activity which makes us profit by every favourable emergency?"

"To do every conceivable thing but one."

"And what is that one?"

"Enjoy yourselves! Oh, caro amico, you do with regard to your pleasures what you do with your music—you steal a little from the Continent, and always spoil it in the adaptation."

Maitland sipped his wine in half-sullen silence for some minutes, and then said, "You think, then, really, we ought to be at Naples?"

"I am sure of it. Baretta—do you forget Baretta? he had the wine-shop at the end of the Contrada St. Lucia."

"I remember him as a Camorrista."

"The same; he is here now. He tells me that the Court is so completely in the hands of the Queen that they will not hear of any danger; that they laugh every time Cavour is mentioned; and now that both France and England have withdrawn their envoys, the King says openly, 'It is a pleasure to drive out on the Chiaja when one knows they'll not meet a French gendarme or an English detective.'"

"And what does Baretta say of popular feeling?"

"He says the people would like to do something, though nobody seems to know what it ought to be.

They thought that Milano's attempt to other day was clever, and they think it mightn't be bad to blow up the Emperor, or perhaps the Pope, or both; but he also says that the Camorra are open to reason, and that Victor Emmanuel and Cavour are as legitimate food for an explosive shell as the others; and, in fact, any convulsion that will smash the shutters and lead to pilage must be good."

"You think Baretta can be depended on?"

"I know he can. He has been Capo Camorrista eight years in one of the vilest quarters of Naples; and if there were a suspicion of him, he'd have been stabbed long ago."

"And what is he doing here?"

"He came here to see whether anything could be done about assassinating the Emperor."

"I'd not have seen him, Carlo. It was most unwise to have spoken with him."

"What would you have?" said the other, with a shrug of his shoulders. "He comes to set this clock to rights—it plays some half-dozen airs from Mercadante and Verdi—and he knows how to arrange them. He goes every morning to the Tuileries, to Moequard, the Emperor's secretary: he, too, has an Italian musical clock, and he likes to chat with Baretta."

"I distrust these fellows greatly."

"That is so English!" said Cafarelli; "but we Italians have a finer instinct for knavery, just as we have a finer ear for music; and as we detect a false note, so we smell a treachery, where you John Bulls would neither suspect one or the other. Baretta sees the Prince Napoleon, too, almost every day, and with Pietri he is like a brother."

"But we can have no dealings with a fellow that harbours such designs."

"Caro amico, don't you know by this time that no Italian of the class of this fellow ever imagines any other disentanglement in a political question than by the stiletto? It is you, or I, or somebody else,

must, as they phrase it, 'pay with his skin.' Fortunately for the world, there is more talk than action in all this; but if you were to oppose it, and say, 'None of this,' you'd only be the first victim. We put the knife in politics just as the Spanish put garlic in cookery: we don't know any other seasoning, and it has always agreed with our digestion."

"Can Giacomo come in to wind up the clock, Eccellenza?" said Caffarelli's servant, entering at the moment; and as the Count nodded an assent, a fat, large, bright-eyed man of about forty entered, with a mellow frank countenance, and an air of happy joyous contentment that might have sat admirably on a well-to-do farmer.

"Come over and have a glass of wine, Giacomo," said the Count, filling a large glass to the brim with burgundy; and the Italian bowed with an air of easy politeness first to the Count and next to Maitland, and then, after slightly tasting the liquor, retired a little distance from the table, glass in hand.

"My friend here," said the Count, with a motion of his hand towards Maitland, "is one of ourselves, Giacomo, and you may speak freely before him."

"I have seen the noble signor before," said Giacomo, bowing respectfully, "at Naples with His Royal Highness the Count of Syracuse."

"The fellow never forgets a face; nobody escapes him," muttered Caffarelli; while he added, aloud, "Well, there are few honester patriots in Italy than the Count of Syracuse."

Giacomo smiled, and showed a range of white teeth, with a pleasant air of acquiescence.

"And what is stirring?—what news have you for us, Giacomo?" asked Caffarelli.

"Nothing, Eccellenza—positively nothing. The French seem rather to be growing tired of us, Italians, and begin to ask, 'What, in the name of wonder, do we really want?' and even his Majesty the Emperor

t'other day said to one of ours, 'Don't be importunate.'"

"And will you tell me that the Emperor would admit to his presence and speak with fellows banded in a plot against his life?" asked Maitland, contemptuously.

"Does the noble signor know that the Emperor was a Carbonaro once, and that he never forgets it? Does the noble signor know that there has not been one plot against his life—not one—of which he has not been duly apprised and warned?"

"If I understand you aright, Master Giacomo, then, it is that these alleged schemes of assassination are simply plots to deliver up to the Emperor the two or three amongst you who may be sincere in their blood-thirstiness. Is that so?"

Far from seeming offended at the tone or the tenor of this speech, Giacomo smiled good-naturedly, and said, "I perceive that the noble signor is not well informed either as to our objects or our organisation; nor does he appear to know, as your Excellency knows, that all secret societies have a certain common brotherhood."

"What! does he mean when opposed to each other?"

"He does, and he is right, Maitland. As bankers have their changing-house, these fellows have their appointed places of meeting; and you might see a Jesuit in talk with a Garibaldian, and a wild revolutionist with one of the Pope's household."

"The real pressure of these fellows," whispered the Count, still lower, "is menace! Menace it was brought about the war with Austria, and it remains to be seen if menace cannot undo its consequences. Killing a king is trying an unknown remedy; threatening to kill him is coercing his policy. And what are you about just now, Giacomo?" added he, louder.

"Little jobs here and there, signor, as I get them; but this morning, as I was mending a small or-

gan at the Duc de Broglio's, an agent of the police called to say I had better leave Paris."

"And when?"

"To-night, sir. I leave by the midnight mail for Lyons, and shall be in Turin by Saturday."

"And will the authorities take his word, and suffer him to go his road without surveillance?" whispered Maitland.

"Sì, Signore!" interposed Giacomo, whose quick Italian ear had caught the question. "I won't say that they'll not telegraph down the whole line, and that at every station a due report will not be made of me; but I am prepared for that, and I take good care not even to ask a light for my cigar from any one who does not wear a French uniform."

"If I had authority here, Master Giacomo," said Maitland, "it's not you, nor fellows like you, I'd set at liberty."

"And the noble signor would make a great mistake, that's all."

"Why so?"

"It would be like destroying the telegraph wires because one received an unpleasant despatch," said Giacomo, with a grin.

"The fellow avows, then, that he is a spy, and betrays his fellows," whispered Maitland.

"I'd be very sorry to tell him so, or hear you tell him so," whispered the Count, with a laugh.

"Well, Giacomo," added he, aloud, "I'll not detain you longer. We shall probably be on t'other side of the Alps ourselves in a few days, and shall meet again. A pleasant journey and a safe one to you;" he adroitly slipped some napoleons into the man's hand as he spoke. "*Tanti saluti* to all our friends, Giacomo," said he, waving his hand in adieu; and Giacomo seized it and kissed it twice with an almost rapturous devotion, and withdrew.

"Well," cried Maitland, with an irritable vibration in his tone, "this is clear and clean beyond me. What can you or I have in common with a fellow of this

stamp? or supposing that we could have anything, how should we trust him?"

"Do you imagine that the nobles will ever sustain the monarchy, my dear Maitland? or in what country have you ever found that the highest in class were freest of their blood? It is Giacomo, and the men like him, who defend kings to-day that they may menace them to-morrow. These fellows know well that with what is called a constitutional government and a parliament the king's life signifies next to nothing, and their own trade is worthless. They might as well shoot a President of the Court of Cassation! Besides, if we do not treat with these men, the others will. Take my word for it, our King is wiser than either of us, and he never despised the Camorra. But I know what you're afraid of, Maitland," said he, laughing—"what you and all your countrymen tremble before—that precious thing you call public opinion, and your 'Times' newspaper! There's the whole of it. To be arraigned as a regicide, and called the companion of this, that, or t'other creature, who was or ought to have been guillotined, is too great a shock for your Anglican respectability: and really I had fancied you were Italian enough to take a different view of this."

Maitland leaned his head on his hand, and seemed to muse for some minutes. "Do you know, Carlo," said he at last, "I don't think I'm made for this sort of thing. This fraternising with scoundrels—for scoundrels they are—is a rude lesson. This waiting for the *mot d'ordre* from a set of fellows who work in the dark, is not to my humour. I had hoped for a fair stand-up fight, where the best man should win; and what do we see before us? Not the cause of a throne defended by the men who are loyal to their King, but a vast lottery, out of which any adventurer is to draw the prize. So far as I can see it, we are to go into a revolution to secure a monarchy."

Caffarelli leaned across the table and filled Maitland's glass to the brim, and then replenished his own.

"Caro mio," said he, coaxingly, "don't brood and despond in this fashion, but tell me about this charming Irish beauty. Is she a brunette?"

"No; fair as a lily, but not like the blonde damsels you have so often seen, with a certain timidity of look that tells of weak and uncertain purpose. She might by her air and beauty be a queen."

"And her name?"

"Alice. Alicia, you'd call it."

"Alice is better. And how came she to be a widow so very young? What is her story?"

"I know nothing of it; how should I? I could tell nothing of my own," said Maitland, sternly.

"Rich as well as beautiful—what a prize, Maitland! I can scarcely imagine why you hesitate about securing it."

Maitland gave a scornful laugh, and with a voice of bitterness said, "Certainly my pretensions are great. I have fortune—station—family—name—and rank to offer her. Can you not remind me, Carlo, of some other of my immense advantages?"

"I know this much," said the other, doggedly, "that I never saw you fail in anything you ever attempted."

"I had the trick of success once," said Maitland, sorrowfully, "but I seem to have lost it. But, after all, what would success do for me here, but stamp me as an adventurer?"

"You did not argue in that fashion two years ago, when you were going to marry a Spanish princess, and the half-sister of a queen."

"Well, I have never regretted that I broke off the match. It estranged me, of course, from *him*; and indeed he has never forgiven me."

"He might, however, now, if he saw that you could establish your fortunes so favourably—don't you think so?"

"No, Carlo. It is all for rank

and title, not for money, that he cares! His whole game in life was played for the Peerage. He wanted to be 'My Lord'; and though repeatedly led to believe he was to have the title, the minister put off, and put off, and at last fell from power without keeping his pledge. Now in this Spanish business he bargained that I was to be a Duke—a Grandee of Spain. The Queen declared it impossible. Muñoz himself was refused. The dukedom, however, I could have. With the glitter of that ducal coronet before his eyes, he paid three hundred thousand francs I lost at the Jockey Club in Paris, and he merely said, 'Your luck in love has been somewhat costly—don't play such high stakes again.'"

"He is *très grand seigneur*!" said the Italian, with a voice of intense admiration and respect.

"Yes," said Maitland: "in every case where mere money enters, he is princely. I never met a man who thought less of his gold. The strange thing is, that it is his ambition which exhibits him so small!"

"Adagio, adagio, caro mio!" cried Caffarelli, laughing. "I see where you are bound for now. You are going to tell me, as you have some score of times, that to all English estimation our foreign titles are sheer nonsense; that our pauper counts and beggarly dukes are laughing matter for even your Manchester folk; and that in your police code baron and blackleg are synonyms. Now, spare me all this, caro Maitland, for I know it by heart."

"If one must say such impertinences, it is well to say them to a cardinal's nephew."

The slight flush of temper in the Italian's cheek gave way at once, and he laughed good-humouredly as he said: "Better say them to me, certainly, than to my uncle. But, to be practical, if he does attach so much importance to rank and title, why do you not take that countship of Amalfi the King offered you six months ago, and which to this

day he is in doubt whether you have accepted or refused?"

"How do you know that?" asked Maitland, eagerly.

"I know it in this wise; that when his Majesty mentioned your name to other day to Filangieri, he said, 'The Chevalier Maitland or Count of Amalfi—I don't know by which name he likes to call himself.'"

"Are you sure of this?"

"I heard it; I was present when he said it."

"If I did not accept when it was offered, the reason was this: I thought that the first time I wrote myself Count of Amalfi, old Santarelli would summon me before him to show birth and parentage, and fifty other particulars which I could have no wish to see inquired after; and, as the title of Amalfi was one once borne by a cadet of the royal family, he'd have been all the more exacting in his perquisitions before inscribing my name in that precious volume he calls the 'Libro d'Oro.' If, however, you tell me that the King considers that I have accepted the rank, it gives the matter another aspect."

"I suspect poor old Santarelli has very little heart for heraldry just now. He has got a notion that the first man the Revolutionists will hang will be himself, representing, as he does, all the privileges of feudalism."

"There is one way to do it, if it could be managed," said Maitland, pondering. "Three lines in the King's hand, addressing me 'The Chevalier Maitland, Count of Amalfi!' With these I'd defy all the heralds that ever carried a painted coat in a procession."

"If that be all, I'll promise you it. I am writing to Filangieri tomorrow. Let me have some details of what men you have recruited and what services you have rendered, briefly, not formally; and I'll say, 'If our master would vouchsafe in his own hand a line, a word even, to the Count of Amalfi, it would be a recompense he would not exchange for millions.' I'll say

'that the letter could be sent to Ludolf at Turin, where we shall probably be in a week or two.'"

"And do you think that the King will accede?"

"Of course he will. We are not asking for a pension, or leave to shoot at Caserta. The thing is the same as done. Kings like a cheap road out of their indebtedness as well as humbler people. If not, they would never have invented crosses and grand cordons."

"Now, let us concoct the thing regularly," said Maitland, passing the decanters from before him, as though, by a gesture, to show that he had turned from all conviviality to serious considerations. "You," continued he, "will first of all write to Filangieri."

"Yes. I will say, half incidentally, as it were, Maitland is here with me, as eager as the warmest of us in the cause. He has been eminently successful in his recruitment, of which he will soon send you details—"

"Ay, but now, that fellow M'Caskey, who has all the papers, did not meet me as I ordered him, and I cannot tell where he is."

"I am to blame for this, Maitland, for I ordered him to come over here, as the most certain of all ways of seeing you."

"And he is here now?"

"Yes. Arrived last night. In the hope of your arrival, I gave him a rendezvous here—any hour from ten to one or two to-night—and we shall soon see him."

"I must confess, I don't care how brief the interview be: the man is not at all to my liking."

"You are not likely to be much bored by him here, at least."

"How do you mean?"

"The police are certain to hear of his arrival, and to give him a friendly hint to arrange his private affairs with all convenient despatch, and move off."

"With what party or section do they connect him?"

"With how many? you might perhaps ask; for I take it he has held office with every shade of opin-

ion, and intrigued for any cause from Henry V. to the reddest republicanism. The authorities, however, always deal with a certain courtesy to a man of the sort. They intimate, simply, We are aware you are here—we know pretty well for what; and so, don't push us to any disagreeable measures, but cross over into Belgium or Switzerland. M'Caskey himself told me he was recognised as he drew up at the hotel, and in consequence thinks he shall have to go on in a day or two."

"Is not the fellow's vanity in some measure a reason for this? Does he not rather plume himself on being 'l'homme dangereux' to all Europe?"

"In conversation he would certainly give this idea, but not in fact. He is marvellously adroit in all his dealings with the authorities, and in nothing is he more subtle than in the advantage he takes of his own immense conceit. He invariably makes it appear that vanity is his weak point; or, as he phrases it himself, I always show my adversary so much of my hand as will mislead him."

"And is he really as deep as all this would imply?"

"Very deep for an Englishman; fully able to cope with the cunningest of his own people, but a child amongst ours, Maitland."

Maitland laughed scornfully as he said, "For the real work of life all your craft avails little. No man ever cut his way through a wood with a penknife, were it ever so sharp."

"The Count M'Caskey, Excellenza, desires to know if you receive?" said Caffarelli's servant, in a low tone.

"Yes, certainly, but do not admit any one else."

Very significant—but very differently significant—were the looks that passed between Maitland and Caffarelli in the brief interval before M'Caskey entered. At last the door was flung wide, and the distinguished Major appeared in full

evening-dress, on one side of his coat a blaze of stars and crosses, while in front of his cravat he wore the ribbon and collar of some very showy order. Nothing could be easier than his entrée—nothing less embarrassed than his salutation to each in turn, as, throwing his white gloves into his hat, he drew over to the table, and began to search for an unused wine-glass.

"Here is a glass," said Caffarelli. "What will you drink? This is Bordeaux, and this is some sort of Hook; this is Moselle."

"Hand me the sherry; I am chilly. I have been chilly all day, and went out to dine against my will."

"Where did you dine?"

"With Plon-Plon," said he, languidly.

"With the Prince Napoleon?" asked Maitland, incredulously.

"Yes; he insisted on it. I wrote to him to say that La Verrier, the sous-prefet, had invited me to make as short a delay at Paris as was consistent with my perfect convenience—the police euphuism for twenty-four hours; and I said, 'Pray excuse me at dinner, for I shall want to see Caffarelli.' But he wouldn't take any apology, and I went, and we really were very pleasant."

"Who was there?" asked Caffarelli.

"Only seven altogether: Bagration and his pretty niece; an Aldobrandini Countess—bygone, but still handsome; Joseph Poniatowsky; Botrain of 'La Patrie'; and your humble servant. Fould, I think, was expected, but did not come. Fearfully hot, this sherry; don't you think so?"

Maitland looked superbly defiant and turned his head away without ceremony. Caffarelli, however, came quickly to the rescue by pushing over a bottle of Burgundy, and saying, "And it was a pleasant party?"

"Yes, decidedly pleasant," said M'Caskey, with the air of one pronouncing a judicial opinion. "The women were nice, very well dressed

—the little Russian especially; and then we talked away as the people only do talk in Paris, where there is none of that rotten cant of London, and no subject discussed but the little trivialities of daily life."

Caffarelli's eyes sparkled with mischievous delight as he watched the expansive vanity in M'Osaskey's face, and the disgust that darkened in Maitland's. "We had a little of everything," said M'Osaskey, with his head thrown back and two fingers of one hand jauntily stuck in his waistcoat-pocket. "We had politics—Plon-Plon's own peculiar politics—Europe a democracy, and himself the head of it. We discussed dinners and dinner-givers—a race fast dying out. We talked a little finance, and lastly, Women."

"Your own theme!" said Caffarelli, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Without vanity, I might say it was. Poor old D'Orsay always said 'Scratch M'Osaskey, and I'll back myself for success against any man in Europe.'"

Maitland started as if a viper had bitten him, but by an effort he seemed to restrain himself, and, taking out his cigar-case, began a diligent search for a cigar.

"Ha, cheroots, I see!" cried M'Osaskey; "cheroots are a weakness of mine. Pick me out a well-spotted one, will you?"

Maitland threw the case as it was across the table to him without a word.

M'Osaskey selected some six or eight, and laid them beside him. "You are low, depressed, this evening, Maitland," said he; "what's the matter with you?"

"No, sir, not depressed—disgusted."

"Ah, disgusted?" said M'Osaskey, slowly, and his small eyes twinkled like two balls of fire. "Would it be indiscreet to ask the cause?"

"It would be very indiscreet, Count M'Osaskey," interposed Caffarelli, "to forget that you are here purely on a grave matter of business—far too grave to be compro-

mised by any forgetfulness on the score of temper."

"Yes, sir," broke in Maitland; "there can always be found a fitting time and place to arrange any small questions outstanding between you and me. We want now to learn something of what you have done in Ireland lately, for the King's service."

M'Osaskey drew from his pocket a much worn pocket-book, crammed to bursting with a variety of loose papers, cards, and photographs, which fell about as he opened it. Not heeding the disorder, he sought out a particular page, and read aloud: "Embarked this twenty-second of September at Gravesend, on board the Ocean Queen, bound for Messina with machinery, two hundred and eleven labourers—labourers engaged for two years—to work on the state railroads; twenty-eight do. on board of the Star of Swansea, for Molo de Gaeta with coals—making, with three hundred and eighty-two already despatched, within about thirty of the first battalion of the Cacciatori of St. Patrick."

"Well done! bravissimo!" cried Caffarelli, right glad to seize upon the opportunity to restore a pleasanter understanding.

"There's not a man amongst them would not be taken in the Guards; and they who regard height of stature as the first element of the soldier—amongst whom I am not one—would pronounce them magnificent!"

"And are many more available of the same sort?" asked Caffarelli.

"Ten thousand, sir, if you like to pay for them."

"Do these men understand that they are enlisted as soldiers, not engaged as navvies?" asked Maitland.

"As well as you do. Whatever our friend Caffarelli may think, I can tell him that my countrymen are no more deficient in acuteness than his own. These fellows know the cause just as well as they know the bounty."

"I was not inquiring as to their sympathies," said Maitland, caus-

tically; "I merely wanted to hear how they understood the contract."

"They are hirelings, of course, as I am, and as you are," said M'Caskey.

"By what presumption, sir, do you speak of me?" said Maitland rising, his face dark with passion. "If the accidents of life range us in the same cause, is there any other tie or bond between us?"

"Once more I declare I will have none of this," said Caffarelli, pushing Maitland down into his chair. "Count M'Caskey, the Central Committee have placed you under my orders. These orders are, that you report yourself to General Filangieri at Naples as soon as you can arrive there; that you duly inform the Minister at War of what steps you have already taken in the recruitment, putting yourself at his disposition for further service. Do you want money?" added he in a lower tone, as he drew the Major aside.

"A man always wants money, sir," said M'Caskey, sententiously.

"I am your banker: what shall it be?" said Caffarelli, drawing out his pocket-book.

"For the present," said M'Caskey, carelessly, "a couple of thousand francs will suffice. I have a rather long bill against his Majesty, but it can wait."

He pocketed the notes without deigning to look at them, and then, drawing closer to Caffarelli, said, in a whisper, "You'll have to keep your friend yonder somewhat 'better in hand'—you will really. If not, I shall have to shoot him."

"The Chevalier Maitland is your superior officer, sir," said Caffarelli, haughtily. "Take care how you speak of him to any one, but more especially to me, who am his friend."

"I am at his 'friend's' orders equally," said the Major: "my case contains two pistols."

Caffarelli turned away with a shrug of the shoulder, and a look that unmistakably bespoke disgust.

"Here goes, then, for the stirrup-

cup!" said M'Caskey, filling a large goblet with burgundy. "To our next meeting, gentlemen," and he bowed as he lifted it to his lips. "Won't you drink to my toast?" said he, stopping.

Caffarelli filled his glass, and touched it to his lips; but Maitland sat with his gaze bent upon the fire, and never looked up.

"Present my homage to the pretty widow when you see her, Maitland, and give her that," and he flung down a photograph on the table. "It's not a good one, but it will serve to remind her of me."

Maitland seized the card and pitched it into the fire, pressing down the embers with his boot.

Caffarelli sprang forward, and laid his hands on M'Caskey's shoulders.

"When, and where?" said the Major, calmly.

"Now—here—if you like," said Maitland, as calmly.

"At last," said a deep voice, and a brigadier of the gendarmerie entered, followed by two of his men.

"M. le Comte," said he, addressing the Major, "I have been in search of you since eleven o'clock. There's a special train waiting to convey you to Macon—pray don't lose any more time."

"I shall be at Naples within a fortnight," whispered Maitland.

"All right," replied M'Caskey.

"M. le Brigadier, *à vos ordres*. Good-bye, Count. By the way, I was forgetting my cheroots, which are really excellent;" and so saying he carefully placed them in his cigar-case; and then, giving his great-coat to one of the gendarmes to assist him while he drew it on, he waved a little familiar adieu with his hand and departed.

"My dear Maitland, how could you so far forget yourself, and with such a man?" said Caffarelli, laying his hands on his shoulder.

"With any other man I could not have forgotten myself," said he, sternly. "Let us think no more of him."

A SONG OF MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

'AIR—"Woo'd and married and a'."

ALL lands their own customs and manners
Are proud to preserve and display,
Like bands under different banners,
When drawn up in battle array.
Though all men possess the same passions,
And love is a general law,
In an infinite number of fashions
They're woo'd and married and a'.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and a';
In an infinite number of fashions
They're woo'd and married and a'.

The Russian, all tenderness quelling,
As soon as the courtship is out,
Conducts the bride home to his dwelling,
And gives her a touch of the knout.
'Tis thus in the law of allegiance
Their wives a rough lesson they read,
But *ours* are so bound to obedience,
Such discipline none of them need.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and a';
They vow both to love and obey us
When woo'd and married and a'.

With Us now such brightness and beauty
Are cast over Hymen's glad hours,
That the fetters which link us to duty
Are hid beneath flounces and flowers.
Yon gay English bride at the altar
Appears like a conquering queen—
A contrast to *her* with the halter,
Who once might at Smithfield be seen.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and a';
Yes, wives in a halter at Smithfield
Were woo'd and married and a'.

Some customs we now should think shocking,
Were practised of old without blame;
The garter and throwing the stocking
Were counted an innocent game.
We now have a splendid *dejeuner*,
While bridegroom and bride slip away;
And speeches are made that are spooney,
By men that have nothing to say.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and a';
As dull as if some one was buried,
Not woo'd and married and a'.

When wives by the ancients were wanted,
 They got them by paying a price;
 And daughters whose looks were much vaunted,
 Enriched their old sires in a trice.
 Now fathers, as most men discover,
 Before any daughter can go,
 Must find some hard cash for the lover,
 Besides the young lady's *trousseau*.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 'Tis seldom a penniless lassie
 Gets woo'd and married and a'.

'Twas common in Babylon's city
 A strange kind of auction to hold,
 Where wives were put up that were pretty,
 And to the best bidders were sold.
 A fund was thus nicely collected
 For helping the plain ones away;
 And the ugliest weren't rejected,
 Who then the best tocher could pay.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 'Twas thus both the plain and the pretty
 Were woo'd and married and a'.

Some nations are closely restricted
 To only one wife—at a time;
 To polygamy some are addicted,
 And don't think a Harem a crime.
 Whate'er may be said of that practice
 With wives of more pliable stuff,
 By most of us here the plain fact is—
 One wife is found fully enough.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 Enough is as good as a feast
 When you're woo'd and married and a'.

We hear in a very few places
 Of wives with more husbands than one,
 Which seems a ridiculous basis
 For building a household upon.
 But Nature has frolics as funny—
 The Beehive this oddity owns;
 For the Queen of those makers of honey
 Has husbands in all of her drones.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 Ah! many have drones for their husbands,
 When woo'd and married and a'.

Of Marriage my present discourse is
 And yet it might natural seem
 That the various kinds of Divorces
 Should figure as part of my theme.

But scandals are grown so abundant,
 I wish from them all to keep free;
 Even a falsely-accused Co-respondent
 Is what I hope never to be.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 Preserve us from plaintiffs' attorneys
 When woo'd and married and a'!

Now, may all single parties that hear me
 Be married, if such be their care;
 Though British Statistics, I fear me,
 Must feminine prospects impair.
 At least, may all You that shall marry
 Be loving, and constant, and true;
 And ne'er let the Judge Ordinary
 Have cause to inquire what you do.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and a';
 Keep clear both of Judge and of Jury
 When woo'd and married and a'.

A GROAN OVER CORFU.

BY BONO-JOHNNY.

I AM an old Corfiote, and under the influence of the sunny memories involved in that title, feel deeply aggrieved at our loss of the Seven Islands. I do not profess to take my stand on very high ground; in fact, I limit myself to utilitarian considerations. Politically and morally, this disagreeable proceeding may be defensible; but personally, we have been hit hard. We have lost simply the most agreeable *pied à terre* within range of our dependencies. This is intelligible, which is more than a modest man would like to assert with respect to the political involvements of the question. In fact, on this tender subject those most nearly concerned can scarcely be expected to reason dispassionately. Let my voice, therefore, be taken as that of lamentation, and not of attempted guidance through the maze of Greek politics.

We cannot be surprised at finding this gravitation towards union between Greeks and Ionians, though their original identity of stock has

been so extensively qualified by successive engraftings. The Islands were certainly started as Greek colonies. But even within range of classical history there were causes at work tending to produce, and actually producing to a great extent, estrangement from the mother country. Still the original sources of sympathy have been in their case imperishable, and the characteristic features of the races have been standing records of affinity. The family likeness is unmistakable; and strange it is that so it should be, when we consider the constant process of adulterisation to which the Hellenic blood in the veins of the islanders has been subject. Some of the seven have been temporarily held by strange occupants, who have left in the local dialects tokens of their presence; and also, it is to be presumed, have not less decidedly affected the stamina of the populations. You may clearly make out, on etymological evidence, what has been the prevailing character of these strangers. In Corfu, for

instance, we find everywhere the mark of the Venetians. The build-ings are of Venice, and so are the corruptions (manifold and vile) of the language. In Zante the etymological alloy is of baser metal, the idiom at this present speaking being a *pasticcio* in which the Turkish element figures conspicuously. In Ithaca, which from a variety of causes has been kept comparatively intact from foreigners, the language is preserved in a wonderfully pure state. This is so confessedly the case, that I have known an Ithacan servant-girl hunted up by a number of big-wigs and consulted as a grammatical authority on the mere strength of her being an Ithacan. Still, though some speak better and some worse, they all do speak Greek; and so with regard to their other little family arrangements, we are bound to admit that, in spite of Italian, Spanish, Turkish, and *omnium gatherum* adulterisations, they do remain veritably, though not purely, Greeks in blood.

Surely we are justified in regarding the wonderful permanence of the Greek tongue as a title to consideration, and as an evidence of respectability on the part of the people. Where else in Europe do we find aught like it? How many nationalities anywhere can challenge the Greeks to this philological comparison? Most of us have lost our aboriginal tongues altogether, and write and speak in a fashion that would be unintelligible to our forefathers of a few centuries back. Syrians, Persians, Armenians have their ancient languages "not understood of the people." How much would a modern Osmanli understand of Ouigur Tartar? But the Greek of the present day still retains his parent language, according to the testimony of the oldest extant documentary evidence. You may walk out now any time on the banks of the Ilissus (poor Ilissus! it is not much of a stream), and stumble on a young Athenian reading Plato. You may enter into conversation with him, or with

a cab-driver or boatman—i. e., with the educated or comparatively uneducated classes—without anything like the trouble of learning a new language. Oxford and Cambridge men, straight from the University, read Athens or Patras newspapers freely. The impediments for such persons in the way of a free understanding of written communications are very slight, amounting simply to certain modifications of expression, which may be mastered in a few hours. With regard to *vivæ voce* utterances, the difficulty is greater; and it certainly does take some little time to bring one to the capability of catching the sense of words spoken. But this is because our home pronunciation of Greek is absurd, and because we are thus accustomed to sounds which often have no sort of association with the designated syllables as spoken by a Greek. The fault is with us, and not with them. With the exception of a few *lacuna*, the grand language remains much what it was in the days of the orators and poets. The deterioration is not actually much greater than it was at the period of Macedonian predominance. They certainly have no modern literature; perhaps under the altered circumstances of civilisation, never again will have a literature. At all events, they may plead that they have long had to hang their harps on the willow. Who shall say to what extent the old spirit may revive under favourable conditions? We cannot expect to see Greek become again the leading language of civilisation. French, no doubt, will still be preferred as the language of diplomacy and ten-volume novels. But much may be done, and much is even now being done, with the Greek. They are gradually supplying deficiencies, and lopping off redundancies, and bringing matters nearer to the old mark. When they get the length of bringing once more into general use the infinitive mood and the future tense, they will have left very little work for future purists.

This bond of community of vernacular and of undeniable consanguinity has always been recognised by the Ionians. They have never made any secret of their sympathy. Greeks they consider themselves, and Greeks they have always intended to be, when they should be able to find the occasion. They may or they may not be wise in this judgment. It is a case where the balance has to be struck between material loss and ideological gain. For ourselves, in spite of the bitterness of the pill, we perhaps have no alternative but to swallow it—i. e., no *worthy* alternative. A protection maintained *ei et armis* over recalcitrant *protégés* becomes in the long run invidious. On the whole, it was doubtless well to let them have their own way; and we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised at the direction in which that way has tended.

Somehow it has come to pass that the Ionians have never liked us. Bad taste, no doubt, it has been on their part, but so stands the undeniable fact. Perhaps there has been too much discrepancy between the social usages of our respective communities to admit of any real amalgamation. Our insular pride has been in constant collision with their insular pride, and defects have been magnified on either side. Besides this there has been the constant difficulty of the want of a common language. They were not likely to learn English, and our fellows would not be at the trouble of learning an available amount of Italian. Greek, save in a few exceptional cases, was quite out of the question. The complimentary adjuration, "ὦλε σαρδὶ" equivalent to "Get out of the way, you rascal"—was the limit of general attainment in that language. The Italian was stretched somewhat farther. Some few idlers may have been contented with the formula "Bono John," but a good many of our compatriots made such a good use of their three years or so at Corfu, that they became

enabled to ask their way of a countryman, or to dispense with signs at a coffee-shop. Verily the British soldier has not been strong at languages—i. e., before the days of competitive examinations. We have had cases of Staff officers, whose daily duty it was to receive and entertain foreigners, unable to address to the said foreigners three sentences of ordinary conversation. Now we are mending, and no doubt shall continue to mend; but such things have been. It is curious enough that the same incapacity of carelessness has not characterised the naval service. The ship in the Mediterranean that had not its fair quota of linguists has been decidedly the exception to the rule.

But this language-difficulty was a constant stumblingblock at the palace of the Lord High Commissioner. I mention that august abode because, so far as I am posted, it was the chief, if not the only, rallying-point for mixed assemblages of Britons and Ionians. Here were constantly to be met the notables of the island. On certain red-letter days the invitation would go forth to pretty nearly every presentable person within due limits. Then was to be seen the richest of *bal costumés*. The fairest of damsels and matrons, congregated in clusters, put you at once and for ever at rest on the subject of the pretensions of Ionian womanhood. Strange stories were afloat as to the methods in vogue for the enhancing of æsthetic effects. They were said to be adepts in the art of face-painting. But we, as a nation, among whose ladies Mine. Richel has made a fortune, are scarcely the people to throw stones at them. At all events, the painting, if done at all, was well done: *ars celare artem*. The effect was excellent, and man gazed approvingly. But there was little actual intercourse on these occasions, for very few of the one set could talk to the other. It is easily understood that friendships do not spring up readily under such

conditions. Yet for many Ionians these were the only opportunities of studying English society; and from these reunions they would naturally retire with the notion that Englishmen were proud and exclusive. Some few of their tip-top aristocracy were willing to lend themselves to an exchange of hospitalities. They knew us better; and through them, no doubt, a corrective influence in our favour would be maintained. But, on the whole, they did not like us, and were glad to shake off our protectorate.

Perhaps we are constitutionally unfitted for the functions of a friendly protectorate. We are strong, no doubt, and honest, and thus are qualified to insure to a weak people those two essential requisites, safety and justice. They know that we will neither injure them ourselves, nor suffer any one else to touch them. But something more than this is required for the engendering of goodwill between us and the protected. People of genial temperament, such as the populations of our dependencies are apt to be, require more than this, or they will be found sulking. They may consider the endurance of superciliousness, and an ever-present assertion of superiority, too dear a price to pay for their substantial advantages. Now, as a nation, we certainly are given to the above-named delinquencies. We do actually think ourselves superior to most people with whom we come into contact, and take little pains to conceal our convictions. We comport ourselves as lords of the soil, and treat the *indigènes* as intruders and persons to be tolerated, but scarcely as gentlemen and fellow-subjects. Of course they do not like this sort of thing; and we ought not to be surprised at their finding therein an offset against the undoubted value of our sterling good qualities. Nay, it may be asserted that these very qualities themselves tend sometimes to the prejudice of our po-

popularity. In the estimation of a light and feeble people, as our friends the Ionians may in all charity be called, the very incorruptibility of our administration of justice has in it something hard and unamiable. It is as though their moral training had not yet proceeded to the length of introducing them to the idea of justice pure and simple. As an occasional luxury, they seem to think that it may be exhibited to advantage, but scarcely would have it rendered too common by everyday usage. Junius Brutus, standing alone in history, is very admirable, but he is not the sort of man they would choose to preside over their ordinary law-courts. No; bribery and corruption in moderation are not repugnant to their taste, and a simply incorruptible judge they vote a bore and a barbarian. There is, I suppose, little room to question the allegation that a rich noble thinks he has a right to influence the decision of the magistrate, and that there is a general disposition among the people to recognise the prescription. In fact, the moral code of our friends has not been very stringent in respect of public or private obligation. I have known the case where truthfulness has been cited as a weak point of our national character. "You English," it was said, "cannot lie;" the implication being, "We Greeks *can* lie," and *ergo*, "are so far better off than you." Not that promiscuous lying was advocated, but it was thought highly advantageous to be able to do so freely on occasion. On the whole, I suspect that there was a clear line of demarcation between those of the islanders who associated with us and those who kept themselves to themselves. Among the former were some very amiable individuals, but I am afraid that their liberality was exercised at the expense of popularity. All this refers specially to Corfu, which was the chief seat of courtly intrigues—the real Krahwinkel. In the other islands there was more

simplicity and more cordiality of intercommunion.

Take it all in all, we have had a glorious time in those Islands—we, *i. e.*, who in due succession have been called to the episode of a two or three years' residence among them. Perhaps the thing would not have answered for a continuance. One might have wearied of perpetual sunshine and blue waters and gardens of Alcinous. Human nature does stand a deal of that sort of treatment, but it is to be presumed that a limit is somewhere. I never reached it myself, and never met any one else that had reached it, nor ever knew any one who was not delighted at the chance of revisiting the old spot. The one great drawback to the region was that, by dint of living there, one became to a great extent unfitted for residence elsewhere. The golden mean was bit off by those who were called to fulfil an ordinary tour of military service at the station. Where, within Mediterranean limits, were the heats of summer more deliciously tempered with all that goes to make summer endurable? Where, during the strenuous season, was to be had such woodcock-shooting, such boating, such well-rewarded pedestrianising? Nowhere else, save in these Islands, could a duty-man take up a position within easy distance of half the places that one cares to visit in this quarter of our globe. What was it worth to have the Morea within hail—to be able, with a few weeks' leave, to start off with Leake under your arm, or Pausanias, or Christopher Wordsworth, and plunge into the work of verifying the most interesting *indicia* of man's political and intellectual progress? Janina and all the actualities of wild Albanian life were just opposite. Immediately to your north were the smiling shores of the Adriatic—the civilisation of Ancona, Trieste, and Venice, the semi-civilisation of Dalmatia and Istria, and the wondrous barbarism of Montenegro. To the south

stretched a coast indented with a hundred inlets, into none of which could you put without the prospect of pleasant adventure, and the certainty of the sportsman's richest meed. And in no one of all these directions could you proceed many steps without falling in with some striking object of artistic study. Certainly, as an educational post, the station was worth much to us; and it would have been good policy on the part of our rulers to have rendered a certain term of service with some regiment serving thereat compulsory on young officers. Corfu might have been utilised for purposes of general education, just as Chatham and the Britannia are utilised for special purposes in different branches of the public service. But that is all over now. We have but Malta and Gibraltar, and I fear they can scarcely be brought to subserve the same purpose.

On the whole, I am disposed to advocate a claim for compensation to the British army. Against whom this claim lies I cannot venture to assert. Perhaps the King of Greece and our Ministers may hit on some terms of compromise. We, at least, should not be made the scapegoats of politicians.

If Corfu is to be considered as possessed of incomparable advantages of position, it is to be no less highly esteemed on account of its own beauties. Few views on the surface of this earth can be more lovely than that obtainable from the shores of Corfu on a summer evening; and nothing in the way of inland scenery can beat the fair prospect of mountain and olive-wood and smiling village within the island itself. The geological character of the mountains adds the picturesque effect, giving to their profiles exactly that decision of outline and to their masses that combination of light and shade, which tells well on canvass. And looking away from the land, over the blue of the channel, you gaze on the shores of Albania (distant

some twelve miles), fringed hereabouts by the Acroceraunian range. These, if not absolutely capped with everlasting snows, are so nearly so as to serve the turn on almost any summer evening. No pen can describe the effect of the declining sunlight on these peaks, bathing them in heavenly pink, projecting far into the azure below their fairy shapes and hues. It so happens, by felicitous accident, that one of the arches of entrance to the Palace of S. Michael and S. Georgio has been so disposed as to enhance the artistic effect of the view to one standing on the line-wall. The arch, with its supporting buttresses, subserves exactly the purpose of a frame to the magnificent picture, shutting out all unseemly particulars of foreground. The effect is so remarkable as to be quite a feature of the spot, and must be well remembered by all who have had the opportunity of seeing it.

As viewed from the sea, Corfu presents striking features of individuality. The Citadel is far and wide conspicuous, and to mariners unmistakable as a beacon. They say that as a fortification it is valueless. In that case it is to be hoped that its sentence of demolition may be averted, as it certainly is worth preserving as an object. As I do not happen to belong to the scientific branch of the service, I would speak modestly; but I venture to suggest that at such an elevation, guns must be harmless, and it would be a pity to deprive our friends of the power of firing a salute, seeing that such burning of powder is much to their taste. The palace of the Lord High Commissioner is a jewel in the setting of the picture. Probably it is the noblest mansion of all those provided for our viceroys, with the exception of Government House at Calcutta. One is curious to know what they will do with it now. Though not of such costly material as Otho's Palace at Athens, it far surpasses that queer edifice in architectural pretension, and in all speci-

alities of a regal domicile. On one side of you as you look (from seaward), you have the Venetian harbour, skirted down to the very water-side with foliage, and delicate tracery of hill and dale. On the other side, with a beautiful sweep, is traced out the Bay of Castrades. Over and beyond this you have the sort of landscape of which I have already been trying to give an idea.

Now, add to all this, a lovely climate and most agreeably intensified idleness, a tolerable regimental and official society, with, if you were able to avail yourself thereof, *pour relever le gout*, a dash of the best variety of the Ionian element, and you must confess that the cup of enjoyment was pretty well furnished with external requirements.

The worst of lotus-eating was, that it made a man forget house and home and duty. I am afraid there was something of that evil influence at work in the atmosphere of Corfu. As the greedy bee was smothered in the honey-pot, so was the gallant defender of his country in danger of coming to grief in the sea of Ionian delights. It needed exertion to keep his faculties unclogged. *Strenua inertia* was the prevailing epidemic; and the island seemed to have been provided on homœopathic principles for the treating of the disease. It was possible there to while away one's three years in utter idleness with perfect complacency. "Fiañering," "loafing," or "lounging," in the most literal sense of the most emphatic term, was the order of the day. There was one particular spot on the Citadel wall known by an especial, and not very elegant, *sobriquet*, because there it was that officers off duty would congregate in the morning, and, leaning over the parapet, occupy themselves any amount of hours gazing listlessly into the waters below. Old Schulenburg's statue on the Esplanade also did excellent duty in this way. It was not bad fun, leaning against him and hearing all the *cancan* of the place. These two trysting spots

must figure conspicuously in the recollections of some of us.

Yet, bating some three months of the year when neither man nor beast could work, there was no reason why one should have been listless at Corfu. There was abundant room for active enjoyment, and there were plenty of fellows who had the good sense to use their opportunities. A fleet of yachts was ever moored within the Manduchio, and sailing-matches were a standing institution, besides expeditions to the neighbouring islands and coast. These would sometimes be for a length of some week or ten days; but generally speaking, adventurers would be satisfied with a trip over to Albania, for the sake of the almost unequalled shooting there to be encountered. Such an excursion, besides the opportunity for sport which was its immediate object, involved just the amount of risk proper to redeem it from the category of commonplaces.

In the first place, you had to provide defences against the infraction of quarantine. As you would be aware that plague is not indigenous in European Turkey, and that any case occurring within those limits must be by importation, you would be content personally to dispense with these precautions. But as Turkey is conventionally plague-stricken, no boat coming from those shores is allowed, in communicating with the island, to dispense with the formalities of the prescribed lustration. Sportsmen, therefore, and others visiting Albania for a few hours only, take with them a sanitary *Guardiano*—i. e., a functionary of the health department—who is solemnly bound by oath to keep watch and ward over the party, and to prevent or report any compromising intercourse. Sad liars these fellows are apt to be, and almost invariably open to a bribe. But we will hope that you are too honest to bribe, and in that case you must be on your guard against accidents. Should you touch any person or anything sup-

posed to be conducive of contagion, you would inevitably on your return be incarcerated for seven, or some multiple of seven days. I could tell a good story or two about these *Guardiani*, but on second thoughts refrain for the present.

In the next place, you had to take some little care lest you should yourself be bagged. Woodcocks and red-legged partridges, with an occasional deer or wild-boar, were not the only game with which you were likely to forgather. Ever and anon a strapping Albanian would come across your path. He might spring up from behind a bush, or you might find him on some crag, looking for all the world like what he might be presumed to be, a robber on the outlook. But see him where and how you might, you would instinctively feel that the fellow armed to the teeth, and the wolf-like dog at his heels, would either of them seize you by the throat without compunction—the man on the temptation of your personal effects, the dog on the motion of his own ferocity. To the human being the great temptation—irresistible, I fear, with a good opportunity—would be your gun and powder-flask.

Encountered singly and reasonably humoured, they were not dangerous. Where our numbers were three to one, we could afford to consider them artistically, and had to confess them to be splendid individuals; yet even then it was highly impolitic to treat them cavalierly. A rough fellow coming up alone to a party of half-a-dozen with a demand for "*Barât*," was pretty sure to get what he wanted—gunpowder. A refusal would probably have led to a row; for, like the Gregarach "on his native heath," these fellows considered themselves entitled to make us pay our footing; and how many fellow-ruffians they might in five minutes summon from the neighbouring hills, none could say. Now a single blow with the fist, or a mere col-

laring of your man, would have involved all the penalties of quarantine. When you add all this to the risk of deadly injury from such desperadoes, it is not wonderful that one was desirous of keeping the peace. Still rows would occasionally occur, and they were always followed by a garrison order forbidding such excursions altogether for the time being. Their dogs were an awful nuisance. Perhaps, under civilised training, they might be inoffensive members of the community, as they certainly do possess valuable qualities, and come of a renowned stock. But hitherto their native ferocity has been left unredeemed, and there is scarcely a pin to choose between them and so many wolves, except in so far as their own masters and their flocks are concerned. As shepherd-dogs in a country still exposed to the incursions of wolves they are invaluable. Unfortunately, the shepherds limit their notions of dog-education to this one adaptability, and are careless of any mischief the dogs may commit incidentally. To wayfarers they are really dangerous, and would devour any such whom they might meet defenceless and refugeless. Happily their blind courage against brutes is, as against man, modified by some qualifying instinct. Perhaps it may be their experimental knowledge that restrains them. Perhaps they have experience of the fact, that a good big stone, propelled by a strong human arm, produces unpleasant sensations in that part of the frame with which it comes into contact. At all events, it is with stones that they are to be beaten off. Sticks they despise; and unless your first blow should stun, they would be at your throat before you could plant a second.

Sometimes a pertinacious individual, or a pack of two or three, would refuse to be discomfited: it then became necessary to elect between the danger of being devoured by the open-mouthed foe, and that of being shot by their masters.

These fellows never stood any nonsense when their dogs were concerned, and had no notion of extenuating circumstances. The slaughter of a dog was sure to produce a terrific embroglio, involving imminent risk of human bloodshed. It has been found necessary to stand back to back with levelled guns, as the only method of meeting their first onslaught, and leaving room for subsequent arrangement by the Guardiano. One fray of that kind, on a large scale, must be in the recollection of many old Corfiotes. A young officer had been attacked by a dog, against whom he essayed all the ordinary methods of dissuasion. In the last extremity, and in pure self-defence, he turned the brute over by a shot, thinking that the men who witnessed the occurrence would perceive his act to be one of necessity. But such an attack took place on the party that it was by a special providence only that the most dreadful results were averted. The English party was numerous, but the Albanians were ten to one; and, had they actually come to a fight, would no doubt have massacred every mother's son of them. Happily, after a considerable period of suspense and a tremendous expenditure of vocal energy, a compromise was hit upon, and some satisfactory compensation devised. This was a prodigious row, and has become historical; but its only exceptional feature was the magnitude of the forces engaged on either side. On a small scale it was liable to constant repetition.

Indeed, the man who set foot on Albanian ground was unable to conjecture in what form, and whence arising, adventure was likely to assail him. I know one case in which the most undignified agency was employed—that of the domestic pig—if indeed it be right so to term any of the pigs belonging to these people. The pigs are, to a certain extent, actually domesticated during part of the year, when they wax fat, and are tolerably good-humoured; but at the season when acorns fall

from the trees, they are driven forth to forage for themselves. Leaving human enclosures, they seem to return for a while to the ferocity of the wild boar, to which animal they do indeed bear a strong family likeness. The only trace of their civilisation that they retain is an aptitude for society: they remain gregarious by disposition, and roam the woods in packs. How on earth their respective masters contrive to effect their recapture and reappropriation I cannot even guess. With a furious, rampant, hungry, devilish pack of these pigs, a strayed Englishman fell in. Although a keen sportsman, he was new to this particular field. Had this not been the case, he would have been wiser than to get beyond reach of his party; but there he was, with this legion of devils before him. At first the sight was rather curious—they routed and grunted, and thrust one another about like very hungry pigs. But presently his pointer attracted their attention, and was at once assailed. It was in vain that both barrels were discharged at the pack. Two pigs were rolled over, but the rest pressed onwards, and in a minute the poor dog was devoured. They then, I believe, ate up their slaughtered companions, and, having nothing more to detain them by the way, attacked our young friend. He must, humanly speaking, have been their victim had he not availed himself of the short respite to run with might and main to a neighbouring olive-tree in which he took refuge, and from safe ensconcement within which he kept up a retaliatory popping at the pigs, till they retired on the approach of a strong reinforcement of his friends.

I should like to know what efficient cause it is to which we are to attribute the superiority of the British officer? I do not mean military superiority, for that I suppose to be debatable ground; but, taken for all in all, his moral, intellectual, and social presentment is of a superior kind to that afforded

by the officer of almost any other national type. He is more of a gentleman, more expansive intellectually, and is better adapted to the amenities of social life. He can talk on other themes than those pertaining to the barrack-room, and has an extra-regimental interest in life.

May not this difference—which is largely recognised by foreigners themselves—be accounted for by consideration of the especial training to which our officers have been subject? They have, in fact, in the course of service, been partakers of very great educational advantages. The distinguishing feature of that service has been that it has called them to visit all parts of the world. A man must indeed be a moral and intellectual dullard if he could without benefit pass through such experiences. Some of our stations would be perhaps dull as permanent residences, but all yield their meed of profit to an observant visitor. A West Indian island, St. Helena, or Hong-Kong, may not be exactly places at which one would choose to pitch one's tent, but at none of them could a term of service be unprofitable to a man with eyes in his head. One and all of these periods of foreign experience have helped him on in cosmopolitan development; but of course no position was so favourable for this purpose as the Mediterranean; and within these limits no spot was comparable to Corfu,—none gave him such opportunities of studying men and manners.

We may assume—at least I have experimentally learned to assume—that no opportunity of foreign travel is equal to that which occurs in the way of duty. A young fellow travelling on his own account is almost sure to turn lazy before he has half done his work. He will gaze over the fairest localities, and wish picture-galleries and museums at the bottom of the sea. How can it be otherwise, when he has to take in his new ideas all at a dose? Human nature will not stand more than a certain amount of un-

intermitted sight-seeing, and when this amount has been fulfilled, there remains for the patient nought but unprofitable weariness. Besides this, save in exceptional cases, to no private traveller is accorded such ready access as the officer finds to all social circles. This latter favoured individual is able also to observe at his leisure—to take one object at a time—to return home when tired—and, above all, is privileged to begin the work of observation with unblunted energies. It is by consideration of this power, which has been to a great extent the *peculium* of our services, that I would account for personal differences in favour of our officers. It would be too much to assert that this power was always adequately employed; but it was so employed frequently, which is about as much as we say touching any human use of opportunity. The cession of the Ionian Islands involves in all these respects a wondrous diminution of means.

Beautiful as is Corfu, it cannot be said to be the queen of the group. As a residence, it has the advantages of a metropolitan civilisation. It is (or has been) a centre of courtly influences. But the palm of beauty must be conceded to one of the smaller islands—Zante for choice.

“Zante! Zante! fior di Levante,”

sings the Zantiot patriot, with better reason than he of Malta, who, with simply a big hearth-stone for his habitat, sings,

“Malta! fior del mondo.”

In the case of Zante you are ready to admit the boast to be true. A paradise of fruits and flowers smiles on the approaching steamer, and with flowers her departing decks are cumbered. Fair, lovely, and bright in view, and dear to memory, are its only appropriate epithets. Unfortunately, its eligibility as a residence is affected by its liability to earthquakes. This, certainly, is a serious drawback. Scarcely a week passes without

some slight shock, and every now and then they have a serious alarm. The popular tradition is, that these events have a regular cycle of occurrence, and that a great earthquake is to be expected once in twenty years. It is only about these great paroxysms that they trouble themselves; the lesser commotions they take very philosophically. They have instituted what might with propriety be called “an earthquake drill,” which is constantly called into requisition. Their houses are built with express reference to this particular liability, and therefore, the good ones at least, are tolerably secure against any ordinary shock. But they have a prearranged code of proceedings, according to which, on any alarm, they fly to what experience has taught them to recognise as the safest position. It has a queer effect to see the guests jump up from the dinner-table and make with one accord to the cross-beam over the door. The stranger hardly connects this movement, in the first instance, with the queer rumbling and rattling of which he is sensible. When he does make out what it all is about, the chances are, that his appetite and spirit of enjoyment are somewhat marred. Not so, however, is it with the habitués—they reseat themselves in perfect carelessness, and in five minutes appear to forget the matter. Your host, in conducting you up to your room for the night, is sure to give you a word of advice as to your conduct in the contingency of your slumbers being disturbed by the undesirable phenomenon, and tells you “not to be alarmed”—advice easier given than followed.

With this one drawback, Zante is a most delightful residence. Its society has just the proper infusion of the English element to insure a genial hospitality, without the bickerings and petty jealousies which mark the rule of “clique.” We are entitled to groan over the loss of such an island.

It is noteworthy that both Zante

and Cephalonia surpass Corfu in mercantile importance. From both of them considerable exports are made, while the trade of Corfu is pretty much confined to shopkeeping. Cephalonia is distinguished for the industry of its population, and has a large mercantile marine. Perhaps this latter fact is owing to its possession of a magnificent harbour. Cephalonia boasts also some wonderful Cyclopæan remains at Crani and at Samos, and in all respects may be termed interesting and delectable. It presents, however, one drawback, which is, that the energies of the people have been somewhat too ready to manifest themselves in the way of political commotion. This, we will hope, may now be remedied.

Santa Maura, the old Leucas, is fraught with reminiscences of lyric poetry, and the maiden's leap from precipitous cliffs into the sea. The traditionary site of this leap is still pointed out, and an awkward-looking place it is. Schiller's 'Taucher' would hardly have survived a first experiment here. The main town of the island is a queer place, approachable from the seaward only by a long and narrow causeway, erected on a lake or swamp that covers the position. The water is so shallow that an inexperienced sculler is sure to get aground in making the passage. The place labours under the imputation of ague and fever. The island, however, is pretty enough, and the inland district is healthy. Here also is to be found a treasure of Cyclopæan remains.

Ithaca must be placed high on the list. I suppose that most of us approach its soil with peculiar feelings. The shades of Ulysses, Penelope, and Telemachus seem to beset it. But, independently of bygones, Ithaca has sufficient grounds of recommendation in the surpassing beauty of its scenery, and the kindly humanities of its present occupants. If, O reader, you have happened to see an artistically executed view of the Bay of Vathi,

as one looks across from Samos, you will be able to appreciate part of this praise. Take my assurance that this island may be esteemed as headquarters, among the seven, of peaceful intellectual enjoyment. Any epithet expressive of kindness and simplicity would be well applied to the people.

Of course, each of all these islands required the presence of an official representative of the British Protectorate; and of course at present there is a lapse of exactly so much patronage—patronage that was held almost exclusively for the benefit of the British officer.

I never was so fortunate as to be a Resident myself, but I always used to consider the post most enviable. These lieutenant-governorships appeared to yield all the sweets of office, with the accompaniment of only a mitigated responsibility. Some men professed to think that the seclusion of life in some of the smaller islands counterbalanced the advantages involved. I am of a different opinion. The seclusion was, in fact, only from one phase of civilization; and a man of any resources ought to have been able to make himself happy, and to find useful occupation among his clients for the time being. He, at all events, had the opportunity of playing the great man, and getting his hand in for the game of government.

In his own island the Resident was of paramount authority, accountable to the Lord High Commissioner, but for the moment acting without appeal. Considering that for Ithaca a regimental captain was considered sufficient, and that for Cérigo and Paxo a subaltern served the turn, we may understand that these appointments were no small prizes, and that the grievance involved in their loss is huge. Their tenure implied no neglect of permanent interests; a man's seniority went on just as though he had been still at duty; so that when tired of his place, or relieved in the course of promotion, he had simply to return to his civilised status,

without any detriment to his regimental standing.

All these good things are now gone. These sunny haunts are to know us no more, save as travellers and strangers. And even as travellers, I suspect, it will be no easy matter to revisit them. Malta will be our nearest point; and that, even with our present means of transit, would be too far for general use. But of course the present means of communication will not be maintained. We shall no longer change ourselves, it is to be presumed, with keeping up a packet-service where we have no garrisons nor establishments.

After all, it may prove to be the fact—and in that hope is our best consolation—that the Ionians, being thrown on their own resources, will rise to the level of the occasion; and the Greeks may, in this enlargement of their means, find the remedy for much of the evil that has hitherto afflicted the Hellenic kingdom. So far as a navy is concerned, we know that the Greek nautical element is equal to that of any nation under earth. Misoulis, Kanaris, and some others, wanted but the means to become famous as the admirals on any European list. As for matters military, the less they attempt the better will it be for them. If they aim at anything more than organising a disciplined force sufficient for the guaranteeing of internal security, they will render themselves simply ridiculous. In some other respects they will with advantage enlarge their scope. Hitherto their administrative system has been conducted on a scale so small as almost to caricature the action of the kingdom. Their court intrigues have possibly been no worse than those of their neighbours, but they have presented themselves to us in a light which has made them ridiculous. We need not fall on modern instances to demonstrate the truth that human judgment is affected by the matter of proportions; nor can we doubt that men frequently become respectable as a consequence of the being so esteemed.

It is possible that the effect of this political change may thus bring about an access of respectability to both Greeks and Ionians, and so tend to strengthen the hitherto weakest point of their respective characters. There is among them no lack of talent, and henceforth there will be enlargement of means. What they want is solidity and fixity—is honesty of purpose. This latter defect is pretty general in the world of politics; but really these gentry have been worse than their neighbours. Let us hope that now they may mend their ways; and above all, let us confess that we are not clear of all share in their peccadilloes. We have had a great deal too much to say to the miserable trickeries of the régime of Otho. It is to be hoped that we shall now all turn over a new leaf.

Hitherto we must allow that the Hellenes have had but a poor chance. They have scarcely succeeded in winning a serious regard to their efforts at autonomy; they have been internally a prey to adventurers, and externally a mere shuttlecock to the great Powers. Their *ci-devant* social life is admirably hit off by M. About. Let any one who wishes to appreciate the strange episodes to which that life was subject, read '*Le Roi des Montagnes*,' and ask any of his friends, with Greek experiences, whether or not they will back these accounts as truthful.

Let me speak for myself. I was at Athens at one of the most interesting epochs of their recent history. The wave of revolution was subsiding, and their Constitution was coming into play. All the swindlers and evil-doers and traitors were supposed to be gone, and none but honest men to remain. Conscious virtue beamed in every face, and it was invidious to doubt that the nation was inaugurating a new and golden era.

The chambers met—the first elected under the new régime. The people were in the high-tide of expectation, the senators in the glow of triumph, and everybody more or

less in a state of excitement. The impulse was to throw up one's hat, and join in the general chorus of "*Ζήτω τὸ σύνταγμα!*" One could not pause to discuss nicely the propriety of all that was being enacted. It did perhaps seem strange that certain deputies should parade the streets with a rabble of fifty or a hundred armed Palikari at their heels, and betake themselves to their parliamentary duties in a mode suited rather to purposes of military extremity than to those of peaceful deliberation. But it was said that such demonstrative proceedings were according to the genius of the nation; that they were to be considered jubilant and not minatory, and to be taken as indicating a real though effervescent patriotism. Still it was difficult to construe in this light the actual deportment of some of the popular chiefs, and to shake off the feeling that freedom of debate must be imperilled where these gentry were to be doorkeepers.

Within the House decorum was maintained. The King in person opened the session, and the Address was duly moved and seconded. One of the Ministers attracted my attention by his businesslike and civilised appearance.

"Who is that?" I asked of a friendly Athenian; "his dress and look are of the West."

"Oh, that is D—; he has been educated in Paris, and is one of our rising men."

I at once recognised the name as being that of one of the chiefs who exercised an illegal but practically paramount authority within a certain district. He was a horrid vagabond, greedy of blackmail, and unscrupulous in his methods of enforcing payment.

Thinking it indelicate to hint at the possibility of a relationship in such a quarter, yet curious on the subject, I ventured to inquire whether the young statesman was from the ——— district. "To be sure he is," was the reply—"the son of old D. You must have heard

of him." And then he told me, without the least hesitation or apology, how it had come to pass that the said young man had, within the last day or two, met with a laughable adventure.

Amongst the foreigners who had been attracted to the Greek metropolis by the opening of the Chambers was a young Parisian acquaintance of D. then on his travels in Greece. They talked over old doings. Anon D. inquired the time o' day.

"Upon my honour," was the answer, "you had better send some one to ask your father. I was down his way lately, and he was so pressing in his attentions that I had to leave my watch with him as a souvenir."

Yet the younger D. suffered no discredit from such parentage; and the father was one of the acknowledged leaders of the country.

In that Ministry was one man, high in office, shrewdly suspected of having done duty at Janina as a professional poisoner. The commander-in-chief of the moment was displaced to make way for a successor of infamous character, but of overwhelming local influence. He eventually came to grief in an unsuccessful attempt at insurrection.

The people were not shocked at such appointments; nor could I make out, in any of my conversations on the subject, that they had the notion of a necessary connection between moral respectability and fitness for rule. In weighing conflicting claims they gave the preference to those candidates who maintained the largest number of retainers. Of one it would be said that he was a decent sort of person, but that he cared for none but his own family. Another was patriotic and open-handed, because he daily fed at his board a large troop of his countrymen—which implies, in plain English, that he kept a gang of cut-throats at his beck.

The island of Eubœa was especially infested with this quasi-feudal usurpation: therein the royal au-

thority had dwindled into contempt. Thither, at about this time, a certain officer was despatched without previous reference to K., the uncrowned but virtual sovereign of the district. The said officer was from a distant part of the kingdom, without acquaintance, and, as he believed, without repute, among the Eubœans. On the first night after his arrival, his slumbers were rudely interrupted by a deputation of the lieges. He was lugged out of bed, and thrashed within an inch of his life.

"What is it all about?" he ventured to inquire, when a lull in the storm gave him a chance; "what have I done to offend you?"

"You have come here," was the rejoinder, emphasised with a mighty thwack. "You must be taught that this is not the King's country. We have no King here but K."

Such was the condition of feeling and the prevalent tone of morals that characterised the opening of the second act of Otho's reign. The really patriotic and virtuous were thrust down by force of numbers, and kept out of sight. Without a leader they were incapable of combined action. With the support and guidance of the King they might have exerted a powerful corrective influence. The moment was a crisis, demanding wisdom and moderation in high places, and self-denial and good example from the Court.

But Otho was never able to divest himself of the spirit of petty intrigue, and address himself earnestly to the mission of his life. The influences of the Court were not salutary; and the eventual downfall of the monarch was precipitated by his infatuated policy of governing as a foreigner for the benefit of foreigners. He ruled as merchandising an opportunity. So doing he fell in with and aggravated the existing demoralisation.

A new era of prosperity and amended conditions may now be

opening on this interesting people. One element of such conditions they find in this concurrence of a territorial extension with a dynastic change. They are adopting into their brotherhood a willing and kindred people; they have a sensible young King, and, as we hope and believe, a virtuous Court.

May we not also hope that the protecting Powers will henceforth deal with them in a better spirit? Humanity is interested in the progress of the Greco-Ionian kingdom; not in the prevalence among them of any one or other particular European influence.

Their dreams are bright, and the auguries not unfavourable; but they must be content to pass through an interval of difficulty, perhaps of suffering. The amalgamation must produce temporary fiscal embarrassment throughout the islands. The withdrawal of our troops alone must cause a serious diminution of the circulation, and stoppage of demand for supplies. It has already affected the spirit of mercantile speculation, and checked the course of improvements that were in progress. Unquiet spirits, such as manifest themselves in all times of trouble, will be sure to assert their vitality. But all these dangers are endurable and superable.

May it be granted to them to *overcome*: to endure manfully for the present, and to follow out with patience the work of internal amelioration. Their ambition must find its field within domestic limits. Whatever may be the part reserved for them on the grand stage of European Politics, there is at present nothing to indicate that their time is come.

Meanwhile the sympathies of Christendom are with them, and the very rivalries of nations seem to wait on their uprising. We shall not find room to mourn over our own loss if it issue in their well-doing.

THE GREAT INDIAN QUESTION.

THE great question of the day, as regards the administration of our Indian empire, is the Land question. It is one which affects the condition and fortunes of India, alike socially, politically, and financially. It concerns the relations of the people to the soil, the popularity of our Government, and the stability of our revenue. In order to form a right judgment on the question, it is indispensable to understand the deep-rooted diversities which distinguish the condition of our Eastern empire from that of England or any of her colonies, or indeed of any country with whose circumstances the English public is familiar. It has been said by a statesman who knew our Eastern empire well, that "if ever India is lost to us, it will be lost in the House of Commons," because that assembly is always disposed to judge of Indian questions solely from an English point of view. As regards the great land question, such a course would be most disastrous in its consequences. The question of late has been keenly discussed, and as a decision upon it will probably be taken during the present session, it is important that the real facts of the case should be laid before the public and submitted to the consideration of our legislators.

Among the many diversities which distinguish the East from the West, there is none more striking than that which relates to the land system, or the relations of the Government and people to the soil. In every country of the world, except our own, the agricultural classes constitute the majority of the population. But in the East—in the vast empires of India and China—the agricultural classes constitute nineteen-twentieths, or nearly the entire amount of the population. The tenure by which they hold the land, and the mode in which they may occupy uncultivated portions of it, are also

entirely different from what prevails in Europe and the Anglo-American States of the New World. And not less different is the part which the land plays in the revenue-systems of these opposite divisions of the globe.

In Europe, land is private property. An owner of land can do with it as he likes. He can sell it indefeasibly, with all the rights belonging to it; or he can change his tenants at will. The land is his, as much as his horse or his house is. In the East it is not so. There the soil has no landlord. The freehold of the soil belongs to the people; the rent belongs to the Government. The land is regarded as a vast raw material for the support of the people, and for the manufacture of which into the means of life every facility is given by the State. But the people are not its owners, nor is the Government its owner. It is held in common between the two. The occupant cannot withhold the rent; the Government cannot change the occupant. From the most ancient times there has been established a species of tenant-right, in virtue of which no man can be dispossessed of his ground as long as he pays the land-tax to the State. As long as this annual payment is made, the farm or estate belongs to the occupant and his descendants in perpetuity. In China, this land-system is seen in its simplest form. There, every occupant of the soil pays the land-tax in kind, and pays it directly to the officers of the Government. There are no middle-men, no territorial magnates of any kind—only the cultivator and the State. In India the land-system is more complicated. Over a large extent of India, it is true, the system is as simple as it is in China (save that the land-tax in India is now paid entirely in money, and not in kind), but in other parts there is an intermediate class between the Govern-

ment and the cultivators. Partly owing to the conquests to which India has been subjected, partly as an administrative arrangement adopted in the earliest times, a class of men has been superimposed upon the common population, who act as middle-men between the people and the Government, and who obtain a portion of the land-tax—in other words, a portion of the *Government's* share of the produce of the soil—on the condition of being responsible to the Government for the whole land-tax of their estate or district. Long before the Mohammedans invaded India, this system was in force in many parts of the country; but under the Mogul emperors the intermediate class was increased—the lordship of thirty or forty villages being assigned to some favourite, partly as a reward of his services, partly as a means of facilitating the collection of the revenue. Thenceforth these men—Talookdars or Zemindars—became responsible to the Government for the revenue of the districts assigned to them, at the same time receiving a portion of the land-tax which they thus collected. This was their revenue. It was not an additional impost upon the people; it was a deduction from the revenue of the Government. And in no case did these men acquire any right to the land itself. The Government had no such right, and therefore could not transfer it; and so entirely foreign to Indian notions is an absolute proprietorship of the soil, that the talookdars and zemindars did not seek to acquire it. In short, in India, landed property confers a right only to the rents, and not to the soil itself. This has been the law or usage from time immemorial, and even the most tyrannical of zemindars never attempts to gain-say it. The rent goes to the State

(although the State has given away its right to a portion of it to these middle-men); and neither the Government nor any one else can eject an occupant of the soil so long as the rent* or land-tax is paid. Thus the land-system of India is the pillar of the empire. It secures the rights of the subject, as well as those of the Government. It is at once the mainstay of the revenue and the Magna Charta of the people.

The tenure by which the talookdars and zemindars of India hold their lands very much resembles the baronial tenure of mediæval Europe; but it has not led to similar results. Originally the tenure of the barons was a mere lordship—they had a right to certain payments and services from the population in their districts, and in turn they owed certain payments and services to the State; but, in course of time, this right to a portion of the produce of the district, and to the service of the population, was converted into an absolute right to the soil, with the power of changing and evicting the occupants of it. The feudal lord could dispose of the occupancy of the land as he pleased; and even the peasantry on his estates, at one time, were regarded as property, which he could dispose of almost as freely as the land itself. This revolution in the land-tenure of Europe may be well illustrated by the case of the Scottish Highlands. Originally the chiefs were but the head-men of the clans, entitled to a quota of the service, or of payments in kind, from their followers; but, in comparatively recent times, on the decadence of the clan-system, these chiefs came to be regarded by the State as the absolute owners of their districts, and treated their fellow-clansmen as mere tenants-at-will. In short, in Europe, the peasantry were divorced

* The land-tax is not, strictly speaking, rent. It ought always to be a lighter assessment than that which we understand by the word "rent;" for rent is a payment made to an absolute proprietor of the soil, whereas by the immemorial usage of India the occupant has a right in the soil, as well as the party (whether Government or zemindar) to whom the land-tax is due.

from the soil; and though they did not at any time lose much by the change, which took place by imperceptible stages, it sufficed to alter entirely the land-tenure from what it had previously been in Europe, and from what it still is in the East. Like all great changes, this one has had its bad side as well as its good; but it is undeniable that it has quickened the progress of civilisation. It promoted the division of labour, and has made our people more self-reliant and enterprising than if they had stagnated—half agriculturists and half craftsmen—on the bits of land, the occupancy of which descended from father to son. In fact, but for this change, England could never have been the England of to-day, or at least could only have arrived at its present condition of multifarious industry and widespread social enterprise by infinitely slower stages.

No similar change has taken place in India. Generally throughout Europe, the line of demarcation may be easily drawn between the agricultural and non-agricultural classes. Whether the farm be large or small, whether it be a mere cottar-holding or a farm of a thousand acres, each cultivator of the land, whether he be a sheep-farmer or a grain-farmer, lives in a house upon his own ground, apart from his neighbours. Moreover, he is a farmer, and nothing else. In India there is no such line of demarcation. Almost every unit of the population has a little piece of ground of his own, and at the same time follows any other calling that choice, or the requirements of caste, may direct. The bricklayer who builds your house, the carpenter who mends your tables and chairs, the very coolie who carries your palkee for a stage, is also an agriculturist. In one sense, division of labour is carried further in India than anywhere else. The man who waits at your table is forbidden by caste to sweep your house. The man who cooks your food, for the same reason, cannot carry your

palkee. Socially, the division of labour is carried to an injurious extreme. But, industrially, division of labour has advanced but a short way in India. There are a good many Mohammedan and Madrassee domestics who are domestics and nothing else; and there are also a good many artisans who have lost their hold upon the land, who have floated away from their original settlement, and who rely solely upon trade for support. But these are exceptional classes. In general, the tailor who comes to your bungalow to make your coat or the Mem-Sahib's dresses—or the silversmith who sits in your verandah and converts the rupees you give him for the purpose into the exquisite filagree ornaments that could not be surpassed in Bond Street—these, and Indian artisans generally, have each a piece of ground which they cultivate themselves, or which is cultivated by members of their family, and of which they are entitled to a share of the produce. All of them, whatever be their occupations, and however rigidly separated in occupations from one another by the laws of caste, are alike in this, that they are more or less dependent upon the cultivation of the soil. The land is common ground, upon which they all meet. It is their grand basis of support. And their right of tenure of the soil, and all legislation affecting it, are subjects of keener and more universal interest to the natives of India than any others connected with their material condition.

When Lord Cornwallis enacted a "perpetual settlement" for Bengal—that is to say, fixed the land-tax at a certain amount for all time—our Indian Government had a very imperfect knowledge of the people and their laws. He treated the zemindars (many of whom were mere collectors of the land-tax for the Government) as the absolute proprietors of their districts—ignoring the immemorial rights of the people, who thenceforth became mere ten-

ants-at-will, liable to be rack-rented or evicted at the pleasure of the zemindars. Forty years afterwards (in 1882), when we came into possession of the North-West Provinces, our Indian statesmen were better acquainted with the land-system, and left untouched the rights of the peasantry. The middlemen who collected the land-tax (and who in the North-West Provinces, where the village-system prevails, are not zemindars, but *potails*, or headmen of villages), obtained no new powers in their districts, and the population continued to possess their heritage in the soil, conditional upon payment of their quota of the land-tax. In these provinces, also, a thirty years' settlement was adopted, instead of the perpetual settlement made in Bengal. Financially, of course, Lord Cornwallis's policy in Bengal cannot be revoked. The land-tax has there been fixed at a certain amount, and, whatever be the loss to the revenue, it would be a breach of faith to revise the settlement, and exact the higher rates which might fairly be levied now. But the social effects of his enactment have been found so detrimental to the wellbeing of the general population, that in 1859 an Act was passed, the object of which was to restore to the people their immemorial rights in the soil. In order to put a stop to the course of rack-renting and evictions pursued by the zemindars in their new character as absolute proprietors of the soil, it was enacted that no cultivator should be liable to eviction as long as he paid a reasonable rent.* This enactment—the celebrated “Act X”—has given rise to great discussion in India. The wisdom of the enactment is generally acknowledged; but a new school of politicians of the doctrinaire type, ably represented by the ‘Friend of India,’ and not less ably opposed by the ‘Times of India,’ are eager advocates not only for the maintenance of the absolute rights of the zemindars, but for giving to this system as wide an extension as possible. They consider that it would be a wise policy to ignore entirely the immemorial rights of the people to the soil, and leave them wholly at the mercy of the zemindars, in order that, by a process of evictions, part of the redundant population should be compelled to become a floating body of day-labourers, carrying their labour to the best markets they can find for it. The object of this set of politicians is to abolish the old land-system of India, and to introduce the system that has gradually grown up in Europe. Such views, however, are not likely to obtain the approval of Government. It is one thing for a revolution to take place gradually and almost unnoticed during the dark ages of Europe, and another thing for such a revolution to be accomplished by legislative enactment at the present day. Moreover, land-rights in Europe were never defined and recognised with such precision and authority as they were in India in the earliest times. In the Code of Menu, we find the land-system of India firmly established, at a time when Rome was hardly built and Europe was still a wilderness. It would certainly be little in keeping with the character of our Government if, for the first time in the history of India, the rights of the people were to be abolished under our rule; and there is no measure which would excite more universal discontent. We fear, also, that such a social revolution could only

* The defect of the Act is, that it does not define what is to be regarded as a reasonable rent. Properly this ought to be determined by the Pergunnah rates (the ordinary rates of the district),—the customary standard, and one easily available in all other parts of India; but, under the zemindaree system and perpetual settlement in Bengal, the Pergunnah rates have been raised, so as no longer to represent what is understood in India as a “reasonable rent.”

be effected after a period of immense suffering on the part of the masses, and that the new régime would not be got into working order until millions of the population had been swept away in succession by seasons of famine. What the slow work of time may accomplish—what changes may take place in the ideas and desires of the people themselves—it is needless to conjecture. Statesmen have to deal with the Present. We must take India in the main as we find it. It must suffice for us that the ideas and social organization of our Indian fellow-subjects are in unison with, and founded upon, the present system of land-tenure, which has been established from the earliest times, and that it must be the basis of our legislation alike with respect to the revenue of the Government and the relation of the people to the soil.

There is little fear, we trust, of our Government adopting any proposal for changes in the land-system of India which would inflict injustice upon our Indian subjects. The facts of the case are now fully known, and will, we doubt not, be rightly respected. We may proceed, therefore, to consider the political and financial aspect of the changes which have recently been proposed for adoption in regard to the land-tax. Financially, the importance of the subject is manifest on the surface. The produce of the land-tax constitutes one-half of the Indian revenue. It yields $21\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling out of a total revenue of forty-three millions. And as part of the present revenue is derived from taxes which were imposed to meet a temporary emergency, and which the Government is pledged to abolish in a year or two, we do not magnify the importance of the land-tax when we say that our Government is dependent upon it for fully one-half of the revenue out of which must be defrayed the ever-increasing expenditure of the administration. Moreover, it is a tax which possesses the inestimable quality of steadily increasing in productive-

ness. It increases at the rate of at least half a million a year. It is also a tax to which no native objects. It has existed in India from time immemorial. It comes down to us established by the sanction of more than two thousand years. Languages have become obsolete—dynasties innumerable have come and gone,—new races have appeared on the scene, and India has several times changed masters,—and yet the land-tax has maintained its position from first to last. On the other hand, nothing is more difficult than the imposition of new taxes in India, because nothing is more distasteful to the natives. Rather than impose the taxes on licenses and tobacco—pitiful as was the sum which these would have yielded—Lord Canning said he would prefer to rule India with forty thousand European troops, instead of the hundred thousand which were then in the country. In truth, so unpopular were the new taxes imposed under the pressure of an imperious necessity in 1860, that the great aim of the Government ever since has been to get quit of them as soon as possible.

Obviously such a source of revenue as the land-tax ought not lightly to be tampered with. Nevertheless the opinion has recently been gaining ground that the present mode of levying the tax raises obstacles to the improvement and extension of cultivation, and also to the introduction into India of British capital and settlers. It is said that if the State were to sacrifice a portion of the land-tax, cultivation would extend, the wealth of the country would increase, and that the deficit produced in the revenue could be made up by the increased productiveness of the other taxes, and by the imposition of new ones. It is also said that by adopting a liberal policy in regard to the settlement of waste lands, the inestimable advantage would be obtained of opening a new field for British capital and enterprise, and attracting an unprecedented

influx of British settlers. Lord Stanley was the first Minister who gave a practical form to these views. The novelty of his proposals made them appear bold even to rashness in the estimation of Indian politicians of the old school; and they have certainly given rise to projects of a rash character on the part of some politicians who have since adopted his views. But one has only to turn to his lordship's memorable despatch on the subject, to see that it is distinguished throughout by admirable caution as well as sagacity.

In regard to the unclaimed waste lands, Lord Stanley spoke very decidedly. The previous custom had been that such waste lands were never sold; but, when cultivated, became subject to the ordinary land-tax, paying an annual sum to the State according to the value of their produce. But it was found that under this system no occupation of these waste lands took place at all. Europeans, to whom an annual land-tax was an unpleasant novelty, did not care to acquire land upon such terms; and the natives have already so much uncultivated land on their hands that they have no inducement to occupy the unclaimed portion of the waste lands. Accordingly, Lord Stanley directed that these lands should be sold, by a direct purchase which would entirely exempt these lands from liability to the land-tax. In order to prevent the pernicious effects of land-jobbing speculation, he stated that an indispensable condition of sale should be that "a certain proportion of the land be cleared and brought under cultivation within specified periods;" but he did not lay down any precise conditions of sale—contenting himself with directing the Indian Government to report to him its views on the subject. He also expressed his opinion that it would be a wise course, in certain cases, to permit land-owners to redeem their share of the land-tax by a single payment. He said that such a redemption of the

land-tax might be allowed, without detriment to the revenue, "in the permanently settled portions of the empire"—that is to say, in Bengal and the Northern Circars, where the land-tax had been permanently fixed by Lord Cornwallis at a certain amount. But, except with respect to this comparatively small area, his lordship fully recognised the immense difficulties attending any measure for the redemption of the land-tax. Over the greater part of British India, a thirty years' settlement now prevails; in other words, the amount of the land-tax is fixed for thirty years, at the expiry of which period the assessment is revised, and fixed anew at a fair proportion of the actual value of the land produce. And the advantage of this system is, as his lordship rightly said, "that if from whatever cause, the relations between the value of silver and that of agricultural produce should be found to have changed, the opportunity is afforded, from time to time, of readjusting the pecuniary demand on the cultivators of the soil, without adding to their burdens, or sacrificing the just dues of the State." On the other hand, if redemption be once permitted and effected, "the State is for ever precluded from participating in the advantages which will follow the measures now in active progress for improving the administration, and for developing the resources of the country." Lord Stanley, accordingly, while strongly urging these views upon the attention of the Indian Government, directed that they should "report the course" which seemed to them the best, before they proceeded to act upon it.

This cautious mode of procedure was disregarded. Lord Canning, desirous to connect his name with a great measure, immediately before quitting India, summarily decreed, of his own authority, that the unclaimed waste lands of India should be sold at the rate of 5s. an acre; and also that the land-tax might be redeemed in all parts of the

country alike, whether permanently settled or not, to the extent of one-tenth of the amount of the land-tax in each district. Sir Charles Wood, however, put his veto on these enactments. He forbade, in any shape, the redemption of the land-tax; and he surrounded the purchase of waste lands with such cumbersome, and in some respects unreasonable precautions, that no one was willing to take advantage of the permission to acquire land upon such terms. These precautionary restrictions have since been considerably relaxed, though not to the extent of Lord Canning's measure, and a final decision apparently has still to be come to. Some change appears also to have taken place in Sir Charles Wood's views in regard to the redemption of the land-tax. Meanwhile Sir Charles Trevelyan has advanced greatly beyond even the views adopted by Lord Canning. Judging from his budget-speech of last year,—in which he advocated "a well-considered arrangement for permanently fixing the land-tax,"—he is now in favour of extending the principle of a "perpetual settlement," such as Lord Cornwallis established in Bengal, to all India. This is laying the axe at the root of our present system of Indian finance. It is a proposal quite different from the permission to redeem the land-tax, first proposed by Lord Stanley, and it challenges the most serious consideration of the Government.

The great land-question of India, it will thus be seen, presents three different aspects. It embraces three different proposals. 1. The sale of unclaimed waste lands; 2. The permission to redeem the land-tax by a single payment; 3. The settlement of the land-tax at its present amount (by a fixed annual payment) for all time.

In regard to the first point, all

are agreed in the principle that the unclaimed waste lands should be sold, and be thereafter entirely exempt from the land-tax; but as to the details of the question there is considerable diversity of opinion. Some politicians are in favour of dealing with these waste lands simply as they are dealt with in our colonies. This course is strenuously advocated by Mr. Henry Seymour, who has recently published in a pamphlet the speech which he delivered in the House of Commons in May last year. He says, "Nothing can be better than the system adopted in America, and which I understand is now adopted in Australia.* No preliminary survey is there necessary. A man may settle anywhere; and he has a right of pre-emption to 160 acres round his hut, at 5s. per acre, when the Government surveying party arrives, which may be years after he has settled." This view is simply absurd. The circumstances of India are quite different from those of our Australian colonies, or of the prairies and backwoods of America. India is not a colony, but a populous empire, into which we have intruded as conquerors. In Australia and the Far West of America there was no settled population, and no long-established land-rights, such as we find in India. Over a large portion of the waste lands of India there are well-established rights of possession. Every village, besides the ground actually under cultivation, has a claim upon a certain area of outlying ground, frequently covered with jungle, and ostensibly waste, on which the villagers graze their cattle or cut firewood. Moreover, there are large districts in a state of wilderness which, though unoccupied, belong to rajahs and other territorial chiefs, and which, accordingly, are not open to settlers without the sanction of the lord of the

* Mr. Seymour is wrong in this statement. Australia is at present convulsed with this very question of the land-settlement, and hesitates between half-a-dozen different modes of procedure in regard to it. See the 'Times' of April 18—letter of its Melbourne correspondent.

domain. Still less can any portion of these waste lands be sold without the rajah's permission. And such permission is not easily obtained; for though these rajahs will readily lease a portion of their waste lands, they regard the absolute cession of any part of them as a fatal blow to their honour and dignity. Accordingly, the squatting system is quite out of place in India. It would never do to allow men to "settle anywhere," as they do in America and Australia. Even in New Zealand, despite the precautions of the local authorities, we have been involved in a succession of wars with the natives owing to the covetous eagerness of settlers in occupying waste lands to which the natives had some claim. In India we must be still more cautious. No settlement can be permitted except within certain limits or districts, which must first be determined by the Government. There are large tracts of waste land in the Central Provinces, we believe, over which no legitimate claim of ownership can be established; but as yet the limits of the claimed and unclaimed portions of waste land are not clearly defined, and they can only be determined by actual inquiry and decree on the part of the Government.

It is to Central India, and especially to the region watered by the Godavary, that English settlers who are in search of cotton-fields will chiefly direct their attention. But in Assam and the Himalayan region there is another vast area for settlement, where tea-plantations are now being established with great success. In every point of view, it is most desirable that English settlers should be encouraged to occupy these unclaimed waste lands. The greater the number of British settlers in India, the stronger will be the position of our Government, and the more rapid will be the progress of the people in enlightenment and material prosperity. Every English settler becomes a

centre of power for the Government in his district, and adds one more to the handful of strangers who now rule India as masters. Each settler, too, becomes a centre of influence, from which the religion and ideas of the West will steadily diffuse themselves among the surrounding population. And finally, each English settler brings with him capital and enterprise, gives employment to the natives, and increases the material prosperity of his district. The importance of attracting such settlers is obvious, and can hardly be overestimated. Moreover, if the waste lands of India are not reclaimed by Europeans, they will not be reclaimed at all. Mr. Temple, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, mentions the case of a tract of 16,900 acres which was let to a native in payment of a land-tax of only £5 a-year; but the native threw it up, on the ground that he could not pay the rent! Mr. Temple says that he cannot get the natives to take and reclaim the land, and that unless the work be undertaken by European capital and enterprise, the waste tracts must remain as they are. The explanation is, as we have previously said, that the natives have already a greater amount of uncultivated land in their hands than they have capital to work, or enterprise to take in hand.

The regulations for the sale of unclaimed waste lands should be as simple as it is possible to make them, and the price little more than nominal. The question, it should be remembered, is not so much what price can be got for these lands, but whether they can be sold at all. Sir C. Trevelyan proposes to adopt the system in operation in Ceylon—namely, for the Government "to survey and mark out beforehand the most suitable allotments, with a view to their being put up to auction at fixed periods, after full information has been given to all concerned." But Sir Charles forgets that regulations which work well in a small

place like Ceylon, may be quite useless in a country of immense size like India. In Ceylon, "full information to all concerned" may be easily given by a simple announcement in the Colombo newspapers; and a man has only to get into his buggy, or into his palkee, and in a day or two at most he will be able to inspect the new allotments proposed for sale. But when the allotments lie far away among the Himalayas, or in the roadless region of central India, how are you to give "full information to all concerned?" Besides, although it is an easy matter to know what lands to survey as the most suitable allotments in a small place like Ceylon, we submit that the case is quite different in India—that it would often be labour lost for the Government to proceed in this fashion—and that the initiative were better left to settlers themselves. Let the Government proclaim what districts are open to settlement as unclaimed waste lands, and let the settler choose his ground within these limits for himself. Thereafter let the Government survey the lot and put it up to auction, if that course be thought best. But, in our opinion, the sale of these lots by auction is a bad and unworkable arrangement. It would be much better to adopt, as Lord Canning proposed, a uniform price per acre for all the unclaimed waste lands of India; or, if this should be thought too sweeping an arrangement, at least let a uniform price be fixed for all the waste lands in each district. The regulations, we repeat, must be exceedingly simple, and the price exceedingly low, or we shall be taking trouble for nothing, and the great object for which the innovation of selling the waste lands has been adopted will remain unaccomplished.

The question of the waste lands is chiefly important from the influence which a right or wrong solution of it will have upon the introduction of British settlers and capital into India. Financially its importance

is not great. But the two other issues connected with the land-question of India—namely, the "redemption" and the "perpetual settlement" of the land-tax—are of supreme importance as matters affecting the revenue. In proceeding to consider them, we must first take note of the disadvantages of the existing system which the proposed measures are designed to remedy.

No native objects to the land-tax in its present form. Neither does the amount of the tax give rise to any valid objection; at least any existing objections of this kind will be fully removed when the new revision of settlements shall have been completed. The objections to the land-tax are raised by Englishmen, rather than by natives, and in a great measure they are applicable to all taxes. The great body of tax-collectors for our Indian Government are natives; and the natives, with hardly an exception, are given to extortion and the taking of bribes. No possible amount of supervision is adequate to check them in these corrupt practices. In regard to the land-tax, the zemindar who collects the quota for his estate or district generally, in one form or other, exacts from the cultivator more than his fair share of the tax; and this is the case alike in the "permanently settled" districts of Bengal, and in those provinces where a thirty years' settlement prevails with a zemindaree tenure, as in Orissa. In the other provinces, where there are no zemindars, the oppression of the cultivators is carried on by the numerous native employés of the Government; and it has been peculiarly severe in the Madras presidency, where a revision of settlements takes place annually, and where, of course, the native staff of assessors, &c., employed by the Government, is unusually numerous. In fact, the exaction of bribes and *doncours* is a universal practice among the natives of India, and is held to be no shame.

It takes place in all money-transactions where intermediate persons are employed; and the bribe or *douceur* thus exacted is simply called *dustoor*—i. e., "the custom." The conversion of the annual settlement in Madras into a thirty years' settlement, which change is now in progress, will mitigate a part of the evil; but there is no possibility of preventing such oppression, whether in the collection of the land-revenue or of the other taxes, until a radical change has been effected in the sentiments and character of the native population. Another objection to the land-tax arises from the fact that forfeiture of tenure necessarily follows any failure on the part of the occupant of a farm or estate to pay his share of the tax. Practically, fifteen days of grace are allowed, but after the expiry of that time the right of occupancy is put up to sale, and is handed over to the highest bidder. The same penalty substantially attends the non-payment of rent in this country; but there is this great difference between the cases, that a Government which has to deal with such a mass of farms and estates as are embraced in India, cannot be so accommodating as a private landowner who knows the circumstances of each tenant, and who is seldom disposed to exact the rigorous fulfilment of the bond. At the same time it must be said, that when the occupancy of an Indian estate is forfeited and put up to sale, the Government only appropriates such portion of the proceeds as is due to it for arrears, and gives the remainder to the evicted landholder. The third objection to the land-tax is founded on the opinion, held by many, that it acts as a check upon the extension of cultivation, in consequence of the farmers not caring to improve or extend their cultivation, seeing that they will be subjected to a higher assessment when the next revision of the settlement takes place. This objection, of course, does not apply to the case of Bengal, where a perpetual settlement

of the tax has been made; and we cannot but think that it will lose all its force as soon as the thirty years' settlement is extended to Madras and other parts where short periods of revision are at present in force.

The redemption of the land-tax—if by any possibility it could take place over all India—would of course remedy all these objections by sweeping away the tax itself. Each landholder, by making a single payment to Government equal to the capitalised value of his portion of the tax, would thereafter hold his land free. But a general redemption of the land-tax is neither to be expected nor desired. Even if the natives had both the power and the will to redeem the tax, the Government could not permit them to do so. If the tax were capitalised at the rate of only twenty years' purchase, it would yield a sum four times as great as the whole amount of the Indian Debt. And yet the only way in which Government could rightly apply the money paid to it in redemption of the land-tax would be in extinguishing the debt. Obviously, therefore—even though there were no other considerations involved—the Government can only permit a redemption of the land-tax to take place to a certain extent—namely, to the amount of the existing Debt. But there are other considerations to be taken into account, besides serious difficulties of detail, as Lord Stanley clearly saw and pointed out. For example, in every case where redemption takes place, the Government is precluded from obtaining a fair share of the future increase in the value of land, whether that increase arises from a change in the value of money, or as a consequence of the railways, canals, and other public works which the Government has constructed or aided, and of the administrative improvements which it has introduced. Moreover, although it would be an easy matter to determine the rate at which the tax should be capitalised in Bengal—

where the tax has been fixed at a certain amount for all time—it would be a difficult matter to do so in any of the other provinces where a temporary settlement prevails. For example, take the case of a landholder in the North-West Provinces, where a thirty years' settlement prevails. Say that at the last assessment his share of the tax was fixed at £100 a year, and that at the next revision, owing to altered circumstances, his share will be fixed at £150, how is the Government to act if he offer to redeem the tax immediately before the new revision takes place,—or indeed at any intermediate time between the settlements? Is redemption only to be permitted at the expiry of each period of thirty years, when a new settlement is made? or on what principle is the capitalisation to be made if redemption is permitted at intermediate periods?

If it were determined to give permission for the redemption of the land-tax, difficulties of detail would have to be encountered far more numerous and complicated than we have space to specify. But, apart from these difficulties of detail, there are two essential considerations which must be attended to in any enactment which sanctions redemption of the land-tax. The first of these is, that such redemption should be allowed only in cases where the farm or estate has been brought up to an adequate extent of cultivation. We do not mean that the whole of the estate should actually be under cultivation; for on most estates there are parts which, from their lying above the level of irrigation, cannot be brought under tillage save at a great expense; and also because, in many cases, ground is needed for grazing purposes, and also for the cutting of firewood. The second condition is, that redemptions of the tax can only be permitted to the amount of the Government debt, as otherwise the Government would have funds on hand which it could not properly and profitably invest, and which it

would be tempted to squander. It cannot be too much kept in mind that all payments made to Government in redemption of the land-tax are merely anticipations of revenue, to be applied in such a manner as shall compensate the deficit thereby occasioned in the future productiveness of the tax.

In point of fact, however, we do not believe that the permission to redeem the land-tax would be largely taken advantage of by the natives. They are accustomed to the tax as a yearly impost. It has come down to them as such from time immemorial, and we doubt whether any of them have a great desire for a change. With few exceptions also, they are timid and distrustful of the Government; and they also know that if any revolution or change of masters were to take place, the fact of their having redeemed the tax would not be certain to save them from a reimposition of it. Moreover, very few of the landholders of India have sufficient capital to redeem the land-tax, even if they desired to do so: and in the case of the general population, such redemption is hopelessly beyond their means. The power of redemption would be greatly prized by European settlers; and those who already possess land-tenures in India would, we doubt not, eagerly avail themselves of it. These settlers, few as they are, are almost all within the limits of Bengal, where the "perpetual settlement" exists, and where the redemption of the tax would neither affect the revenue, nor offer any difficulties of detail. But the new settlers will probably prefer to go elsewhere, and obtain land on cheaper terms by purchasing unclaimed portions of waste territory, which are not to be found within the limits of Bengal. On a survey of the whole question, therefore, we think it would be alike safe and expedient that permission to redeem the land-tax should be enacted with respect to Bengal, where the perpetual settlement prevails, and where no loss can

be sustained by the Government. When this is done, we shall see how far the natives are disposed to avail themselves of the measure; and we shall thus be enabled to judge if it is expedient to extend the measure to the other provinces of India, and under what conditions such an extension of the power to redeem the tax may safely be made.

We now come to the third and last aspect of the land-question—namely, Sir Charles Trevelyan's proposal to extend the permanent settlement to all India. This proposal is quite different from that for the redemption of the tax. Under the perpetual settlement the tax would continue to be levied as an annual impost, and accordingly the bribery and oppression practised in the collection of the tax would remain untouched; and the penalty of forfeiture for nonpayment of the tax at the regular times, so much dreaded by Europeans, and a hardship upon all landholders in India, would remain in force as at present. It would also affect the revenue to a greater extent than the system of redemption would. Firstly, Because it would apply to all India, whereas, as we believe, the permission to redeem the tax would be taken advantage of only to a small extent. Secondly, Because the money obtained in redemption of the tax would be applied by the Government to extinguish an equal amount of debt, and the money's worth be had at once; whereas under a perpetual settlement, with rising prices, the Government would soon find that the proceeds of the tax, though nominally as large as ever, no longer possessed their original value—no longer sufficed to pay for as much goods or labour as before. And finally, The enactment of a perpetual settlement would not secure the loyalty of the landholders to any appreciable extent, whereas all those who redeemed their land-tax would be bound to our Government by the strongest ties of self-interest. We cannot expect to find in India that "unbought loyalty of the

heart," the cheap defence of Governments, which exists in most countries of Europe, but the redemption of the land-tax would give rise to what may be called a "bought loyalty" of a very steadfast kind. Its effect in this respect would be the same as if the natives were to invest their capital in Government Stock; but with this difference, that they could not "sell out" so easily as Fundholders.

To sum up, then. We are entirely in favour of the Sale of the Indian waste lands in the simplest manner and at the lowest price. We think it would be advantageous to permit the Redemption of the land-tax in Bengal, where no difficulty would attend the application of the measure, and no loss would be sustained by the State; but that the system should not be extended to the rest of India until we have had full experience of its working in Bengal. But we are strongly opposed to any extension of the system of "perpetual settlement." It would leave all the evils of the tax untouched save one, and it would inflict an irreparable loss upon the future revenue of India. The only advantage which it presents is, that it would allow the landholder to extend cultivation as far as his apathy and want of capital permit, without having to fear a future increase of taxation as a consequence of his improvements; an object which is almost equally obtainable by a thirty years' settlement. That it would cripple the future revenue of India is obvious, and is admitted. As the value of land increased, no corresponding increase would take place in the amount of the land-tax. Landholders would no longer pay in proportion to their means. They would form a class with whom wealth might accumulate, while their liability to taxation could not be increased. The effect would be the same as if the owners of houses in London were allowed to redeem all the rates upon their property by a single payment. What would fol-

low? As population, the value of property, and the expenses of administration increased, no corresponding increase would take place in the metropolitan revenue. The resources of the municipality would be permanently crippled; outlay on improvements, measures for the relief of the poor, would become impossible, and, in order to preserve order and government, the municipality would be compelled to have recourse to new taxes, equal in productiveness to the amount of revenue which it had made a present of to the house-owners.

Under a perpetual settlement of the land-tax, the Indian Government would lose in two ways. Land, in a settled country, is always rising in value; and by fixing the land-tax for all time, the Indian Government would preclude itself from sharing in such increase of value. The value of money is also liable to change, so that a certain sum twenty years hence may represent only three-fourths of its present value. By permanently fixing the land-tax, therefore, the State will inevitably be subjected to a great future loss. This is admitted. And it is also admitted that the Government cannot afford to lose that amount of revenue. Accordingly, the result of a perpetual settlement would not be a remission

of taxation—it would simply be a transference. It would be a lightening of one tax, and the increase of many others. It would be the reduction of a tax of which no native complains, and to which the people have been accustomed for generations; and it would necessitate the increase of other taxes, and the imposition of new ones, to which the natives are mortally opposed.

What are the advantages for the sake of which the dangers of such a financial revolution are to be encountered? We are told that under the present system cultivation stagnates, but that, if the land-tax were fixed, cultivation would greatly increase. The latter part of this statement is simply a conjecture; but the former part is demonstrably untrue. For example, during the ten years which terminated in 1861, the extent of land under cultivation in the Bombay Presidency increased *one half**—a rate of progress which is without a parallel in any country in the world. We are also told that, if the tax were fixed, wealth would increase so rapidly that it would be easy to raise, by means of other taxes, the amount of revenue which was lost by fixing the land-tax. This also is a mere conjecture; and, so far as we have facts to appeal to, the evi-

* The following table, which we quote from the 'Times of India,' shows in detail the facts of this remarkable increase in the area of cultivation in the Bombay Presidency. It will be observed that the increase is not confined to a particular district, but extends to all of the collectorates:—

Collectorates.	LAND UNDER CULTIVATION.	
	1850-51.	1860-61.
Kaira, . . .	943,399	beegahs. 994,878 beegahs.
Tannah, . . .	381,000	" 450,000 "
Rutnagherry, . . .	790,741	" 900,000 "
Broach, . . .	301,659	acres. 321,591 acres.
Surat, . . .	375,611	" 424,760 "
Ahmedabad, . . .	633,205	" 743,716 "
Ahmednuggur, . . .	1,644,106	" 2,932,794 "
Sholapore, . . .	1,727,000	" 2,385,825 "
Poonah, . . .	1,205,015	" 1,664,801 "
Khandeish, . . .	1,356,805	" 2,246,693 "
Belgaum, . . .	914,752	" 1,526,862 "
Dharwar, . . .	917,818	" 1,406,712 "
Sattara, . . .	1,506,000	" 1,994,425 "
Total, . . .	12,701,111	17,992,757

dence points the other way. That Bengal has increased in wealth under the Cornwallis settlement proves little. That province is naturally the most fertile in India; it is the seat of the Government, it is the great highway to, and has been the sole outlet from, the vast provinces of Upper India; and it has enjoyed uninterrupted peace for the last hundred years. To attribute the prosperity of Bengal, therefore, to the perpetual settlement, is a gross exaggeration.

But what do we find even in this eminently favoured province? Has the loss of revenue arising from the perpetual settlement been compensated by the productiveness of other taxes? By no means. In Bombay the population pay to the land-revenue, on the average, fully 5s. per head; in Madras they pay fully 3s. 6d.; in Bengal they pay less than 2s.* That the rate of assessment in Bombay is not excessive is universally admitted, and is amply demonstrated by the great increase which is taking place in the area of cultivation; a similar rate of assessment, therefore, could hardly be

excessive for wealthy and fertile Bengal, and yet Bengal only pays less than two fifths of that rate. But for the Cornwallis settlement, then, Bengal would now be paying to the land-revenue upwards of 5s. per head instead of less than 2s. Neither is there any such superiority of the productiveness of the other taxes in Bengal, compared with other provinces, as to compensate for this deficit in the land-tax. Taking taxes of all kinds into account, wealthy Bengal pays less per head to the revenue than poor Madras does—the former paying 4s. 9d. and the latter 5s. 4½d. And if we compare Bengal with Bombay (which is a fairer comparison), we find that the latter, under the ordinary settlement, has far outstripped the former. Not only does Bombay pay three-fifths more of land-tax per head of population than Bengal, but it also pays nearly twice as much to the income-tax. Taking income-tax, excise, and stamp-duties together, the population of Bengal pays to the State 10d. per head, while the population of Bombay pays per head 1s. 4½d.

* We give these and the other statistics in this paragraph on the authority of Mr. Laing ('England's Mission in the East,' p. 120) and the 'Times of India,' the leading newspaper in Bombay, and second to none in India in point of ability.

	Bengal.	Madras.
† Population,	40,852,397	23,127,855
	£	£
Land-revenue (including Sayer),	4,060,000	4,103,000
Abkarry or Excise,	429,000	319,000
Assessed Taxes (Income Tax, &c.),	750,000	306,000
Customs,	750,000	246,000
Salt,	2,760,000	850,000
Stamps,	516,000	171,000
Post Office (including Service Postage),	118,000	53,000
All other receipts,	290,000	57,000
Total revenue	£9,673,000	£6,107,000
	s. d.	s. d.
Per head per annum of population—Land,	2 0	3 7
Other taxes,	2 9	1 9
Total,	4 9	5 4

—'England's Mission in the East,' p. 120. Moreover, this statement is hardly fair to Madras, for Mr. Laing omits to point out that Calcutta is the port of entry, not merely for the population of Bengal, but for an equal amount of population in Oude and the North-West Provinces. The amount of the salt-duty is likewise, to some extent, open to criticism upon analogous grounds.

It is a sheer delusion, therefore, to suppose that the loss which the Indian revenue would sustain from the enactment of a perpetual settlement would be compensated by the productiveness of other taxes. And what are the new taxes, the imposition of which, at a not distant day, is regarded with so much complacency by the advocates of this great financial revolution? Our Indian Government is pledged to abolish the Income-tax and has hastened to get rid of the new imposts rendered necessary by the Rebellion of 1857-58. Insignificant as the new taxes were, their imposition created a crisis which all our Indian statesmen acknowledged to be of serious magnitude. Are these taxes, then, to be reimposed at no distant date? And what are the new ones which are to be added to the list? It were only reasonable that these questions should be answered, before we hurry into a financial revolution so deeply affecting the fortunes of India. Who has forgotten the energetic language in which Sir C. Trevelyan, when Governor of Madras, denounced the impolicy and danger of imposing the new taxes in 1859, some of which we had to abandon as soon as enacted, and all of which we have been wisely eager to dispense with? Before any one talks lightly of imposing new taxes in India, let him remember the serious difficulty we have already experienced in making such an experiment, and let him ponder the following passage in Mr. Laing's *Minute on Indian Finance*, in which he describes the position of affairs when he landed in India in January 1861:—

"The aspect of affairs was full of gloom and danger. A vast deal of smothered discontent existed in the mass of the population, owing to the new taxes that had been imposed. The extent of this feeling," he added, "has, I think, never been properly understood in England, where the income-tax and license-tax have been looked upon, from an English point of view, as equitable in theory, and open to no greater objections in practice than similar taxes would be in England. But there is no

sort of analogy between the practical working of such taxes in England and in India. In India the attempt at classification is an infinitely greater evil than the direct incidence of the tax. Such an inquiry could only be conducted by a large staff of subordinate native officials on low salaries. It is absolutely certain that it must call forth a vast amount of annoyance, chicanery, evasion, oppression, and extortion. Nor were these apprehensions chimerical: on the contrary, we were warned from all quarters by our most experienced officers, and most of all by influential natives, whose fortunes were bound up with ours, and whose loyalty we could not doubt, that a great change was taking place in the feeling of large classes of the native population towards us, owing to the incidence, and still more to the apprehension, of new taxes. I shall never forget the emphatic observation of Lord Canning at the first interview I had with him, that he deeply regretted the necessity which compelled him to impose the income-tax; and that, to use his own words, 'danger for danger, he would rather risk governing India with 40,000 European troops without new taxes, than with 100,000 with them.'"

At all times, and in every country, a gradual and steady increase takes place in the expenses of the Government. The administration of justice has to be rendered more complete; the education of the people has to be cared for; the national armaments, owing to new and costly inventions, become more expensive. And besides all this, in countries of ordinary prosperity, there is a steady rise in the comforts and style of living of the people, which of itself necessitates a gradual increase of pay in all departments of the State, whether civil or military. In no country in the world is this increase in the cost of government more remarkable, or more certain to continue, than in our Indian empire. Our machinery of administration is the mere skeleton of what it ought to be, and of what it must be made ere long. The administration of justice is so imperfect that it is a scandal to our Government, and a universal subject of complaint among the natives. We lack the means to make it

better: our Government has not money enough to secure an adequate supply of honest officials, by which means alone the scandalous abuses, of which all parties are painfully conscious, can be remedied. In the education of the natives, again, a field of expenditure opens out upon us, which will grow greater every year for a century to come, and which it behoves us to supply, if we are desirous of laying a firm and worthy basis for our rule. This is the normal condition of affairs in India: every year a rise in the expenses of Government—or, at least, additional wants and occasions of expense, which the Government knows it would be for its advantage to meet if it could.

But the circumstances of India are at present not normal,—which makes the case worse. A new element of change is at work upon her. For some years past, the precious metals have been pouring into India at the rate of twelve millions sterling a-year, and prices are rising enormously. In Calcutta, prices are now double what they were ten or twelve years ago; and in the provinces, the rise during the same period has been upwards of fifty per cent. The rise is still in progress, and is likely, nay certain, to continue for many years. Surely, then, the present is the very worst time that could possibly be selected for fixing for all time, by a “perpetual settlement,” the amount of the land-revenue. Twenty years hence, in all probability, the present amount of the land-revenue (and of all the taxes) will, owing to the rise of prices, be only worth half its value at the present time—will only go half as far in defraying the expenditure of the State, while that expenditure, as we have shown, must continue to increase in amount. In such circumstances, to fix the amount of the land-tax at a certain sum for all time would manifestly be the height of folly. It would fatally cripple the power and resources of the Indian Government. It would be an act of political suicide.

There is no call for such a sacrifice on the part of the Government. A thirty years' settlement, such as has prevailed in the North West Provinces and in Bombay, is now being extended to all India (with the exception, of course, of Bengal). And such a settlement gives ample scope for the cultivator to reap the reward of his improvements. We have already shown how rapidly the area of cultivation is extending in Bombay under such a settlement; and similar progress, under the same settlement, is open to the other provinces. The operation of the settlement is this:—At each period of revision, the amount of the land-tax is fixed according to the actual produce of the soil; and thereafter the farmer can go on improving and extending his cultivation, rendering his old fields more productive, and taking new ones into cultivation, *for thirty years*, without having the assessment raised one iota. What would our farmers think if they could obtain such terms and leases as that? A nineteen years' lease is an exceptionally long one in this country; moreover, in such leases, the rent is made higher than the actual productiveness of the farm warrants at the time the lease is granted, in order that a portion of the future increase of profit on the farm may be secured to the landlord. But in the Indian settlements no such consideration is admitted. The surveyor assesses simply on the actual produce of the farm, estimated at the current prices; so that every rise of price, and every improvement or extension of cultivation, for thirty years afterwards, is a clear gain to the farmer. Such an arrangement, we maintain, is the height of liberality. Thirty years is the lifetime of a generation. Each Indian farmer virtually gets a lease of his ground for a lifetime; and thus he is allowed to reap the full profit of every improvement which the work of his hands or the ingenuity of his brain can effect. If our Indian subjects will not be industrious upon such terms, any fur-

ther bounty would be equally fruitless. The annual settlement in Madras is a most objectionable arrangement, in every point of view, and we are glad that it is being swept away; but under the thirty years' settlement, we may rely upon it, that every improvement in cultivation will take place which can fairly be expected.

A thirty years' settlement of the land-tax then, combined with a cautious application of the principle of redemption, and with a simple process for the sale of the waste lands at a very low price, are the right measures to be adopted in solution of the Land-question of India. But there is one further step which we think might be taken. Though the *amount* of the land-tax ought not to be fixed for all time, we may permanently fix the *proportion* which the assessment is to bear to the value of the produce. Let it be declared that the ratio of the land-tax to the value of the produce shall never vary, or at least shall never be increased. This mode of "fixing the land-tax," we think, may be

adopted with advantage: but to fix the *amount* of the tax would be a ruinous folly, an act of madness, the result of a delusion which we are at a loss even to explain.*

Hitherto Sir Charles Wood has been disposed to act prudently in the matter. He blundered, indeed, in the cumbrous conditions which he imposed upon the sale of the waste lands; and in his justifiable opposition to Lord Canning's too sweeping application of the principle of redemption, he has been led to overlook the cautious proposal of Lord Stanley on the same subject. But at length he has allowed the clamour of a few noisy men to drive him from his policy of prudence, and to obtain from him a promise that the "perpetual settlement" shall be gradually introduced into all India. This must never be done. We shall be disappointed, indeed, if Sir Charles Wood has not already repented of his promise. Such a promise on his part is so totally at variance with all his former policy and opinions, that we cannot regard it otherwise than

* Although we fully believe that a thirty years' settlement, on the present system, is the safest and best mode of settling this branch of the land question, we feel so deeply the importance of preventing the adoption of a "perpetual settlement," as proposed by Sir C. Trevelyan and others, that we suggest another alternative:—Let it be enacted that the assessment shall only be made upon the quantity of produce at present yielded by the land; and that any increase in that quantity shall, at the successive periods of revision, be free from assessment, save as regards any increase which may take place in its value, *owing to a rise of prices*.

Suppose that the proportion which the assessment is to bear to the value of the land is one-fifth of the gross produce, the system would work in this manner:—In the case of a piece of ground which yields ten maunds of rice, the price of rice at the time being two rupees per maund, the amount of land-tax would be $(20 \div 5)$ four rupees; and if, when the next settlement is made, the quantity of produce should be the same, but the price per maund has risen one-half, then the amount of the tax would be six rupees. But suppose that, by improved cultivation, the produce has been increased in quantity to fifteen maunds, while no rise in price has taken place, the Government tax will undergo no increase, but remain at four rupees as before. Finally, suppose that both the quantity and the value of the produce have increased one-half, then the Government will raise the tax upon the quantity originally produced (ten maunds) from four rupees to six; but will charge nothing on the five additional maunds, save one-fifth of the enhancement of value occasioned by rise in prices. In other words, the total value of the produce being now forty-five rupees (instead of twenty, as at first), the Government will deduct from that sum ten rupees (the value of five maunds at the time of the original settlement), and assess on only thirty-five rupees—making the land-tax $(35 \div 5)$ seven rupees. In this way an augmentation of the land-revenue would take place proportionate to the gradual alteration that may be expected in the value of money in India. The augmentation would be occasioned entirely by the rise in the price of rice and other produce—with which rise of prices the cultivation has clearly had nothing to do.

as a hasty and inconsiderate concession to the folly of others, a sin against his own better judgment. We appeal to Philip sober—and we trust that when the right hon. Baronet makes his annual statement on the finances of India a few weeks hence, he will have revised his opinions (as he used to do his budgets), and not stamp with his approval a passing folly of the hour, which would idly lay the

axe at the foundation of our Indian revenue. The question is one of pre-eminent importance to the future stability and popularity of our Indian Government. And amidst the present *mêlée* and conflict of opinions, we desire to submit a fair statement of the case, and what we believe to be the best and safest solution of the question, to the consideration of our legislators and the public.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART IV.

GARIBALDI.

We had a very witty Judge in Ireland, who was not very scrupulous about giving hard' knocks to his brothers on the bench, and who, in delivering a judgment in a cause, found that he was to give the casting vote between his two colleagues, who were diametrically opposed to each other, and who had taken great pains to lay down the reasons for their several opinions at considerable length. "It now comes to my turn," said he, "to declare my view of this case, and fortunately I can afford to be brief. I agree with my brother B. from the irresistible force of the admirable argument of my brother M."

The story occurred to me as I thought over Garibaldi and the enthusiastic reception you are giving him in England; for I really felt, if it had not been for Carlyle, I might have been a bit of a hero-worshipper myself. The grand frescoes in caricature of the popular historian have, however, given me a hearty and wholesome disgust to the whole thing; not to say that, however enthusiastic a man may feel about his idol, he must be sorely ashamed of his fellow-worshippers. "Lie down with dogs, and you'll get up with fleas," says an old Irish adage; but what, in the name of all entomolo-

gy, is a man to get up with who lies down with these votaries of Garibaldi? So fine a fellow, and so mangy a following, it would be hard to find. The opportunity for all the valiant balderdash of shop-keeping eloquence, of that high "Falootin" style so popular over the Atlantic, of those grand-sounding periods about freedom and love of country, was not to be lost by a set of people who, in all their enthusiasm for Garibaldi, are intently bent on making themselves foreground figures in the tableau that should have been filled by himself alone.

"Sir Francis Burdett call *you* his friend!—as well call a bug his bed-fellow?" said the sturdy old yeoman, whose racy English I should like to borrow, to characterise the stupid incongruity between Garibaldi and his worshippers. It is not easy to conceive anything finer, simpler, more thoroughly unaffected, or more truly dignified, than the man himself. His noble head; his clear, honest, brown eye; his finely-traced mouth, beautiful as a woman's, and only strung up to sternness when anything ignoble or mean had outraged him; and, last of all, his voice contains a fascination perfectly irresistible allied,

as you knew and felt these graces were, with a thoroughly pure, untarnished nature. The true measure of the man lies in the fact that, though his life has been a series of the boldest and most daring achievements, his courage is about the very last quality uppermost in your mind when you meet him. It is of the winning softness of his look and manner, his kind thoughtfulness for others, his sincere pity for all suffering, his gentleness, his modesty, his manly sense of brotherhood with the very humblest of the men who have loved him, that you think: these are the traits that throw all his heroism into shadow; and all the glory of the conqueror pales before the simple virtues of the man.

He never looked to more advantage than in that humble life of Caprera, where people came and went—some, old and valued friends, whose presence warmed up their host's heart; others, mere passing acquaintances, or, as it might be, not even that; worshippers or curiosity-seekers—living where and how they could in that many-roomed small house; diving into the kitchen to boil their coffee; sallying out to the garden to pluck their radishes; down to the brook for a crabs, or to the seaside to catch a fish,—all more or less busy in the midst of a strange idleness; for there was not—beyond providing for the mere wants of the day—anything to be done. The soil would not yield anything. There was no cultivation outside that little garden, where the grand old soldier delved, or rested on his spade-handle as he turned his gaze over the sea, doubtless thinking of the dear land beyond it.

At dinner—and what a strange meal it was—all met, full of the little incidents of an uneventful day. The veriest trifles they were, but of interest to those who listened, and to none more than Garibaldi himself, who liked to hear who had been over to Maddalena, and what sport they had; or whether Albanesi had taken any mullet,

and who it was said he could mend the boat! and who was to paint her? Not a word was spoken of the political events of the world, and every mention of them was as rigidly excluded as though a government spy had been seated at the table.

He rarely spoke himself, but was a good listener—not merely hearing with attention, but showing, by an occasional suggestion or a hint, how his mind speculated on the subject before him. If, however, led to speak of himself or his exploits, the unaffected ease and simplicity of the man became at once evident. Never, by any chance, would an expression escape him that redounded to his own share in any achievement; without any studied avoidance the matter would somehow escape, or, if accidentally touched on, be done so very lightly as to make it appear of no moment whatever.

To have done one-tenth of what Garibaldi has done, a man must necessarily have thrown aside scruples which he would never have probably transgressed in his ordinary life. He must have been often arbitrary, and sometimes almost cruel; and yet, ask his followers, and they will tell you that punishment scarcely existed in the force under his immediate command—that the most hardened offender would have quailed more under a few stern words of reproof from “the General” than from a sentence that sent him to a prison.

That, to effect his purpose, he would lay hands on what he needed, not recklessly or indifferently, but thoughtfully and doubtless regretfully, we all know. I can remember an instance of this kind, related to me by a British naval officer, who himself was an actor in the scene. “It was off La Plata,” said my informant, “when Garibaldi was at war with Rosas, that the frigate I commanded was on that station, as well as a small gun-brig of the Sardinian navy, whose captain never harassed his men by

exercises of gunnery, and, indeed, whose ship was as free from any 'beat to quarters,' or any sudden summons to prepare for boarders, as though she had been a floating chapel.

"Garibaldi came alongside me one day to say that he had learned the Sardinian had several tons of powder on board, with an ample supply of grape, shell, and canister, not to speak of twelve hundred stand of admirable arms. 'I want them all,' said he; 'my people are fighting with staves and knives, and we are totally out of ammunition. I want them, and he won't let me have them.'

"'He could scarcely do so,' said I, 'seeing that they belong to his Government, and are not in *his* hands to bestow.'

"'For that reason I must go and take them,' said Garibaldi. 'I mean to board him this very night, and you'll see if we do not replenish our powder-flasks.'

"'In that case,' said I, 'I shall have to fire on you. It will be Piracy; nothing else.'

"'You'll not do so?' said he, smiling.

"'Yes, I promise you that I will. We are at peace and on good terms with Sardinia, and I cannot behave other than as a friend to her ships of war.'

"'There's no help for it, then,' said Garibaldi, 'if you see the thing in that light;' and good-humouredly quitted the subject, and soon after took his leave."

"And were you," asked I of my informant, Captain S.—"were you perfectly easy after that conversation? I mean, were you fully satisfied that he would not attempt the matter in some other way?"

"Never more at ease in my life. I knew my man; and that, having left me under the conviction he had abandoned the exploit, nothing on earth would have tempted him to renew it in any shape."

It might be a matter of great doubt whether any greater intellectual ability would not have rather detracted from than in-

creased Garibaldi's power as a popular leader. I myself feel assured that the simplicity, the trustfulness, the implicit reliance on the goodness of a cause as a reason for its success, are qualities which no mere mental superiority could replace in popular estimation. It is actually Love is the sentiment the Italians have for him; and I have seen them, hard-featured, ay, and hard-natured men, moved to tears as the litter on which Garibaldi lay wounded was carried down to the place of embarkation.

Garibaldi has always been a thoughtful, silent, reflective man, not communicative to others, or in any way expansive; and from these qualities have come alike his successes and his failures. Of the conversations reported of him by writers I do not believe a syllable. He speaks very little; and luckily for him, that little only with those on whose integrity he could rely not to repeat him.

Cavour, who knew men thoroughly, and studied them just as closely as he studied events, understood at once that Garibaldi was the man he wanted. He needed one who should move the national heart—who, sprung from the people himself, and imbued with all the instincts of his class, should yet not disserve the cause of liberty from the cause of monarchy. To attach Garibaldi to the throne was no hard task. The King, who led the van of his army, was an idol made for such worship as Garibaldi's. The monarch who could carry a knapsack and a heavy rifle over the cliffs of Monte Rosa from sunrise to sunset, and take his meal of hard bread before he "turned in" at night in a shepherd's shieling, was a King after the bold buccanier's own heart.

To what end inveigh against the luxuries of a court, its wasteful splendours, or its costly extravagance, with such an example? This strong-sinewed, big-boned, unpoetical King has been the hardest nut ever republicanism had to crack!

It might be possible to overrate the services Garibaldi has rendered to Italy—it would be totally impossible to exaggerate those he has rendered the Monarchy; and out of Garibaldi's devotion to Victor Emmanuel has sprung that hearty, honest, manly appreciation of the King which the Italians unquestionably display. A merely political head of the State, though he were gifted with the highest order of capacity, would have disappeared altogether from view in the sun-splendour of Garibaldi's exploits; not so the King Victor Emmanuel, who only shone the brighter in the reflected blaze of the hero who was so proud to serve him.

Yet for all that friendship, and all the acts that grew out of it, natural and spontaneous as they are, one great mind was needed to guide, direct, encourage, or restrain. It was Cavour who, behind the scenes, pulled all the wires; and these heroes—heroes they were too—were but his puppets.

Cavour died, and then came Aspromonta.

If any other man than Garibaldi had taken the present moment to make a visit—an almost ostentatious visit—to Mazzini, it might be a grave question how far all the warm enthusiasm of this popular reception could be justified. Garibaldi is, however, the one man in Europe from whom no one expects anything but impulsive action. It is in the very unreflectiveness of his generosity that he is great. There has not been, I am assured, for many years back, any very close or intimate friendship between these two men; but it was quite enough that Mazzini was in trouble and difficulty, to rally to his side that brave-hearted comrade who never deserted his wounded. Nor is there in all Garibaldi's character anything finer or more exalted than the steadfast adherence he has ever shown to his early friendships. No flatteries of the great—no blandishments of courts and courtiers—none of those seductive influences which

are so apt to weave themselves into a man's nature when surrounded by continual homage and admiration—not any of these have corrupted that pure and simple heart; and there is not a presence so exalted, nor a scene of splendour so imposing, as could prevent Garibaldi from recognising with eager delight any the very humblest companion that ever shared hardship and danger beside him.

To have achieved what he has done, a man must of necessity have rallied around him many besides enthusiasts of the cause; he must have recruited amongst men of broken fortunes—reckless, lawless fellows, who accepted the buccaneer's life as a means of wiping off old scores with that old world "that would have none of them." It was not amidst the orderly, the soberly-trained, and well-to-do that he could seek for followers. And what praise is too great for him who could so inspire this mass, heaving with passion as it was, with his own noble sentiment, and make them feel that the work before them—a nation's regeneration—was a task too high and too holy to be accomplished by unclean hands? Can any eulogy exaggerate the services of a man who could so magnetise his fellow-men as to associate them at once with his nobility of soul and elevate them to a standard little short of his own? That he *did* do this we have the proof. Pillage was almost unknown amongst the Garibaldians; and these famished, ill-clad, shoeless men marched on from battle to battle with scarcely an instance of crime that called for the interference of military law.

Where is the General who could boast of doing as much? Where is the leader who could be bold enough to give such a pledge for his followers? Is there an army in Europe—in the world—for whom so much could be said?

All honour, therefore, to the man—not whose example only, but whose very contact suggests high

intent and noble action. All honour to him who brings to a great cause, not alone the dazzling splendour of heroism, but the more enduring

brightness of a pure and unsullied integrity!

Such a man may be misled; he can never be corrupted.

A NEW INVESTMENT.

I am not so sure how far we ought to be grateful for it, but assuredly the fact is so, that nothing has so much tended to show the world with what little wisdom it is governed than the Telegraph. It is not merely that cabinets are no longer the sole possessors of early intelligence, though this alone was once a very great privilege; and there is no over-estimating the power conferred by the exclusive possession of a piece of important news—a battle won or lost, the outbreak of a revolution, the overthrow of a throne—even for a few hours before it became the property of the public. The Telegraph, however, is the great disenchanter. The misty uncertainty, the cloud-like indistinctness that used of old to envelop all ministerial action, converting Downing Street into a sort of Olympus, and making a small mythology out of *Precis*-writers, is all gone, all dispersed. Three or four old hard lines, thin and terse as the wire that conveyed them, are sworn enemies to all style, and especially to all the evasive cajoleries of those dissolving views of events diplomacy loves to revel in. What becomes of the graceful drapery in which statesmen used to clothe the great events of the world, when a simple dispatch, "fifteen words, exclusive of the address," tells the whole story? and when we have read that "the insurgents are triumphant everywhere, the king left the capital at four o'clock, a provisional government was proclaimed this morning," and suchlike, what do we care for the sonorous periods in which official priestcraft chants the downfall of a dynasty?

The great stronghold of statecraft was, however, Speculation—I mean that half-prophetic view of events

which we always conceded to those who looked over the world from a higher window than ourselves. What has become of this now? Who so bold as to predict what, while he is yet speaking, may be contradicted? who is there hardy enough to forecast what the events of the last half-hour may have falsified, and five minutes more will serve to publish to the whole world?

It may be amusing to read the comments of the speech or the leading article, but the despatch is the substance; and however clever the variations, the original melody remains unaltered. Let any one imagine to himself a five-act drama, preceded by a telegraphic intimation of all its incidents, how insupportable would the slow procession of events become after such a revelation! Up to this, Ministers performed a sort of Greek chorus, chanting in ambiguous phrase the woes that invaded those who differed from them, and the heart-corroding sorrows that sat below the "gangway." There has come an end to all this. All the dramatic devices of those days are gone, and we live in an age in which many men are their own priests, their lawyers, and their doctors, and where, certes, each man is his own prophet.

These reflections have been much impressed upon me by a ramble I took yesterday in company with one of the most agreeable of all our diplomatists—one of those men who seem to weld into their happy natures all the qualities which make good companionship, and blend with the polished manners of a courtier the dash of an Eton boy and the deep reflectiveness of a man of the world—a man to whom nothing comes wrong, and whom

you would be puzzled to say whether he was more in his element at a cabinet council, or one of a shooting-party in the Highlands.

"I say, O'Dowd," cried he, after a pause of some time in our conversation, "has it never struck you that those tall poles and wires are destined to be the end of both your trade and mine, and that within a very few years neither of our occupations will have a representative left? Take my word for it," said he, more solemnly, "in less than ten years from the present date a penny-a-liner will be as rare as a post-horse, and a post-chay not more a curiosity than a minister-plenipotentiary."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am certain of it. People nowadays won't travel eight miles an hour, or be satisfied to hear of events ten days after they've happened. Life is too short for all this now, and, as we can't lengthen our days, we must shorten our incidents. We are all more or less like that gentleman Mathews used to tell us of at Boulogne, who said to the waiter, 'Let me have something expensive; I'm only here for an hour.' Have you ever thought seriously on the matter?"

"Never," said I.

"You ought, then," said he. "I tell you again, we are all in the same category with flint locks and wooden ships—we belong to the past. Don't you know it? Don't you feel it?"

"I don't like to feel it," said I, peevishly.

"Nonsense!" cried he, laughing. "Self-deception does nothing in the matter, say what one will. A modern diplomatist is only a 'smooth-Bore.' What 'our own correspondent' represents, I leave to your own modesty."

"It will be a bad day for us when the world comes to that knowledge," said I, gloomily.

"Of course it will, but there's no help for it. Old novels go to the trunk-makers; second-hand uniforms make the splendour of dig-

nity-balls in the colonies: who is to say that there may not be a limbo for us also? At all events, I have a scheme for our transition state—a plan I have long revolved in my mind—and there's certainly something in it.

"First of all realise it, as the Yankees say, that neither a government nor a public will want either of us. When the wires have told that the Grand-Duke Strong-grog-enoff was assassinated last night, or that Prince Damiselsens has divorced his wife and married a milliner, Downing Street and Printing-house Square will agree that all the moral reflections the events inspire can be written just as well in Piccadilly as from a palace on the Neva, or a den on the Danube. Gladstone will be the better pleased, and take another farthing off 'dividivi,' or some other commodity in general use and of universal appreciation. Don't you agree to that?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know," drawled he out, in mimicry of my tone: "are you so conceited about your paltry craft that you fancy the world cares for the manner of it, or that there is really any excellence in the cookery? Not a bit of it, man. We are bores, both of us; and what's worse—far worse—we are by-gones. Can't you see that when a man buys a canister of prepared beef-tea, he never asks any one to pour on the boiling water—he brews his broth for himself? This is what people do with the telegrams. They don't want you or me to come in with the kettle: besides, all tastes are not alike; one man may like his Bombardment of Charleston weaker; another might prefer his Polish Massacre more highly flavoured. This is purely a personal matter. How can you suit the capricious likings of the million, and of the million—for that's the worst of it—the million that don't want you? What a practical rebuke, besides, to prosy talkers and the whole long-winded race, the sharp, short tap of the telegraph? Who

would listen to a narrative of Federal finance when he has read 'Gold at 104—Chase rigged the market'? Who asks for strategical reasons in presence of 'Almighty whipping—lost twenty thousand—Fourth Michigan skedaddled'?

"How graphic will description become—how laconic all comment! You will no more listen to one of the old circumlocutionary conversers than you would travel by the wagon, or make a voyage in a collier.

"How, I would ask, could the business of life go on in an age active as ours if all coinage was in copper, and vast transactions in money should be all conducted in the base metal? Imagine the great Kings of Finance counting over the debts of whole nations in penny-pieces, and you have at once a picture of what, until a few years ago, was our intellectual condition. How nobly Demosthenic our table-talk will be!—how grandly abrupt and forensic!

"There is nothing, however, over which I rejoice more than in the utter extinction of the anecdote-mongers—the insufferable monsters who related Joe Millers as personal experiences, or gave you their own versions of something in the morning papers. Thank heaven, they are done for!

"Last of all, the unhappy man who used to be sneered at for his silence in company, will now be on a par with his fellows. The most bashful will be able to blurt out, 'Poles massacred,' 'Famine in Ireland,' 'Feast at the Mansion House,' 'Collision at Oroydon,' 'Bank discount eleven.'

"Who will dare to propagate scandal, when all amplification is denied him? How much adulteration will the liquor bear which is measured by drop? Nor will the least of our benefits be the long, reflective pauses—those brilliant 'flashes of silence' which will supersede the noise, turmoil, and confusion of what we used to call conversation. No, no, Corneli mi. The game is up. 'Our Own Cor-

respondent' is a piece that has run its course, and there's nothing to do but take a farewell benefit and quit the boards."

"If I could fall back on my pension like you, I'd perhaps take the matter easier," said I, gruffly.

"Well, I think you ought to be pensioned. If I was a Minister, I'd propose it. My notion is this: The proper subjects for pension are those who, if not provided for by the state, are likely to starve. They are, consequently, the class of persons who have devoted their lives to an unmarketable commodity—such as moonah-painting, Berlin-wool work, despatch-writing, and suchlike. I'd include 'penny-alining'—don't be offended because you get twopence, perhaps. I'd pension the whole of them—pretty much as I'd buy off the organ-man, and request him to move on."

"As, however," said I, "we are not fortunate enough to figure in the Estimates, may I ask what is the grand scheme you propose for our employment?"

"I'm coming to it. I'd have reached it ere this, if you had not required such a positive demonstration of your utter uselessness. You have delayed me by what Guizot used to call 'an obstructive indisposition to believe.'"

"Go on; I yield—that is, under protest."

"Protest as much as you like. In diplomacy a protest means, 'I hope you won't; but if you will, I can't help it.' *Vide* the correspondence about the annexation of Nice and Savoy. Now to my project. It is to start a monster hotel—one of those gigantic establishments for which the Americans are famous—in some much-frequented part of Europe, and to engage as part of the household all the 'one time' celebrities of diplomacy and letters. Every one knows—most of us have, indeed, felt—the desire experienced to see, meet, and converse with the noticeable men of the world—the people who, so to say, leave their

mark on the age they live in—the cognate signs of human algebra. Only fancy, then, with what ecstasy would the traveller read the prospectus of an establishment wherein, as in a pantheon, all the gods were gathered around him. What would not the Yankee give for a seat at the table where the great Eltchi ladled out the soup, and the bland-voiced author of 'The Woman in White' lisped out, 'Sherry, sir?' Only imagine being handed one's fish by the envoy that got us into the Crimean war, or taking a potato served by the accomplished writer of 'Orley Farm!' Picture a succession of celebrities in motion around the table, and conceive, if you can, the vainglorious sentiment of the man that could say, 'Lyons, a little more fat;' or, 'Carlyle, maderia;' and imagine the luxury of that cup of tea so gracefully handed you by 'Lost and Saved,' and the culminating pride of taking your flat candlestick from the fingers of 'Eleanor's Victory.'

"Who would not cross the great globe to live in such an atmosphere of genius and grandeur? for if there be, as there may, souls dead to the charms of literary greatness, who in this advanced age of ours is indifferent to the claims of high rank and station and title? Fancy sending a K.C.B. to call a cab, or ordering a special envoy to fetch the bootjack! I dare not pursue the theme. I cannot trust myself to dwell on a subject so imbued with suggestiveness—all the varying and wondrous combinations such a galaxy of splendour and power would inevitably produce. What wit, what smartness, what epigram would abound! What a hail-storm of pleasantries, and what stores of wise aphorisms and profound reflections! How I see with my mind's eye the literary traveller trying to overhear the Attic droleries of the waiters as they wash up their glasses, or trying to decoy Boots into a stroll with a cigar, well knowing his charming article on Dickens.

"The class-writers would, of course have their specialties. 'Soapy-Sponged' would figure in the stable-yard, and 'Proverbial Philosophy' watch the trains as a touter. Fabulous prices might be obtained for a room in such an establishment, and every place at *table d'hôte* should be five guineas at least. For, after all, what would be an invitation to Compiègne to a sojourn here? Material advantages might possibly incline to the side of the Imperial board; but would any one presume to say that the company in the one was equal to the 'service' at the other? Who would barter the glorious reality of the first for the mean and shallow mockery of the last? Last of all, how widespread and powerful would be the influence of such an establishment over the manners of our time! Would Cockneyism, think you, omit its H's in presence of that bland individual who offers him cheese? Would presumption dare to criticise in view of that 'Quarterly' man who is pouring out the bitter beer? What a check on the expansive balderdash of the 'gent' at his dessert, to know and feel that 'Adam Bede' was behind him!

"Would Brown venture on that anecdote of Jones, if the napkin-in-hand listener should be an ex-envoy renowned for his story telling? Who would break down in his history, enunciate a false quantity, misquote a speech, or mistake the speaker, in such hearing? Some one might object to the position and to the functions I assign to persons of a certain distinction, and say that it was unworthy of an ex-ambassador to act as a hall-porter, or a celebrated prose-writer to clean the knives. I confess I do not think so. I shrewdly suspect a great deal of what we are pleased to call philosophy is only a well-regulated self-esteem, and that the man who feels himself immeasurably above another in mind, capacity, and attainments, and yet sees that other vastly superior in station and condition, has within his heart a pride

all the more exalting that it is stimulated by the sense of a great injustice, and the profound consciousness that it is to himself, to his own nature, he must look to redress the balance that fortune would set against him.

"In the brilliant conversation of the servants' hall, then, would these many gifted men take their revenge; and what stores of good stories, what endless drolleries, what views of life, and what traits of character, would they derive from the daily opportunities! It has constantly been remarked by foreigners that there is no trait of our national manners less graceful in itself than the way in which inferiors, especially menials, are addressed in England. It is alleged, perhaps with some truth, that we mark every difference of class more decisively than other nations; and certainly in our treatment of servants there is none of that same confidential tone so amusing in a French vaudeville. The scheme I now suggest will be the effective remedy for this.

"Will Jones, think you, presume

to be imperative if it be Alfred Tenyson who has brought up his hot water? Will Brown be critical about the polish, if it be Owen Meredith has taken him his boots? Will even Snooks cry out, 'Holloa, you fellow!' to a passing waiter, if the individual so addressed might chance to be an Oriental Secretary or a Saturday Reviewer?

"And would the most infatuated of Baginens venture on what O'Connell used to call a 'chuck-under-the-chin manner,' were the chamber-maid to be Margaret Matlard?

"Such, in brief, is my plan, O'Dowd; nor is the least of its advantages, that it gets rid of the Pension List, and that beggarly £1200 a-year by which wealthy England assumes to aid the destitute sons and daughters of letters. As for myself, I have fixed on my station. I mean to be swimming master, and the prospectus shall announce that His Excellency the late Minister at the Court of — ducks ladies every morning from eight till nine. Think over the project, and drop me a hint as to the sort of place would suit you."

ITALIAN TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

My diplomatic friend is rarely very serious in his humour; this morning, however, he was rather disposed that way, and so I took the opportunity to question him about Italy, a country where he has lived long, and whose people he certainly understands better than most Englishmen. I gathered from him that he considered the English were thoroughly well informed on Italy, but in the most hopeless ignorance as to the Italians. "As for the house and the furniture, you know it all," said he; "but of the company you know positively nothing."

Byron understood them better than any other Englishman. He had his admission *par la petite porte*—that is, he gained his knowledge through his vices; and the Italians were so flattered to see a

great Milor adapt himself so readily to their lax notions and loose morality that they grew frank and open with him.

His pretended—I suppose it was only pretended—dislike to England disarmed them, too, of all distrust of him; and for the first time they felt themselves judged by a man who did not think Charing Cross finer than the Piazza del Popolo.

Byron's rank and station gained him a ready acceptance where the masses of our travelling countrymen would not be received; for the Italians love rank, and respect all its gradations. Even the republics were great aristocracies; and in all the imitations of France they have never affected "equality." They love splendour too, and display; in all their festivals you see some-

thing like an effort to recall a time when the cities were the grandest and the citizens the proudest in all Europe.

They are a very difficult people to understand. There are not so many salient points in the Italian as in the German or the Frenchman; his character is not so strongly accented; his traits are finer—his shades of temperament more delicate.

Besides this there is another difficulty: one is immensely aided in their appreciation of a people by their lighter drama, which is in a measure a reflex of the daily sayings and doings of those who listen to it. Now the Italians have no comedy, or next to none; so barren are they in this respect, that more than once have I asked myself, Can there be any domesticity in a nation which has not mirrored itself on the stage? What sort of a substance can that be that never had a shadow?

The immortal Goldoni, as they print him in all the play-bills, is ineffably stupid, his characters ill drawn, his plots meagre, and his dialogue as flat as the talk of a three-volume novel. The only palpable lesson derivable from him is, that all ranks and classes stand pretty much on an equality, and that as regards modes of expression the count and his coachman are precisely on a level. There is scarcely a trait of humour in these pieces—never, by any accident, anything bordering on wit. The characters talk the veriest commonplaces, and announce the most humdrum intentions in phraseology as flat and wearisome.

Now you will ask, perhaps, Is this a fair type of the present-day habits—are the Italians of our time like those of Goldoni's? My reply would be, that it would be difficult to imagine a people who have changed less within a century. The same small topics, the same petty interests engage them. They display the same ardent enthusiasm about trifles, and the same thorough

indifference to great things, as their grandfathers; and they are marvelously like the dreary puppets that the immortal dramatist has given us as their representatives.

It has been reproached to Sheridan, that no people in real life ever displayed such brilliancy in conversation as the characters in the 'School for Scandal;' and tame as Goldoni reads, I verily believe his dialogue is above the level of an Italian salon.

The great interests of Life, the game of politics, the contests and reverses of party, literature in its various forms, and the sports of the field, form topics which make the staple of our dinner talk. Instead of these the Italians have their one solitary theme—the lapses of their neighbours, the scandals of the small world around them. Not that they are uncharitable or malevolent; far from it. They discuss a frailty as a board of physicians might a malady, and without the slightest thought of imputing blame to "the patient." They have now and then a hard word for an unfortunate husband, but even him they treat rather as one ignorant of conventional usages and the ways of the polite world, than as a man radically bad or cruel.

They have in their blood the old Greek sensitiveness to suffering, and they dislike painful scenes and disastrous catastrophes; and this sentiment they carry to extremes. Although they have the finest representative of Othello—Salvini—at this moment in Europe, the terrible scene of the murder of Desdemona is a shock that many would shrink from witnessing. They will bear any strain on the imagination, but their fine-strung nerves revolt against the terrible in action. To this natural repugnance is owing much of that peculiar softness of manner and reluctance to disoblige which foreigners frequently mistake for some especial desire to win their favour.

The idleness which would make an Englishman awkward sits grace-

fully on the Italian. He knows how to "do nothing" with dignity. Be assured, if Hercules had been of Anglo-Saxon blood, Omphale would never have set him down to spin; but being what he was, I could swear he went through his tomfoolery gracefully.

And with all this, is it not strange that these are the people who furnish the most reckless political enthusiasts of the world, and who, year after year, go to the scaffold for "an idea"? There is something hysterical in this Italian nature, which prompts to paroxysms like these—some of that impulsive fury which, in the hill-tribes of India, sends down hordes of fanatics to impale themselves on British bayonets. The men like Orsini abound—calm of look, mild of speech, and gentle in manner, and yet ready to commit the greatest of crimes and confront the most terrible of deaths for a mere speculative notion—the possibility of certain changes producing certain contingencies, and of which other changes are to ensue, and Italy become something that she never was before, nor would the rest of Europe suffer her to remain, if ever she attained to it.

Wine-tasters tell us it is vain to look for a bottle of unadulterated port: I should in the same way declare that there is no such thing to be found as a purely Italian society. The charm of their glorious climate, the beauty of their country, the splendour of their cities, rich in centuries of associations, have attracted strangers from every corner of the Old World and the New; and the salons of Italy are but caravanserais, where all nations meet and all tongues are spoken.

The Italians like this; it flatters national pride, and it suits national indolence. The outer barbarians from the Neva or the Thames have fine houses and give costly entertainments. Their sterner looks and more robust habits are meet subject for the faint little jests that are

bandied in some *patois*; and each thinks himself the superior of his neighbour. But as for the home life of these people, who has seen it? What is known of it? Into that long, lofty, arched-ceilinged drawing-room, lighted by its one lamp, where sits the Signora with her daughter and the grimy-looking, ill-shaven priest, there is not, perhaps, much temptation to enter, nor is the conversation of a kind one would care to join in; and there is but this, and the noisy, almost riotous, reception after the opera, where a dozen people are contending at "Lansquenet," while one or perhaps two thump the piano, and some three or four shout rather than sing the last popular melody of the season, din being accepted as gaiety, and a clamour that would make deafness a blessing, being taken for the delight of a charmed assembly.

I have been told that Cavour once said, that no great change would be accomplished in Italy till the Italians introduced the public-school system of England. So long as the youth of the country were given up for education to the priests—the most illiterate, narrow-minded, and bigoted class in Europe—so long would they carry with them through life the petty prejudices of their early days; or, in emancipating themselves from these, fall into a scepticism whose baneful distrust would damp the ardour of all patriotism, and sap the strength of every high and generous emulation. As the great statesman said, "I want Italians to be Italians, and not to be bad Frenchmen."

With a Peninsular Eton or Rugby at work, who is to say what might not come of a people whose intellectual qualities are unquestionably so great? The system which imparts to boys the honourable sense of responsibility, the high value of truthfulness, the scorn of all that is mean,—this is what is wanting here. Let the Italian start in life with these, and it would not be easy to set limits to

what his country may become in greatness.

I have never heard of a people with so little self-control; and their crimes are, in a large majority of cases, the results of some passionate impulse rather than of a matured determination to do wrong. It is by no means uncommon to find that your butler or your coachman has taken to his bed ill of a *rabbia*, as they call it—a fit of passion in plain words, brought on by a reproof he has considered unjust. This same *rabbia* is occasionally a serious affair. Some short time ago an actor, who was hissed off the stage at Turin, went home and died of it; and within a very few weeks, a case occurred in Florence which would be laughable if it had not terminated so tragically. One of the new guardians of the public safety, habited in a strange travestie of an English police-costume, was followed through the streets by a crowd of boys, who mocked and jeered him or his dress. Seeing that he resented their remarks with temper, they only became more aggressive, and at last went so far as to pursue him through the city with yells and cries. The man, overcome with passion, got *rabbia*, and died. Ridicule is the one thing no Italian can bear. When you lose temper with an Italian, and give way to any show of violence before him, he is triumphant; his cheek glows, his eye brightens, his chest expands, he sees he has you at a disadvantage, and regards you as one who in a moment of passion has thrown his cards on the table and exposed his hand. After this it is next to impossible to regain your position before him. If you be calm, however, and if, besides being calm, you can be sarcastic, he is overcome at once.

It is a rare thing—one of the rarest—to see this weapon employed in the debates; but when it does occur, it is ever successful. The fact is, that Wit, which forms the subtlety of other nations, is not subtle enough for the Italian; and

the edge that cuts so cleanly elsewhere makes a jagged wound with them.

After all, they are very easy to live with. If the social atmosphere is not very stimulating or invigorating, it is easy to breathe, and pleasant withal; and one trait of theirs is not without its especial merit—they are less under the control of conventionalities than any people I ever heard of, and consequently have few affectations. If they do assume any little part, or play off any little game, it is with the palpable object of a distinct gain by it; never is it done for personal display or individual glory. There are no more snobs in Italy than there are snakes in Iceland; and that, after all, is, as the world goes, saying something for a people.

Of all the nations of Europe, I know of none, save Italy, in which the characters are the same in every class and gradation. The appeal you would make to the Italian noble must be the same you would address to the humblest peasant on his property. The point of view is invariably identical; the sympathies are always alike. No matter what differences education may have instituted and habits implanted, the nobleman and his lackey think and feel and reason alike. Separate them how you will in station, and they will still approach the consideration of any subject in the same spirit, and regard it with the same hopes and fears, the same expectations and distrusts. To this trait, of whose existence Cavour well knew, was owing the marvellous unanimity in the nation on the last war with Austria. The appeal to the prince could be addressed, and was addressed, to the peasant. There was not an argument that spoke to the one which was not re-echoed in the heart of the other. In fact, the chain that binds the social condition of Italy is shorter than elsewhere, and the extreme links are less remote from each other than with most nations of Europe.

Every Italian is a conspirator,

whether the question be the gravest or the lightest; all must be done in it ambiguously—secretly—mysteriously. Whatever is conducted openly is deemed to be done stupidly. To take a house, buy a horse, or hire a servant without the intervention of another man to disparage the article, chaffer over the price, and disgust the vendor, is an act of impetuous folly. "Why didn't you tell *me*," says your friend, "that you wished to have that villa? My coachman is half-brother to the wife of the Fattore. I could have learned everything that could be urged against its convenience, and learned, besides, what peculiar pressure for money affected the owner." Besides this, everything must be done as though by mere hazard: you really never knew there was a house there, never noticed it; you even sneer at the taste of the man who selected the spot, and wonder "what he meant by it." In nine cases out of ten the other party is not deceived by this skirmishing; he fires a little blank-cartridge too, and so goes on the engagement. All have great patience; life, at least in Italy, is quite long enough for all this; no one is overburdened with business; the days are usually wearisome, and the theatres are only open of an evening!

It is, besides, so pleasant and so interesting to the Italian to pit his craft against another man's, and back his own subtlety against his neighbour's. It is a sort of gambling of which he never wearies; for the game is one that demands not merely tact, address, and cunning, but face, voice, manner, and bearing. It is temperament. Individuality itself is on the table; and so is it, that you may assume it as certain that the higher organisation will invariably rise the winner.

Imagine Bull in such a combat, and you have a picture of the most hopeless incapacity. He frets, fumes, storms, and sulks; but what avails it? he is "done" in the end; but he is no more aware that the struggle he has been engaged in is an intellectual one, than was the Bourgeois Gentilhomme conscious that he had been for forty years "talking prose."

The priest was doubtless the great originator of all this mechanism of secrecy and fraud. For centuries the Church has been the Tyrant of Italy. The whole fate and fortunes of families depended on the will of a poor, ill-clad, ignoble-looking creature, who, though he sat at meals with the master, ate and talked like a menial. To this man was known everything—all that passed beneath the roof. Not alone was he aware of the difficulties, the debts, the embarrassments of the family, but to him were confided their feelings, their shortcomings, their sorrows, and it might be their shame. From him there was nothing secret; and he sat there, in the midst of them, a sort of Fate, wielding the power of one who knew every spring and motive that could stir them, every hope that could thrill, every terror that could appal them. There was no escape from him—bold, impassive spectator of good or evil fortune, without one affection to attach him to life, grimly watching the play of passions which made men his slaves, and only interested by the exercise of a power that degraded them.

The layman could not outwit him, it is true, but he could steal something of the craft that he could not rival. This he has done; how he has employed it any one can at least imagine who has had dealings in Italy.

THE DECLINE OF WHIST.

What is the reason of the decline of Whist? Why is it that every year we find fewer players, and less

proficiency in those who play? It is a far graver question than it may seem at first blush, and de-

mands an amount of investigation much deeper than I am able to give it here

Of course I am prepared to hear that people nowadays are too accomplished and too intellectual to be obliged to descend for their pastime to a mere game at cards; that higher topics engage and higher interests occupy them; that they read and reflect more than their fathers and grandfathers did; and that they would look down with disdain upon an intellectual combat where the gladiators might be the last surviving veterans of a bygone century.

Now, if the conversational tone of our time were pre-eminently brilliant—if people were wiser, wittier, more amusing, and more instructive than formerly—if we lived in an age of really good talkers,—I might assent to the force of this explanation; but what is the truth? Ours is, of all the times recorded by history, the dullest and dreariest; rare as whist-players are, pleasant people are still rarer. It is not merely that the power of entertaining is gone, but so has the ambition. Nobody tries to please, and the success is admirable! It is fashionable to be stupid, and we are the most modish people in the universe. It is absurd, then, in a society whose interchange of thought is expressed in monosyllables, and a certain haw-haw dreariness pervades all intercourse, to say that people are above Whist. Why, they are below Push-pin!

It would be sufficient to point to the age when Whist was most in vogue, to show that it flavoured a society second to none in agreeability; and who were the players? The most eminent divines, the greatest ministers, the most profound jurists, the most subtle diplomatists. What an influence a game so abounding in intellectual teaching must have exercised on the society where it prevailed, can scarcely be computed. Blackstone has a very remarkable passage on the great social effect produced up-

on the Romans by their popular games; and he goes so far as to say that society imbibes a vast amount of those conventionalities which form its laws, from an unconscious imitation of the rules which govern its pastimes. Take our own time, and I ask with confidence, should we find such want of purpose as our public men exhibit, such uncertainty, such feebleness, and such defective allegiance to party, in a whist-playing age? Would men be so ready as we see them to renounce their principles, if they bore fresh in their mind all the obloquy that follows a revoke? Would they misquote their statistics in face of the shame that attends on a false score? Would they be so ready to assert what they know they must retract, if they had a recent recollection of being called on "to take down the honours"?

Think, then, of the varied lessons—moral as well as mental—that the game instils; the caution, the reserve, the patient attention, the memory, the deep calculation of probabilities, embracing all the rules of evidence, the calm-self-reliance, and the vigorous daring that shows when what seems even rashness may be the safest of all expedients. Imagine the daily practice of these gifts and faculties, and tell me, if you can, that he who exercises them can cease to employ them in his everyday life. You might as well assert that the practice of gymnastics neither develops the muscle nor increases strength.

I cannot believe a great public man to have attained a full development of his power if he has not been a whist-player; and as to a leader of the House, it is an absolute necessity. Take a glance for a moment at what goes on in Parliament in this non-whist age, and mark the consequences. Look in at an ordinary sitting of the House, and see how damaging to his party that unhappy man is, who *will* ask a question to-day which this day

week would be unanswerable. What is that but "playing his card out of time"? See that other who rises to know if something be true; the unlucky "something" being the key-note to his party's politics which he has thus disclosed. What is this but "showing his hand"? Hear that dreary blunderer, who has unwittingly contradicted what his chief has just asserted—"trumping, as it were, his partner's trick." Or that still more fatal wretch, who, rising at a wrong moment, has taken "the lead out of the hand" that could have won the game. I boldly ask, would there be one—even one—of these solecisms committed in an age when Whist was cultivated and men were brought up in the knowledge and practice of the odd trick?

Look at the cleverness with which Lord Palmerston "forces the hand" of the Opposition. Watch the rapidity with which Lord Derby pounces upon the card Lord Russell has let drop, and "calls on him to play it." And in the face of all this you will see scores of these bland whiskered creatures Leech gives us in 'Punch,' who, if asked, "Can they play?" answer with a contemptuous ha-ha laugh, "I rather think not."

To the real player, besides, Whist was never so engrossing as to exclude occasional remark; and some of the smartest and wittiest of Talleyrand's sayings were uttered at the card-table. Imagine, then, the inestimable advantage to the young man entering life, to be privileged to sit down in that little chosen coterie, where sages dropped words of wisdom, and brilliant men let fall those gems of wit that actually lit up an era. By what other agency—through what fortuitous combination of events other than the game—could he hope to enjoy such companionship? How could he be thrown not merely into their society, but their actual intimacy?

It would be easy for me to illustrate the inestimable benefits of this situation, if we possessed what, to

the scandal of our age, we do not possess—any statistics of Whist. Newspapers record the oldest inhabitant or the biggest gooseberry, but tell us nothing biographical of those who have illustrated the resources and extended the boundaries of this glorious game. We even look in vain for any mention of Whist in the lives of some of its first proficient. Take Cavour, for instance. Not one of his biographers has recorded his passion for Whist, and yet he was a first-rate player: too venturesome, perhaps—too dashing—but splendid with "a good hand!" During all the sittings of the Paris Congress he played every night at the Jockey Club, and won very largely—some say above twenty thousand pounds.

The late Prince Metternich played well, but not brilliantly. It was a patient, cautious, back-game, and never fully developed till the last card was played. He grew easily tired too, and very seldom could sit out more than twelve or fourteen rubbers; unlike Talleyrand, who always arose from table, after perhaps twelve hours' play, fresher and brighter than when he began. Lord Melbourne played well, but had moments of distraction when he suffered the smaller interests of politics to interfere with his combinations. I single him out, however, as a graceful compliment to a party who have numbered few good players in their ranks; for certainly the Tories could quote fully ten to one whisters against the Whigs. The Whigs are too superficial, too crotchety, and too self-opinionated to be whist-players; and, worse than all, too distrustful. A Whig could never trust his partner—he could not for a moment disabuse himself of the notion that his colleague meant to outwit him. A Whig, too, would invariably try to win by something not perfectly legitimate; and, last of all, he would be incessantly appealing to the bystanders, and asking if he had not, even if egregiously beaten, played better than his opponents.

The late Cabinet of Lord Derby contained some good players. Two of the Secretaries of State were actually fine players, and one of them adds Whist to accomplishments which would have made their possessor an admirable Orichton, if genius had not elevated him into a far loftier category than Orichtons belong to. Rechberg plays well and likes his game, but he is in Whist, as are all Germans, a thorough pedant. I remember an incident of his whist-life sufficiently amusing in its way, though, in relating, the reader loses what to myself is certainly the whole pungency of the story: I mean the character and nature of the person who related the anecdote to me, and who is about the most perfect specimen of that self-possession—which we call coolness—the age we live in can boast of.

I own that, in a very varied and somewhat extensive experience of men in many countries, I never met with one who so completely fulfilled all the requisites of temper, manner, face, courage, and self-reliance, which make of a human being the most unabashable and unemotional creature that walks the earth.

I tell the story as nearly as I can as he related it to me. "I used to play a good deal with Rechberg," said he, "and took pleasure in worrying him, for he was a great purist in his play, and was outraged with anything that could not be sustained by an authority. In fact, each game was followed by a discussion of full half an hour, to the intense mortification of the other players, though very amusing to me, and offering me large opportunity to irritate and plague the Austrian.

"One evening, after a number of these discussions, in which Rechberg had displayed an even unusual warmth and irritability, I found myself opposed to him in a game, the interest of which had drawn around us a large assembly of spectators—what the French designate as *la galerie*. Towards the con-

clusion of the game it was my turn to lead, and I played a card which so astounded the Austrian Minister, that he laid down his cards upon the table and stared fixedly at me.

"In all my experience of Whist," said he, deliberately, 'I never saw the equal of that.'

"Of what?" asked I.

"Of the card you have just played," rejoined he. 'It is not merely that such play violates every principle of the game, but it actually stultifies all your own combinations.'

"I think differently, Count," said I. 'I maintain that is good play, and I abide by it.'

"Let us decide it by a wager," said he.

"In what way?"

"Thus: We shall leave the question to the *galerie*. You shall allege what you deem to be the reasons for your play, and they shall decide if they accept them as valid.'

"I agree. What will you bet?"

"Ten napoleons—twenty, fifty, five hundred if you like!" cried he, warmly.

"I shall say ten. You don't like losing, and I don't want to punish you too heavily.'

"There is the jury, sir," said he haughtily; 'make your case.'

"The wager is this," said I, 'that, to win, I shall satisfy these gentlemen that for the card I played I had a sufficient and good reason.'

"Yes.'

"My reason was this, then—I looked into your hand!"

"I pocketed his ten napoleons, but they were the last I won of him. Indeed, it took a month before he got over the shock."

It would be interesting if we had, which unhappily we have not, any statistical returns to show what classes and professions have produced the best whist-players. In my own experience I have found civilians the superiors of the military.

Diplomatists I should rank first; their game was not alone finer and more subtle, but they showed a

recuperative power in their play which others rarely possessed: they extricated themselves well out of difficulties and always made their losses as small as possible. Where they broke down was when they were linked with a bad partner; they invariably played on a level which he could never attain to, and in this way cross-purposes and misunderstandings were certain to ensue.

Lawyers, as a class, play well; but their great fault is, they play too much for the *galérie*. The habit of appealing to the jury jags and blurs the finer edge of their faculties, and they are more prone to canvass the suffrages of the surrounders than to address themselves to the actual issue. For this reason, Equity practitioners are superior to the men in the courts below.

Physicians are seldom first-rate players—they are always behind their age in Whist, and rarely, if ever, know any of the fine points which Frenchmen have introduced into the game. Their play, too, is timid—they regard trumps as powerful stimulants, and only administer them in drop-doses. They seldom look at the game as a great whole, but play on, card after card, deeming each trick they turn as a patient disposed of, and not in any way connected with what has preceded or is to follow it.

Divines are in Whist pretty much where geology was in the time of the first Georges; still I have met with a bishop and a stray arch-deacon or two who could hold their own. I am speaking here of the Establishment, because in Catholic countries the higher clergy are very often good players. Antonelli, for instance, might sit down at the Portland or the Turf: and even my old friend G. P. would find that his Eminence was his match.

Soldiers are sorry performers, for mess-play is invariably bad; but sailors are infinitely worse. They have but one notion, which is to play out all the best cards as fast as they can, and then appeal to

their partner to score as many tricks as they have—an inhuman performance, which I have no doubt has cost many apoplexies.

On the whole, Frenchmen are better players than we are. Their game is less easily divined, and all their intimations (*invites*) more subtle and more refined. The Emperor plays well. In England he played a great deal at the late Lord Eglinton's, though he was never the equal of that accomplished Earl, whose mastery of all games, whether of skill or address, was perfection.

The Irish have a few brilliant players—one of them is on the bench; but the Scotch are the most winning of all British whisters. The Americans are rarely first-rate, but they have a large number of good second-class players. Even with them, however, Whist is on the decline; and Euchre and Poker, and a score more of other similar abominations, have usurped the place of the king of games. What is to be done to arrest the progress of this indifference?—how are we to awaken men out of the stupor of this apathy? Have they never heard of the terrible warning of Talleyrand to his friend who could not play, as he said, "Have you reflected on the miserable old age that awaits you?" How much of human nature that would otherwise be unprofitable can be made available by Whist! What scores of tiresome old twaddlers are there who can still serve their country as whisters! what feeble intelligences that can flicker out into a passing brightness at the sight of the "turned trump!"

Think of this, and think what is to become of us when the old, the feeble, the tiresome, and the interminable will all be thrown broadcast over society without an object or an occupation. Imagine what Bores will be let loose upon the world, and fancy how feeble will be all efforts of wit or pleasantry to season a mass of such incapables! Think, I say, think of this. It is a

peril that has been long threatening—even from that time when old Lord Hertford, baffled and discouraged by the invariable reply, "I regret, my Lord, that I cannot play

Whist," exclaimed, "I really believe that the day is not distant when no gentleman can have a vice that requires more than two people!"

ONE OF OUR "TWO PUZZLES."

The two puzzles of our era are, how to employ our women, and what to do with our convicts; and how little soever gallant it may seem to place them in collocation, there is a bond that unites the attempt to keep the good in virtue with the desire to reform the bad from vice, and which will save me from any imputation of deficient delicacy.

Let us begin with the Women. An enormous amount of ingenuity has been expended in devising occupations where female labour might be advantageously employed, and where the more patient industry and more delicate handiwork of women might replace the coarser mechanism of men. Printing, book-binding, cigar-making, and the working of the telegraph, have been freely opened—and, I believe, very successfully—to female skill; and scores of other callings have been also placed at their disposal: but, strange enough, the more that we do the more there remains to be done; and never have the professed advocates of woman's rights been so loud in their demands as since we have shared with them many of what we used to regard as the especial fields of man's industry. Women have taken to the practice of Medicine, and have threatened to invade the Bar—steps doubtless anticipatory of the time when they shall "rise in the House" or sit on the treasury benches. Now, I have very little doubt that we used not to be as liberal as we might in sharing our callings with women. We had got into the habit of underrating their capacities, and disparaging their fitness for labour, which was very illiberal; but let us take care that the reaction does not

carry us too far on the other side, and that in our zeal to make a reparation we only make a blunder, and that we encourage them to adopt careers and crafts totally unsuited to their tastes and their powers.

It is quite clear—in fact, a mere glance at the detail of the preliminary studies will suffice to show it—that medicine and surgery should not be shared with them. For a variety of reasons, they ought not to be encouraged to take holy orders; and, on the whole, it is very doubtful if it would be a wise step to introduce them into the army, much less into the navy. Seeing this, therefore, the question naturally arises, are women to be the mere drudges—the Helots of our civilisation? Are we only to employ them in such humble callings as exclude all ideas of future distinction? A very serious question this, and one over which I pondered for more than half an hour last night, as I lay under the influence of some very strong tea and a slight menace of gout.

Women are very haughty creatures—very resentful of any supposed slight—very aggressive, besides, if they imagine the time for attack favourable. Will they sit down patiently as makers of pill-boxes and artificial flowers? Will they be satisfied with their small gains and smaller consideration? Will there not be ambitious spirits amongst them who will ask, What do you mean to offer us? We are of a class who neither care to bind books nor draw patterns. We are your equals—if we were not distinctively modest, we might say something more than your equals—in acquirement and information.

We have our smattering of physical-science humbug, as you have; we are read up in theological disputation, and are as ready as you to stand by Moses against Colenso; in modern languages we are more than your match. What have you to offer us if we are too proud, or too poor, or too anything else, to stand waiting for a buyer in the marriage-market of Belgravia? You will not suffer us to enter the learned professions nor the Service; you will not encourage us to be architects, attorneys, land-agents, or engineers. We know and we feel that there is not one of these callings either above our capacity or unsuited to our habits, but you deny us admittance; and now we ask, What is your scheme for our employment? what project have you that may point out to us a future of independence and a station of respect? Have you such a plan? or, failing it, have you the courage to proclaim to the world that all your boasted civilisation can offer us is to become the governesses to the children of our luckier sisters? But there are many of us totally unsuited to this, brought up with ways and habits that would make such an existence something very like penal servitude—what will you do with us?

With this cry—for it became a cry—in my ears, I tried to go asleep. I counted seventeen hundred and forty-four; I thought of the sea; I imagined I was listening to Dr. Cumming, and I endeavoured to repeat a distich of Martin Tupper; but the force of conscience and the conge carried the day, and I addressed myself vigorously to the question. I thought of making them missionaries, lighthouse-keepers, lunacy commissioners, Garter Kings-at-Arms, and suchlike, when a brilliant thought flashed across my brain, and, with the instinct of a great success, I saw I had triumphed. "Yes," cried I aloud, "there is one grand career for women—a career which shall engage not alone all the higher and more delicate traits of their organisation, which

will call forth their marvellous clear-sightedness and quick perception, their tact, their persuasiveness, and their ingenuity, but will actually employ the less commendable features of female nature, and find work for their powers of concealment, their craft in deception, and their passion for intrigue. How is it that we have never hit upon it before? for of all the careers meant by nature for women, was there any one could compare with Diplomacy!"

Here we have at once the long-sought-for career—the *desideratum tanti studii*—the occupation for which men are too coarse, too clumsy, too inept, and which requires the lighter touch and more delicate treatment of female fingers. It is the everyday reproach heard of us abroad, that our representatives are deficient in those smaller and nicer traits by which irritations are avoided and unpleasant situations relieved. John, they say, always imagines that to be national he must be "Bull," and toss on his horns "all and every" that opposes him. Now, late events might have disabused foreign cabinets on this score: a quieter beast than he has shown himself need not be wished for. Still, he has bellowed, and lashed his tail, and cut a few absurd capers, to show what he would be at if provoked; but the world has grown too wise to be terrified by such exhibitions, and quietly settled down to the opinion that there is nothing to fear from him. Now, how very differently might all this have been if the Duchess of S. were Ambassador at Paris and the Countess of C. at St. Petersburg, and Lady N. at Vienna! There would have been no bluster, no rudeness, no bullying—none of that blundering about declining a Congress to-day because a Congress "ought to follow a war," and proposing one to-morrow, "to prevent a war." Women despise logic, and consequently would not stultify it. A temperance apostle is no likely to adulterate the liquo

that he does not drink; and for this reason, female intelligence would have escaped this "muddle." Her Ladyship would have thrown her blandishments over Rechberg—he is now of the age when men are easy victims—all the little cajoleries and flatteries of women's art would have been exerted first to find out, and then to thwart, his policy. It is notorious that English diplomacy knows next to nothing through secret agency. Would such be the case if we had women as envoys? What mystery would stand the assault of a fine lady, trained and practised by the habits of her daily life? They tell us that our fox-hunters would form the finest scout-cavalry in Europe; and I am convinced that a London leader of fashion—I have a dozen in my eye at this moment—would track an intrigue through all its stages, and learn its intimate details of place and time and agency weeks before a merely male intelligence began to suspect the thing was possible.

Imagine what a blue-book would be in these times—would there be any reading could compare with it? We used to admire a certain diplomatist—a pleasant narrator of court gossip—giving, as he did, little traits of Kings and Kaisers, and telling us the way in which majesty was graciously pleased to blow his royal nose. Imagine a female pen engaged on such themes! What clever and sharp little touches would reveal the whole tone of a "reception!" We should not be told "His Majesty received me coldly," but we would have a beautiful analysis of the royal mind in all its varied moods of displeasure, concealment, urbanity, reserve, and deception. Compared with the male version of the same incident, it would be like Faraday's report on a case of supposed poisoning beside the blundering narrative of a country apothecary!

It is a long time—a very long time—before an old country has energy enough to throw off any of

its accustomed ways. It requires the vigorous assault of young and sturdy intelligences, and, above all, immense persistence, to effect it.

Light comes very slowly indeed through the fog of centuries' growth, and there is hope always when even the faintest flicker of a ray pierces the Bæotian cloud. Now, for some years back, it may have been remarked that a sort of suspicion has been breaking on the minds of our rulers, that the finer, the higher, and subtler organisations of women might find their suitable sphere of occupation in the diplomatic service.

"I don't speak German, but I play the German flute," said the apologetic gentleman; and so might we say. We don't engage ladies in diplomacy, but we employ all the old women of our own sex! Wherever we find a well-mannered, soft-spoken, fussy old soul, with a taste for fine clothes and fine dinners, fond of court festivities, and heart and soul devoted to royalties, we promote him. If he speak French tolerably, we make him a Minister; if he be fluent, an Envoy Extraordinary.

I remember an old medical lecturer in Dublin formerly, who used to hold forth on the *Materia Medica* in the hall of the University, and who, seeing a "student" whose studies had been for some time before pursued in Germany, appear in the lecture-room, with a note-book and pen to take down the lecture—"Tell that young gentleman," said the Professor, "to put up his writing materials, for there's not one word he'll hear from me that he'll not find in the oldest editions of the '*Dublin Pharmacopœia*.'" In the same spirit our diplomatists may sneer at the call for blue-books. We have all of us had the whole thing already in the '*Times*,' and why? Because we choose to employ unsuitable tools. We want to shave with a hatchet instead of a razor; for be it remarked, as no things are so essentially unlike as those that have a

certain resemblance, there is nothing in nature so remote from the truly feminine finesse as the mind of a male "old woman."

It is simply to the flaws and failures of female intelligence that the parallel applies. A very pleasant old parson, whom I knew when I was a boy, and who used to discourse to me much about Edmund Burke and Gavan Hamilton, told me once that he met old Primate Stewart one day returning from a visitation, and turned his horse round to accompany the carriage for some distance. "Doctor G.," said the Archbishop, "you remind me most strikingly of my friend Paley."

"Oh, my Lord, it is too much honour: I have not the shadow of a pretension to such distinction."

"Well, sir, it is true; I have Paley before me as I look at you."

"I am overwhelmed by your Lordship's flattery."

"Yes, sir; Paley rode just such

another broken-down old grey nag as that."

Do not therefore disparage my plan for the employment of women in diplomacy by any ungenerous comparisons with the elderly ladies at present engaged in it. This would be as unfair as it is ungallant.

There are a variety of minor considerations which I might press into the cause, but some of them would appeal less to the general mind than to the official, and I omit them—merely observing what facilities it would give for the despatch of business, if the Minister, besieged, as he often now is, by lady-applicants for a husband's promotion, instead of the tedious inquiry, "Who is Mr. D.?—where has he been?—what has he done?—what is he capable of?" could simply say, "Make Mrs. T. Third Secretary at Stuttgart, and send Mrs. O'Dowd as Vice-Consul to Simoom!"

POSTSCRIPT TO THE LATE NOTICE OF R. N. F.

Scarcely had my brief tribute to the fame of R. N. F. appeared in the Magazine of last month, than I read the following in the 'Galignani' of the 2d inst. It will be remembered, perhaps, that I left him at Padua, and there, it is satisfactory to know, the gifted gentleman still resides—not, however, at the Stella d'Oro, but in the more suitable accommodation of the city jail. Here is the paragraph:—

"SWINDLING ON THE CONTINENT.—A letter from Venice of March 29 gives us the following piece of information which may still be of service to some of our readers, though, from the fact with which it concludes, it would seem that the proceedings of the party have been brought to a standstill, at least for some time. This is not, however, it may be recollected, the first occasion we have had to bring the conduct of the individual referred to under the notice of our readers for similar practices:—

"I am informed that one Mr. Newton, *alias* Neville, *alias* Fane, and with a dozen other *aliases*, has been arrested at Padua for swindling. This ubiquitous

gentleman has been travelling for some years at the expense of hotel-keepers, and other geese easily fleeced on the Continent. In the year 1862, Mr. Neville and his two sons made their suspicious appearance at Venice, and they now, minus the younger son, have visited Padua as Mr. Robert N. Newton and son, taking up their residence at the Stella d'Oro. They arrived without luggage and without money, both of which had been lost in the Danube; but they expected remittances from India! The obliging landlord lent money, purchased clothes, fed them gloriously, and contrived, between the 8th Feb. and 25th of March, to become the creditor of Newton and son for 1000 swansig. The expenses continued, but the remittances never came. The patient landlord began to lose that virtue, and denounced these *aliases* as swindlers. The police of Vienna, hearing of the event, sent information that these two accommodating gentlemen had practised the victimising art for two months in December last at the Hotel Regina Inghilterre, at Pesth, run up a current account of 700 florins, and decamped; and a hotel-keeper recognised the scamps as having resided

at the Luna, in Venice, in 1862, and "plucked some profit from that pale-faced moon." Mr. Newton's handwriting proved him to be in 1863 one Major Fane, who had generously proposed to bring all his family, consisting of ten persons, to pass the winter at the Barbieri Hotel at Venice, if the proprietor would forward him 700 fr., as, owing to his wife's prolonged residence at Rome and Naples, he was short of money, which, however, he expected, would cease on the arrival of supplies from Calcutta. These gentlemen are now in durance vile, and there is no doubt but that this letter will lead to their recognition by many other victims."

Let no sanguine enthusiast for the laws of property imagine, however, that this great man's career is now ended, and that R. N. F. will no more go forth as of old to plunder and to rob. Imprisonment for debt is a grievous violation of personal liberty certainly, but it is finite; and some fine morning, when the lark is carolling high in heaven, and the bright rivulets are laughing in the gay sunlight, R. N. F. will issue from his dungeon to taste again the sweets of liberty, and to partake once more of the flesh-pots of some confiding landlord. F. is a man of great resources, doubtless. When he repeats a part, he feels the same sort of repugnance that Fichter would to giving a fiftieth representation of Hamlet, but he would bow to the necessity which a clamorous public imposes, however his own taste might rebel against the dreariness of the task. Still, I feel assured that he will next appear in a new part. We shall hear of him—that is certain. He will be in search of a lost will, by which he would inherit millions, or a Salvator Rosa that he has been engaged to buy for the Queen, or perhaps he will be a missionary to assist in that religious movement now observable in Italy. How dare I presume, in my narrow inventiveness, to suggest to such a master of the art as he is? I only know that, whether he comes before the world as the friend of Sir Hugh Rose, a proprietor of the 'Times,' the agent of Lord Palmer-

ston, or a recent convert from Popery, he will sustain his part admirably; and that same world that he has duped, robbed, and swindled for more than a quarter of a century will still feed and clothe him—still believe in the luggage that never comes, and the remittance that will never turn up.

After all, the man must be a greater artist than I was willing to believe him to be. He must be a deep student of the human heart—not, perhaps, in its highest moods; and he must well understand how to touch certain chords which give their response in unlimited confidence and long credit.

No doubt there must be some wondrous fascination in these changeful fortunes—these ups and downs of life—otherwise no man could have gone, as he has, for nigh thirty years, hunted, badgered, insulted, and imprisoned in almost every capital of Europe, and yet no sooner liberated than, like a giant refreshed, he again returns to his old toil, never weary wherever the bread of idleness can be eaten, and where a lie will pay for his liquor.

Talk of novel-writers—this is the great master of fiction—the man who brings the product of imagination to the real test of credibility—the actual interest of his public. Let him fail in his description, his narrative, the progress of his events, or their probability, and he is ruined at once. He must not alone arrange the circumstances of his story, but he must perform the hero, and that, too, as we saw lately at Padua, without any adventitious aid of dress or costume. I can fancy what a sorry figure some of our popular tale-writers would present if they had to appeal to an inn-keeper with this poor story of their luggage lost in the Danube. What a contempt the rascal must have had for Italian notions of geography, too, when he adopted a river so remote from where he stood! And yet I'd swear he was, as cool, as collected, and as self-sustained

at that moment as ever was Mr. Gladstone in the House as he rose to move a motion of supply.

Well, he is in Padua now, doubtless dreaming of fresh conquests, and not impossibly speculating on a world whose gullibility is indeed infinite, and which actually seems to take the same pleasure in being cheated in Fact as it does in being

deceived in Fiction. Who knows if the time is not coming when, instead of sending a box of new novels to the country, some Mr. Mudie will despatch one of these R. N. F. folk by a fast train, with a line to say, "A great success: his Belgian rogueries most amusing; the exploit at Madrid equal to anything in 'Gil Blas'!"

HOW TO MAKE A NOVEL.

A SENSATIONAL SONG.

AIR — "Bob and Joan."

TRY with me and mix
What will make a Novel,
All folks to transfix
In house or hall or hovel.
Put the caldron on,
Set the bellows blowing;
We'll produce anon
Something worth the showing.

Toora-loora loo,
Toora-loora ledly;
Something neat and new,
Not produced already.

Throw into the pot
What will boil and bubble;
Never mind a *plot*,
'Tisn't worth the trouble.
Character's a jest,
Where's the use of study?
This will stand the test
If only black and bloody.

Toora-loora, &c.

Here's the 'Newgate Guide,'
Here's the 'Causes Célèbres';
Tumble in beside
Poison, gun, and sabre.
These Police reports,
Those Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts,
To match the Seven Vials.

Toora-loora, &c.

Down into a well,
Lady, thrust your lover
Truth, as some folks tell,
There he may discover.

Stepdames, sure though slow,
Rivals of your daughters,
Bring us from below
Styx and all its waters.

Toora-loora, &c.

Crime that knows no bounds,
Bigamy and arson ;
Murder, blood, and wounds,
Will carry well the farce on.
Now it's just in shape ;
But with fire and murder,
Treason too, or rape,
Might help it on the further.

Toora-loora, &c.

Tame is Virtue's school ;
Paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool,
And always a Detective.
Hate instead of Love,
Gloom instead of Gladness ;
Wit and Sense remove,
And dash in lots of Madness.

Toora-loora, &c.

Stir the broth about ;
Keep the flame up steady :
Now we'll pour it out ;
Now the Novel's ready.
Some may jeer and jibe ;
We know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe
For a thousand copies !

Toora-loora loo,
Toora-loora leddy ;
Now the dish will do,
Now the Novel's ready !

THE POSITION OF THE MINISTRY.

THE rule of the Liberal party, exceptionally prolonged for some years past by the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston, is at length visibly drawing to a close. They have wholly abandoned their characteristic principles—failure after failure has attended their administration of affairs—and the fall of the Ministry, inevitable in the course of a few months, is acknowledged to be an event which may occur any day. Feeling even his own popularity waning, and the prestige of his Cabinet annihilated, the Premier watches, as his only hope, for some indiscretion on the part of the Opposition, which may give him a chance of retrieving his position by an appeal to the country. His Cabinet has lost some of its best men, and has become discredited not only by the failure of its diplomacy, but by the misconduct of some of its members. It has been seriously weakened by the loss of Lord Herbert, Sir George Lewis, and the Duke of Newcastle; Mr. Lowe and Mr. Stansfeld have been expelled; and if Lord Clarendon has taken office, it is only in the hope that he may thereby be in a better position to attempt the reconstruction of a new Ministry. Meanwhile the Conservative party has been steadily gaining in numbers, as well as in cordial union; and it is easy to see that into its hands, and not into those of any intermediate party, will devolve the conduct of affairs upon the overthrow or break-up of the present Administration.

The failure of the Palmerston Cabinet is at length as conspicuous in foreign policy as it has long been in all questions of domestic legislation. Every week, from the beginning of the session, its reputation has been declining. The Cabinet has been divided in opinions; its policy has vacillated and changed; and the manner in which its diplomacy has been conducted

has brought more discredit upon the name of England than even the failures with which that diplomacy has been attended. The British Government has made itself the laughingstock of foreign Powers, by whom its menaces and its promises are alike disregarded, if not treated with derision. And in its conduct towards Parliament, the Ministry has had recourse to subterfuges and evasions which have alienated the respect even of many of its own party.

The opening of Parliament revealed to the country the humiliating spectacle of a Ministry without a policy. At the most critical juncture, in the hour of oscillation and transition, when the course of events might yet have been shaped aright by statesmanlike ability and forethought, the British Government stood confessed before Europe as having no policy at all. In January, rumours were rife that the Premier and a majority of the Cabinet had resolved to despatch the Channel Fleet and a military expedition to co-operate with the Danes in maintaining the integrity of Denmark, and the rights of her King as established by the Treaty of London. But there was a division in the Cabinet; action was suspended; and the rapid movements of the Austro-Prussian forces showed that a military intervention on the part of the British Government would come too late to prevent the outbreak of war. But when Parliament assembled, the question on every one's lips was, "Has the meditated policy of intervention been abandoned, or is it merely postponed? When the smooth words and adroit reservations which every Government adopts before the sword is drawn, are discarded by the German Powers, is the policy of England to be neutrality or intervention?"

The Ministry gave no reply to these questions. They were abandoning their previous policy, and

stood shivering on the brink of a new one. Accordingly they sought to withhold from Parliament a knowledge of what they had actually been doing. No blue-book was presented, no copy of the despatches was even promised, to enable Parliament to judge of the policy of the Government, and to decide as to the course which the honour and interests of England required to be taken. The Royal Speech promised that the despatches relating to far-off Japan should be produced, but there was not room in it—so said the Premier—for a single line more stating that the correspondence relating to the momentous Dano-German dispute would likewise be presented to Parliament. Never has any Ministry committed a similar dereliction of duty. The Dano-German war was the question of the day; and it was obvious that it would lead to (if it had not already produced) complications in which the honour and moral interests, at least, of England would be deeply involved. In such circumstances, it was plainly the duty of the Government to have prepared for Parliament the documents by which alone the national representatives could be satisfactorily informed of the position of affairs. But the Government above all things wished for delay. They had nothing satisfactory either to say or to show in explanation of the embarrassing position in which they had placed themselves and the country. They had no settled policy—the Cabinet was split into two opposing sections—and they wished to delay discussion until some happy accident should come to their aid, or until the march of events should make for them a policy which they could not find for themselves. The British Parliament is an eminently practical assembly; it thinks only of the existing position, and concerns itself little with what is past and irretrievable. And the Ministry resolved to prevent any discussion on their diplomatic proceedings until it should be too late to find fault, and the course of events had

carried the question into some new phase.

It is needless to record the discreditable evasions and paltry excuses with which the Ministry met the complaints of the House. Parliament has not forgotten them; in one shape or other, they are still being repeated, and hitherto, it must be allowed, with tolerable success. Three months have elapsed since Parliament assembled, yet the public are as ignorant of the real objects (if there are any) of the foreign policy of the Government, as we were at the beginning of February. The uncertainty has even increased. What was mist has become darkness. "Wait, and you will see what we shall do," has been the constant reply of the Ministry to members who were anxious to know what was doing, and whither we were drifting. Almost every week the House was told that some new proposition was under the consideration of the Powers, which would alter the aspect of the question. At last came the extraordinary project of a Conference, without any bases and without any suspension of hostilities; and until this Conference should meet and come to a decision—or, as is more likely, to no decision—a Parliamentary discussion, said the Ministry, would be out of place. And so the end of April has come, and the British public is still in a state of bewilderment as to the plans and purposes of the Government. If the Government had an intelligible policy, and if the general character of the policy were known, the country would be content to wait. But instead of a policy there is a chaos. The tone of the despatches varies from month to month, and the Premier's speeches are irreconcilable with the despatches of the Cabinet. Not a single point in the Ministerial position is defined. Will the Government adhere to the Treaty of 1862,—does it insist on a return to the *status quo ante bellum*? Will it support Denmark, or merely continue to buoy her up with illusions? Will it regard, or disregard, the

wishes of the Duchies? Will it oppose or acquiesce in the appeal to universal suffrage proposed by the Emperor of the French? Are we to take part in the war, or are we not? And in union with what Powers are we to do so?—or are we in union with any Power at all? Upon each and all of these questions the country is left in the utmost uncertainty. All that we know is, that there has been discord in the Cabinet—vacillation and contradictions in its diplomacy. All that we see is humiliation and failure—failure the most complete, and humiliation unparalleled.

The British Government has been "drifting," and we know too well what that means, and to what difficulties it is likely to lead. Lord Malmesbury said rightly that (whatever be the case of Holstein) the Schleswig question is a European one which cannot be settled by the present belligerents alone, and which ought never to have been allowed to become a question merely between Denmark and Germany. When at Berlin in 1852, he pressed this view of the matter strongly and emphatically upon the Prussian Government, and he announced the same opinion in explicit terms to the Prussian and Austrian Ministers at our Court. Irrespective of previous engagements, after the London treaty of 1852 the question could not legitimately assume any other form. But during the last four years, with Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary, the question has not been so treated. Until December last his Lordship never invited co-operation on the part of the other Powers who signed the Treaty of London. With characteristic self-confidence, he took the matter in hand himself. He advised, he menaced, he exhorted—he actually drew up forms of constitution for the kingdom of Denmark. He seemed to glory in the idea that he was doing it all himself, and could settle the long-standing dispute without assistance from any one. In the beginning of December last he at length found out his mistake.

Neither party would listen to him. He had, moreover, changed his opinions so often, that no reliance could be placed upon him by either party. Even the little states of Germany laughed at his threats. He could burn down Kagosima, they said, but he would not dare to send a single ship or regiment to help or oppose a European Power. Then at last he found he must appeal to the other Powers—France, Russia, and Sweden—who had framed and signed the Treaty of 1852. But here he found himself in a new dilemma. He had refused, without the slightest form of courtesy—we may say (when the publication of the despatch is considered) with unexampled rudeness—the proposal of a Congress made by the Emperor of the French: what success could he expect for his own proposal of a Congress made within a month afterwards? In this Dano-German quarrel he had placed himself, and unfortunately England also, in a dilemma, and the Emperor Napoleon had no desire to help him out of it. With the Russian Government, also, he was on terms little short of hostile. Allies he had none. Four years have elapsed since his Lordship made his memorable and startling declaration that "England must look out for new alliances." Unfortunately, for these three years his Lordship has been unable to find them. In 1860, when Napoleon annexed Savoy and Nice, our Foreign Secretary found to his surprise that we had no allies—that England was isolated. The same truth must now have been forced upon him still more painfully. No Power will co-operate with him. Even in the Royal Speech the Cabinet had to omit the usual paragraph in which Her Majesty announces that her Government is on friendly terms with the other Powers. England, under the Palmerston Government, has become isolated, and in consequence, her influence is disregarded.

Hence it is that the Dano-German dispute has assumed its grievous magnitude. Had France and

Russia co-operated with England, war would have been prevented, and the questions at issue would have been amicably settled. The Austrian and Prussian Governments, neither of whom had any desire for war, would gladly have assented to the intervention of the other Great Powers, because it would have relieved them of the pressure brought to bear upon them by the Germanic Diet, by convincing the lesser States that any action on their part would be hopeless when all the Great Powers were resolved to uphold the Treaty of London. But France and Russia refused to take any joint action with the British Government, and their lukewarmness showed that they were not unwilling to see England either come to a rupture with the German Powers, or subject herself to a rebuff and defiance which would tend to destroy her influence on the Continent. The lesser states of Germany, accordingly, outvoting Austria and Prussia in the Diet, resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and they were supported by a popular ferment throughout Germany, which became exceedingly embarrassing and menacing to Austria and Prussia. These great Powers were fully alive to the perilous complications which this little war would bring in its train, and they knew that they were likely to be the greatest sufferers from those complications. But a domestic rupture in Germany would be for them a still greater evil; and as they could not prevent the action of the lesser States, they resolved in part to fall in with it, and, by heading the popular movement, obtain a means of moderating it. In their circumstances, this was the best course for them to take. Any other Government in like circumstances would have done the same. Indeed, the rupture of the Germanic Confederation would as infallibly invite a Continental war as this strife with Denmark has provoked one. The real source of the difficulty lay in the democratic

agitation, in favour of a war against Denmark, to which the Diet yielded at once. But the Diet would never have ventured to take such a course if the diplomacy of England had not been blundering and the position of her Government isolated.

The conduct of the Palmerston Cabinet has not only been "meddling and muddling," but bullying and blustering. It has been as undignified as it has been unsuccessful. By interfering on all occasions, it has frittered away its influence; and the succession of humiliating rebuffs which it has received and has tamely submitted to, has at length taught every foreign Government that England, under the present Administration, is a bully who talks big but won't fight, and that her strongest menaces may be disregarded with impunity. This is a new character for England to appear in before the nations—one which every Englishman must deplore, and which he is entitled to repudiate as a fair representation of public feeling in this country. Nevertheless, such is the part which the Palmerston Ministry chooses to play, and which has at length culminated in a total breakdown of British influence in the councils of Europe.

This is a mortifying result of a blundering and undignified policy. But, as regards the Dano-German question, the charge against the Ministry is not confined to this. The public of this country are not only ashamed to see the prestige of England lost, and her influence reduced to zero, but they acknowledge with pain that the Government has been holding out hopes and promises to the Danes which it has not redeemed, yet but for which the Danes would not have exposed themselves to the disasters of the present war. It is beyond dispute—it can be amply demonstrated—that up to the last week of January the Palmerston Cabinet was resolved to go to war on behalf of Denmark in case the Germans should attack that Kingdom. At

the close of last session, in reply to a question put to him by Mr. Fitzgerald, Lord Palmerston declared that "it is the bounden duty of this country to uphold the independence of Denmark; and if the German Powers persevere in the course which, I am sorry to see, they are adopting, they will find that they will not have to deal with Denmark alone, but that there are other and greater Powers than Denmark with which the question is to be settled." No statement could be plainer than this. Denmark was assured, in the most express terms and in the most public manner, that if attacked by the German Powers, England would come to her assistance. With such a pledge of support, given openly by the British Government, the Danes were not rash in resolving to bid defiance to the manacled attack of the German Powers. An English army and artillery co-operating with the Danes would have rendered the line of the Dannewerk impregnable, while our Channel fleet and iron-clads, hovering on the coasts, would have obstructed the operations of the invading army, and, in a last resort, rendered hopeless an attack on Dybbol and Alsen. Nor until war was actually begun had the Danes any reason to believe, that Lord Palmerston's pledges of support were revoked. On the contrary, not three weeks before the Austro-Prussian army crossed the Eider, Lord Russell was making overtures to France to join with England in giving "material assistance" to Denmark. Shamefully mutilated as the despatches are, they demonstrate this fact with sufficient plainness. But in case there should be any doubt as to the precise meaning of Lord Russell's despatches, we shall quote his own version of the matter from the speech which he made in the House of Lords on the 11th of April. "On the 5th of January," he says,—

"Lord Cowley, having been asked by M. Drouyn de Lhuys what more we proposed besides a Conference, stated that he was unable to answer that question, and that it was unnecessary then to consider more than the present po-

sition. But as we heard that the French Government desired to know what it was that her Majesty's Government proposed to do, I immediately wrote a despatch conveying the intentions of her Majesty's Government. I also wrote a similar despatch to Russia. What I said in effect was this:—There is a project evidently conceived in Germany for depriving Denmark of the States of Holstein and the Duchy of Schleswig. Supposing that project is persevered in, will you, France, will you, Russia, agree with us in giving material assistance to Denmark? That is my answer to my noble friend's reproach. The very thing which he blamed us for not doing, if he had had the patience to read a few pages further on, he would have found that we actually did.

"Earl GREY.—I expressly mentioned that despatch, and said its terms were too vague.

"Earl RUSSELL.—My despatch referred distinctly to a plan conceived for the dismemberment of Denmark, and went on to say that to prevent the execution of that plan we sought the co-operation of France, of Russia, and of Sweden, in order to give material assistance to Denmark in resisting that dismemberment. My noble friend calls that vague, and says that we did not propose to give material assistance; but it appears that nothing could be more clear and plain than the proposal of her Majesty's Government."

At the same time, Lord Russell formally intimated to the Prussian Government that her Majesty's Government would regard a hostile occupation of Schleswig as a fatal blow to the integrity of Denmark, and that he could not doubt it would be resisted. In a despatch to Lord Bloomfield on 14th January, Lord Russell thus describes the warning which he had given to Count Bernstorff, the Prussian Ambassador in London:—

"I had spoken on a former occasion in the sense that Denmark would resist such an occupation (of Schleswig), and might be aided by Great Britain. He wished to have an explanation. On the occasion referred to I had expressly declared that I could not say what the decision of the Government might be, as the Cabinet had not deliberated, and consequently not submitted any opinion

to the Queen; but that judging from the general current of feeling in Parliament and in the nation, I thought an invasion of Schleswig by Germany might lead to assistance to Denmark on the part of this country. Her Majesty's Government could not wonder that the King of Denmark was ready to defend Schleswig, and to consider its hostile occupation as a fatal blow to the integrity of his dominions. But I could not doubt that he would be assisted by Powers friendly to Denmark in that defence."

On another occasion, Lord Russell used the following language:—

"Europe had seen, I observed, the fatal results to which the seizure of a material guarantee had led when the Emperor Nicholas crossed the Pruth. If Germany should thus be unfortunately led to light up a war on the Eider, she must be prepared for eventualities of an equally grave nature."

All this was known to the Danish Government. It remembered the pledge of Lord Palmerston in July; it had seen the menacing despatches which Lord Russell had since then addressed to the Germanic Diet; and now it saw the British Government taking the final step of warning Prussia, and Austria, and concerting measures for sending "material assistance" to enable Denmark to resist the impending invasion. What was the Danish Government to think? What else could it think but that the fleet and army of England would soon be arrayed on its side? At the same time the newspaper which is known to be honoured with the confidences (or which, at least, ventilates the projects) of Lord Palmerston, stated that the Government could not tolerate an invasion of Schleswig by the German Powers, and that the invaders would be brought to their senses by the ap-

pearance of our Channel Fleet, and of a military expedition, commanded by "a Crimean officer of fair reputation."

But what has been the upshot? After promising in Parliament to give Denmark assistance—after threatening the German Powers with war in the event of their attacking her—and after actually planning a naval and military expedition to Denmark, the Government at the last moment reversed their policy. They suddenly became neutral, and left the Danes to bear the whole brunt of the contest. They had not only taught the Danes to count upon the military assistance of England, they had induced the Danish Government to make great sacrifices, both diplomatic and military, which have operated against them most prejudicially. The Danes assented with reluctance to these sacrifices, and they did so only because they had reason to believe that these concessions would be immediately followed by the active intervention of England in their behalf.* We need not say how shamefully they have been deceived, how bitterly they have been disappointed. They evacuated Holstein at the instance of the British Government; they gave up the strong fortress of Rendsburg; they lavished money and exhausted their troops in fortifying the line of the Dannewerk, although they knew that that line could not be defended unless a British force came to co-operate with them. They did all these things in the expectation that the British Government would keep its promise. It was in reliance upon British co-operation that they resolved to encounter the immense perils of war; it was out of

* For example, Lord Wodehouse, when urging concessions upon the Danish Minister, said:—"It was my duty to declare to him that, if the Danish Government rejected our advice, her Majesty's Government must leave Denmark to encounter Germany upon her own responsibility." On several occasions similar indirect promises of support were made to Denmark, which, taken along with Lord Russell's menacing despatches to the German Powers, and the known fact that our Government proposed to resist Germany by force of arms, induced Denmark to make all the required concessions in reliance upon obtaining in return the assistance of England,

deference to the wishes of the British Government that they abandoned strong positions, and commenced the war at a disadvantage. No wonder that they are now furious at our treachery. The Palmerston Ministry have done them a worse injury than they experienced at our hands in the beginning of the century. There is but one word for it—we have betrayed and sacrificed Denmark. We even add insult to our betrayal, and, to the disgust of the Danes themselves, our Government continues to profess its friendship while continuing to let them sink beneath the attacks of their foes. A Conference without any bases; a Conference without an armistice!—that is the “friendly project” with which we now mock them. So general is the indignation at this unworthy conduct, that even the ‘Times’ correspondent (14th April) writes as follows:—

“Be it remembered that the Danes have been most reluctantly driven to this Conference. They have been goaded to despair by the heartless desertion of Europe; they have been blinded with anger at the ‘false promises and perfidious suggestions,’ by which they were lulled into an improvident security, and induced to give up Rendsburg, Frederickstadt, and perhaps even the Dannewerk, under the influence of that specious declaration, that if they listened to their friends’ well-meaning advice, ‘they should not be left alone in the struggle.’”

The Ministry attempt to excuse themselves for their shameless desertion of a Power which they had led to rely upon their assistance, by saying that they could not help it, because France would not co-operate with them. But that is no excuse. Earl Grey and several other members of the Liberal party maintain that the intervention of England, supported as it would have been by Sweden, would have been sufficient to have maintained the integrity of Denmark; and even Lord Wodehouse admits that such an intervention might actually have prevented the outbreak of this deplorable war. It does not

concern us to say whether these opinions are correct or not. The Ministry stands condemned upon quite another issue. In a matter of such importance, affecting the very existence of the Danish kingdom, they ought to have given no pledges of assistance to the Danish Government—they ought not to have buoyed it up with hopes and expectations—unless they were firmly resolved to adhere to these pledges, and to have realised those expectations. To turn round at the eleventh hour, and abandon the Danes after war had become inevitable, nay, when war had actually commenced, is a disgrace unpardonable, and one which is without a parallel in our history during the last century and a half at least.

Moreover, if we inquire how it came to pass that England, at this most critical juncture, found herself isolated and impotent, we shall find that this isolation was mainly caused by the conduct of our Government itself. During the last fourteen months a game of chess has been going on between Downing Street and the Tuileries. Last summer Lord Palmerston and his colleagues were bent upon tricking the Emperor Napoleon. “In the Polish revolt they saw a means of outwitting Napoleon, and rupturing the “cordial understanding” which for several years had existed between Russia and France. They resolved to place France in a position of open hostility to Russia. With this view Lords Palmerston and Russell denounced in the most violent terms the conduct of Russia, and vehemently supported in Parliament the cause of Poland. They also sent menacing despatches to St. Petersburg, couched in terms such as are only employed in diplomacy when the Government which uses them is resolved to enforce compliance with its demands. Concluding that the British Government was in earnest, and would adhere to the views which it expressed, the Emperor of the French followed suit, and prepared for the

outbreak of war, which would have been the legitimate consequence of the policy adopted by the two Powers. In July the preliminary step to war was taken, by equipping the reserve artillery of the Guard—the arsenals of Vincennes rang with preparations, and the iron-clad war-ships at Cherbourg were ordered to be got in readiness. But no sooner had the French Emperor openly manifested his hostility to Russia, and his desire to give material assistance to the insurgent Poles, than the British Government drew back, and declared that, come what may, they would not go to war on behalf of Poland. They had tricked the Emperor, and then left him in the lurch. Again, when, with a view to cover his retreat, Napoleon proposed a Congress to settle the Polish and other pending questions, the British Government hastened, in uncourteous fashion, to knock his project on the head. But no sooner had they thus thwarted and mortified the Emperor, than the tide turned, and they themselves became the suffering party. The Germans resolved to attack Denmark, and the British Government was pledged to resist such an aggression. After having tricked and thwarted the Emperor of the French, the Palmerston Cabinet felt that it was hopeless to ask him to co-operate with them. Accordingly, for six weeks longer they continued their game of bluster with Germany, hoping to deter the German Powers from their meditated attack. But the tactics which the British Ministry had pursued on the Polish question now brought its own punishment. The German Powers would not believe they were in earnest. They remembered the game of brag which Lords Palmerston and Russell had played on the Polish question, and they reasonably concluded that the menaces of these statesmen on this occasion would be equally fruitless of result. Accordingly they paid no heed to the angry despatches of the British Government, and the occupation of Holstein commenced.

Then at last—with what feelings may be easily imagined—the British Government turned to the potentate whom they had used so badly, and requested his assistance. To their first request (5th January) the French Government replied by asking whether they really meant to go to war in case the German Powers should persist in their aggression—saying plainly that the Emperor had been tricked once, and was not inclined to be left in the lurch again. Thus driven to plain speaking, the British Government stated that they were ready to go to war with the German Powers, and solicited his co-operation. As Lord Russell said (*vide* the extract from his speech on 11th April, given *supra*), “Nothing could be more clear and plain than the proposal of Her Majesty’s Government.” But, following the tactics which they had pursued towards himself on the Polish question, having thus committed the British Government to an open expression of their hostility to Germany, the Emperor refused point-blank to help them, and left them to resist the aggression on Denmark if they could. The Emperor had as great an interest in setting England and Germany at feud, as the British Government had in producing a rupture between France and Russia. He had no desire to prevent the war. The further it proceeded, the more embittered (he knew) would become public feeling in England against the German Powers. The exasperation thus produced would serve his purpose admirably. It would render England indifferent to the seizure of the Rhenish provinces, which he designs to carry out at the expense of Germany. It might even do more than this. Thwarted and humiliated on all hands, and desirous to recover its prestige at all risks, it was possible that the Palmerston Cabinet, supported by an unreflecting popular agitation, might even come round to his views, and join with him in a war which he would quickly turn to his own account.

The French Emperor has com-

pletely turned the tables upon Lord Palmerston and his colleagues. They must come to his terms, or else back out of the Danish question in a manner so ignominious as to insure their downfall. Already they have begun to recant their opinions, and adopt principles which they ruthlessly condemned when advocated by the Emperor of the French. In their extremity, and to cover their shameful abandonment of Denmark, they have adopted in principle the very proposal for a Congress, which five months before was made by the Emperor. The Congress on the Danish question is open to the very objections which they considered fatal in the case of the wider project of a Congress proposed by Napoleon. Read "Denmark" for "Poland," and "Germany" for "Russia," in the following quotation, and say if Lord Russell's views, expressed in his memorable despatch of 25th November are not as applicable to the present Congress as to that which he so unsparingly condemned:—

"With regard to Poland, . . . would there be any advantage in repeating, in the name of a Congress, representations already made with so little effect? Is it probable that a Congress would be able to secure better terms for Poland, unless by a combined employment of force? . . . If not, the question becomes one of humiliation or of war against Russia; and those Powers who are not ready to incur the cost and hazard of war may well desire to avoid the other alternatives. . . .

"If the expression of opinions and wishes would accomplish no positive results, it appears certain that the deliberations of a Congress would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some Powers and resisted by others; and there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decisions of the majority, the Congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met."

The French Emperor must be pleased to find the British Government thus recanting their opinions, and coming round to his own views. It is not an empty triumph which he thus obtains. In the first place,

it has given him the wished-for opportunity of proclaiming his new principle, that the fortunes of States shall be determined by the ballot-box; and how the ballot-box can be worked, has been already shown in the case of Nice and Savoy. Doubtless we shall see it by-and-by applied with equal success in the case of the Rhenish provinces, and also in Belgium. In the second place, by his masterly policy, he has made his co-operation indispensable to the British Government, and will exact his own terms. Lord Clarendon has been despatched as a peacemaker to the Tuileries; and either his mission will be fruitless, or else England must subordinate her policy and interests to those of the French Emperor. Either the Palmerston Cabinet will be left helpless, to reap the fruit of its blundering and shameful policy—in which case its downfall will be immediate—or else it will purchase a further lease of power by co-operating with Napoleon in a policy which (however popular possibly at the outset) will sacrifice the true interests of England, and permanently weaken her position as a European Power.

Ever since the present Ministry took office, its career has presented an abandonment of measures and principles which is without a parallel in Parliamentary history. It is no longer its former self. Alike in home and in foreign affairs, it has turned its back upon itself. In home affairs it has abandoned the many innovations, miscalled "reforms," which it formerly advocated both in State and Church. Its Reform Bill was shelved, withdrawn without a division, and the question was given up and buried with the approval of Lord Russell and all his colleagues. The attacks of the Government on the Church were persisted in for a longer period, but these also have been abandoned; and the opposition to church-rates, and the four or five other measures of hostility to the Church, no longer figure in the programme of official Liberals. The Liberal chiefs now find themselves

the exponents of an extinct creed. The tide of popularity has ebbed away from all the measures with which they had connected their names; and Lord Russell, the great champion of reform, the statesman *par excellence* of innovation, has at length given up the mission of his life and rung the knell of Liberalism by his recent memorable exhortation to the country to "rest and be thankful."

If we turn from home to foreign affairs, we find a remarkable series of failures, which unfortunately are as disastrous to the interests of the country as they are to the reputation of the Ministry. Lord Palmerston, who declared at Tiverton, immediately before taking office in 1859, that he hoped to see the Austrians entirely driven out of Italy before the end of the year, had not been a month in office before the French Emperor gave him his first disappointment by summarily closing the war at Villafranca. Next, as the natural and prearranged close of a war which Lord Palmerston had so loudly approved, came the cession of Savoy and Nice—which the Emperor coolly carried out, in complete disregard to the noisy declamations of the British Ministry, as well as of the "moral influence" of England, which they boasted to have made so powerful on the Continent. To this day, also, despite the despatches of Earl Russell and the aforesaid "moral influence," the French troops still keep possession of Rome, and prevent the unification of Italy. We have already spoken of the peculiar policy of the Ministry on the Polish question, in which it almost seemed to court the rebuff which was so unceremoniously administered to it. And in the Dano-German question, after a whole series of warlike despatches and noisy denunciations, it has ended by sacrificing the Power which it had taught to rely upon it for material support. It is curious also to observe that, in this question, the Ministry has adopted

the very opposite principle from that which influenced it in the Italian question. In Italy everything was right which tended to carry out the principle of nationality. It did not matter how illegal was the procedure, how dishonourable the plots, by which the cause of nationality was advanced in Italy: they were not only condoned but openly justified and extolled by Lord Palmerston and his colleagues. But again the question of Nationality has affected the affairs of Europe, and how different is the attitude of the British Government! What the Italians did illegally, the Germans are doing legally; yet Lord Palmerston abuses the Germans as noisily as he commended the Italians. The Germans have gone to war with Denmark in order to maintain the rights (doubtless also with the ulterior view of establishing the independence) of the German population subject to the Danish crown. Surely such a cause should have enjoyed the cordial approval of the Liberal Ministry, which had played so demonstrative a part when a similar question was at issue in Italy. But no: the Ministry has changed its principles on this as on all other questions; and instead of supporting its pet principle of nationality, has been willing to go to war with the Germans for mooted it. Inexplicable inconsistencies, also, mark the speeches and despatches of the Cabinet. While Lord Palmerston on every occasion denounces the invasion of the Duchies as an "outrage," an "infamous aggression," Lord Russell shows in his despatches that the Germans were legally entitled to intervene, in order to obtain from Denmark fulfilment of engagements which she had not only disregarded but directly violated. His Lordship states this plainly in his despatches *passim*. For example, on 17th December he writes as follows to Lord Wodehouse: "The fundamental law for Denmark Proper and Schleswig,

which was sanctioned on the 18th November 1863, is virtually an incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark. . . . The new constitution, therefore, being without the requisite sanction of the duchy of Schleswig, and being contrary to the engagements of the crown of Denmark, ought, so far as Schleswig is concerned, to be repealed." And on the same day he wrote as follows to Mr. Murray:—"A violation of the engagements taken by Denmark in 1851-2 towards Germany is an offence which may properly be resented, and for which redress may be claimed." Here, then, we find that while the Premier treats the invasion of the Duchies as "an infamous aggression," the Foreign Secretary states explicitly that Denmark had "violated her engagements," and that such a violation was a well-founded *casus belli*—an act which "may properly be resented, and for which redress may be claimed." How are we to reconcile such a divergence of opinion on the part of the two leading members of the Cabinet? How are we to account for the sudden forgetfulness of the principle of nationality which has come over both Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, not to speak of their colleagues and subordinates? How are we to explain Lord Russell's menaces towards the German Powers, when he himself states that they were fully entitled to take measures for obtaining redress? And above all, how is it possible to excuse the Ministry for leading Denmark to expect material assistance from this country, up to the very time that hostilities began, and thereafter first hesitating and then resiling, leaving Denmark in the lurch? The policy of the Government is an enigma—its diplomacy is a chaos.

The Lord Palmerston of to-day is not his former self. Doubtless even the most vigorous capacity must begin to decline when life has overstepped its ordinary limit of fourscore years. But it is rather to the indirect than to the direct effects of advancing age that we attribute the peculiar differences which the veteran Premier now presents to the Palmerston of former days. A natural but dangerous ambition prompts him to keep in office to the last. Were he to fall, he could not look forward to another Premiership. His has been the greatest reputation of any English statesman since Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, of late years there has been an enthusiasm for Palmerston such as there was not for Peel. But that enthusiasm is waning. The Cabinet has become wholly discredited. Blunder after blunder, failure after failure, has marked its career. In foreign affairs its power is paralysed by disunion. At the critical juncture, a line of policy which had been followed for months is suddenly abandoned in consequence of a split in the Cabinet. Eager to remain in power to the last, Lord Palmerston gives way before threats of a secession which would endanger his Ministry. Rather than resign, he becomes a *roi fainéant*. But the interests of the country suffer from such a course. The moral influence of England is temporarily annihilated; our threats of hostility are disregarded and contemned; and our promises of material assistance are given only to be broken. At present, England has not a single ally, and her name has become a laughingstock among the great Powers. She is a terror to no one, and a danger only to those who trust in her.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXXI.—TWO FRIENDS.

It was like a return to his former self—to his gay, happy, careless nature—for Tony Butler to find himself with his friend Skeffy. As painters lay layers of the same colour on, one over the other, to deepen the effect, so does youth double itself by companionship. As for Skeffy, never did a schoolboy exult more in a holiday, and, like a schoolboy, his spirits boiled over in all manner of small excesses, practical jokes on his fellow-passengers, and all those glorious tomfooleries, to be able to do which, with zest, is worth all the enjoyment that ever cynicism yielded twice told.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come. I didn't see you when the coach drove into the inn yard; and I was so disappointed," said Tony, as he surveyed the mass of luggage which the guard seemed never to finish depositing before his friend.

"Two portmanteaus, sir," said the guard, "three carpet-bags, a dressing-case, a hat-box, a gun-case, bundle of sticks and umbrellas, and I think this parrot and cage, are yours."

"A parrot, Skeffy!"

"For Mrs. Maxwell, you dog: she loves parrots, and I gave ten guineas for that beggar, because they assured me he could positively keep up a conversation; and the only thing he *can* say is, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

No sooner had the bird heard the words than he screamed them out with a wild and scornful cry that made them sound like a bitter mockery.

"There—that's at *me*," whispered Skeffy—"at *me* and *my* chance of Tilney. I'm half inclined to wring his neck when I hear it."

"Are you looking for any one, Harris?" asked Tony of a servant in livery who had just ridden into the yard.

"Yes, sir; I have a letter from my mistress for a gentleman that was to have come by the mail."

"Here he is," said Tony, as he glanced at the address, "This is Mr. Skeffington Damer."

While Skeffy broke the seal, Tony muttered in his ear, "Mind, old fellow, you are to come to us before

you go to Tilney, no matter how pressing she may be."

"Here's a business," said Skeffy; "as well as I can make out her old pothooks, it is that she can't receive me. 'My dear'—she first wrote 'Nephew,' but it's smudged out—'My dear Cousin Damer, I am much distressed to tell you that you must not come here. It is the scarlatina, which the doctors all think highly infectious, though we burn cinnamon and that other thing through all the rooms. My advice would be to go to Harrogate, or some nice place, to amuse yourself, and I enclose this piece of thin paper.' Where is it though?" said he, opening the letter and shaking it. "Just think of the old woman forgetting to put up the enclosure!"

"Try the envelope!" cried Tony, eagerly; but no, the envelope was also empty, and it was plain enough she had omitted it.

Skeffy read on—"I had a very pretty pony for you here, and I remember Lydia Damer told me how nice you looked riding, with the long curls down your back.' Why, that was five-and-twenty years ago!" cried he, with a scream of laughter—"just fancy Tony!" and he ran his fingers through his hair. "How am I ever to keep up the illusion with this crop! 'But'"—he went on to read—"But I suppose I shall not see that now. I shall be eighty-one next November. Mind that you drink my health on the 22d, if I be alive. I could send you the pony if you thought it would not be too expensive to keep him in London. Tilney is looking beautiful, and the trees are budding as if it were spring. Drop me a line before you leave the neighbourhood; and believe me, your affectionate godmother,

"DINAH MAXWELL."

"I think I'd better say I'll send an answer," said Skeffy, as he crumpled up the letter; "and as to the enclosure——"

A wild scream and some unin-

telligible utterance broke from the parrot at this instant.

"Yes, you beggar, 'you wish I may get it.' By the way, the servant can take that fellow back with him: I am right glad to be rid of him."

"It's the old adage of the ill wind," said Tony, laughing.

"How so? What do you mean?"

"I mean that *your* ill-luck is *our* good fortune; for as you can't go to Tilney, you'll have to stay the longer with us."

Skeffy seized his hand and gave it a cordial shake, and the two young fellows looked fully and frankly at each other, as men do look before the game of life has caught too strong a hold upon their hearts, and taught them over-anxiety to rise winners from it.

"Now then for your chateau," said Skeffy, as he leaped up on the car, already half-hidden beneath his luggage.

"Our chateau is a thatched cabin," said Tony, blushing in spite of all his attempts to seem at ease. "It is only a friend would have heart to face its humble fare."

Not heeding, if he even heard, the remark, Skeffy rattled on about everything—past, present, and future; talked of their jolly dinner at Richmond, and of each of their companions on that gay day; asked the names of the various places they passed on the road—what were the usual fortunes of the proprietors, how they spent them, and, seldom waiting for the answer, started some new query, to be forgotten in its turn.

"It is a finer country to ride over," said Tony, anxious to say something favourable for his locality, "than to look at. It is not pretty, perhaps, but there's plenty of grass, and no end of stone walls to jump, and in the season there's some capital trout fishing too."

"Don't care a copper for either. I'd rather see a new pantomime than the best stag-hunt in Europe. I'd rather see Tom Salter do the double spring backwards than I'd see them take a whale."

"I'm not of your mind, then," said Tony. "I'd rather be out on the hillside of a dull, good-scenting day—well mounted, of course—and hear the dogs as they rushed yelping through the cover."

"Yoics, yoics, yoics! I saw it all at Astley's, and they took a gate in rare style: but, I say, what is that tower yonder topping the trees?"

"That is Lyle Abbey, Sir Arthur Lyle's place."

"Lyle—Lyle. There was such a picture in the Exhibition last year of two sisters, Maud, or Alice, or Bella Lyle, and another, by Watts. I used to go every morning, before I went down to the Office, to have a look at them, and I never was quite certain which I was in love with."

"They are here; they are Sir Arthur's daughters."

"You don't say so. And do you know them, Tony?"

"As well as if they were my sisters."

"Ain't I in luck!" cried Skeffy, in exultation. "I'd have gone to Tarnoff—that's the place Holmes was named consul at, and wrote back word that it didn't exist, and that the geography fellows were only hoaxing the Office! just fancy, hoaxing the Office! Hulloa!—what have we here? a four-horse team, by all that's stunning!"

"Mrs. Trafford's. Draw up at the side of the road till they pass, Peter," said Tony, hurriedly. The servant on the box of the carriage had, however, apparently announced Tony Butler's presence, for the postillions slackened their pace, and came to a dead halt a few paces in front of the car.

"My mistress, sir, would be glad to speak to you," said the servant, approaching Tony.

"Is she alone, Coles?" asked he, as he descended from the car.

"Yes, sir."

Somewhat reassured by this, but at the same time not a little agitated, Tony drew nigh the carriage. Mrs. Trafford was wrapped up in a large fur mantle—the day was a cold

one—and lay back without making any movement to salute, except a slight bend of the head as he approached.

"I have to apologise for stopping you," said she, coldly; "but I had a message to give you from Mr. Maitland, who left this a couple of days ago."

"Is he gone—gone for good?" asked Tony, not really knowing what he said.

"I don't exactly know what 'for good' means," said she, smiling faintly; "but I believe he has not any intention to return here. His message was to say that, being much pressed for time, he had not an opportunity to reply to your note."

"I don't think it required an answer," broke in Tony, sternly.

"Perhaps not as regarded you, but possibly it did as respected himself."

"I don't understand you."

"What I mean is, that, as you had declined his offer, you might possibly, from inadvertence or any other cause, allude to it; whereas he expressly wished that the subject should never be mentioned."

"You were apparently very much in his confidence," said Tony, fixing his eyes steadily on her.

"When I learn by what right you ask me that question, I'll answer it," said she, just as defiantly.

Tony's face became crimson, and he could not utter a word. At last he stammered out, "I have a friend here, Mr. Damer: he is just come over to pay a visit at Tilney, and Mrs. Maxwell sends him a note to say that they are all ill there."

"Only Bella, and she is better."

"And was Bella ill?" asked Tony, eagerly.

"Yes, since Tuesday; on Wednesday, and even up to Friday, very ill. There was a time this could scarcely have happened without your coming to ask after her."

"Is it my fault, Alice? First of all, I never knew it. You know well I go nowhere. I do not mix with those who frequent grand houses. But tell me of Bella."

"She was never alarmingly ill; but the doctor called it scarlatina, and frightened every one away; and poor Mrs. Maxwell has not yet recovered the shock of seeing her guests depart and her house deserted, for Bella and myself are all that remain."

"May I present my friend to you—he would take it as such a favour?" asked Tony, timidly.

"I think not," said she, with an air of indolence.

"Do let me; he saw your picture—that picture of you and Bella, at the Exhibition—and he is wild to see yourself. Don't refuse me, Alice."

"If you think this a favour, I wonder you have courage to ask it. Come, you need not look cross, Master Tony, particularly as all the fault is on your own side. Come over to Tilney the day after to-morrow with your friend."

"But I don't know Mrs. Maxwell."

"That does not signify in the least; do what I bid you. I am as much mistress there as she is while I stay. Come early. I shall be quite alone, for Mark goes to-morrow to town, and Bella will scarcely be well enough to see you."

"And you'll not let me introduce him now?"

"No; I shall look more like my picture in a house dress; and perhaps—though I'll not promise—he in a better temper too. Good-bye."

"Won't you shake hands with me, Alice?"

"No; it's too cold to take my hand out of my muff. Remember now, Saturday morning, without fail."

"Alice!" said he, with a look at once devoted and reproachful.

"Tony!" said she, imitating his tone of voice to perfection, "there's your friend getting impatient—Good-bye."

As the spanking team whirled past, Skeffy had but a second or two to catch a glance at the veiled and muffled figure that reclined so voluptuously in the corner of the

carriage; but he was ready to declare that she had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and "knew what to do with them besides." "You're in love with her, Tony," cried he, fixing a steadfast stare on the pale and agitated features at his side. "I see it, old fellow! I know every shade and tint of that blessed thing they miscall the tender passion! Make me no confessions; I don't want them. Your heart is at her feet, and she treats it like a football."

Tony's cheeks grew purple.

"There's no shame in that, my boy. Women do that with better men than either of us; ay, and will continue to do it centuries after you and I shall be canonised as saints. It's that same contempt of us that makes them worth the winning; but, I say, why is the fellow drawing up here?—is he going to bate his beast?"

"No," muttered Tony, with a certain confusion; "but we must get down and walk here. Our road lies by that path yonder: there's no carriage-way up to our 'chateau,'" and he gave a peculiar accent to the last word.

"All right," said Skeffy, gaily. "I'm good for ten miles of a walk."

"I'll not test your powers so far; less than a quarter of an hour will bring us home. Take down the luggage, and I'll send up for it," said he to the driver.

"What honest poor devils you must be down here!" said Skeffy, as he saw the carman deposit the trunks on the road and drive off. "I'd not like to try this experiment in Charing Cross."

"You see there is some good in poverty, after all," said Tony, laughing.

"Egad, I've tried it for some years without discovering it," said Skeffy, gravely. "That," continued he, after a brief pause, "it should make men careless, thoughtless, reckless if you like, I can conceive; but why it should make them honest, is clean beyond me. What an appetite this sharp air is giving me,

Master Tony. I'll astonish that sir-loin or that saddle of yours, whichever it be."

"More likely neither, Skeffy, You're lucky if it be a'rasher and eggs."

"Oh that it may be," cried the other, "and draught beer! Have you got draught beer?"

"I don't think we have any other. There's our crib—that little cabin under the rocks yonder."

"How pretty it is—the snuggest spot I ever saw!"

"You're a good fellow to say so," cried Tony, and his eyes swam in tears as he turned away.

What a change has come over Tony Butler within the last twenty-four hours! All his fears and terrors as to what Skeffy would think of their humble cottage and simple mode of life have given way, and there he goes about from place to place, showing to his friend how comfortable everything is, and how snug. "There are grander dining-rooms, no doubt, but did you ever see a warmer or a 'cozier?' and as to the drawing-room—match the view from the window in all Europe; between that great bluff of Fairhead and the huge precipice yonder of the Causeway there is a sweep of coast unrivalled anywhere. Those great rocks are the Skerries; and there, where you see that one stone-pine tree—there, under that cliff, is the cove where I keep my boat: not much of a boat," added he, in a weaker voice, "because I used always to have the cutter—Sir Arthur's yacht. Round that point there is such a spot to bathe in; twenty feet water at the very edge, and a white gravel bottom, without a weed. Passing up that little pathway, you gain the ledge yonder; and there, do you mark the two stones, like gate-piers? there you enter Sir Arthur Lyle's demesne. You can't see the shrubberies, for the ground dips, and the trees will only grow in the valleys here!" And there was a despondent tenderness in the last words that seem-

ed to say, "if it were not for that, this would be paradise!"

Nor was it mere politeness, and the spirit of good breeding, that made Skeffy a genial listener to these praises. What between the sense of a holiday, the delight of what Cockn-ys call an "outing," the fine fresh breezy air of the place, the breadth and space—great elements of expansiveness—Skeffy felt a degree of enjoyment that amounted to ecstasy.

"I don't wonder that you like it all, Tony," said he. "You'll never, in all your wanderings, see anything finer."

"I often say as much to myself," replied Tony. "As I sit here of an evening, with my cigar, I often say, 'Why should I go over the world in search of fortune, when I have all that one wants here—here at my very hand?' Don't you think a fellow might be content with it?"

"Content! I could be as happy as a king here!" and for a moment or two Skeffy really revelled in delighted thoughts of a region where the tinkle of a Minister's hand-bell had never been heard; where no "service messengers" ever came; where no dunning tailors invaded! a paradise that knew not the post nor dreamed of the telegraph.

"And as to money," continued Tony, "One does not want to be rich in such a place. I'm as well off here with, we'll say, two hundred a year—we haven't got so much, but I'll say that—as I should be in London with a thousand."

"Better! decidedly better!" said Skeffy, puffing his cigar, and thinking over that snow-storm of Christmas bills which awaited him on his return.

"If it were not for one thing, Skeffy, I'd never leave it," said he, with a deep sigh, and a look that said as plainly as ever words spoke, Let me open my heart to you.

"I know it all, old fellow, just as if you had confessed it to me. I know the whole story."

"What do you know, or what

do you suppose you know?" said Tony, growing red.

"I say," said Skeffy, with that tone of superiority that he liked to assume—"I say that I read you like a book."

"Read aloud then, and I'll say if you're right."

"It's wrong with you here, Butler," said Skeffy, laying his hand on the other's heart; and a deep sigh was all the answer. "Give me another weed," said Skeffy, and for some seconds he employed himself in lighting it. "There's not a man in England," said he, slowly, and with the deliberateness of a judge in giving sentence—"not a man in England knows more of these sort of things than I do. You, I'm certain, take me for a man of pleasure and the world—a gay, butterfly sort of creature, flitting at will from flower to flower; or you believe me—and in that with more reason—a fellow full of ambition, and determined to play a high-stake in life; but yet, Tony Butler, within all these there is another nature, like the holy of holies in the sanctuary. Ay, my dear friend, there is the—what the poet calls the 'crimson heart within the rose.' Isn't that it?"

"I don't know," said Tony, bluntly.

And now Skeffy smoked on for some minutes without a word. At length he said, in a solemn tone, "It has not been for nothing, Butler, that I acquired the gift I speak of. If I see into the hearts of men like you, I have paid the price of it."

"I'm not so certain that you can do it," said Tony, half doubting his friend's skill, and half eager to provoke an exercise of it.

"I'll show whether I can or not. Of course, if you like to disclaim or deny—"

"I'll disclaim nothing that I know to be true."

"And I am to speak freely?"

"As freely as you are able."

"Here it is, then, in five words: You are in love, Tony—in love with that beautiful widow."

Tony held his head down between his hands, and was silent.

"You feel that the case is hopeless—that is to say, that you know, besides being of rank and wealth, she is one to make a great match, and that her family would never consent to hear of your pretensions; and yet all this while you have a sort of lurking suspicion that she cares for you?"

"No, no!" muttered Tony between his hands.

"Well, that she did once, and that not very long ago."

"Not even that," said Tony, drearily.

"I know better—you *do* think so. And I'll tell you more: what makes you so keenly alive to her change—perfidy, you would like to call it—is this, that you have gone through that stage of the disease yourself."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you shall. The lovely Alice—isn't that the name?"

Tony nodded.

"The lovely Alice got your own heart only at second hand. You used to be in love with the little girl that was governess at Richmond."

"Not a word of it true—nothing of the kind," broke out Tony, fiercely. "Dolly and I were brother and sister—we always said we were."

"What does that signify? I tried the brother-and-sister dodge, and I know what it cost me when she married Maccleston;" and Skeffy here threw his segar into the sea, as though an emblem of his shipwrecked destiny. "Mind me well, Butler," said he at last: "I did not say that you ever told your heart you loved her; but she knew it, take my word for it. She knew, and in the knowing it was the attraction that drew you on."

"But I was not drawn on."

"Don't tell me, sir. Answer me just this, Did any man ever know the hour, or even the day, that he caught a fever? Could he go back, in memory, and say, It was on Tuesday last, at a quarter to three, that

my pulse rose, my respiration grew shorter, and my temples began to throb? So it is with love, the most malignant of all fevers. All this time that you and What's-her-name were playing brother and sister so innocently, your hearts were learning to feel in unison—just as two pendulums in the same room acquire the same beat and swing together. You've heard that?"

"I may; but you are all wrong about Dolly."

"What would she say to it?"

"Just what I do."

"Well, we cannot ask her, for she's not here."

"She is here—*not* two miles from where we are standing: not that it signifies much, for of course neither of us would do *that*."

"Not plump out, certainly, in so many words."

"Not in any way, Skeffy. It is because I look upon Dolly as my own dear sister, I would not suffer a word to be said that could offend her."

"Offend her! oh dear, how young you are in these things!"

"What is it, Jenny?" cried Tony to the servant-girl who was shouting, not very intelligibly, from a little knoll at a distance. "Oh! she's saying that supper is ready, and the kippered salmon getting cold, as if any one cared!"

"Don't they care?" cried Skeffy.

"Well, then, they haven't been inhaling this sea-breeze for an hour, as I have. Heaven grant that love has carried off your appetite, Tony, for I feel as if I could eat for six."

CHAPTER XXXII.—ON THE ROCKS.

It was a rare thing for Tony Butler to lie awake at night, and yet he did so for full an hour or more after that conversation with Skeffy. It was such a strange blunder for one of Skeffy's shrewdness to have made—so inexplicable. To imagine that he, Tony, had ever been in love with Dolly! Dolly, his play-fellow since the time when the "twa had paidled i' the burn;" Dolly, to whom he went with every little care that crossed him, never shrinking for an instant from those avowals of doubt or difficulty that no one makes to his sweetheart. So, at least, thought Tony. And the same Dolly to whom he had revealed once, in deepest secrecy, that he was in love with Alice. To be sure, it was a boyish confession, made years ago, and since that Alice had grown up to be a woman and was married, so that the story of the love was like a fairy tale.

"In love with Dolly!" muttered he. "If he had but ever seen us together, he would have known that could not be." Poor Tony! he knew of love in its moods of worship and devotion, and in its aspect

of a life-giving impulse—a soul-filling, engrossing sentiment—inspiring timidity when near, and the desire for boldness when away. With such alternating influence Dolly had never racked his heart. He sought her with a quiet conscience, untroubled by a fear.

"How could Skeffy make such a mistake! That it is a mistake, who would recognise more quickly than Dolly herself; and with what humorous drollery—a drollery all her own—would she not treat it! A rare punishment for your blunder, Master Skeffy, would it be to tell Dolly of it all in your presence?" and at last wearied out with thinking, he fell asleep.

The day broke with one of those bright, breezy mornings which, though "trying" to the nerves of the weak and delicate, are glorious stimulants to the strong. The sea plashed merrily over the rocks, and the white streaky clouds flew over the land with a speed that said it blew hard at sea. "Glorious day for a sail, Skeffy: we can beat out, and come back with a stern-wind whenever we like."

"I'll anticipate the wish by staying on shore, Tony."

"I can't offer you a mount, Skeffy, for I am not the owner of even a donkey."

"Who wants one? Who wants anything better than to go down where we were yesterday evening, under that big black rock, with the sea before us and the whole wide world behind us, and talk? When a fellow lives as I do, cooped up within four walls, the range of his views some tiers of pigeon-holes, mere freedom and a sea-breeze are the grandest luxuries in creation;" and off they set, armed with an ample supply of tobacco, the life-buoy of those strugglers in the sea of thought who only ask to float, but not to reach the shore.

How delightfully did the hours pass over! At least so Tony felt, for what a wonderful fellow was Skeffy! What had he not seen, or heard, or read? What theme was new, what subject unknown to him? But, above all, what a marvellous insight had he into the world—the actual world of men and women! Great people were not to his eyes mighty gods and goddesses, seated loftily on a West-End Olympus, but fallible mortals, with chagrins about the Court, and grievances about invitations to Windsor. Ministers too, whose nods shook empires, were humanities, very irritable under the gout, and much given to colchicum. Skeffy "knew the whole thing"—he was not one of the mere audience. He lived in the green-room or on the "flats." He knew all the secrets of state, from the splendid armaments that existed on paper, to the mock thunders that were manufactured and patented by F. O.

These things Skeffy told like confidences—secrets he would not have breathed to any one he held less near to his heart than Tony. But somehow commonplaces told by the lips of authority will assume an immense authority, and carry with them a stupendous weight; and Tony listened to the precious words

of wisdom as he might have listened to the voice of Solomon.

But even more interesting still did he become as he sketched forth, very vaguely, indeed—a sort of Turner in his later style of cloud and vapour—his own great future. Not very clear and distinct the steps by which he was fated to rise, but palpable enough the great elevation he was ultimately to occupy.

"Don't imagine, old fellow," said he, laying his hand on Tony's shoulders, "that I am going to forget you when that time comes. I'm not going to leave you a Queen's messenger."

"What could you make of me?" said Tony, despondently.

"Fifty things," said the other, with a confidence that seemed to say, I, Skeffy, am equal to more than this; "fifty things. You, of course, cannot be expected to know it, but I can tell you it's far harder to get a small place than a big one—harder to be a corporal than a lieutenant-general."

"How do you explain that?" asked Tony, with an eager curiosity.

"You can't understand it without knowing life. I cannot convey to you how to win a trick where you don't know the game." And Skeffy showed, by the impatient way he tried to light a fresh cigar, that he was not fully satisfied with the force or clearness of his own explanation; and he went on: "You see, old fellow, when you have climbed up some rungs of the ladder with a certain amount of assurance, many will think you are determined to get to the top."

"Well, but if a man's ladder has only one rung, as I imagine is the case with mine!" broke in Tony.

Skeffy looked at his companion for a moment, half surprised that he should have carried out the figure, and then laughed heartily, as he said, "Splice it to mine, my boy; it will bear us both."

It was no use that Tony shook his head and looked despondingly; there was a hopeful warmth about Skeffy not to be extinguished by

any discouragement. In fact, if a shade of dissatisfaction seemed ever to cloud the brightness of his visions, it was the fear lest, even in his success, some other career might be neglected wherein the rewards were greater and the prizes more splendid. He knew, and he did not scruple to declare that he knew, if he had been a soldier, he'd have risen to the highest command. If he'd have gone to the Bar, he'd have ended on the Woolsack. Had he "taken that Indian appointment," he'd have been high up by this time on the Council, with his eye on Government House for a finish. "That's what depresses me about diplomacy, Tony. The higher you go, the less sure you are. They—I mean your own party—give you Paris or St. Petersburg, we'll say; and if they go out, so must you."

"Why must you?" asked Tony.

"For the reason that the well-bred dog went down-stairs when he saw certain preparations that betokened kicking him down."

"After all, I think a new colony and the gold-fields the real thing—the glorious independence of it; you live how you like, and with whom you like. No Mrs. Grundy to say, 'Do you know who dined with Skelfington Damer yesterday?' 'Did you remark the young woman who sat beside him in his carriage?' and suchlike."

"But you cannot be always sure of your nuggets," muttered Tony. "I've seen fellows come back poorer than they went."

"Of course you have; it's not every horse wins the Darby, old boy. And I'll tell you another thing too; the feeling, the instinct, the inner consciousness that you carry success in your nature, is a rarer and a higher gift than the very power to succeed. You meet with clever fellows every day in the week who have no gauge of their own cleverness. To give an illustration: you write a book, we'll say."

"No, I don't," blurted out Tony.

"Well, but you might; it is at least possible."

"It is not."

"Well, let us take something else. You are about to try something that has a great reward attached to it, if successful: you want, we'll suppose, to marry a woman of high rank and large fortune, very beautiful—in fact, one to whom, according to everyday notions, you have not any the slightest pretensions. Isn't that a strong case, eh?"

"Worse than the book. Perhaps I'd better try authorship," said Tony, growing very red: "but make the case your own, and I'll listen just as attentively."

"Well, here goes: I have only to draw on memory," said he, with a sigh; "I suppose you don't remember seeing in the papers, about a year and a half ago, that the Prince of Cobourg Cohari—not one of our Cobourgs, but an Austrian branch—came over to visit the Queen. He brought his daughter Olga with him: she was called Olga after the Empress of Russia's sister. And such a girl! She was nearly as tall as you, Tony—I'll swear she was—with enormous blue eyes, and masses of fair hair that she wore in some Russian fashion that seemed as if it had fallen loose over her neck and shoulders. And weren't they shoulders! I do like a large woman! a regular Cleopatra—indolent, voluptuous, dreamy. I like the majestic languor of their walk; and there is a massive grandeur in their slightest gesture that is very imposing."

"Go on," muttered Tony, as the other seemed to pause for a sentiment of concurrence.

"I was in the Household in those days, and I was sent down with old Dollington to Dover to meet them; but somehow they arrived before we got down, and were comfortably installed at the Lord Warden when we arrived. It did not matter much; for old Cohari was seized with an attack of gout, and could not stir; and there I was, running back and forward to the telegraph office all day, reporting how he was, and whether he would or would not have Sir James This or Sir John

That down to see him! Dollington and he were old friends, fortunately, and had a deal to say to each other, so that I was constantly with Olga. At first she was supremely haughty and distant, as you may imagine. A regular Austrian Serene Highness grafted on a Beauty—fancy that! But it never deterred me; and I contrived that she should see mine was the homage of a heart she had captivated, not of a courtier that was bound to obey her. She saw it, sir—saw it at once; saw it with that instinct that whispers to the female heart, 'He loves me,' ere the man has ever said it to himself. She not only saw, but she did not discourage, my passion. Twenty little incidents of our daily life showed this, as we rambled across the downs together, or strolled along the shore to watch the setting sun and the arrival of the mail-boat from Calais.

"At last the Prince recovered sufficiently to continue his journey, and I went down to order a special train to take us up to town the following morning. By some stupid arrangement, however, of the directors, an earlier announcement should have been given, and all they could do was to let us have one of the royal carriages attached to the express. I was vexed at this, and so was Dollington, but the Prince did not care in the least; and when I went to speak of it to Olga, she hung down her head for an instant, and then, in a voice and with an accent I shall never forget, she said, 'Ah, Monsieur Damer, it would appear to be your destiny to be always too late!' She left me as she spoke, and we never met after; for on that same evening I learned from Dollington she was betrothed to the Duke Max of Hohenhambelsbraten, and to be married in a month. That was the meaning of her emotion—that was the source of a sorrow that all but overcame her; for she loved me, Tony—she loved me! not with that headlong devotion that belongs to the warmer races, but with a Teutonic love; and when she said, 'I was too late,

it was the declaration of a heart whose valves worked under a moderate pressure, and never risked an explosion."

"But how do you know that she was not alluding to the train, and to your being late to receive them on the landing?" asked Tony.

"Ain't you prosaic, Tony—ain't you six-and-eightpence! with your dull and commonplace interpretation! I tell you, sir, that she meant, 'I love you, but it is in vain—I love you, but another is before you—I love you, but you come too late!'"

"And what did you do?" asked Tony, anxious to relieve himself from a position of some awkwardness.

"I acted with dignity, sir. I resigned in the Household, and got appointed to the Colonial."

"And what does it all prove, except it be something against your own theory, that a man should think there is nothing too high for his reach?"

"Verily, Tony, I have much to teach you," said Skeffy, gravely, but good-naturedly. "This little incident shows by what slight casualties our fortunes are swayed: had it not been for Max of Hammelsbraten, where might not I have been to-day? It is by the flaw in the metal the strength of the gun is measured—so it is by a man's failures in life you can estimate his value. Another would not have dared to raise his eyes so high!"

"That I can well believe," said Tony, dryly.

"You, for instance, would no more have permitted yourself to fall in love with her, than you'd have thought of tossing for half-crowns with the Prince her father."

"Pretty much the same," muttered Tony.

"That's it—that is exactly what establishes the difference between men in life. It is by the elevation given to the cannon that the ball is thrown so far. It is by the high purpose of a man that you measure his genius."

"All the genius in the world won't make you able to take a horse over seven feet of a stone wall," said Tony; "and whatever is impossible has no interest for me."

"You never can say what is impossible," broke in Skeffy. I'll tell you experiences of mine, and you'll exclaim at every step, 'How could that be?'" Skeffy had now thoroughly warmed to his theme—the theme he loved best in the world—himself; for he was one of those who "take out" all their egotism in talk. Let him only speak of himself, and he was ready to act heartily and energetically in the cause of his friends. All that he possessed was at their service—his time, his talents, his ingenuity, his influence, and his purse. He could give them everything but one; he could not make them heroes in his stories. No, his romance was his own realm, and he could share it with none.

Listen to him, and there never was a man so traded on—so robbed and pilfered from. A Chancellor of the Exchequer had caught up that notion of his about the tax on domestic cats. It was on the railroad he had dropped that hint about a supply of cordials in all fire-escapes. That clever suggestion of a web livery that would fit footmen of all sizes was his—he remembered the day he made it, and the fellow that stole it, too, on the chain-pier at Brighton. What leaders in the 'Times'—what smart things in the 'Saturday'—what sketches in 'Punch,' were constructed out of his dinner talk!

Poor Tony listened to all these with astonishment, and even con-

fusion, for one-half, at least, of the topics were totally strange and new to him. "Tell me," said he at last, with a bold effort to come back to a land of solid reality, "what of that poor fellow whose bundle I carried away with me? Your letter said something mysterious about him, which I could make nothing of."

"Ah, yes—a dangerous dog—a friend of Mazzini's, and a member of I can't say how many secret societies. The Inspector, hearing that I had asked after him at the hotel, came up to F. O. t'other morning to learn what I knew of him, and each of us tried for full half an hour to pump the other."

"I'll not believe one word against him," said Tony, sturdily; "an honest, franker face I never looked at."

"No doubt! Who would wish to see a better-looking fellow than Orsini?"

"And what has become of him—of Quin, I mean?"

"Got away, clean away, and no one knows how or where. I'll tell you, Tony," said he, "what I would not tell another—that they stole that idea of the explosive bombs from me."

"You don't mean to say——"

"Of course not, old fellow. I'm not a man to counsel assassination; but in the loose way I talk, throwing out notions for this and hints for that, they caught up this idea just as Blakely did that plan of mine for rifling large guns."

Tony fixed his eyes on him for a moment or two in silence, and then said gravely, "I think it must be near dinner-time; let us saunter towards home."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A MORNING CALL AT TILNEY.

On the morning after this conversation the two friends set out for Tilney—Skeffy, as usual, full of himself, and consequently in high spirits—happy in the present, and confident for the future. Tony, in-

deed, was delighted with his companion, and thoroughly enjoyed the volatile gaiety of one who seemed to derive pleasure from everything. With all a schoolboy's zest for a holiday, Skeffy would be for ever at

something. Now he would take the driver's seat on the car and play coachman, till, with one wheel in the ditch and the conveyance nearly over, he was summarily deposited by Tony, and stoutly rated for his awkwardness.

Then it was his pleasure to "chaff" the people on the road—a population the least susceptible of drollery in all Europe!—a grave, saturnine race, who, but for Tony's intervention, would have more than once resented such liberties very practically. As they saw the smoke from the chimney of a little cottage under the hill, and heard it was there Dolly Stewart lived, it was all Tony could do to prevent Skeffy running down to "have a look at her," just as it required actual force to keep him from jumping off as they passed a village school, where Skeffy wanted to examine a class in the Catechism. Then he would eat and drink everywhere, and, with a mock desire for information, ask the name of every place they passed, and as invariably miscall them, to the no small amusement of the carman, this being about the limit of his appreciation of fun.

"What a fidgety beggar you are!" said Tony, half angry and half laughing at the incessant caprices of his vivacious companion. "Do you know it's now going on to eleven o'clock, and we have fourteen miles yet before us?"

"One must eat occasionally, my dear friend. Even in the 'Arabian Nights' the heroine takes a slight refectation of dates now and then."

"But this is our third slight 'refectation' this morning, and we shall probably arrive at Tilney for luncheon."

"You can bear long fasts, I know. I have often heard of the 'starving Irish;' but the Anglo-Saxon stomach requires a 'retainer,' to remind it of the great cause to be tried at dinner-time. A mere bite of bread and cheese, and I'm with you."

At last the deep woods of Tilney came in sight; and evidence of a well-cared-for estate—trim cottages

on the roadside, and tasteful little gardens—showed that they were approaching the residence of one who was proud of her tenantry.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Tony, struck by a momentary silence on his companion's part.

"I was thinking, Tony," said he, gravely—"I was just thinking whether I could not summon up a sort of emotion at seeing the woods under whose shade my ancestors must have walked for heaven knows what centuries."

"Your ancestors! Why, they never lived here."

"Well, if they didn't, they ought. It seems a grand old place, and I already feel my heart warming to it. By the way, where's Maitland?"

"Gone; I told you he was off to the Continent. What do you know about this man—anything?"

"Not much. When I was at school, Tony, whenever in our New Testament examination they'd ask me who it was did this or said that, I always answered, John the Baptist, and in eight times out of ten it was a hit; and so in secular matters, whenever I was puzzled about a fellow's parentage, I invariably said—and you'll find as a rule it is invaluable—he's a son of George IV., or his father was. It accounts for everything—good looks, plenty of cash, air, swagger, mystery. It explains how a fellow knows every one, and is claimed by none."

"And is this Maitland's origin?"

"I can't tell; perhaps it is. Find me a better, or, as the poet says, 'has accipe mecum.' I say, is this the gate-lodge? Tony, old fellow, I hope I'll have you spending your Christmas here one of these days, with Skeff Damer your host!"

"More unlikely things have happened!" said Tony, quietly.

"What a cold northernism is that! Why, man, what so likely—what so highly probable? What, were I a sanguine fellow, would I say, so nearly certain? It was through a branch of the Damers—no, of the Nevils, I mean—who

intermarried with us, that the Maxwells got the estate. Paul Nevil was Morton Maxwell's mother—aunt, I should say—"

"Or uncle, perhaps," gravely interposed Tony.

"Yes, uncle—you're right! but you've muddled my genealogy for all that! Let us see. Who was Noel Skeffington? Noel was a sort of pivot in our family-engine, and everything seemed to depend on him; and such a respect had we for his intentions, that we went on contesting the meaning of his last will till we found out there was nothing more left to fight for. This Noel was the man that caught King George's horse when he was run away with at the battle of Dettingen; and the King wanted to make him a baronet, but, with tears in his eyes, he asked how he had ever incurred the royal displeasure to be visited with such a mark of disgrace? 'At all events,' said he, 'my innocent child, who is four years old, could never have offended your Majesty. Do not, therefore, involve him in my shame. Commute the sentence to knighthood, and my dishonour will die with me.'"

"I never heard of greater insolence," said Tony.

"It saved us though; but for this, I should have been Sir Skeffington to-day. Is that the house I see yonder?"

"That's a wing of it."

"'Home of my fathers, how my bosom throbs!' What's the next line. 'Home of my fathers, through my heart there runs!' That's it—'there runs,' runs. I forget how it goes, but I suppose it must rhyme to 'duns.'"

"Now, try and be reasonable for a couple of minutes," said Tony. "I scarcely am known to Mrs. Maxwell at all. I don't mean to stop here; I intend to go back to-night. What are your movements?"

"Let the Fates decide; that is to say, I'll toss up—heads, and I am to have the estate, and therefore remain; tails—I'm disinherited, and go back with you."

"I want you to be serious, Skeffy."

"Very kind of you, when I've only got fourteen days' leave, and three of them gone already."

"I'd rather you'd return with me; but I'd not like you to risk your future to please me."

"Has jealousy no share in this? Be frank and open; 'Crede Damer' is our proud motto; and by Jove, if certain tailors and bootmakers did not accept it, it would be an evil day for your humble servant!"

"I don't understand you," said Tony, gravely.

"You fear I'll make love to 'your widow,' Tony. Don't get so red, old fellow, nor look as if you wanted to throw me into the fish-pond."

"I had half a mind to do it," muttered Tony, in something between jest and earnest.

"I knew it—I saw it. You looked what the Yankees call mean-ugly; and positively I was afraid of you. But just reflect on the indelible disgrace it would be to you if I was drowned."

"You can swim, I suppose?"

"Not a stroke; it's about the only thing I cannot do."

"Why, you told me yesterday that you never shoot, you couldn't ride, never handled a fishing-rod."

"Nor hemmed a pocket-handkerchief," broke in Skeffy. "I own not to have any small accomplishments. What a noble building! I declare I am attached to it already. No, Tony; I pledge you my word of honour, no matter how pressed I may be, I'll not cut down a tree here."

"You may go round to the stable-yard," said Tony to the driver—"they'll feed you and your horse here."

"Of course they will," cried Skeffy; and then, grasping Tony's two hands, he said, "You are welcome to Tilney, my dear boy: I am heartily glad to see you here."

Tony turned and pulled the bell; the deep summons echoed loudly

and a number of small dogs joined in the uproar at the same time.

"There's 'the deep-mounted welcome as we draw near home,'" said Skeffy, while he threw the end of his cigar away.

A servant soon appeared and ushered them into a large low-ceilinged room, with fireplaces of antique fashion, the chimney-pieces of dark oak, surmounted by massive coats of arms glowing in all the colors of heraldry. It was eminently comfortable in all its details of fat low ottomans, deep easy-chairs, and squat cushions; and although the three windows which lighted it looked out upon a lawn, the view was bounded by a belt of trees, as though to convey that it was a room in which snugness was to be typified, to the exclusion of all that pretended to elegance. A massive and splendidly-bound Bible, showing little signs of use, lay on a centre table; a very well-thumbed 'Peerage' was beside it.

"I say, Tony, this is evidently aunt Maxwell's own drawing-room. It has all the peculiar grimness of an old lady's sanatorium; and I declare that fat old dog, snoring away on the rug, looks like a relation." While he stooped down to examine the creature more closely, the door opened, and Mrs. Maxwell, dressed in bonnet and shawl, and with a small garden watering-pot in her hand, entered. She only saw Tony; and running towards him with her open hand, said, "You naughty boy, didn't I tell you not to come here?"

Tony blushed deeply, and blurted something about being told or ordered to come by Mrs. Trafford.

"Well, well; it doesn't matter now; there's no danger. It's not 'catching,' the doctor says, and she'll be up to-morrow. Dear me! and who is this? The latter question was addressed to Skeffy, who had just risen from his knees.

"Mr. Skeffington Damer, ma'am," said Tony.

"And who are you, then?"

"Tony Butler: I thought you knew me."

"To be sure I do, and delighted to see you too. And this Pickle is Skeff, is he?"

"Dear aunt, let me embrace you," cried Skeffy, rushing rapturously into her arms.

"Well, I declare!" said the old lady, looking from one to the other; "I thought, if it was you, Skeff, what a great fine tall man you had grown; and there you are, the same little creature I saw you last."

"Little, aunt! what do you mean by little? Standard of the Line! In France I should be a Grenadier!"

The old lady laughed heartily at the haughty air with which he drew himself up and threw forward his chest as he spoke.

"What a nice parrot you have sent me! but I can't make out what it is he says."

"He says, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' aunt."

"Ah! so it is; and he means luncheon, I'm sure, which is just coming on the table. I hope you are both very hungry?"

"I ought to be, aunt. It's a long drive from the Causeway here. Hold your tongue, you dog," whispered he to Tony; "say nothing about the three breakfasts on the road, or I shall be disgraced."

"And how is your mother, Mr. Tony? I hope she has good health. Give me your arm to the dining-room; Pickle will take care of himself. This is a sickly season. The poor dear Commodore fell ill! and though the weather is so severe, woodcocks very scarce—there's a step here—and all so frightened for fear of the scarlatina that they run away; and I really wanted you here, to introduce you to—who was it?—not Mrs. Craycroft, was it? Tell Mrs. Trafford luncheon is ready, Groves, and say Mr. Butler is here. She doesn't know you, Pickle. Maybe you don't like to be called Pickle now?"

"Of course I do, aunt; it reminds me of long ago," said he, with an air of emotion.

"By the way, it was George, and

not you, I used to call Pickle — poor George, that went to Bombay."

"Ah, yes; he was India Pickle, aunt, and you used to call me Piccalilli!"

"Perhaps I did, but I forget. Here, take the head of the table; Mr. Tony, sit by me. Oh, dear! what a small party! This day last week we were twenty-seven! Oh, he'll not find Alice, for I left her in my flower-garden; I'll go for her myself."

"Make yourself at home, Tony," said Skeffy, as soon as the old lady left the room. "Believe me, it is with no common pleasure that I see you under my roof."

"I was going to play parrot, and say, 'Don't you wish you may?'" muttered Tony, dryly.

"Unbeliever, that will not credit the mutton on his plate, nor the sherry in his glass! Hush! here they are."

Alice sailed proudly into the room, gave her hand to Tony with a pretended air of condescension, but a real cordiality, and said, — "You're a good boy, after all; and Bella sends you all manner of kind forgivenesses."

"My nephew Damer, Alice," said Mrs. Maxwell, never very formal in her presentations of those she regarded as little more than children. "I suppose he'll not mind being called Pickle before you?"

Even Tony — not the shrewdest, certainly, of observers — was struck by the well-bred ease with which his friend conducted himself in a situation of some difficulty, managing, at the same time, neither to offend the old lady's susceptibilities, nor sacrifice the respect he owed himself. In fact, the presence of Alice recalled Skeffy, as if by magic, to every observance of his daily life. She belonged to the world he knew best — perhaps the only one he knew at all; and his conversation at once became as easy and as natural as though he were once more back in the society of the great city.

Mrs. Maxwell, however, would not part with him so easily, and proceeded to put him through a catechism of all their connections — Skeffingtons, Damers, Maxwells, and Nevils — in every variety of combination. As Skeffy avowed afterwards, "The 'Little Go' was nothing to it." With the intention of shocking the old lady, and what he called "shunting her" off her inquiries, he reported nothing of the family but disasters and disgraces. The men and women of the house inherited, according to him, little of the proud boast of the Bayards; no one ever before heard such a catalogue of rogues, swindlers, defaulters, nor so many narratives of separations and divorces. What he meant for a shock turned out a seduction; and she grew madly eager to hear more — more even than he was prepared to invent.

"Ugh!" said he at last to himself, as he tossed off a glass of sherry, "I'm coming fast to capital offences, and if she presses me more I'll give her a murder."

These family histories, apparently so confidentially imparted, gave Alice a pretext to take Tony off with her, and show him the gardens. Poor Tony, too, was eager to have an opportunity to speak of his friend to Alice. "Skeffy was such a good fellow; so hearty — so generous — so ready to do a kind thing; and then, such a thorough gentleman! If you had but seen him, Alice, in our little cabin, so very different in every way from all he is accustomed to, and saw how delighted he was with everything; how pleasantly he fell into all our habits, and how nice his manner to my mother. She reads people pretty quickly; and I'll tell you what she said — 'He has a brave big heart under all his motley.'"

"I rather like him already," said Alice, with a faint smile at Tony's eagerness; "he is going to stop here, is he not?"

"I cannot tell. I only know that Mrs. Maxwell wrote to put him off."

"Yes, that she did a couple of days ago; but now that Bella is so much better—so nearly well, I may say—I think she means to keep him, and you too, Tony, if you will so far favour us."

"I cannot—it is impossible."

"I had hoped, Tony," said she, with a malicious sparkle in her eyes, "that it was only against Lyle Abbey you bore a grudge, and not against every house where I should happen to be a visitor."

"Alice, Alice!" said he, with trembling lips, "surely this is not fair."

"If it be true, is the question; and until you have told me why you ceased to come to us—why you gave up those who always liked you—I must, I cannot help believing it to be true."

Tony was silent; his heart swelled up as if it would burst his chest; but he struggled manfully, and hid his emotion.

"I conclude," said she, sharply, "it was not a mere caprice which made you throw us off. You had a reason, or something that you fancied was a reason."

"It is only fair to suppose so," said he, gravely.

"Well, I'll give you the benefit of that supposition; and I ask you, as a matter of right, to give me your reason."

"I cannot, Alice, I cannot," stammered he out, while a deadly paleness spread over his face.

"Tony," said she, gravely, "if you were a man of the world like your friend Mr. Damer, for instance, I would probably say that in a matter of this kind you ought to be left to your own judgment; but you are not. You are a kind-hearted, simple-minded boy. Nay, don't blush and look offended; I never meant to offend you. Don't you know that?" and she held out to him her fair white hand, the taper fingers trembling with a slight emotion. Tony stooped and kissed it with a rapturous devotion. "There I did not mean that, Master Tony," said she, blushing; "I never in-

tended your offence was to be condoned; I only thought of a free pardon."

"Then give it to me, Alice," said he, gulping down his emotion; "for I am going away, and who knows when I shall see you again?"

"Indeed," said she, with a look of agitation; "have you reconsidered it then? have you resolved to join Maitland?"

"And were you told of this, Alice?"

"Yes, Tony: as one who feels a very deep interest in you, I came to hear it; but, indeed, partly by an accident."

"Will you tell me what it was you heard?" said he, gravely; "for I am curious to hear whether you know more than myself."

"You were to go abroad with Maitland—you were to travel on the Continent together."

"And I was to be his secretary, eh?" broke in Tony with a bitter laugh; "wasn't that the notable project?"

"You know well, Tony, it was to be only in name."

"Of course I do; my incapacity would insure that much."

"I must say, Tony," said she, reproachfully, "that so far as I know of Mr. Maitland's intentions towards you, they were both kind and generous. In all that he said to me there was the delicacy of a gentleman towards a gentleman."

"He told you, however, that I had refused his offer?"

"Yes; he said it with much regret, and I asked his leave to employ any influence I might possess over you, to make you retract the refusal—at least to think again over his offer."

"And of course he refused you nothing?" said Tony, with a sneering smile.

"Pardon me—he did not grant my request."

"Then I think better of him than I did before."

"I suspect, Tony, that, once you understood each other, you are men to be friends."

"You mean by that to flatter me, Alice—and of course it is great flattery; but whether it is that I am too conscious of my own inferiority, or that I have, as I feel I have, such a hearty hatred of your accomplished friend, I would detest the tie that should bind me to him. Is he coming back here?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know!" said he, slowly, as he fixed his eyes on her.

"Take care, sir, take care; you never trod on more dangerous ground than when you forgot what was due to me. I told you I did not know; it was not necessary I should repeat it."

"There was a time when you rebuked my bad breeding less painfully, Alice," said he, in deep sorrow; "but these are days not to come back again. I do not know if it is not misery to remember them."

"John Anthony Butler, Esq.," cried a loud voice, and Skeffy sprang over a box-hedge almost as tall as himself, flourishing a great sealed packet in his hand. "A despatch on her Majesty's service just sent on here!" cried he; "and now remember, Tony, if it's Viceroy you're named, I insist on being Chief Sec.; if you go to India as Governor-General, I claim Bombay or Madras. What stuff is the fellow made of? Did you ever see such a stolid indifference? He doesn't want to know what the Fates have decreed him."

"I don't care one farthing," said Tony, doggedly.

"Here goes then, to see," cried Skeffy, tearing open the packet and reading: "'Downing Street, Friday, 5th.—Mr. Butler will report himself for service as F. O. Messenger on Tuesday morning, 9th, by order of the Under-Secretary of State.'"

"There's a way to issue a service summons. It was Graves wrote that, I'd swear. All he ought to have said was, 'Butler for service, F. O., to report immediately.'"

"I suppose the form is no great matter," said Mrs. Trafford, whose

eyes now turned with an anxious interest towards Tony.

"The form is everything, I assure you. The Chief Secretary is a regular Tartar about style. One of our fellows who has an impediment in his speech, once wrote, 'I had had,' in a despatch, and my Lord noted it with—'it is inexcusable that he should stutter in writing.'"

"I must be there on Wednesday, is it?" asked Tony.

"Tuesday—Tuesday, and in good time too. But ain't you lucky, you dog! They're so hard pressed for messengers, they've got no time to examine you. You are to enter official life *par la petite porte*, but you get in without knocking."

"I cannot imagine that the examination would be much of a difficulty," said Mrs. Trafford.

Tony shook his head in dissent, and gave a sad faint sigh.

"I'd engage to coach him in a week," broke in Skeffy. "It was I ground Vyse in Chinese, and taught him that glorious drinking-song, 'Tehin Tehan Ili-Ta!' that he offered to sing before the Commissioners if they could play the accompaniment."

Leaving Skeffy to revel in his gratifying memories of such literary successes, Alice turned away a few steps with Tony.

"Let us part good friends, Tony," said she, in a low tone. "You'll go up to the Abbey, I hope, and wish them a good-bye, won't you?"

"I am half ashamed to go now," muttered he.

"No, no, Tony; don't fancy that there is any breach in our friendship; and tell me another thing: Would you like me to write to you? I know you're not very fond of writing yourself, but I'll not be exacting. You shall have two for one—three if you deserve it."

He could not utter a word; his heart felt as if it would burst through his side, and a sense of suffocation almost choked him. He knew, if he tried to speak, that his

emotion would break out, and in his pride he would have suffered torture rather than shed a tear.

With a woman's nice tact she saw his confusion, and hastened to relieve it. "The first letter must, however, be from you, Tony. It need be only half-a-dozen lines, to say if you have passed your examination, what you think of your new career, and where you are going."

"I couldn't write!" stammered out Tony; "I could not!"

"Well, I will," said she, with a tone of kind feeling. "Your mother shall tell me where to address you."

"You will see mother, then?" asked he, eagerly.

"Of course, Tony. If Mrs. Butler will permit me, I will be a frequent visitor."

"Oh, if I thought so!"

"Do think so — be assured of it; and remember Tony, whenever you have courage to think of me as your own old friend of long ago, write and tell me so." These words were not said without a certain difficulty. "There, don't let us appear foolish to your smart friend yonder. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Alice," said he, and now the tears rushed fast, and rolled down his cheeks; but he drew his hand coarsely across his face, and, springing upon the car, said, "Drive on, and as hard as you can; I am too late here."

Skeffy shouted his adieux, and waved a most picturesque farewell; but Tony neither heard nor saw either. Both hands were pressed on his face, and he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking.

"Well, if that's not a melodramatic exit, I'm a Dutchman," exclaimed Skeffy, turning to address Alice; but she too was gone, and he was left standing there alone.

"Don't be angry with me, Bella; don't scold, and I'll tell you of an indiscretion I have just committed,"

said Alice, as she sat on her sister's bed.

"I think I can guess it," said Bella, looking up in her face.

"No, you cannot — you are not within a thousand miles of it. I know perfectly what you mean, Bella; you suspect that I have opened a flirtation with the distinguished Londoner, the wonderful Skeffington Damer."

Bella shook her head dissentingly.

"Not but, one might," continued Alice, laughing. "in a dull season, with an empty house and nothing to do; just as I've seen you trying to play that twankling old harpsichord in the Flemish drawing-room, for want of better; but you are wrong, for all that."

"It was not of him I was thinking, Alice — on my word, it was not. I had another, and, I suppose, a very different person, in my head."

"Tony!"

"Just so."

"Well, what of him? and what the indiscretion with which you would charge me?"

"With which you charge yourself, Alice, dearest! I see it all in that pink spot in your cheek, in that trembling of your lips, and in that quick impatience of your manner."

"Dear me! what can it be which has occasioned such agitation, and called up such terrible witnesses against me?"

"I'll tell you, Alice. You have sent away that poor boy more in love than ever. You have let him carry away a hope which you well know is only a delusion."

"I protest this is too bad. I never dreamed of such a lecture, and I'll just go down-stairs and make a victim of Mr. Damer."

Alice arose and dashed out of the room; not, however, to do as she said, but to hurry to her own room, and lock the door after her as she entered it.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, K.C.B.

Not many men have more deserved that their biographies should be written than the gallant and accomplished author of the 'History of the Peninsular War.' Few who have passed beyond the reach of praise or censure need be better satisfied, if permitted to look up, with the manner in which their biographers have dealt with them. This is not only an agreeable but a valuable book. It is not, perhaps, a great book, nor does it profess to be so. It enunciates no leading principles, nor tries to establish a theory by making the incidents of the hero's life work, so to speak, to a particular end; but it tells a plain tale in the very best way in which a tale of the sort can be told, by letting the hero as much as possible describe himself. Of course, the lights in the picture are everywhere conspicuous, just as the shadows are not very deeply shaded. For example, the overflowings of a tender nature, the outpourings of a cultivated mind, meet us in every page, whereas our attention is rarely directed towards the counterpoises of these admirable qualities—the small jealousies, the aptitude to misunderstand, the readiness to take offence where no offence was meant, from which scarcely any man, certainly no Napier, could ever claim to be free. But, even in this respect, the biographer cannot be said to run into extremes. He may sometimes withhold the truth, or a part of the truth; he never perverts, or seems desirous of perverting it. Napier's defects of temper break out from time to time through the tender handling of this affectionate guardian of his fame; and if the consequences be attributed to a chivalrous sense of honour, or to natural affection, or to any other commendable cause, there are the

facts very plainly stated, and we may think about them just what we will. We repeat, then, that this is a very creditable performance, both to the editor, for so he modestly calls himself, and to the brave and highly gifted man whom he has undertaken to describe. Of the latter, however, we propose to speak, not only as he is spoken of in the volumes now upon our table, but as we remember him in the flesh, a living, moving, earnest, generous, excitable, often a wrong-headed, always a self-opinionated, member of the great military profession.

William Napier was born at Colbridge House, near Castletown, Ireland, on the 17th of December 1785. He was the third son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier and Lady Sarah Lennox, the former the sixth in descent from the fifth Lord Napier, the latter the seventh daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. His father appears to have been what we should now call a Liberal in politics. He had served his country as a soldier faithfully, and did not refuse a good appointment in the line of his profession under the King's Government in Ireland; but he disapproved the system under which the Government was carried on, and refused to be elected to the Irish House of Commons, knowing it to be a very hotbed of corruption. When, however, the rebellion of 1798 broke out, Colonel Napier joined the party of law and order. He fortified his house, armed his sons and his servants—William being then little more than twelve years of age—and held the place till it was evident that he could render more effective service elsewhere. He then removed into Castletown, and showed himself as humane in restraining the violence of the yeomanry as he was vigorous

'Life of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., Author of History of the Peninsular War, &c.' Edited by H. A. Bruce, M.P. 2 vols. London: Murray.

in resisting the approaches of the rebels.

The early education of the young Napiers seems to have been terribly neglected. William attended a day-school in the village of Celbridge, from which he played truant as often as he pleased, and where he learned nothing: the others scrambled through a course somewhat more regular, though we are not told where or under what circumstances. The three elder boys, George, Charles, and William, all entered the army—William at the age of little more than fourteen, the others probably younger. The consequence was, that, being backed by family influence on both sides of the House, they mounted the first rounds of the ladder rapidly, and failed to ascend the higher with equal rapidity merely because none of them had money wherewith to purchase. William obtained his first commission in the Irish Artillery in 1801. The Peace of Amiens reduced him to half-pay: in that condition he remained till towards the end of 1803. He was then posted to the Blues as a lieutenant; exchanged shortly afterwards into the 52d; did duty for a while in Kent under the eye of Sir John Moore; and finally, through the patronage of that distinguished officer, obtained a company in the 43d. Whatever active service he saw, he saw as a member of that magnificent regiment; of which, to his dying day, he was justly proud, and which will long continue to be traditionally proud of having had the honour of numbering William Napier among its officers.

Various anecdotes are told of Napier in the nursery and at school, in order, we presume, to show that in his case, as in the cases of distinguished men in general, "the boy was father to the man." He took service when a mere baby in a regiment of little volunteers, which his brother Charles had got together, and so misconducted himself one morning on parade, that the commandant gave orders that he should

be drummed out. But instead of submitting quietly to the punishment, he attacked the drummer, kicked in the head of the drum, and fought so fierce a battle against desperate odds, that the commandant rewarded his bravery by restoring him to his place in the ranks. His most familiar friend at the grammar-school of Celbridge was a vagabond called "Scully the tailor," whom he used to accompany on many an exploit, involving much fatigue and some danger. He read a great deal, though it was very long before he learned how to spell, delighting especially in the romances of chivalry. By-and-by he took to Plutarch's Lives, which continued to be a favourite with him ever after. In a word, he exhibited from his tenderest years the seeds of all those tastes and impulses which made him, when he arrived at the full vigour of his intellect, the brave, gifted, and self-contradicting man, whose aim was always excellent, though he not unfrequently missed it.

Though born and brought up among Whigs, Napier was thrown a good deal into the society of Tories, and found them, to his great surprise, by no means the arrogant and narrow-minded persons which he had been taught to consider them. Among others he became acquainted with Pitt, then in the zenith of his power; and a memorandum found among his papers gives a curious account of that great man in the retirement of private life:

"In 1804, being then over nineteen, and having been a brother officer of Charles Stanhope, Mr. Pitt's nephew, I was through him invited to pass some time at Putney, in Mr. Pitt's house. Arriving rather late, the great man was at dinner when I entered the room. He immediately rose, and, giving me both hands, welcomed me with such a gentle good-nature that I instantly felt not at ease, for I was not at that time much troubled with what is called *mesurine honte*, but that I had a friend before me with whom I might instantly become familiar to any extent within the bounds of good breeding. Lady Hester Stanhope also treated me with the most winning

kindness. All this produced a strange sensation, for I came determined to hold fast by my patriotism, though in presence of a wicked Minister, however polite or condescending he might be found. Brought up amidst Whigs, and used to hear Mr. Pitt abused with all the virulence of Whigs, I looked upon him as an enemy of all good government; and my father, though not a Whig, had always condemned his war with France as an iniquitous and pernicious measure. Thus primed with fierce recollections and patriotic resolves, I endeavoured to sustain my mind's hatred against the Minister, but in vain. All feelings sank except those of surprise and gratification at finding such a gentle, good-natured, agreeable, and entertaining companion."

He then goes on to tell how Mr. Pitt delighted in rough play, and how Lady Hester Stanhope, Mr. Stanhope, and himself attacked the Prime Minister, and succeeded, after a stout resistance, in blacking his face with corks. While the fight was going on, a servant announced that Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh were waiting for an audience. They were desired to wait—and actually did wait—in an anteroom, till the great Minister had ended his game, and removed the stains of defeat from his face.

"I had often been in Mr. Fox's company, not only when he was on a visit at my father's house in Clifton, but afterwards at his own house, or rather the Duke of York's house, then standing on the present site of Stafford House. His manners were totally different from Mr. Pitt's, always agreeable, gentle, kind, and good-natured, but not attractive to young people, inasmuch as he did not appear to take much interest in them, and rather to bear with than to like them; at least such was the impression he made on me: Whereas Mr. Pitt's manner was that of joyous hilarity and delight at being able to unbend his mind, as it were, when he could do it safely. He was very attractive."

Napier received his baptism of fire in the expedition against Copenhagen. His regiment formed part of the division of which Sir Arthur Wellesley assumed the command; and the account which he gives, both of the enemy and of the troops employed against them, is

not quite in accord with the opinions heretofore entertained on these subjects. We account for this, at least in part, by observing that it was one of Napier's idiosyncrasies at that time to be more lavish of censure than of praise in his letters to friends at a distance. For example, he writes of the commanding officers of his own regiment that, in conducting the embarkation at Ramsgate, "they seemed to vie with the transport masters and ministers who can make the most confusion;" and concludes with the prayer, "Heaven bless their bodies, their heads cannot be hurt!" Equally decided is the view which he takes of the incompetency of the Staff who directed the landing of the troops in Zealand. "Some of our generals," he observes, "have dreadful thick skulls, for I never saw any fair in Ireland so confused as the landing. Had they (the Danes) opposed us, the remains of the army would have been on the way to England." Even of the private soldiers he had as yet learned to think and speak only as "the greatest scoundrels possible," while the operations in which they were engaged could be no otherwise described than as "a compound of stupidity, vanity, and villany." We cannot help feeling that the biographers who have shown such excellent judgment in dealing with Napier's correspondence at a later period of his life, would have done well to omit some at least of these not very well-considered expressions. They evidently dropped from his pen without due thought, and scarcely deserved to be reproduced after an interval of sixty years.

Returned from Copenhagen, we find Napier quartered successively at Maldon and Colchester in Essex. He has been advised to become a student in the Military College or Staff School, then at High Wickham, and expresses himself well disposed to do so, "for the sake of the French, drawing, and German masters." But, like a true soldier

as he is, he guards against three possible contingencies — first, that he shall not be prevented thereby from going with his regiment, should it be sent to the seat of war; second, that he should be at liberty to leave the school at any moment, should he find it less useful to him than he expected; and, lastly, that he should not be put to expense, which he cannot afford, in providing himself with new and costly uniforms. Meanwhile he gets into a row at Maldon; knocks people down in a public lecture-room; is prosecuted, and prosecutes in his turn, with what results we are not informed. But worse evils than this befell him. He had attained the rank of captain when barely nineteen years of age; he is now only twenty-three, yet he bitterly complains that “the worst regiment he could possibly have got into is the 43d, and that he never can have any chance of promotion or real service in it.” The chance of real service, was, however, nearer than his impatience allowed him to anticipate. Sir John Moore had begun his march from Portugal, and the 43d, being placed with other regiments under the command of Sir David Baird, was sent to the north of Spain, where in due time it joined the main army.

Napier was not present at the battle of Corunna. He served with what was called the Reserve—a strange misnomer when applied to troops which covered the operations of all the rest, and were daily engaged with the enemy. After defending the passage of the Esla, and helping to destroy the bridge, Napier fell back with his company to Benevento, marching through sleet and snow upwards of thirty miles a-day, yet leaving only a few stragglers behind. He met with a characteristic adventure during that march:—

“Having stopped half a mile from my company to aid an exhausted soldier, I was attacked by some marauders of the 3d German Hussars, and forced to defend myself with the musket and bayonet of

the soldier; nor should I have escaped with life, had not a rifleman started up from behind a wall and aided me. The cause of this attack was my having stopped a spring-cart with two strong horses, which these fellows had filled with plunder, and my insisting on their taking up my exhausted soldier. This they resisted with violence, and endeavoured to ride over me; but I finally made one of them a prisoner, and brought him up to the column, where Colonel William Campbell, A.D.C., took charge of him, and delivered him to the general provost guard.”

At Vigo the reserve embarked, and Napier, on his return home, accepted the appointment of aide-de-camp to his uncle the Duke of Richmond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. No sooner, however, was the 43d ordered abroad again, than he resumed his duties as regimental officer, and took part in that extraordinary movement which brought the Light Division just too late for the battle upon the field of Talavera, after it had compassed sixty miles, wellnigh without a halt. It was a strain upon his powers which Napier could not bear, coming as he did straight from the luxurious living of the home staff. He was seized with pleurisy, dropped down upon the march, and was carried into Placencia, where his medical attendants bled him almost to death. He was lying in the extremity of weakness when a rumour came in of the defeat of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the advance of Soult upon Placencia. He sprang out of bed, walked forty miles to Oropesa, got horses there, and rode on to Talavera. At the city gate he fainted, and some Spaniards, mistaking him for a Frenchman in consequence of the dress which he wore, would have put him to death, had not an officer of the 45th regiment happened to come up. By-and-by his brother George heard of the state in which he was, and, arriving with a mule, carried him to the Light Division, then at the outposts of the army.

In the various operations, which followed the retreat from Talavera,

William Napier shared. He had a touch of the Guadiana fever in Campo Major, but shook it off. He crossed the Tagus to oppose Massena; took part in Craufurd's fight on the Coa, where he was shot through the left hip; and was present at Busaco, with the wound still open. In this latter action, his brothers Charles and George were both wounded, the former desperately in the face; and there also their cousin Charles, the late admiral and member of Parliament, was shot in the knee. They were indeed a race of heroes these Napiers, and came in for their own share of hard knocks as well as of glory. Take in proof of this statement the following account of the combat of Casal Novo, as the historian of the Peninsular War has given it:—

"When I arrived at a certain round hill under fire, which I judged a good point of support, I halted four companies to watch our flanks, and with the two others hastily descended a deep ravine on my right, to join the left of the 52d, whose charging shout I had just heard on that side, though an intervening ridge prevented my seeing them. Unfortunately for me, this charge was partial—a momentary effort to extricate the regiment from a dangerous crisis. Thus, with two companies, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the enemy; but I arrived just in time to save Captain Dobbs, 52d, and two men who were cut off from the regiment. The French were gathering fast about us; we could scarcely retreat, and Dobbs agreed with me that boldness would be our best chance; so we called upon the men to follow, and, jumping over a wall which had given us cover, charged the enemy with a shout, which sent the nearest back. But then occurred the most painful event that ever happened to me. Only the two men of the 52d followed us, and we four arrived, unsupported, at a second wall, close to a considerable body of French, who rallied, and began to close upon us. Their fire was very violent, but the wall gave cover. I was, however, stung by the backwardness of my men, and told Dobbs I would save him, or lose my life, by bringing up the two companies; he entreated me not, and said I could not move two paces from the wall and

live. Yet I did go back to the first wall, escaped the fire, and, reproaching the men, gave them the word again, and returned to Dobbs, who was now upon the point of being taken; but I returned alone! The soldiers had indeed crossed the wall in their front, but kept edging away to the right, to avoid the heavy fire: Being now maddened by this second failure, I made another attempt, but I had not made ten paces when a shot struck my spine, and the enemy very ungenerously continued to fire at me when I was down. I escaped death by dragging myself by my hands, for my lower extremities were paralysed, towards a small heap of stones which was in the midst of the field, and thus covering my head and shoulders. Not less than twenty shots struck this heap. Now, however, Captain Lloyd, and my own company, and some of the 52d came up at that moment, and the French were driven away."

In this same fight his brother George had his arm broken by a bullet, while carrying his mortally-wounded subaltern off the field under a heavy fire. And it was after this fight that his brother Charles, in hastening up with his dreadful Busaco wound unhealed to the front of the army, met the two litters carrying his brothers, of whom he was informed that William was mortally wounded. The circumstance is related in the '*Life of Sir Charles Napier*' by that brother whom he supposed he was then beholding for the last time.

It would be unfair towards a fine old soldier, the present Major or Military Commandant of Chelsea Hospital, one of the few survivors of that memorable day, were we to omit his version of that story.

"My first interview with my dear departed friend, Sir William Napier," says Sir John Morryllion Wilson, "was on the battle-field of Casal Novo. I was then captain of the grenadier company of the Royal Scots. We were advancing towards the enemy, when I saw an officer at the distance of about eighty yards stretched on the ground under an olive tree to the right of my company. Believing him to be either dead or badly wounded, I ran towards him and said, 'I hope you are not dangerously wounded,' at which he shook his head. 'Have you been attended to by a surgeon?' He

noded assent. 'Can I be of any service to you?' I said; and he again shook his head, but did not utter a word. He looked deadly pale, and I was deeply impressed with the classical outline and beautiful expression of his handsome countenance. I told him that I had some cold tea and brandy in my flask, and asked him if I should give him a little of it; at which he raised his head, a sudden beam of pleasure sparkled in his eyes—he stretched out his hand, and I gave him a tumblerful, which he drank with a most interesting expression of unexpected enjoyment; so much so that I gave him a second glass; and when he had finished he seized my hand and grasped it several times, as much as to say, 'I don't know who you are, my good fellow, but I feel most gratefully thankful for your kindness.' I then said, 'Heaven protect you,' and ran off to join my company. I had not the slightest knowledge who he was, and amidst the firing and excitement of the moment I did not notice his uniform. In after-life I often spoke of this wounded officer as the handsomest man I had ever beheld. I never met him again, till about sixteen years afterwards, when he was residing at Freshford near Bath. I was then on a visit to Lady Wilson's father, when dear William dined there, and after dinner when we were just about to join the ladies, and while I was standing near the fireplace with my elbow resting on the mantelpiece, the gentlemen were speaking about handsome men, and I said, 'Of all the handsome men I had ever seen, there was none to be compared with the one whom I then described as above written. Napier sprang from his chair, put his arms round me, and exclaimed, 'My dear Wilson, was that you? That glass of tea and brandy saved my life.'"

It is not our intention to follow Napier through the various incidents of the Peninsular war. He received with his brother George the rank of major, as the reward of his zeal and courage on the occasion just referred to; a distinction highly to be prized in those days, when brevets were dispensed with a very sparing hand, and medals and decorations bestowed only on generals and officers of the highest rank. But the Napiers were all ambitious, and William especially so. The

brevet rank of major soon ceased to be precious in his eyes, and that disinclination to serve in a subordinate capacity, which often accompanies the consciousness of power, and was remarkable both in Charles and in himself, soon began to hurry him into mistakes, which in after-life he bitterly lamented. His health having given way under the severity of his wounds, Napier was forced to resign an appointment on the staff of the Portuguese army and to return home. He arrived in England in the summer of 1811, and became, as he well deserved to be, an object of interest and admiration to a large circle of acquaintances. Among others Mrs. Opie saw, and thus describes him and his mother—

"The once celebrated beauty, Lady Sarah Lennox, is now grey, blind, and seems both by her voice and manner to be bowed by various cares; but perhaps I fancied this. . . . By Lady Sarah was one of her sons, who with his brothers was wounded in every engagement abroad, and one of them taken up for dead. I never saw a handsomer man; I could not help looking at him. He is very black, with black moustaches that make him look like the picture of some young Venetian by Titian, and his manner was so pleasing. He had his mother's outline enlarged into manly beauty, and he had such fine dark eyes."

On the 19th of January 1812, Napier being still in England, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed and taken. Intelligence of that event, and of the subsequent siege of Badajoz, reached him in March; and, though he had been married barely three weeks to a lady whom he dearly loved, and who proved to him the most tender and devoted of wives, his high sense of honour would not allow him to remain an hour longer absent from the field. He took ship, and heard on arriving at Lisbon that Badajoz also had fallen. But with these tidings came the announcement that Colonel M'Leod, his friend of many years, was killed—a blow so heavy that, to use his own expression, "he could have rolled in the dust, if it were not for shame." Ordinary men, particularly ambitious men like Napier, would have found con-

solation in the prospects which then opened to him. He was already a regimental major, and by the death of M'Leod, and in the absence of senior field-officers, he stepped at once into the command of the 43d. But, highly as he valued that distinction, and ardent as were his hopes of advancement to be secured by it, his thoughts reverted continually to the price at which these advantages were purchased. "Everybody," he writes to Mrs. Napier, "says I am the most fortunate of men to have the command of such a regiment; for my part, I only find that the recollection of M'Leod comes with more bitterness to my mind. What comfort or pleasure can I find in filling the place that belonged to him?" It is impossible to read these sentences and refuse to the feeling which produced them the tribute of admiration; nor would we for a moment appear to doubt that the feelings were as enduring as they were creditable. Still, we proceed but a little way in Napier's subsequent correspondence without perceiving that the habit of expecting more than the world and his superiors seemed willing to give was as strong in him as ever. He writes thus of M'Leod's death on the 17th of April, and again, in a somewhat similar strain, on the 4th of May. On the 19th of May we find him speculating about the future:—

"When I am superseded in the command of the regiment I will go upon the Staff, if they will put me with the Light Division; otherwise I will go home. The wish to learn my profession and to make myself worthy of you were the reasons why I left you before; and most certainly when they cease, which they would do away from the Light Division, I have no inclination to keep me away from you. But that it was necessary you will allow, when you know that five junior officers have obtained rank above me for their services even in the short time that I was away; and yet I do not think that they were more capable, at least they did not prove so when I was present. But a soldier's life is one of hard striving; if your foot slips you will fall inevitably."

Napier's merits were undeniably such as ought to have secured for him more rapid advancement in his profession than fell to his share. In any other European army than our own such advancement would unquestionably have been awarded to him. Yet the fault was in some measure his own. This first taste of regimental command, and of command over a particular corps, and in a particular division, seemed to have spoiled his appetite for all besides. A Portuguese regiment was offered to him, but he refused it. He would win his way to fame at the head of the 43d or holding some staff appointment of importance in the Light Division, otherwise the tide might flow as it would, he should not seek to be carried forward with it; and to that determination he adhered.

The 43d, though engaged at the battle of Salamanca, found no opportunity of distinguishing itself. It marched in line, we are told, under a cannonade, and kept the touch admirably though darkness had already set in. The editor ought to have added, that all the light regiments were in those days drilled to this nicety; the word being often given when a line was advancing, "close eyes," and the men thereby taught to move entirely by touch. But Napier failed to win the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was, of course, dissatisfied. He went through the retreat from Burgos, however, after spending two months very agreeably in Madrid, and having carried the regiment in good order as far as Ciudad Rodrigo, resigned the command to a senior officer. This officer, as it happened, was in delicate health; it was more than probable, indeed, that he would be obliged to return home again, so Napier remained with his colours. But in January 1818, when the regiment was in quarters at Gallego, Colonel Patrickson's arrival at Lisbon was announced. Napier saw that his hopes were for the present defeated, so he applied

for leave of absence and returned home.

Napier remained in England from January to July 1813; he then re-embarked for the seat of war, and, arriving at Passages on the 19th of August, volunteered immediately to lead the Light Division stormers at the assault of St. Sebastian. Other arrangements had, however, been made, and they could not be departed from. On the 10th of November he again succeeded to the command of the 48d, and did excellent service in carrying the Hog's-back Ridge of the Petit Rhune Mountain. Unfortunately the operation was not witnessed by Lord Wellington, nor reported upon as it deserved to be by General Alten. The consequence was, that Napier had once more the mortification to see a brevet come out, from which his own name was excluded. In the severe fighting which took place in the following December in and around the village of Arcanques he was twice wounded, though not severely, and was present at the battle of Orthes, notwithstanding that his regiment had gone to the rear for clothing. But again fortune declared against him: a second time Colonel Patrickson superseded him in the command, and Napier at once applied for leave and returned home.

So ended, in point of fact, Napier's active career as a soldier. He missed the battle of Toulouse, into which a little more patience might have carried him, and failed to reach the Netherlands in time for the crowning victory of Waterloo. Yet the object of his ambition was so far achieved, that his name was included in the list of lieutenant-colonels. The rank was, however, brevet-rank only; and though it served his purpose so long as the Allied armies occupied France, it lost its value on the return of the 48d regiment to garrison-duty in the British Isles. Still, if his old friend Patrickson had held on, Napier would have probably served as regimental major till the oppor-

tunity of placing him at the head of some other battalion had occurred. But when an officer junior to himself, and with little service in the field, exchanged into the 48d with a view to purchase over his head, Napier's spirit rebelled. He retired upon half-pay, and never afterwards drew the sword again till promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed to the government of Guernsey.

Between 1819 and 1842, throughout a space of not fewer than twenty-three years, Napier ceased, except in name, to be a member of the military profession. His rank went on, indeed—as in those days military rank did—very slowly; and the State doled out to him his half-pay, a miserable acknowledgment of past services. But his pursuits were those of a civilian, though of a civilian who understood the value of time, and was too conscientious to waste it. We have referred to the very defective nature of Napier's early education. His letters on first joining the army are curiosities in their way; curt, misspelt, and ill-expressed; yet, through the crudest of the whole a vein of thought may be traced, the vigour as well as the warmth of which is quite unmistakable. The stuff was in the man from the first, and it was not allowed to lie uncultivated. Napier educated himself, and being endowed by Nature with a singularly retentive memory, he educated himself to the best purpose. At fourteen the compass of his reading embraced a few romances and Plutarch's Lives. At twenty he had mastered no trivial portion of the English classics, and could repeat the whole of Pope's translation of the "Iliad" and of the "Odyssey" by heart. Nor was the culture applied to the moral faculties less remarkable or less severe than that which he bestowed upon the intellectual. "When a young man," says General Sir James Shaw Kennedy, one of his earliest friends, "his manner and appearance would give a superficial observer the impression that

he would have been ruled by his impulses. So far from this being the case, he was ruled not only by the deepest sense of honour, but of the greatest purity." It was impossible for such a man, debarred from the active exercise of his profession, to subside into mere vacuity. He made himself familiar with the Latin, French, and German languages: he cultivated painting, and became, or gave promise of becoming, a first-rate amateur artist. Setting up his household gods in Sloane Street, he relieved his severer studies by mixing in the society of men eminent both in letters and the arts. Something more, however, was wanting to him, and the publication, in 1821, of Jomini's work on the principles of the art of war, showed him where to find it. He criticised that work in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and became aware of his own power as a writer. The idea then occurred to him of compiling a history of the war in the Peninsula, and to realise that conception became thenceforth the great object of his existence. How he set about making preparations for the work, and with what unwearied patience he collected and digested the necessary materials, are points on which it is needless to dwell. The results have long been before the world in a history which will be read as long as the English language endures; and that, too, in spite of blemishes, the presence of which, in pages so much to be admired, will never be accounted for except by looking somewhat closely into the idiosyncrasies of the man.

We have just referred to Sir James Shaw Kennedy's estimate of Napier—that he was not a man of impulse, and that the ruling principle of his life was a high sense of honour and of purity. We accept this declaration to its utmost extent in the sense which alone the gallant officer can desire us to attach to it. Napier was never the slave of any base passion. Ardent, impassible, delighting in the society

of women, he could no more trifle with a woman's affections than he could outrage her virtue. So also in his dealings with men—the strictest integrity guided him. He never incurred a debt that he did not scrupulously repay; he never entered into an engagement which he failed to keep at any amount of personal inconvenience to himself. It is perfectly true, therefore, that no man ever lived who was more entirely guided than he by the principles of honour and of purity. But apart from these great landmarks of human character, we should say that, among all the men whom it has been our fortune to meet through life, William Napier was the one most systematically ruled by his impulses. Whatever feeling exercised for the moment an ascendancy over him, he could no more abstain from expressing than he could refuse to breathe. Speak or write approvingly of those whom he loved, especially of Sir John Moore and the members of his own family, and you made him your friend through life. Presume to call in question the infallibility of his or their views on any subject, and you incurred his unmitigated dislike. His letters, even that carefully selected portion of them which his son-in-law has with excellent taste given to the world, show that the propriety of guarding his language, far less of distrusting his own judgment, never once occurred to him. The officers under whom he first serves in the field have no heads; the men, though they can fight, are a set of unmitigated scoundrels. Sir John Moore was his early patron, and the consequence is that he quarrels with Sir John Moore's brother because the latter seems to doubt whether Moore was not really the hero of the nineteenth century. His opinion of Sir Arthur Wellesley was not always as exalted as it latterly became. "General Moore's approbation of Sir Arthur Wellesley was given before the Convention of Cintra was made, otherwise he never could have

praised a man who signed his name to that agreement." No doubt this sentence is qualified in a note of which the date is not given, though we see that it must have been written after the first volume of the History had made its appearance. But the tone of the note itself confirms all that we have just said; it is quite as impulsive, quite as uncandid and unfair, as the sentence with which it professes to deal. "We were all deceived by the false reports propagated by the Bishop and the English Ministers, and hence we talked nonsense. It is curious that I have since been the means of exonerating Dalrymple from all blame before the whole world." Now, in the first place, there were no false reports, as far as we have ever heard, propagated by the Bishop of Oporto respecting Sir Arthur Wellesley. There were complaints of the impolicy and unfairness of allowing the French to evacuate Portugal carrying their plunder with them, and in these complaints Sir Arthur himself cordially joined; but we never heard that upon him the blame was particularly laid of the Convention which led to this result. Nor, in the next place, were the English Ministers more busy doing wrong in 1809 than on any previous or subsequent occasion. They merely did at Chelsea, in reference to Portuguese affairs, what they did in the same place forty years later in reference to the affairs of the Crimea. They threw a mantle over the mistakes of their military commanders, and declared that nobody was to blame. And lastly, what are we to think of the reasoning powers of an author who, with the evidence of the 'Wellington Despatches' before him, could deliberately record the opinion that he "had been the means of exonerating Dalrymple from all blame before the whole world"?

We repeat, then, that Napier, more than any other man possessed of his abilities whom it has been our fortune to encounter through

life, was, from boyhood to old age, the slave of impulse; and nowhere is the influence of that least trustworthy of all motive powers more perceptible than in his really great work, 'The History of the Peninsular War.' He sought information, as it became him to do, in every direction. They who afforded it freely, he took to his heart; they who withheld or imparted it grudgingly, became his personal enemies. The late Sir George Murray, a most accomplished scholar and soldier, had intended himself to become the historian of the Peninsular War. He naturally declined to hand over to a rival materials of which he proposed, sooner or later, to make use, and he incurred, in consequence, the wrath of one who never measured either his loves or his hatreds. Soult, on the contrary, placed at the historian's disposal all his own and as many other papers as he could command, and he reaped his reward in such a measure of praise as satisfied even his and his countrymen's craving after that commodity. The Spaniards very foolishly refused to communicate with Napier at all. He denied to them even the poor credit of having defended Saragossa bravely, and attributed their success at Baylen entirely to the blunders of the French generals to whom they were opposed. In like manner, when we examine his estimate of individual actors in the drama, we find the same ardent temperament colouring the whole. Moore's generalship is vindicated on the ground that the Duke approved what the Duke's gentle criticism entirely condemns. Beresford is hunted down because he had made himself obnoxious to the author, more through fault of manner than anything else; and Lord Strangford is censured for the very mistakes which he never committed. Still, with all its faults, and it has many more than the passing generation will take the trouble to detect, Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War' is a grand work.

It gave full occupation to his time throughout sixteen years of incessant and often very irksome labour. Confessedly great as his success was, it may be doubted whether he could have achieved it but for the devotion and ability of his wife. At one time, indeed, he had almost relinquished the enterprise, so multitudinous as well as contradictory were the statements which poured in upon him. But from this Mrs. Napier saved him.

"When the immense mass of King Joseph's correspondence taken at Victoria was placed in my hands, I was dismayed at finding it to be a huge collection of letters, without order, and in three languages, one of which I did not understand. Many, also, were in very crabbed and illegible characters, especially those of Joseph's own writing, which is nearly as difficult to read as Napoleon's. The most important documents were in cypher, and there was no key. Despairing of any profitable examination of these valuable materials, the thought crossed me of giving up the work, when my wife undertook, first, to arrange the letters by dates and subjects, next to make a table of reference, translating and epitomising the contents of each; and this, without neglecting for an instant the care and education of a very large family, she effected in such a simple and comprehensive manner, that it was easy to ascertain the contents of any letter, and lay hands on the original document in a few moments. She also undertook to decipher the secret correspondence, and not only succeeded, but formed a key to the whole, detecting even the nulls and stops, and so accurately, that when, in course of time, the original key was placed in my hands, there was nothing to learn. Having mentioned this to the Duke of Wellington, he seemed at first incredulous, observing I must mean that she had made out the contents of some letters. Several persons had done this for him, he said, but none had ever made out the nulls or formed a key, adding, 'I would have given £20,000 to any person who would have done that for me in the Peninsula.'"

Another palpable proof of the impulsiveness of Napier's character is to be found in the line which he took up in politics, and to which he adhered through life. His ha-

tred of Toryism and of the Tories knew no bounds; it coloured all his estimates, not of principles only, but of persons. Informed in 1819 of the murder of Mr. Perceval, he writes about the calamity in these terms: "It is a horrible unmanly deed in itself, but there is a kind of retribution in it. He first began the cry of intolerance in England. He refused to let bark be sent to France for the sick, and his party first broached those horrid principles of giving no quarter to Frenchmen, and of the propriety of assassinating Buonaparte; he has become the victim of his own doctrines." That any man should have so believed and so expressed himself, after the complete refutation which had been given to those stale scandals, can be accounted for only by assuming that he was too much under the influence of prejudice to listen to reason. Again, in 1820, he writes from Edinburgh: "The air is cold and elastic, and health and happiness ought to be the lot of the inhabitants; and would be, if the crushing influence of Toryism was not so decidedly prevalent." Was he who wrote thus therefore a Whig? By no means. The Whigs would have willingly adopted him as their own, and laid out every conceivable bait to catch him; but they could not succeed. During the height of the Reform struggle, we are told, he denounced them as traitors to the popular cause, because "they did not propose in their Bill a franchise which, after thirty years of unexampled progress in education and knowledge, would even now be considered by the majority of educated men as dangerous to the just balance of classes and interests." His indignation at their shortcomings, however, by no means restrained him from giving to the general policy of the Whigs such support as he could; and it is worthy of remark that, as he at the time fell into the mistake of supposing that the King went cordially with his Whig Ministers, so his biographer, writing thirty years

after the event, repeats that misstatement. Speaking of the rejection of the Bill in 1831 by the House of Lords, Mr. Bruce observes, "William IV. hesitated until the Opposition peers, by endeavouring to intimidate him from the exercise of his prerogative, decided him upon an immediate dissolution. So indignant was his Majesty that he wished to go to the House of Lords at once in a hackney coach, and could hardly be persuaded to wait for the royal carriages." It was silly enough in Napier to believe this idle tale in 1831, and in his speech at Derizes to praise the King for doing what he would have gladly left undone. But how Mr. Bruce, or anybody else, with so many sources of information open to him, can be ignorant that poor King William IV. was cajoled and wellnigh forced into the proceeding, is indeed surprising. When Earl Grey and Lord Chancellor Brougham arrived at the palace to ask for a dissolution, the King at first refused. When pressed, he endeavoured to get off upon the plea that the royal carriages had not been ordered and that there was no time to get them ready; and, finally, on learning that they were actually at the door, and that the Chancellor, without consulting his Majesty, had taken upon himself to order them round, he stormed and swore, and gave way at last to something not far removed from threats. Napier might be, and probably was, deceived on these heads, because the same agency which, in 1831, misled the King, misled the people also; but his biographer's repetition of a long-exploded fable is not so easy to be accounted for.

Once embarked on the sea of politics, Napier spread his sails abroad, and went before the wind. He spoke well, and delivered himself in terms so unmeasured as to mislead, in a great degree, both those who heard and those who read his speeches. He was immediately put down as one who was prepared to stop at nothing; and for a leader of this sort there was a

party in the State, more formidable, perhaps, from its numbers than for any other reason, which felt the need. This party was anxious to establish a national guard. Its leaders distrusted both Whigs and Tories, and hoped, by a display of physical force, to keep the former up to the mark. But a national guard is more easily talked about than constituted; and this, to do them justice, the yearners after ultra-liberalism very well understood. Hence the application to Napier to place himself at the head of his armed fellow-citizens, in conveying which the present Sir Erskine Perry and the late Mr. Charles Buller were the organs. Mr. Bruce has done a good work in printing these gentlemen's letters; they are curiosities in their way, and confirm the belief long entertained, and now generally accepted, that the Whigs of 1830 had excited in the people hopes which they never intended to realise. Napier declined the honour thus proposed to him for reasons which, as far as they go, do him honour. His reply to Sir Erskine (then Mr.) Perry will repay the labour of perusal; it is a great deal more logical than a similar communication to Mr. Buller, though neither the one nor the other, for obvious reasons, touches the core of the matter.

Napier not only refused to become the Lafayette of England, he declined more than one invitation to be returned to Parliament. Neither the state of his health nor the extent of his means would bear the pressure; and having thrown himself into the preparation of his great historical work, he was too wise to be drawn away from it by any lesser ambition. At the same time he continued to play the part of a local orator and agitator. Besides his speeches at Derizes, he delivered himself at Bath of more than one oration, and became a not unfrequent correspondent both of the London and of country newspapers. For he had some years previously established himself at Freshford, and paid only occasional

visits to the metropolis. His political speeches, like his letters to the newspapers, must have embarrassed the heads of the party which he professed to support, almost as much as they encouraged them. He was bitter enough in his denunciations of resistance to what he called progress, and from time to time rated the House of Lords for presuming to mistrust some of the bills sent up to it. But whenever genuine Whig measures came to be discussed, such as the new Poor-law in its original severity, and a Government opposition to Lord Ashley's Factory Bill, he turned sharp upon his friends. Neither was he scrupulous about charging the Government with remissness in the work which it had been called into power to accomplish. Let anybody read Napier's speeches delivered in 1836, on the subjects of Irish Church and Irish Corporation Reform, and he will perfectly understand why a reforming Ministry was tempted from time to time to exclaim, "Save us from our friend!" The truth is, that Napier's heart and Napier's head were often, we had almost said generally, in antagonism one to the other. He could not endure the sight of distress, and was therefore ready to confiscate the savings of the industrious and the wealthy in order to maintain in luxury the profligate and the idle. He saw that the Irish cottier paid tithe to the minister of a religion of which he was not a professor, and to deliver him from that imaginary wrong he was prepared to hand over the property of the Church in Ireland to the Irish landowners. And so it was throughout. A generous impulse led him to shout for manhood suffrage and the ballot. Reverence for established institutions and the love of order made him insist upon maintaining the prerogatives of the Crown and the integrity and independence of the House of Lords. So little, on any point which touched his feelings, could he be guided by reason.

Of Napier's intense devotion to the members of his own family, and especially to his brothers Charles and George, it is impossible to speak except with respect. Charles and George Napier were both admirable men; the latter the more amiable, the former, beyond all question, the abler of the two; and their long and excellent service well deserved the honours with which their country rewarded them. But William could never be persuaded to see the matter in this point of view. He insisted upon it that they were neglected men. In season and out of season, with or without a fair excuse, he stepped forth to defend them; and to defend them not unfrequently when no human being thought seriously of doing them wrong. In the case of Charles there might be some excuse for this. Wherever he went, he contrived to make as many enemies as friends; and as he generally quarrelled with those who were his official superiors, he not unfrequently came to grief, sometimes unjustly. But George needed no champion; everybody loved as well as respected him; and though opportunities were wanting, after he had attained to rank, of showing what was in him, he did whatever he was appointed to in the best possible manner. Even for George, however, William must needs draw his pen, and enter the lists with a Quaker. It happened in 1857 that, at a meeting of the Peace and Aborigines Society, Mr. Samuel Gurney took occasion to advert to the wars which had occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and delivered himself to this effect:—"That it was bad in principle to employ military men as governors of that colony. That when military men were in power, their appeal would always be to the sword; that men of commerce or of Christian principles ought to be so employed; and that the only just policy ever exercised at the Cape was Lord Glenelg's policy, because it was a Christian policy." Anybody, ex-

cept William Napier, would have allowed twaddle like this to pass unnoticed, and, probably, had not a Napier chanced to be governor of the Cape for some years, between 1837 and 1846, even William would have exercised this amount of forbearance; but words of censure, however general and meaningless, could not be allowed to pass, provided there was the remotest risk of their being understood as applied to a brother. A letter to Mr. Samuel Gurney accordingly appeared in the 'Times' of the 13th November, signed W. Napier, and filled with Napierisms of the purest water. Not only is Sir George shown therein to have been a peace-loving, peace-preserving chief-magistrate, but every benefit which he conferred upon the colony, and some perhaps which he did not confer, are elaborately specified. "In behalf, then, of an absent brother," so the defensive part of the document concludes, "I say that these things, Friend Gurney, thou shouldest have known and considered before uttering thy sweeping assertion that, from 1836, constant recourse was had to the sword, and that all military governors would appeal to that weapon."

It is fair to add that Napier accomplished a great deal more by his letter than he probably intended. Mr. Gurney answered it on the 20th of the same month, and, adopting all his adversary's statements as correct, came out from the controversy certainly not a discomfited reasoner.

William's literary contests in defence of the renown of his brother Charles were at once on a larger scale and a great deal more justifiable than this. But for his extraordinary lack of temper, Charles Napier would have been one of the foremost men of the day. Next to the Great Duke, he was beyond compare the ablest officer whom the British army has in modern times produced; and he possessed in a high degree the faculty of gov-

erning men, and especially Asiatics. But he possessed also to an exaggerated extent the arrogance of his race, and was intolerant of contradiction, whether it came from an equal or a superior. When serving on the Staff of the Ionian Islands he quarrelled with the Lord High Commissioner, and was obliged to go home, interrupting thereby a very valuable work on which he had entered. In Scinde he treated the gallant and chivalrous Outram with a mixture of superciliousness and severity which nothing could justify; and by-and-by, being sent back to India to retrieve, as was assumed, the disasters incurred by Lord Gough, he soon made the place too hot to hold him. To be sure he found his match both in obstinacy and self-reliance in the late Lord Dalhousie; and it is by no means clear, in spite of the Duke of Wellington's decision to the contrary, that on the point about which the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief fell out, the latter was not in the right. Nothing, however, could be more obvious than that, right or wrong, it was the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to act as the Governor-General required; and it is equally certain that Sir Charles's resignation, under the circumstances, was a political as well as a military mistake. But no power on earth could persuade him or his brother to see this. After publishing a history of Sir Charles's conquest of Scinde—a work which, with all the faults, by no means exhibits all the excellencies of the 'History of the Peninsular War'—William set himself, on his brother's death, to compile a memoir of the man; which, founded mainly on Sir Charles's journal, is not only a deeply interesting but a very valuable performance. It never attempts to disguise the failings in the hero's character; on the contrary, it treats them as if they had been excellencies; yet, by the mere force of the narrative, it carries the reader so completely along, that he has begun half to believe as the

author wishes him to believe ; — and then a sudden revulsion occurs. All at once the story is interrupted, that space may be found for a furious onslaught on individual character, and the most unscrupulous imputation of motives. This, however, was William Napier's way. He was incapable of distinguishing with a pen in his hand between power and violence. It was not in his nature to blame, without at the same time pouring out torrents of abuse. The consequence is that his writings lose half their value in our eyes, and we are in danger of misjudging a question, where he has truth on his side, because his manner of expressing it offends us.

It will be seen that in our notice of a very pleasant book we have made no effort to adhere, while speaking of the subject of it, to chronological order. There was the less necessity to do so, because all who read these pages will not, we suspect, be satisfied till they have read the biography itself. They will find there, pleasantly traced, the ebbs and flows of a busy and useful life ; the story of Napier's removal from one place of residence to another, of the intimacies which he formed, and of the correspondence which he kept up. And among these vicissitudes we are mistaken if the brief narrative of his career as Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey do not strike them as pre-eminently characteristic. He no sooner plants foot on the soil of his viceroyalty than he begins a war of aggression against its customs and institutions. The laws which have been in force since the date of the Norman Conquest, the constitution of the courts which are coeval with these laws, offend him utterly. He assails the one in his communications with the Home Secretary, and threatens to supersede the other, if needs be, by force of arms. As a matter of course he gets into hot water with everybody, and in order to prevent the supposed hazard of a rebellion a regiment of infantry is sent at a day's notice to reinforce him. That Napier was

substantially right in all the complaints which he made no man entertains, or ever did entertain, the smallest doubt. It is ridiculous that there should exist within easy sail of the Hampshire coast a cluster of islands subject to the English Crown which shall manage their own affairs in such a way as to render the dispensation of justice all but impossible, for no other reason than that they have been so managed ever since William the Norman annexed them to the realm which he had subdued. But just as little possible is it to deny that of all men then living William Napier was the very last to whom the care of correcting an evil so inveterate might with safety have been intrusted. Poor dear fellow, it was the one and the same over-mastering impatience of wrong which impelled him to break open the prison-door of Guernsey, and to attack with his fists the game-keeper on the banks of the Avon, who had wrested a fishing-rod from his interesting son, and threatened to beat him. Verily, if William Napier was not the child of impulse, there never lived a human being of whom that principle of action might, with any show of justice, be predicated.

The life of Sir Charles Napier was not published till 1857. Before that date death had begun to make fearful gaps among the friends of the accomplished author. His first great grief on that account was in 1822, when Napoleon breathed his last at St. Helena. Napier wept over that idol of his admiration as if he had been a brother. Several of his children, and among the rest a daughter, to whom he was greatly attached, had dropped ; and by-and-by came the deaths first of his brother Charles, next of the Duke of Wellington, and then, in quick succession, of Sir George, of Lord Raglan, and of Lord Hardinge. Each blow as it fell seemed to crush him. Nor was the state of his own health such as to encourage in himself or in the loving circle which surrounded him, very sanguine

hopes of a protracted existence. He never recovered from the wound in the spine which he received in the fight of Casal Noval, and ague, which first set upon him amid the marshes of the Guadiana, troubled him continually. At last he became unable to walk and even to write, yet the spirit retained much of its elasticity, and almost all its original fire; for the letters which he dictated from his sick-bed at Scinde House are to the full as interesting as any in this collection.

From the day of his marriage, Napier had been devotedly attached to his wife. It was well his part to be so, for there never lived a woman who, more completely than Lady Napier, gave herself up "to love, cherish, and obey" her husband. We have told how she aided him in the composition of his great work; and we may add, that as long as her strength lasted, she was his right hand. It seemed, indeed, as if these two lamps, which burned so entirely the one in the light of the other, could not continue to burn separately. Lady Napier's health had long been delicate. For sixteen years she laboured under a disease which care and skill may keep at bay for a while, but which, sooner or later, carries off its victim. During the greater part of 1859, the disease gained ground upon her rapidly, and Napier was himself by this time bed-ridden and dying.

"It was not thought either prudent or necessary to disturb Sir William's mind with the tidings; and when Lady Napier's visits to him were necessarily discontinued, he imagined some ordinary ailment to be the cause. But a few days after the date of the last letter, Lady Napier was seized with sudden insensibility, and continued in that state so long, that her medical attendant thought it very doubtful if she would ever recover from it. It became therefore imperative to inform Sir William of her real condition. That announcement was accepted by him as his own summons. From that moment it appeared as if he gave up all thought or desire of life. He who had shown wonderful fortitude under his own sufferings, and

even to the very last, when not in the worst paroxysms, manifested such an elasticity and cheerfulness of mind, now at last gave up the struggle. He refused all nourishment as loathsome to him, turned his face to the wall like the Israelitish king, and almost literally grieved his life away. For days after his wife's danger became known to him, he would see no one; and when his son-in-law, when first arriving, went to him by the doctor's wish, in the hope that he might be roused to talk, he found him with tears rolling slowly down his cheeks, thinking, as he said, over forty-eight years of married happiness, which was coming to its end. After all his long pains, it was not his disease but sorrow which overcame his extraordinary strength and vitality; and had it not been for the departure of hope and the desire to live, it is probable that he would have lingered on for some time longer. It is a remarkable circumstance, which now, as he writes, occurs to the author's memory, that during Sir William's long and terrible illness of the previous winter, when his condition appeared quite hopeless to all, he said, 'My life for some years back has not been a very enviable one; still, bad as it was, and worse as it must be if I survive this attack, I feel as if I should like to live for a few months longer. I should feel that a few months more of life, seeing my friends, hearing what is going on in the world, and finding much enjoyment, as I have always done, in spite of my pain, would be a great boon—a great boon!' And so strong was his hearer's belief in the efficacy of the sick man's strength of will, that he communicated to the rest of the family his conviction based on Sir William's words, that he would recover from that attack.

"Contrary to expectations, Lady Napier became better; but as she lay in one room, and her husband in another, it was doubtful which would first break, by death, the strong chain of forty-eight years' riveting, which bound them together.

"After lying in the state above described all January, on Friday the 10th of February Sir William's great strength began to yield. During the last two weeks, to the inexpressible comfort of his children, all acute pain appeared to have departed. On Sunday morning the 12th, death was evidently very near. His wife was wheeled into his room on a sofa, and placed beside his bed, where she remained about an hour. He did not speak, but she said he certainly knew

her; and thus they took their silent farewell of a companionship which had so greatly blessed their earthly pilgrimage. His face had worn all that day that indescribable expression of peace and ineffable rest which often marks the countenances of those in their latest moments who have gone through very prolonged sufferings, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he breathed his life away so gently, that it was impossible to say when the breathing ceased. His children, grand-children, sons and daughters-in-law were with him at the last; and his son held a mirror to the placid lips for many moments before he could feel assured that he had really lost a father."

This is beautifully told, as is the narrative of the funeral, for which, however, we cannot find room. Indeed two words, so to speak, in review of the moral and intellectual nature of the man, are all that we shall venture to set down, before we take our leave of volumes which have afforded to us, as they will, we are confident, afford to a large circle of readers, no ordinary gratification.

Sir William Napier's friend, Sir James Shaw Kennedy, has placed this sentence upon record: "I consider William Napier to have been, without exception, the man of the greatest genius I ever knew." Without going quite so far as this, we freely admit that William Napier's genius was of a very high order. In the first place, he may be said to have entirely educated himself. He gained nothing from his schoolmasters, and very little from those under whose immediate command his early life as a soldier was spent; yet in the course of that early life, ranging over a course of six years, he made himself a first-rate regimental officer, and an accomplished man. He joined the army ignorant of all languages except his own, and his acquaintance with that was elementary and imperfect. Before he attained to middle life he was master, not only of the most important languages of Europe, but of the literature of Rome, France, Spain, and Germany. It does not appear that music ever claimed any share of his attention; but as a painter he might have at-

tained to eminence had he chosen; and the few specimens of his skill as a sculptor which survive show that for form he possessed the finest and most accurate taste.

Occasionally he indulged, as men of genius are wont to do, in poetry. The thought which pervades his fragment, whatever it may be, is never mean; the language in which he clothes it is always graceful. But he who wishes to arrive at a just estimate of Napier's powers must examine them rather in his familiar letters to his friends, than in the more elaborate of his published works. His correspondence with General Shaw Kennedy on the defences of the country—his speculations as to coming events before the Crimean war began—his estimate of the characters of the great generals of all ages, from Hannibal and Alexander down to Napoleon and Wellington, are not more masterpieces of eloquence in style than they are models of accurate deduction and consecutive reasoning. Whether Napier, had circumstances given him the command of an army in the field, would have fulfilled the idea which the more sanguine of his admirers entertained of him, is not quite so clear. It by no means follows that the soldier who is best able in his closet to draw out the plan of a campaign is the fittest man to carry into effect his own suggestions. Jomini stands confessedly at the head of theoretical strategists, and thoroughly understood and has most ably established the principles of the art of war; yet Jomini, when employed as chief of the staff with the Russian army, entirely broke down. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We would not for a moment appear to insinuate that any such failure was probable, far less inevitable, in William Napier's case. At the same time, it appears to us, looking to what he actually did, especially in the attack upon the Rhine mountain, the feat on which he chiefly prided himself, that his was exactly the sort of temperament which, at a critical moment, might

have led him to refine too much; and thus, in seeking to effect something in the best possible manner, to miss the opportunity of effecting it at all. As a probable leader of armies, therefore, we think that no injustice will be done him if we rank him, where he himself would have chosen his place, below his brother Charles. On the other hand, his brother Charles could no more have speculated as he did from his sick-bed in 1858 than he could have written the History of the Peninsular War. But in truth this is arguing, not after, but before an event. The whole world allows that if ever man understood what armies ought to be, and what they might fairly be expected to do, William Napier was that man. How he would have handled them if the opportunity had come in his way must be left for ever uncertain.

Napier's disposition was frank, generous, irascible, and unforgiving. He was the warmest of friends, the bitterest of enemies. As he never forgot a kindness done to himself or to any member of his family, so he never forgave a slight, however unintentionally inflicted, nor measured the terms in which it should be censured. Few men were ever involved in such a number of personal quarrels; none ever got, upon the whole, better out of them. He was ready to accept a challenge by whomsoever sent, rather than modify the most heedlessly severe statement to which he had committed himself. He was just as ready to engage in a bout of fisticuffs with any man not in the rank of a gentleman who happened to offend him. We find that his biographer has recorded not fewer than six cases of knocking down, besides the application of a horsewhip to the face of a French blackguard who insulted him in a crowd in Paris. His controversial writings, likewise, almost always degenerate after the opening sentence into mere abuse, and not unfrequently consist of little else. He was as reckless with his pen as with his fist. Yet there surrounded

this display of temper such an atmosphere of nobleness, it was so manifest that his faults sprang from a chivalrous sense of right—not always, in the indulgence, wisely directed—that with few exceptions even those who had the best reason to be angry with him bore him no lasting ill-will. As to his friends, they were numerous, and they loved him like a brother.

If Napier had kept clear of politics his reputation would have stood even higher than it does. He had never studied the subject, and seemed incapable of studying it. For political economy, considered as a science, he entertained and always expressed sovereign contempt; indeed, of the real purpose for which society exists he knew absolutely nothing. Hence his Whiggery or Radicalism had its origin in impulse quite as much as his personal loves and hatreds. He could not bear the sight of distress, and never paused to inquire into the causes of it. He would have everybody relieved who complained of poverty, whether the complainant were willing to do anything for himself or not. In like manner the shouts of any mob to which he happened to address himself were accepted by him as evidence of the fitness of what he called the people to choose their own rulers and make their own laws. Hence his advocacy of manhood suffrage and vote by ballot, under the inexplicable delusion that these things were quite compatible with the continued existence of a constitutional monarchy, which he would have sacrificed his life to uphold. Let us not, however, dwell upon the weaknesses of a nature in which there is so much to admire. We may not look for perfection on this side of the grave; wherefore William Napier may well rest in his, with so much recorded concerning him, that, in spite of some blemishes overshadowed by a thousand admirable qualities, he was a noble creature, of whom, as a soldier, an author, and a man, his country has just reason to be proud.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXIV.

THE little assembly which met in the vestry of Carlingford Church to inquire into the conduct of the Perpetual Curate, had so many different interests in hands when it dispersed, and so much to do, that it is difficult for the narrator of this history to decide which thread should be taken up first. Of all the interlocutors, however, perhaps Mr. Proctor was the one who had least succeeded in his efforts to explain himself, and accordingly demands in the first place the attention of an impartial historian. The excellent man was still labouring under much perplexity when the bed of justice was broken up. He began to recollect that Mr. Wentworth's explanation on the previous night had convinced him of his innocence, and to see that it was indeed altogether inconceivable that the Curate should be guilty; but then, other matters still more disagreeable to contemplate than Mr. Wentworth's guilt came in to darken the picture. This vagabond Wodehouse, whom the Curate had taken in at his sister's request—what was the meaning of that mystery? Mr. Proctor had never been anyhow connected with mysteries; he was himself an only son, and had lived a straightforward peaceable life. Neither he nor his estimable parents, so far as the late Rector was aware, had ever done anything to be ashamed of; and he winced a little at the thought of connecting himself with concealment and secrecy. And then the Curate's sudden disappearance on the previous evening perplexed and troubled him. He imagined all kinds of reasons for it as he walked down Grange Lane. Perhaps Miss Wodehouse, who would not receive himself, had sent for Mr. Wentworth; perhaps the vagabond brother was in some other scrape, out of which he

had to be extricated by the Curate's assistance. Mr. Proctor was perfectly honest, and indeed determined, in his "intentions;" but everybody will allow that for a middle-aged lover of fifty or thereabouts, contemplating a sensible match with a lady of suitable years and means, to find suddenly that the object of his affections was not only a penniless woman, but the natural guardian of an equally penniless sister, was startling, to say the least of it. He was a true man, and it did not occur to him to decline the responsibility altogether; on the contrary, he was perhaps more eager than he would have been otherwise, seeing that his elderly love had far more need of his devotion than he had ever expected her to have; but, notwithstanding, he was disturbed by such an unlooked-for change of circumstances, as was natural, and did not quite know what was to be done with Lucy. He was full of thoughts on this subject as he proceeded towards the house, to the interview which, to use sentimental language, was to decide his fate. But, to tell the truth, Mr. Proctor was not in a state of very deep anxiety about his fate. The idea of being refused was too unreasonable an idea to gain much ground in his mind. He was going to offer his personal support, affection, and sympathy to Miss Wodehouse at the least fortunate moment of her life; and if there was anything consolatory in marriage at all, the late Rector sensibly concluded that it must be doubly comforting under such circumstances, and that the offer of an honest man's hand and house and income was not a likely thing to be rejected by a woman of Miss Wodehouse's experience and good sense—not to speak of his heart,

which was very honest and true and affectionate, though it had outlived the fervours of youth. Such was Mr. Proctor's view of the matter; and the chances were strong that Miss Wodehouse entirely agreed with him — so, but for a certain shyness which made him rather nervous, it would not be correct to say that the late Rector was in a state of special anxiety about the answer he was likely to receive. He was, however, anxious about Lucy. His bachelor mind was familiar with all the ordinary traditions about the inexpediency of being surrounded by a wife's family; and he had a little of the primitive male sentiment, shared one way or other by most husbands, that the old system of buying a woman right out, and carrying her off for his own sole and private satisfaction, was, after all, the correct way of managing such matters. To be sure, a pretty, young, unmarried sister, was perhaps the least objectionable encumbrance a woman could have; but, notwithstanding, Mr. Proctor would have been glad could he have seen any feasible way of disposing of Lucy. It was utterly out of the question to think of her going out as a governess; and it was quite evident that Mr. Wentworth, even were he perfectly cleared of every imputation, having himself nothing to live upon, could scarcely offer to share his poverty with poor Mr. Wodehouse's cherished pet and darling. "I daresay she has been used to live expensively," Mr. Proctor said to himself, wincing a little in his own mind at the thought. It was about one o'clock when he reached the green door — an hour at which, during the few months of his incumbency at Carlingford, he had often presented himself at that hospitable house. Poor Mr. Wodehouse! Mr. Proctor could not help wondering at that moment how he was getting on in a world where, according to ordinary ideas, there are no lunch nor dinner parties, no old port nor sa-

voury side-dishes. Somehow it was impossible to realise Mr. Wodehouse with other surroundings than those of good-living and creature-comfort. Mr. Proctor sighed, half for the departed, half at thought of the strangeness of that unknown life for which he himself did not feel much more fitted than Mr. Wodehouse. In the garden he saw the new heir sulkily marching about among the flower-beds smoking, and looking almost as much out of place in the sweet tranquillity of the English garden, as a churchwarden of Carlingford or a Fellow of All-Souls could look, to carry out Mr. Proctor's previous imagination, in the vague beatitude of a disembodied heaven. Wodehouse was so sick of his own company that he came hastily forward at the sight of a visitor, but shrank a little when he saw who it was.

"I suppose you have brought some news," he said, in his sullen way. "I suppose he has been making his statements, has he? Much I care! He may tell what lies he pleases; he can't do me any harm. I never did anything but sign my own name, by Jove! Jack Wentworth himself says so. I don't care *that* for the parson and his threats," said Wodehouse, snapping his fingers in Mr. Proctor's face. The late Rector drew back a little, with a shudder of disgust and resentment. He could not help thinking that this fellow would most likely be his brother-in-law presently, and the horror he felt made itself visible in his face.

"I am quite unaware what you can mean," said Mr. Proctor. "I am a parson, but I never made any threats that I know of. I wish to see Miss Wodehouse. I — I think she expects me at this hour," he said, with a little embarrassment, turning to John, who, for his part, had been standing by in a way which became his position as a respectable and faithful servant, waiting any opportunity that might come handy to show his disgust for the new *régime*.

"Yes, sir," said John, promptly, and with emphasis. "My mistress expects you, sir. She's come down to the drawing-room for the first time. Miss Lucy keeps her room, sir, still; she's dreadfully cut up, poor dear young lady. My mistress will be glad to see you, sir," said John. This repetition of a title which Miss Wodehouse had not been in the habit of receiving was intended for the special advantage of the new master, whom John had no intention of recognising in that capacity. "If you should know of any one, sir, as is in want of a steady servant," the man continued, as he led the way into the house, with a shrewd glance at Mr. Proctor, whose "intentions" were legible enough to John's experienced eyes—"not as I'm afraid of getting suited, being well known in Carlingford; but it would come natural to be with a friend of the family. There ain't a servant in the house, sir, as will stay when the ladies go, and I think as Miss Wodehouse would speak for me," said John, with natural astuteness. This address made Mr. Proctor a little uneasy. It recalled to him the unpleasant side of the important transaction in which he was about to engage. He was not rich, and did not see his way now to any near prospect of requiring the services of "a steady servant," and the thought made him sigh.

"We'll see," he said, with a troubled look. To persevere honourably in his "intentions" was one thing, but to be insensible to the loss of much he had looked forward to was quite another. It was accordingly with a grave and somewhat disturbed expression that he went to the interview which was to "decide his fate." Miss Wodehouse was seated in the drawing-room, looking slightly flushed and excited. Though she knew it was very wrong to be thus roused into a new interest the day after her father's funeral, the events altogether had been of so startling a description that the usual decorum of

an afflicted household had already been ruthlessly broken. And, on the whole, notwithstanding her watching and grief, Mr. Proctor thought he had never seen the object of his affections looking so well as she did now in the long black dress, which suited her better than the faint dove colours in which she arrayed herself by preference. She was not, it is true, quite sure what Mr. Proctor wanted in this interview he had solicited, but a certain feminine instinct instructed her in its probable eventualities. So she sat in a subdued flutter, with a little colour fluctuating on her cheek, a tear in her eyes, and some wonder and expectation in her heart. Perhaps in her youth Miss Wodehouse might have come to such a feminine crisis before; but if so, it was long ago, and the gentle woman had never been given to matrimonial speculations, and was as fresh and inexperienced as any girl. The black frame in which she was set made her soft colour look fresher and less faded. Her plaintive voice, the general softness of her demeanour, looked harmonious and suitable to her circumstances. Mr. Proctor, who had by no means fallen in love with her on account of any remnants of beauty she might possess, had never admired her so much as he did now; he felt confused, good man, as he stood before her, and, seeing her so much younger and fairer than his former idea, began to grow alarmed, and wonder at his serenity. What if she thought him an old fogey? what if she refused him? This supposition brought a crimson colour to Mr. Proctor's middle-aged countenance, and was far from restoring his courage. It was a wonderful relief to him when she, with the instinct of a timid woman, rushed into hasty talk.

"It was very kind of you to come yesterday," she said; "Lucy and I were very grateful. We have not many relatives, and my dear father——"

"Yes," said the late Rector, again embarrassed by the tears which

choked her voice, "he was very much respected: that must be a consolation to you. And he had a long life—and—and I suppose, on the whole, a happy one," said Mr. Proctor, "with you and your sister—"

"Oh, Mr. Proctor, he had a great deal to put up with," said Miss Wodehouse, through her tears. She had, like most simple people, an instinctive disinclination to admit that anybody was or had been happy. It looked like an admission of inferiority. "Mamma's death, and poor Tom," said the elder sister. As she wiped her eyes, she almost forgot her own little feminine flutter of expectancy in respect to Mr. Proctor himself. Perhaps it was not going to happen this time, and as she was pretty well assured that it would happen one day or another, she was not anxious about it. "If I only knew what to do about Tom," she continued, with a vague appeal in her voice.

Mr. Proctor got up from his chair and walked to the window. When he had looked out he came back, rather surprising Miss Wodehouse by his unlooked for movements. "I wanted very much to have a little conversation with you," he said, growing again very red. "I daresay you will be surprised—but I have accepted another living, Miss Wodehouse;" and here the good man stopped short in a terrible state of embarrassment, not knowing what next to say.

"Yes?" said Miss Wodehouse, interrogatively. Her heart began to beat quicker, but perhaps he was only going to tell her about the new work he had undertaken; and then she was a woman, and had some knowledge, which came by nature, how to conduct herself on an occasion such as this.

"I don't know whether you recollect," said Mr. Proctor—"I shall never forget it—one time when we all met in a house where a woman was dying,—I mean your sister and young Wentworth, and you and I,—and neither you nor I knew any-

thing about it," said the late Rector, in a strange voice. It was not a complimentary way of opening his subject, and the occurrence had not made so strong an impression upon Miss Wodehouse as upon her companion. She looked a little puzzled, and, as he made a pause, gave only a murmur of something like assent, and waited to hear what more he might have to say.

"We neither of us knew anything about it," said Mr. Proctor—"neither you how to manage her, nor I what to say to her, though the young people did. I have always thought of you from that time. I have thought I should like to try whether I was good for anything now—if you would help me," said the middle-aged lover. When he had said this he walked to the window, and once more looked out, and came back redder than ever. "You see we are neither of us young," said Mr. Proctor; and he stood by the table turning over the books nervously, without looking at her, which was certainly an odd commencement for a wooing.

"That is quite true," said Miss Wodehouse, rather primly. She had never disputed the fact by word or deed, but still it was not pleasant to have the statement thus thrust upon her without any apparent provocation. It was not the sort of thing which a woman expects to have said to her under such circumstances. "I am sure I hope you will do better—I mean be more comfortable—this time," she continued after a pause, sitting very erect on her seat.

"If you will help me," said Mr. Proctor, taking up one of the books and reading the name on it, which was lucky for him, for it was Miss Wodehouse's name, which he either had forgotten or never had known.

And here they came to a dead stop. What was she to say? She was a little affronted, to tell the truth, that he should remember more distinctly than anything else her age, and her unlucky failure on that one occasion. "You have just

said that I could not manage," said the mild woman, not without a little vigour of her own; "and how then could I help you, Mr. Proctor? Lucy knows a great deal more about parish work than I do," she went on in a lower tone; and for one half of a second there arose in the mind of the elder sister a kind of wistful half envy of Lucy, who *was* young, and knew how to manage—a feeling which died in unspeakable remorse and compunction as soon as it had birth.

"But Lucy would not have me," said the late Rector; "and indeed I should not know what to do with her if she would have me—but you—it is a small parish, but it's not a bad living. I should do all I could to make you comfortable. At least we might try," said Mr. Proctor, in his most insinuating tone. "Don't you think we might try! at least it would do—" He was going to say "no harm," but on second thoughts rejected that expression. "At least I should be very glad if you would," said the excellent man, with renewed confusion. "It's a nice little rectory, with a pretty garden, and all that sort of thing; and—and perhaps—it might help you to settle about going away—and—and I daresay there would be room for Lucy. Don't you think you would try?" cried Mr. Proctor, volunteering, in spite of himself, the very hospitality which he had thought it hard might be required of him; but somehow his suit seemed to want backing at the actual moment when it was being made.

As for Miss Wodehouse, she sat and listened to him till he began to falter, and then her composure gave way all at once. It was not difficult to make her cry at any time, and now she broke into irrepressible sobs and tears. "But as for trying," she gasped, in broken mouthfuls of speech, "that would never—never do, Mr. Proctor. It has to be done—done for good and all—if—if it is done at all," sobbed the poor lady, whose voice came

somewhat muffled through her handkerchief and her tears.

"Then it shall be for good and all!" cried Mr. Proctor, with a sudden impulse of energy. This was how it came about that Miss Wodehouse and the late Rector were engaged. He had an idea that he might be expected to kiss her, and certainly ought to call her Mary after this; and hovered for another minute near her seat, not at all disinclined for the former operation. But his courage failed him, and he only drew a chair a little closer and sat down, hoping that she would soon stop crying. And indeed, by the time that he produced out of his pocket-book the little photograph which he had had made for her by a rural artist of the new rectory, Miss Wodehouse had emerged out of her handkerchief, and was perhaps in her heart as happy in a quiet way as she had ever been in her life. She who had never been good for much, was now, in the time of their need, endowed with a home which she could offer Lucy. It was she, the helpless one of the family, who was to be her young sister's deliverer. Let it be forgiven to her if, in the tumult of the moment, this was the thought that came first.

When Miss Wodehouse went upstairs after this agitating but satisfactory interview, she found Lucy engaged in putting together some books and personal trifles of her own which were scattered about the little sitting-room. She had been reading 'In Memoriam' until it vexed her to feel how inevitable good sense came in and interfered with the enthusiasm of her grief, making her sensible that to apply to her fond old father all the lofty lauds which were appropriate to the poet's hero would be folly indeed. He had been a good tender father to her, but he was not "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes;" and Lucy could not but stop in her reading with a kind of pang and self-reproach as this consciousness came upon her. Miss Wode-

house looked rather aghast when she found her sister thus occupied. "Did you think of accepting Miss Wentworth's invitation, after all?" said Miss Wodehouse; "but, dear, I am afraid it would be awkward; and oh, Lucy, my darling, I have so many things to tell you," said the anxious sister, who was shy of communicating her own particular news. Before many minutes had passed, Lucy had thrown aside all the books, and was sitting by her sister's side in half-pleased, disconcerted amazement to hear her story. Only half pleased—for Lucy, like most other girls of her age, thought love and marriage were things which belonged only to her own level of existence, and was a little vexed and disappointed to find that her elder sister could condescend to such youthful matters. On the whole, she rather blushed for Mary, and felt sadly as if she had come down from an imaginary pedestal. And then Mr. Proctor, so old and so ordinary, whom it was impossible to think of as a bridegroom, and still less as a brother. "I shall get used to it presently," said Lucy, with a burning flush on her cheek, and a half feeling that she had reason to be ashamed; "but it is so strange to think of you, Mary. I always thought you were too—too sensible for that sort of thing," which was a reproach that went to Miss Wodehouse's heart.

"Oh, Lucy dear," said that mild woman, who in this view of the matter became as much ashamed of herself as Lucy could desire, "what could I do? I know what you mean, at my time of life; but I could not let you be dependent on Tom, my darling," said Miss Wodehouse, with a deprecating appealing look.

"No indeed," said Lucy; "that would be impossible under any circumstances: nor on you either, Mary dear. I can do something to make a living, and I should like it. I have always been fond of work. I will not permit you to sacrifice

yourself for me," said the younger sister, with some dignity. "I see how it has been. I felt sure it was not of your own accord."

Miss Wodehouse wrung her hands with dismay and perplexity. What was she to do if Lucy stood out and refused her consent? She could not humble herself so far as to confess that she rather liked Mr. Proctor, and was, on the whole, not displeased to be married; for the feeling that Lucy expected her to be too sensible for that sort of thing overawed the poor lady. "But, Lucy, I have given him my promise," said poor Miss Wodehouse. "It—it would make him very unhappy. I can't use him badly, Lucy dear."

"I will speak to him, and explain if it is necessary. Whatever happens, I can't let you sacrifice yourself for me," said Lucy. All the answer Miss Wodehouse could make was expressed in the tears of vexation and mortification which rushed to her eyes. She repelled her young sister's ministrations for the first time in her life with hasty impatience. Her troubles had not been few for the last twenty-four hours. She had been questioned about Tom till she had altogether lost her head, and scarcely knew what she was saying; and Lucy had not applauded that notable expedient of throwing the shame of the family upon Mr. Wentworth, to be concealed and taken care of, which had brought so many vexations to the Perpetual Curate. Miss Wodehouse at last was driven to bay. She had done all for the best, but nobody gave her any credit for it; and now this last step, by which she had meant to provide a home for Lucy, was about to be contradicted and put a stop to altogether. She put away Lucy's arm, and rejected her consolations. "What is the use of pretending to be fond of me if I am always to be wrong, and never to have my—my own way in anything?" cried the poor lady, who, beginning with steadiness, broke down before she reached the end of

her little speech. The words made Lucy open her blue eyes with wonder; and after that there followed a fuller explanation, which greatly changed the ideas of the younger sister. After her "consent" had been at last extracted from her, and when Miss Wodehouse regained her composure, she reported to Lucy the greater part of the conversation which had taken place in the drawing-room, of which Mr. Proctor's proposal constituted only a part, and which touched upon matters still more interesting to her hearer. The two sisters, preoccupied by their father's illness and death, had up to this time but a vague knowledge of the difficulties which surrounded the Perpetual Curate. His trial, which Mr. Proctor had reported to his newly-betrothed, had been unsuspected by either of them; and they were not even aware of the event which had given rise to it—the disappearance of Rosa Elsworthy. Miss Wodehouse told the story with faltering lips, not being able to divest herself of the idea that, having been publicly accused, Mr. Wentworth must be more or less guilty; while, at the same time, a sense that her brother must have had something to do with it, and a great reluctance to name his name, complicated the narrative. She had already got into trouble with Lucy about this unlucky brother, and unconsciously, in her story, she took an air of defence. "I should have thought more of Mr. Wentworth if he had not tried to throw the guilt on another," said the perplexed woman. "Oh, Lucy dear, between two people it is so hard to know what to do."

"I know what I shall do," said Lucy, promptly; but she would not further explain herself. She was, however, quite roused up out of 'In Memoriam.' She went to her desk and drew out some of the paper deeply edged with black, which announced before words its tale of grief to all her correspondents. It was with some alarm that Miss Wodehouse awaited this letter,

which was placed before her as soon as finished. This was what, as soon as she knew the story, Lucy's prompt and generous spirit said—

"DEAR MR. WENTWORTH, — We have just heard of the vexations you have been suffering, to our great indignation and distress. Some people may think it is a matter with which I have no business to interfere; but I cannot have you think for a moment that we, to whom you have been so kind, could put the slightest faith in any such accusations against you. We are not of much consequence, but we are two women, to whom any such evil would be a horror. If it is any one connected with us who has brought you into this painful position, it gives us the more reason to be indignant and angry. I know now what you meant about the will. If it was to do over again, I should do just the same; but for all that, I understand now what you meant. I understand also how much we owe to you, of which, up to yesterday, I was totally unaware. You ought never to have been asked to take our burden upon your shoulders. I, suppose you ought not to have done it; but all the same, thank you with all my heart. I don't suppose we ever can do anything for you to show our gratitude; and indeed I do not believe in paying back. But in the mean time, thank you—and don't, from any consideration for us, suffer a stain which belongs to another to rest upon yourself. You are a clergyman, and your reputation must be clear. Pardon me for saying so, as if I were qualified to advise you; but it would be terrible to think that you were suffering such an injury out of consideration for us.—Gratefully and truly yours,

"LUCY WODEHOUSE."

The conclusion of this letter gave Lucy a good deal of trouble. Her honest heart was so moved with gratitude and admiration that she had nearly called herself "affec-

tionately" Mr. Wentworth's. Why should not she? "He has acted like a brother to us," Lucy said to herself; and then she paused to inquire whether his conduct had indeed arisen from brotherly motives solely. Then, when she had begun to write "faithfully" instead, a further difficulty occurred to her. Not thus lightly and unsolicited could she call herself "faithful," for did not the word mean everything that words could convey in any human relationship? When she had concluded it at last, and satisfied her scruples by the formula above, she laid the letter before her sister. This event terminated the active operations of the day in the dwelling of the Wodehouses. Their brother had not asked to see them, had not interrupted them as yet in their retreat up-stairs, where they were sedulously waited upon by the entire household. When Miss Wodehouse's agitation was over, she too began to collect together her books and personalities, and they ended by a long consultation where they were to go and what they were to do, during the course of which the elder sister exhibited with a certain shy pride that little photograph of

the new rectory, in which there was one window embowered in foliage, which the bride had already concluded was to be Lucy's room. Lucy yielded during this sisterly conference to sympathetic thoughts even of Mr. Proctor. The two women were alone in the world. They were still so near the grave and the deathbed that chance words spoken without thought from time to time awakened in both the ready tears. Now and then they each paused to consider with a sob what *he* would have liked best. They knew very little of what was going on outside at the moment when they were occupied with those simple calculations. What was to become of them, as people say—what money they were to have, or means of living—neither was much occupied in thinking of. They had each other; they had, besides, one a novel and timid middle-aged confidence, the other an illimitable youthful faith in one man in the world. Even Lucy, whose mind and thoughts were more individual than her sister's, wanted little else at that moment to make her happy with a tender tremulous consolation in the midst of her grief.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

While matters were thus arranging themselves in the ideas at least of the two sisters whose prospects had been so suddenly changed, explanations of a very varied kind were going on in the house of the Miss Wentworths. It was a very full house by this time, having been invaded and taken possession of by the "family" in a way which entirely obliterated the calmer interests and occupations of the habitual inhabitants. The three ladies had reached that stage of life which knows no personal events except those of illness and death; and the presence of Jack Wentworth, of Frank and Gerald, and even of Louisa, reduced them altogether to the rank of spectators, the audience, or at the

utmost the chorus, of the drama; though this was scarcely the case with Miss Dora, who kept her own room, where she lay on the sofa, and received visits, and told the story of her extraordinary adventure, the only adventure of her life. The interest of the household centred chiefly, however, in the dining-room, which, as being the least habitable apartment in the house, was considered to be most adapted for anything in the shape of business. On the way from the church to Miss Wentworth's house the Curate had given his father a brief account of all the events which had led to his present position; but though much eased in his mind, and partly satisfied, the Squire was

not yet clear how it all came about. His countenance was far from having regained that composure, which indeed the recent course of events in the family had pretty nearly driven out of his life. His fresh light-coloured mourning dress, with all its little niceties, and the fresh colour which even anxiety could not drive away from his cheeks, were somewhat contradicted in their sentiment of cheerfulness by the puckers in his forehead and the harassed look of his face. He sat down in the big leathern chair by the fireplace, and looked round him with a sigh, and the air of a man who wonders what will be the next vexation. "I'd like to hear it over again, Frank," said the Squire. "My mind is not what it used to be: I don't say I ever was clever, like you young fellows, but I used to understand what was said to me. Now I seem to require to hear everything twice over; perhaps it is because I have had myself to say the same things over again a great many times lately," he added, with a sigh of weariness. Most likely his eye fell on Gerald as he said so; at all events, the Rector of Wentworth moved sadly from where he was standing and went to the window, where he was out of his father's range of vision. Gerald's looks, his movements, every action of his, seemed somehow to bear a symbolic meaning at this crisis in his life. He was no longer in any doubt; he had made up his mind. He looked like a martyr walking to his execution, as he crossed the room; and the Squire looked after him, and once more breathed out of his impatient breast a heavy short sigh. Louisa, who had placed herself in the other great chair at the other side of the forlorn fireplace, from which, this summer afternoon, there came no cheerful light, put up her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry with half audible sobs—which circumstances surrounding him were far from being encouraging to Frank as he entered anew into his own

story—a story which he told with many interruptions. The Squire, who had once "sworn by Frank," had now a terrible shadow of distrust in his mind. Jack was here on the spot, of whom the unfortunate father knew more harm than he had ever told, and the secret dread that he had somehow corrupted his younger brother came like a cold shadow over Mr. Wentworth's mind. He could not slur over any part of the narrative, but cross-examined his son to the extent of his ability, with an anxious inquisition into all the particulars. He was too deeply concerned to take anything for granted. He sat up in his chair with those puckers in his forehead, with that harassed look in his eyes, making an anxious, vigilant, suspicious investigation, which was pathetic to behold. If the defendant, who was thus being examined on his honour, had been guilty, the heart of the judge would have broken; but that was all the more reason for searching into it with jealous particularity, and with a suspicion which kept always gleaming out of his troubled eyes in sudden anxious glances, saying, "You are guilty? Are you guilty?" with mingled accusations and appeals. The accused, being innocent, felt this suspicion more hard to bear than if he had been a hundred times guilty.

"I understand a little about this fellow Wod-house," said the Squire; "but what I want to know is, why you took him in? What did you take him in for, sir, at first? Perhaps I could understand the rest if you would satisfy me of that."

"I took him in," said the Curate, rather slowly, "because his sister asked me. She threw him upon my charity—she told me the danger he was in—"

"What danger was he in?" asked the Squire.

The Curate made a pause, and as he paused, Mr. Wentworth leaned forward in his chair, with another pucker in his forehead and a still

sharper gleam of suspicion in his eyes. "His father had been offended time after time in the most serious way. This time he had threatened to give him up to justice. I can't tell you what he had done, because it would be breaking my trust—but he had made himself obnoxious to the law," said Frank Wentworth. "To save him from the chance of being arrested, his sister brought him to me."

The Squire's hand shook a good deal as he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "Perhaps it would be the best way if one had not too much regard for the honour of the family," he said, tremulously, like a man under a sudden temptation; "but the sister, sir, why did she bring him to you?" he added, immediately after, with renewed energy. Mr. Wentworth was not aware that, while he was speaking, his eldest son had come into the room. He had his back to the door, and he did not see Jack, who stood rather vaguely on the threshold, with a certain shade of embarrassment upon his ordinary composure. "It is not everybody that a woman can confide her brother's life to," said the Squire. "Who is the sister? Is she—is there any—any entanglement that I don't know of? It will be better for all of us if you tell me plainly," said the old man, with a querulous sound in his voice. He forgot the relationship of his own girl to Jack, and groaned within himself at what appeared almost certain evidence that the sister of a criminal like Wodehouse had got possession of Frank.

"Miss Wodehouse is about the same age as my aunt Dora," said the Curate. It was an exaggeration which would have gone to the poor lady's heart, but Frank Wentworth, in the unconscious insolence of his youth, was quite unaware and careless of the difference. Then he paused for a moment with an involuntary smile. "But I am a clergyman, sir," he continued, seriously.

"If a man in my position is good for anything, it is his business to help the helpless. I could do no good in any other way—I took him into my house."

"Frank," said the Squire, "I beg your pardon. I believe in my heart you're true and honest. If I were not driven out of my senses by one thing and another," said Mr. Wentworth, with bitterness. "They make me unjust to you, sir—unjust to you! But never mind; go on. Why didn't you tell these fellows what you've told me? That would have settled the business at once, without any more ado."

"Mr. Morgan is a great deal too much prejudiced against me to believe anything I said. I thought it better to let him prove to himself his own injustice; and another still more powerful reason——" said the Curate.

"Stop, sir, stop; I can't follow you to more than one thing at a time. Why is Mr. Morgan prejudiced against you?" said the Squire, once more sitting upright and recommencing his examination.

Frank Wentworth laughed in spite of himself, though he was far from being amused. "I know no reason except that I have worked in his parish without his permission," he answered, briefly enough, "for which he threatened to have me up before somebody or other—Dr. Lushington, I suppose, who is the new Council of Trent, and settles all our matters for us now-a-days," said the Curate, not without a little natural scorn, at which, however, his father groaned.

"There is nothing to laugh at in Dr. Lushington," said the Squire. "He gives you justice, at all events, which you parsons never give each other, you know. You ought not to have worked in the Rector's parish, sir, without his permission. It's like shooting in another man's grounds. However, that's not my business;—and the other reason, sir?" said Mr. Wentworth, with his anxious look.

"My dear father," said the Cu-

rate, touched by the anxiety in the Squire's face, and sitting down by him with a sudden impulse, "I have done nothing which either you or I need be ashamed of. I am grieved that you should think it necessary to examine me so closely. Wodehouse is a rascal, but I had taken charge of him; and as long as it was possible to shield him, I felt bound to do so. I made an appeal to his honour, if he had any, and to his fears, which are more to be depended on, and gave him until noon to-day to consider it. Here is his note, which was given me in the vestry; and now you know the whole business, and how it is that I postponed the conclusion till to-night."

The Squire put on his spectacles with a tremulous hand to read the note which his son gave him. The room was very still while he read it, no sound interrupting him except an occasional sniff from Louisa, who was in a permanent state of whimpering, and, besides, had ceased to be interested in Frank's affairs. Jack Wentworth, standing in the background behind the Squire's chair, had the whole party before him, and studied them keenly with thoughts which nobody guessed at. Gerald was still standing by the window, leaning on it with his face only half turned to the others. Was he thinking of the others? was he still one of them? or was he saying his office from some invisible breviary abstracted into another life? That supposition looked the most like truth. Near him was his wife, who had thrown herself, a heap of bright fluttering muslin, into the great chair, and kept her handkerchief to her red eyes. She had enough troubles of her own to occupy her, poor soul! Just at that moment it occurred to her to think of the laburnum berries in the shrubbery at the Rectory, which, it was suddenly borne in upon her, would prove fatal to one or other of the children in her absence;—the dear Rectory which she had to leave so soon!

"And Frank will have it, of course," Louisa said to herself, "and marry somebody;" and then she thought of the laburnum berries in connection with his problematical children, not without a movement of satisfaction. Opposite to her was the Squire, holding Wodehouse's epistle in a hand which shook a little, and reading aloud slowly as he could make it out. The note was short and insolent enough. While it was being read, Jack Wentworth, who was not easily discomposed, grew red and restless. He had not dictated it certainly, nor even suggested the wording of the epistle; but it was he who, half in scorn and half in pity of the vagabond's terrors, had reassured Wodehouse, and convinced him that it was only the punishments of public opinion which the Curate could bring upon him. Hardened as Jack was, he could not but be conscious that thus to stand in his brother's way was a shabby business enough, and to feel that he himself and his *protégé* cut a very poor figure in presence of the manifold old Squire with all his burdens, and of Frank, who had, after all, nothing to explain which was not to his honour. Notwithstanding that he was at the present moment his brother's adversary, actually working against him and prolonging his difficulties, an odd kind of contempt and indignation against the fools who could doubt Frank's honour possessed the prodigal at the moment. "A parcel of asses," he said to himself; and so stood and listened to Wodehouse's little note of defiance, which, but for his prompting, the sullen vagabond would never have dared to send to his former protector. The letter itself was as follows:—

"I have consulted my friends about what you said to-day, and they tell me it is d—d nonsense. You can't do me any harm; and I don't mean to get myself into any scrape for you. You can do what you like—I shan't take any notice.

Your love-affairs are no business of mine.—Yours truly,

“T. WODEHOUSE.”

Mr. Wentworth threw the miserable scrawl on the table. “The fellow is a scoundrel,” said the Squire; “he does not seem to have a spark of gratitude. You’ve done a deal too much for him already; and if the sister is as old as Dora—” he continued, after a long pause, with a half-humorous relaxation of his features. He was too much worn out to smile.

“Yes,” said the Curate. The young man was sensible of a sudden flush and heat, but did not feel any inclination to smile. Matters were very serious just then with Frank Wentworth. He was about to shake himself free of one vexation, no doubt; but at this moment, when Lucy Wodehouse was homeless and helpless he had nothing to offer her, nor any prospects even which he dared ask her to share with him. This was no time to speak of the other sister, who was not as old as Miss Dora. He was more than ever the Perpetual Curate now. Perhaps, being a clergyman, he ought not to have been swayed by such merely human emotions; but honour and pride alike demanded that he should remain in Carlingford, and he had no shelter to offer Lucy in the time of her need.

After this there followed a pause, which was far from being cheerful. Frank could not but be disconsolate enough over his prospects when the excitement died away; and there was another big, terrible event looming darkly in the midst of the family, which they had not courage to name to each other. The long, uneasy pause was at length broken by Louisa, whose voice sounded in the unnatural silence like the burst of impatient rain which precedes a thunderstorm.

“Now that you have done with Frank’s affairs, if you have done with them,” said Louisa, “perhaps somebody will speak to Gerald. I don’t mean in the way of argu-

ing. If some one would only speak *sense* to him. You all know as well as I do how many children we’ve got, and — and — an — other coming,” sobbed the poor lady, “if something doesn’t happen to me, which I am sure is more than likely, and might be expected. I don’t blame dear grandpapa, for he has said everything, and so have I; but I do think his brothers ought to take a little more interest. Oh, Frank, you know it doesn’t matter for you. You are a young man, you can go anywhere; but when there are five children and — and — an — other —. And how are we to live? You know what a little bit of money I had when Gerald married me. Everybody knows Gerald never cared for money. If I had had a good fortune it would have been quite different,” cried poor Louisa, with a little flow of tears and querulous sob, as though that too was Gerald’s fault. “He has not sent off his letter yet, Frank,” said the injured wife; “if you would but speak to him. He does not mind me or grandpapa, but he might mind you. Tell him we shall have nothing to live on; tell him——”

“Hush,” said Gerald. He came forward to the table, very pale and patient, as became a man at the point of legal death. “I have sent away my letter. By this time I am no longer Rector of Wentworth. Do not break my heart. Do you think there is any particular in the whole matter which I have not considered—the children, yourself, everything? Hush; there is nothing now to be said.”

The Squire rose, almost as pale as his son, from his chair. “I think I’ll go out into the air a little,” said Mr. Wentworth. “There’s always something new happening. Here is a son of my own,” said the old man, rising into a flush of energy, “who has not only deserted his post, but deserted it *sec-* Frank. God bless my soul! don’t speak to me, sir; I tell you I’ve gone over to the enemy as much as

Charley would have done if he had deserted at the Alma—and done it when nobody knew or was thinking. I used to be thought a man of honour in my day," said Mr. Wentworth, bitterly; "and it's a mean thing to say it came by their mother's side. There's Jack——"

The eldest son roused himself up at the mention of his own name. Notwithstanding all his faults, he was not a man to stand behind backs and listen to what was said of him. He came forward with his usual ease, though a close observer might have detected a flush on his face. "I am here, sir," said the heir. "I cannot flatter myself you will have much pleasure in seeing me; but I suppose I have still a right to be considered one of the family." The Squire, who had risen to his feet, and was standing leaning against the table when Jack advanced, returned to his chair and sat down as his eldest son confronted him. They had not met for years, and the shock was great. Mr. Wentworth put his hand to his cravat and pulled at it with an instinctive movement. The old man was still feeble from his late illness, and apprehensive of a return of the disease of the Wentworths. He restrained himself, however, with force so passionate that Jack did not guess at the meaning of the gasp which, before the Squire was able to speak to him, convulsed his throat, and made Frank start forward to offer assistance which his father impatiently rejected. The Squire made, indeed, a great effort to speak with dignity. He looked from one to another of his tall sons as he propped himself up by the arms of his chair.

"You are the most important member of the family," said Mr. Wentworth; "it is long since you have been among us, but that is not our fault. If things had been different, I should have been glad of your advice as a man of the world. Anyhow, I can't wish you to be estranged from your brothers," said the Squire. It was all any one

could say. The heir of Wentworth was not to be denounced or insulted among his kindred, but he could not be taken to their bosom. Perhaps the reception thus given him was more galling than any other could have been to Jack Wentworth's pride. He stood at the table by himself before his father, feeling that there existed no living relations between himself and any one present. He had keen intellectual perceptions, and could recognise the beauty of honour and worth as well as most people; and the contrast between himself and the others who surrounded him presented itself in a very forcible light to Jack. Instead of Gerald and Frank, Wodehouse was his allotted companion. For that once he was bitter, notwithstanding his habitual good-humour.

"Yes," he said; "it would be a pity to estrange me from my brothers. We are, on the whole, a lucky trio. I, whom my relations are civil to; and Frank, who is not acquitted yet, though he seems so confident; and Gerald, who has made the greatest mistake of all——"

"Jack," said the Curate, "nobody wants to quarrel with you. You've dealt shabbily by me, but I do not mind. Only talk of things you understand—don't talk of Gerald."

For a moment Jack Wentworth was roused almost to passion. "What is Gerald that I should not understand him?" said Jack; "he and I are the original brood. You are all a set of interlopers, the rest of you. What is Gerald, that I should not talk of him? In the world, my dear Frank," continued the heir, superciliously, "as the Squire himself will testify, a man is not generally exempted from criticism because he is a parson. Gerald is——"

"I am a simple Catholic layman, nothing more," said Gerald; "not worth criticism, having done nothing. I am aware I am as good as dead. There is no reason why

Jack should not talk if it pleases him. It will make no difference to me."

"And yet," said Frank, "it is only the other day that you told us you were nothing if not a priest."

Gerald turned upon him with a look of melancholy reproach that went to the Curate's heart. "It is true I said so," he replied, and then he made a pause, and the light died out of his pale face. "Don't bring up the ghosts of my dead battles, Frank. I said so only the other day. But it is the glory of the true Church," said the convert, with a sudden glow which restored colour for a moment to his face, "to restrain and subdue the last enemy, the will of man. I am content to be nothing, as the saints were. The fight has been hard enough, but I am not ashamed of the victory. When the law of the Church and the obedience of the saints ordain me to be nothing, I consent to it. There is nothing more to say."

"And this is how it is to be!" cried Louisa. "He knows what is coming, and he does not care—and none of you will interfere or speak to him! It is not as if he did not know what would happen. He tells you himself that he will be nothing; and even if he can put up with it after being a man of such consideration in the county, how am I to put up with it? We have always been used to the very best society," said poor Louisa, with tears. "The Duke himself was not more thought of; and now he tells you he is to be nothing!" Mrs. Wentworth stopped to dry her eyes with tremulous haste. "*He* may not mind," said Louisa, "for at least he is having his own way. It is all very well for a man, who can do as he pleases; but it is his poor wife who will have to suffer. I don't know who will visit me after it's all over, and people will give over asking us if we don't ask them again; and how can we ever have anybody, with five children—

or more—and only a few hundreds a-year? Oh, Frank, it kills me to think of it. Don't you think you might speak to him again?" she whispered, stretching up to his ear, when Gerald, with a sigh, had gone back to his window. The Squire, too, cast an appealing glance at his younger son.

"It is all true enough that she says," said Mr. Wentworth. "She mayn't understand *him*, Frank, but she's right enough in what she's saying. If things were different between your brother and me, I'd ask his advice," said the Squire, with a sigh. He gave a longing look at his eldest son, who stood with his usual ease before the fireplace. Matters had gone a great deal too far between the father and son to admit of the usual displeasure of an aggrieved parent—all that was over long ago; and Mr. Wentworth could not restrain a certain melting of the heart towards his first-born. "He's not what I could wish, but he's a man of the world, and might give us some practical advice," said the Squire, with his anxious looks. Of what possible advantage advice, practical or otherwise, could have been in the circumstances, it was difficult to see; but the Squire was a man of simple mind, and still believed in the suggestions of wisdom. He still sat in the easy-chair, looking wistfully at Jack, and with a certain faith that matters might even yet be mended, if the counsel of his eldest son, as a man of the world, could be had and could be trusted, when Frank, who had an afternoon service at Wharfside, had to leave the family committee. Gerald, who roused up when his younger brother mentioned the business he was going upon, looked at Frank almost as wistfully as his father looked at Jack. "It may be the last time," he said to himself: "if you'll let me, I'll go with you, Frank;" and so the little conclave was broken up. The people in Prickett's Lane were greatly impressed by the aspect of Gerald Wentworth, as he

went, silent and pale, by his brother's side, down the crowded pavement. They thought it must be a bishop at least who accompanied the Curate of St. Roque's; and the women gathered at a little distance and made their comments, as he stood waiting for his brother after the service. "He don't look weakly nor sickly no more nor the clergyman," said one; "but he smiles at the little uns for all the world like my man smiled the night he was took away." "Smilin' or not smilin'," said another, "I don't see as it makes no matter; but I'd give a deal to know what Elsworthy and them as stands by Elsworthy can say after that." "Maybe, then, he'd give the poor fatherless children a blessing afore he'd go," suggested a poor Irish widow, who, having been much under Mr. Wentworth's hands "in her trouble," was not quite sure now what faith she professed, or at least which Church she belonged to. Such was the universal senti-

ment of Prickett's Lane. Meanwhile Gerald stood silent, and looked with pathetic, speechless eyes at the little crowd. He was no priest now—he was shorn of the profession which had been his life. His hope of being able to resign all things for Christ's sake had failed him. Too wary and politic to maintain in a critical age and country the old licence of the ages of Faith, even his wife's consent, could he have obtained it, would not have opened to the convert the way into the priesthood. A greater trial had been required of him; he was nothing, a man whose career was over. He stood idly, in a kind of languor, looking on while the Curate performed the duties of his office—feeling like a man whom sickness had reduced to the last stage of life, and for whom no earthly business remained; while, at the same time, his aspect struck awe, as that of a bishop at the least, to the imagination of Prickett's Lane.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mr. Morgan did not go home direct from the investigation of the morning; on the contrary, he paid various visits, and got through a considerable amount of parish business before he turned his face towards the Rectory. On the whole, his feelings were far from being comfortable. He did not know, certainly, who Mr. Wentworth's witness was, but he had an unpleasant conviction that it was somebody who would clear the Curate. "Of course I shall be very glad," the Rector said to himself; but it is a fact, that in reality he was far from being glad, and that a secret conviction of this sentiment, stealing into his mind, made matters still more uncomfortable. This private sense of wishing evil to another man, of being unwilling and vexed to think well of his neighbour, was in itself enough to disturb the Rector's tranquillity; and when to this was added the

aggravation that his wife had always been on the other side, and had warned him against proceeding, and might, if she pleased, say, "I told you so," it will be apparent that Mr. Morgan's uneasiness was not without foundation. Instead of going home direct to acquaint his wife with the circumstances, about which he knew she must be curious, it was late in the afternoon before the Rector opened his own gate. Even then he went through the garden with a reluctant step, feeling it still more difficult to meet her now than it would have been at first, although his delay had arisen from the thought that it would be easier to encounter her keen looks after an interval. There was, however, no keen look to be dreaded at this moment. Mrs. Morgan was busy with her ferns, and she did not look up as her husband approached. She went on with her occupation, examining carefully what withered

fronds there might be about her favourite maidenhair, even when he stopped by her side. Though her husband's shadow fell across the plants she was tending, Mrs. Morgan, for the first time in her married life, did not look up to welcome the Rector. She made no demonstration, said no word of displeasure, but only showed herself utterly absorbed in, and devoted to, her ferns. There was, to be sure, no such lover of ferns in the neighbourhood of Carlingford as the Rector's wife.

As for Mr. Morgan, he stood by her side in a state of great discomfort and discomfiture. The good man's perceptions were not very clear, but he saw that she had heard from some one the issue of the morning's inquiry, and that she was deeply offended by his delay, and that, in short, they had arrived at a serious difference, the first quarrel since their marriage. Feeling himself in the wrong, Mr. Morgan naturally grew angry too.

"I should like to have dinner earlier to-day," he said, with the usual indiscretion of an aggrieved husband. "Perhaps you will tell the cook, my dear. I think I should like to have it at five, if possible. It can't make much difference for one day."

Mrs. Morgan raised herself up from her ferns, and no doubt it was a relief to her to find herself provided with so just a cause of displeasure. "Much difference!" cried the Rector's wife; "it is half-past four now. I wonder how you could think of such a thing, William. There is some lamb, which of course is not put down to roast yet, and the ducks. If you wish the cook to give warning immediately, you may send such a message. It is just like a man to think it would make no difference! But I must say, to do them justice," said the Rector's wife, "it is not like a man of your college!" When she had fired this double arrow, she took off her gardening gloves and lifted her basket. "I suppose you told Mr.

Proctor that you wished to dine early!" said Mrs. Morgan, with severity, pausing on the threshold. "Of course it is quite impossible to have dinner at five unless he knows."

"Indeed I—I forgot all about Proctor," said the Rector, who now saw the inexpediency of his proposal. "On second thoughts, I see it does not matter much. But after dinner I expect some people about Mr. Wentworth's business. It was not settled this morning, as I expected."

"So I heard," said Mrs. Morgan. "I will tell Thomas to show them into the library," and she went indoors, carrying her basket. As for the Rector, he stood silent, looking after her, and feeling wonderfully discomfited. Had she found fault with him for his delay—had she even said, "I told you so!" it would have been less overwhelming than this indifference. They had never had a quarrel before, and the effect was proportionately increased. After standing bewildered at the door for a few minutes, he retired into his study, where the change in his wife's demeanour haunted him, and obscured Mr. Wentworth. Mrs. Morgan sat at the head of the table at dinner with an equal want of curiosity. Even when the subject was discussed between the Rector and Mr. Proctor, she asked no questions—a course of procedure very puzzling and trying to Mr. Morgan, who could not make it out.

It was after eight o'clock before the tribunal of the morning was reconstituted at the Rectory. Most of the gentlemen came late, and the little assembly brought with it a flavour of port; which modified the serious atmosphere. When the bed of justice was again formed, Mr. Wentworth entered with the body-guard of Wentworths, which numbered half as many as his judges. Half from curiosity, half from a reluctant inclination to please his father, Jack had joined the others, and they came in together, all of them noticeable men, profoundly

different, yet identified as belonging to each other by the touching bond of family resemblance. After the four gentlemen had taken possession of their corner, Mr. Waters made a somewhat hurried entry, bringing after him the sullen reluctant figure of Wodehouse, who made an awkward bow to the assembled potentates, and looked ashamed and vigilant, and very ill at ease. Mr. Waters made a hasty explanation to the Rector before he sat down by the side of his unlucky client. "I thought it possible there might be some attempt made to shift the blame upon him, therefore I thought it best to bring him," said the lawyer. Mr. Morgan gave him a dry little nod without answering. To tell the truth, the Rector felt anything but comfortable; when he glanced up at the stranger, who was looking askance at the people in the room as if they had been so many policemen in disguise, a disagreeable sudden conviction that this sullen rascal looked a great deal more like the guilty man than Mr. Wentworth did, came into Mr. Morgan's mind, and made him sick with annoyance and embarrassment. If it should turn out so! If it should become apparent that he, for private prejudices of his own, had been persecuting his brother! This thought produced an actual physical effect for the moment upon the Rector, but its immediate visible consequence was simply to make him look more severe, almost spiteful, in a kind of unconscious self-vindication. Last of all, Elsworthy, who began to be frightened too, but whose fears were mingled with no compunction nor blame of himself, stole in and found an uncomfortable seat on a stool near the door, where scarcely any one saw him, by favour of Thomas, and screened by the high back of the Rector's easy-chair. When all were assembled Mr. Morgan spoke.

"We are met this evening, gentlemen, to complete, if there is sufficient time, the investigation we began this morning," said the Rector. "I

have no doubt I express the sentiments of every one present when I say I shall be glad—*unfeignedly* glad," said Mr. Morgan, with a defiant emphasis, which was meant to convince himself, "to find that Mr. Wentworth's witness is of sufficient importance to justify the delay. As we were interrupted this morning solely on his account, I presume it will be most satisfactory that this witness should be called at once."

"I should like to say something in the first place," said the Curate. Mr. Morgan made an abrupt nod indicative of his consent, and, instead of looking at the defendant, shaded his eyes with his hand, and made figures with his pen upon the blotting-paper. A conviction, against which it was impossible to strive, had taken possession of the Rector's soul. He listened to Frank Wentworth's address with a kind of impatient annoyance and resistance. "What is the good of saying any more about it?" Mr. Morgan was saying in his soul. "For heaven's sake let us bury it and be done with it, and forget that we ever made such asses of ourselves." But at the same time the Rector knew this was quite impossible; and as he sat leaning over his blotting-book, writing down millions after millions with his unconscious pen, he looked a very model of an unwilling listener—a prejudiced judge—a man whom no arguments could convince; which was the aspect under which he appeared to the Curate of St. Roque's.

"I should like to say something first," said the Perpetual Curate. "I could not believe it possible that I, being tolerably well known in Carlingford, as I have always supposed, could be suspected by any rational being of such an insane piece of wickedness as has been laid to my charge; and consequently it did not occur to me to vindicate myself, as I perhaps ought to have done, at the beginning. I have been careless all along of vindicating myself. I had an idea," said the young man,

with involuntary disdain, "that I might trust, if not to the regard, at least to the common sense, of my friends——"

Here John Brown, who was near his unwary ollen, plucked at the Curate's coat, and brought him to a momentary half-angry pause. "Softly, softly," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "common sense has nothing to do with facts; we're inquiring into facts at this moment; and, besides, it's a very foolish and unjustifiable confidence to trust to any man's common sense," said the old Doctor, with a humorous glance from under his shaggy eyebrows at his fellow-judges; upon which there ensued a laugh, not very agreeable in its tone, which brought the Rector to a white heat of impatience and secret rage.

"It appears to me that the witness ought to be called at once," said Mr. Morgan, "if this is not a mere expedient to gain time, and if it is intended to make any progress to-night."

"My explanations shall be very brief," said Frank Wentworth, facing instantly to his natural enemy. "I have suspected from the beginning of this business who was the culprit, and have made every possible attempt to induce him to confess, and, so far as he could, amend the wrong that he had done. I have failed; and now the confession, the *amende*, must be made in public. I will now call my witness," said the Curate. But this time a commotion rose in another part of the room. It was Wodehouse, who struggled to rise, and to get free from the detaining grasp of his companion.

"By Jove! I ain't going to sit here and listen to a parcel of lies," cried the vagabond. "If I am to be tried, at least I'll have the real thing, by Jove!" He had risen up, and was endeavouring to pass Mr. Waters and get out, casting a suspicious defiant look round the room. The noise he made turned all eyes upon him, and the scrutiny he had brought upon himself redoubled his anxiety to get away. "I'll not

stand it, by Jove! Waters, let me go," cried the craven, whose confused imagination had mixed up all his evil doings together, and who already felt himself being carried off to prison. It was at this moment that Jack Wentworth rose from his place in his easy careless way, and went forward to the table to adjust the lamp, which was flaring a little. Wodehouse dropped back into a chair as soon as he caught the eye of this master of his fate. His big beard moved with a subterranean gasp like the panting of a hunted creature, and all the colour that had remained died away out of its haggard, frightened face. As for Jack Wentworth, he took no apparent notice of the shabby rascal whom he held in awe. "Rather warn this room for a court of justice. I hope Frank's witness is not fat," said Jack, putting himself up against the wall, and lifting languidly his glass to his eye—which byplay was somewhat startling, but totally incomprehensible, to the amateur judges who looked upon him with angry eyes.

"I must request that the proceedings may not be interrupted," said Mr. Morgan; and then everybody looked towards the open door: the sight they saw there was enough to startle the calmest spectator. Elsworthy, who was seated close by, sprang from his stool with a low resounding howl of amazement, upsetting his lowly seat, and staggering back against the wall, in the excess of his wonder and consternation. The judges themselves forgot their decorum, and crowded round upon each other to stare—old Mr. Western putting his arm round the Rector's neck in his curiosity, as if they had been two boys at a peep-show. It was Miss Leonora Wentworth's erect iron-grey figure that appeared in the doorway, half leading in, half pushing before her, the unfortunate cause of all the commotion—Rosa Elsworthy herself. A change had passed upon the little girl's rosy, dewy, April beauty. Her pretty dark eyes were enlarged and anxious, and full

of tears; her cheeks had paled out of their sweet colour, her red lips were pressed tightly together. Passion and shame had set their marks upon the child's forehead—lightly, it is true, but still the traces were there; but beyond all other sentiments, anxiety, restless, breathless, palpitating, had possession of Mr. Wentworth's all-important witness. It was very clear that, whatever might be the opinion of her judges, Rosa's case was anything but hopeless in her own eyes. She came in, drooping, shrinking, and abashed, as was natural; but her shame was secondary in Rosa's mind, even in the moment of her humiliation. She came to a dead stop when she had made a few steps into the room, and cast furtive glances at the dread tribunal, and began to cry. She was trembling with nervous eagerness, with petulance and impatience. Almost all her judges, except the Rector and Mr. Proctor, had been known to Rosa from her earliest years. She was not afraid of them, nor cast down by any sense of overwhelming transgression—on the contrary, she cast an appealing look round her, which implied that they could still set everything right if they would exert themselves; and then she began to cry.

"Gentlemen, before you ask any questions," said Miss Leonora Wentworth, "I should like to explain why I am here. I came not because I approve of *her*, but because it is right that my nephew should have a respectable woman to take charge of the witness. She was brought to my house last night, and has been in my charge ever since:—and I come with her now, not because I approve of her, but because she ought to be in charge of some woman," said Miss Leonora, sitting down abruptly in the chair some one had placed for her. The chair was placed close by the spot where Rosa stood crying. Poor, pretty, forsaken child! Perhaps Miss Leonora, who sat beside her, and occupied the position of her protector, was of all the people present the

only one who had not already forgiven Rosa, the only one who would have still been disposed to punish her, and did not pardon the weeping creature in her heart.

"Now, that you're here, Rosa," said Dr. Marjoribanks, "the only sensible thing you can do is to dry your eyes and answer the questions that have to be put to you. Nobody will harm you if you speak the truth. Don't be frightened, but dry your eyes, and let us hear what you have to say."

"Poor little thing," said old Mr. Western; "of course she has done very wrong. I don't mean to defend her—but, after all, she is but a child. Poor little thing! Her mother died, you know, when she was a baby. She had nobody to tell her how to behave.—I don't mean to defend her, for she has done very wrong, poor little —"

"We are falling into mere conversation," said the Rector, severely. "Rosa Elsworthy, come to the table. The only thing you can do to make up for all the misery you have caused to your friends, is to tell the truth about everything. You are aged—how much? eighteen years?"

"Please, sir, only seventeen," said Rosa; "and, oh, please, sir, I didn't mean no harm. I wouldn't never have gone, no, not a step, if he hadn't a-promised that we was to be married. Oh, please, sir —"

"Softly a little," said John Brown, interfering. "It is not you who are on your trial, Rosa. We are not going to question you about your foolishness; all that the Rector wants you to tell him is the name of the man who persuaded you to go away."

At which question Rosa cried more and more. "I don't think he meant no harm either," cried the poor little girl. "Oh, if somebody would please speak to him! We couldn't be married then, but now if anybody would take a little trouble! I told him Mr. Wentworth would, if I was to ask him; but then I thought perhaps as Mr.

Wentworth mightn't like to be the one as married me," said Rosa, with a momentary gleam of vanity through her tears. The little simper with which the girl spoke, the coquettish looks askance at the Perpetual Curate, who stood grave and unmoved at a distance, the movement of unconscious self-deception and girlish vanity which for a moment distracted Rosa, had a great effect upon the spectators. The judges looked at each other across the table, and Dr. Marjoribanks made a commentary of meditative nods upon that little exhibition. "Just so," said the Doctor; "maybe Mr. Wentworth might have objected. If you tell me the man's name, I'll speak to him, Rosa," said the old Scotchman, grimly. As for the Rector, he had put down his pen altogether, and looked very much as if he were the culprit. Certainly his shame and confusion and self-disgust were greater than that of any one else in the room.

"Oh, Doctor, please don't be angry. Oh, if somebody would only speak to him!" cried poor Rosa. "Oh, please, it wasn't my fault—I haven't got no—nobody to speak for me!" At this moment she caught a glimpse of her uncle's face, dark and angry, looming behind the Rector's chair. Rosa shrank back with a frightened movement, and caught fast hold of Miss Leonora's dress. "Oh, please, don't let him kill me!" cried the terrified girl. She sank down at Miss Wentworth's feet, and held tightly by her unwilling protectress. She was a frightened child, afraid of being whipped and punished; she was not an outraged woman, forsaken and miserable. Nobody knew what to do with her as she crouched down panting with fright and anxiety by Miss Leonora's side.

"We must know who this man is," said John Brown. "Look here, Rosa; if anybody is to do you good, it is necessary to know the man. Rise up and look round,

and tell me if you can see him here."

After a moment's interval Rosa obeyed. She stood up trembling, resting her hand to support herself on Miss Leonora's chair—almost, she trembled so, on Miss Leonora's shoulder. Up to this moment the ignorant little creature had scarcely felt the shame of her position; she had felt only the necessity of appealing to the kindness of people who knew her—people who were powerful enough to do very nearly what they pleased in Carlingford; for it was in this light that Rosa, who knew no better, regarded the Doctor and her other judges. This time her eye passed quickly over those protectors. The tears were still hanging on her eyelashes; her childish bosom was still palpitating with sobs. Beyond the little circle of light round the table, the room was comparatively in shadow. She stood by herself, her pretty face and anxious eyes appearing over Miss Wentworth's head, her fright and her anxiety both forgotten for the moment in the sudden hope of seeing her betrayer. There was not a sound in the room to disturb the impartiality of her search. Every man kept still, as if by chance he might be the offender. Rosa's eyes, bright with anxiety, with eagerness, with a feverish hope, went searching into the shadow, gleaming harmless over the Wentworth brothers, who were opposite. Then there was a start and a loud cry. She was not ashamed to be led before the old men, who were sorry for her, and who could protect her; but now at last the instinct of her womanhood seized upon the unfortunate creature. She had made an involuntary rush towards him when she saw him first. Then she stopped short, and looked all round her with a bewildered sudden consciousness. The blood rushed to her face, scorching and burning; she uttered a sudden cry of anguish and shame. "Oh, don't forsake me!—don't forsake me!—listen to the gentlemen!" cried poor

Rosa, and fell down in a sudden agony of self-comprehension at Wodehouse's feet.

For a few minutes after there was nothing but confusion in the room. Elsworthy had been standing behind backs, with a half-fiendish look of rage and disappointment on his commonplace features. "Let them help her as likes; I washes my hands of her," he cried bitterly, when he saw her fall; and then rushed into the midst of the room, thrusting the others out of his way. The man was beside himself with mortification, with disgust, and fury, and at the same time with a savage natural affection for the creature who had baffled and disgraced him, yet still was his own. "Let alone—let alone, I tell you! There's nobody as belongs to her but me," cried Elsworthy, pushing up against the Doctor, who had lifted her from the ground. As for Wodehouse, he was standing scowling down upon the pretty figure at his feet: not that the vagabond was utterly heartless or could look at his victim without emotion; on the contrary, he was pale with terror, thinking he had killed her, wondering in his miserable heart if they would secure him at once, and furtively watching the door to see if he had a chance of escape. When Mr. Waters seized his arm, Wodehouse gave a hoarse outcry of horror. "I'll marry her—oh, Lord, I'll marry her! I never meant anything else," the wretched man cried, as he sank back again into his chair. He thought she was dead, as she lay with her upturned face on the carpet, and in his terror and remorse and cowardice his heart seemed to stop beating. If he could have had a chance of escaping, he would not have hesitated to dash the old Doctor out of his way, and rush over the body of the unhappy girl whom he thought he had murdered. But Waters held him fast; and he sank back, panting and horrified, on his seat. "I never touched her; nobody can say I touched her," mut-

tered the poor wretch to himself; and watched with fascinated eyes and the distinct apprehension of terror every movement and change of position, calculating how he might dart out when the window was opened—having forgotten for the moment that Jack Wentworth, as well as the companion who kept immediate watch over him, was in the room.

"She'll come to herself presently," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "We'll carry her upstairs. Yes, I know you don't approve of her, Miss Wentworth; nobody said you were to approve of her. Not that I think she's a responsible moral agent myself," said the Doctor, lifting her up in his vigorous arms; "but in the mean time she has to be brought to life. Keep out of my way, Elsworthy; you should have looked better after the little fool. If she's not accountable for her actions, *you* are," he went on with a growl, thrusting away with his vigorous shoulder the badly-hung frame of Rosa's uncle, who was no match for the Doctor. Thus the poor little girl was carried away in a kind of procession, Miss Leonora going first. "Not that I think her worth all this fuss, the vain little fool," said Miss Leonora; "she'll come to herself, no fear of her;" but notwithstanding her protest, the strong-minded woman led the way. When the room was cleared, the gentlemen who remained took their seats mechanically, and stared at each other. In the shame and confusion of the moment nobody could find anything to say, and the Curate was magnanimous, and did not take advantage of his triumph. The silence was broken by the Rector, who rose up solemnly from his chair to speak. Probably no one in the room had suffered so acutely as Mr. Morgan; his face was crimson, his eyes suffused and angry. Frank Wentworth rose involuntarily at the same moment, expecting, he could not tell why, to be addressed, but sat down again in a little confusion when he found that the

Rector had turned his eyes in a totally different direction. Mr. Morgan put the lamp out of the way, that he might be able to transfix with the full glow of his angry eyes the real offender, who sat only half conscious, absorbed with his own terror, by the lawyer's side.

"Sir!" said the Rector, in a tone which, severe as his voice was by nature, nobody had ever heard from his lips before, "you have put us all in a most ridiculous and painful position to-night. I don't know whether you are capable of feeling the vileness of your own misconduct as regards the unhappy girl who has just been carried out of the room, but you certainly shall not leave the house without hearing——"

Wodehouse gave such a start at these words that Mr. Morgan paused a moment. The Rector was quite unaware of the relief, the sense of safety, which he had inadvertently conveyed to the mind of the shabby rascal whom he was addressing. He was then to be allowed to leave the house? "I'll leave the d——d place to-night, by Jove!" he muttered in his beard, and immediately sat up upon his chair, and turned round with a kind of sullen vivacity to listen to the remainder of Mr. Morgan's speech.

"You shall not leave this house," said the Rector, more peremptorily still, "without hearing what must be the opinion of every gentleman, of every honest man. You have been the occasion of bringing an utterly unfounded accusation against a—a young clergyman," said Mr. Morgan, with a succession of gasps, "of—of the very highest character. You have, as I understand, sir, abused his hospitality, and—and done your utmost to injure him when you owed him gratitude. Not content with that, sir," continued the Rector, "you have kept your—your very existence concealed, until the moment when you could injure your sisters. You may perhaps be able to make a miserable amends for the wrong you have done to the unfortunate

girl upstairs, but you can never make amends to me, sir, for betraying me into a ridiculous position, and leading me to do—an—an absurd and—and incredible injustice—to a—to my—to Mr. Frank Wentworth. Sir, you are a scoundrell!" cried Mr. Morgan, breaking down abruptly in an access of sudden fury. When the Rector had recovered himself, he turned with great severity to the rest of the company: "Gentlemen, my wife will be glad to see you upstairs," said Mr. Morgan. The sound of this hospitable invitation was as if he had ordered the entire assembly to the door; but nevertheless most of the company followed him as he rose, and without condescending to look round again, marched out of the library. The Squire rose with the rest, and took the hand of his son Frank and grasped it closely. Somehow, though he believed Frank before, Mr. Wentworth was easier in his mind after the Rector's speech.

"I think I will go upstairs and shake hands with him," said the Squire, "and you had better come too, Frank. No doubt he will expect it. He spoke up very well at the last, and I entirely agree with the Rector," he said, looking sternly, but with a little curiosity, at the vagabond, who stood recovering himself, and ready to resume his hopeless swagger. It was well for Mr. Wentworth that he left the room at once, and went cheerfully upstairs to pay his respects to Mrs. Morgan. The Squire said, "Thank God!" quietly to himself when he got out of the library. "Things are mending, surely—even Jack—even Jack," Mr. Wentworth said, under his breath; and the simple gentleman said over a part of the general thanksgiving, as he went slowly, with an unusual gladness, up the stair. He might not have entered Mrs. Morgan's drawing-room with such a relieved and brightened countenance had he stayed ten minutes longer in the library, and listened to the further conversation there.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REPORT.

I. ETON.

If Royal Commissions are to be issued at all, and if our national institutions in general are fair subjects for public inquiry and suggested reformation, it can have surprised no one that the ordeal should have been applied to our Public Schools. Rather, the wonder is that they should have escaped so long. Both extremities of our educational system had already been strictly dealt with; the old village schoolmaster had been dethroned in favour of a new dynasty of black boards, and method, and organisation; and every white-headed urchin that knows or does not know his letters has become an object of intense personal interest to her Majesty's Inspector. Ancient Oxford and Cambridge are remodelled; and the former especially, what with her own well-meant blunderings in the way of new examination statutes, and the sweeping changes forced upon her by the Commissioners, finds herself in this rather embarrassing position—her educational market stocked with a sudden wealth of open scholarships, for which every college naturally demands candidates who bid fair for a first class, while the field of undergraduates, from which the choice has to be made, offers only an unlimited and increasing supply of plucks. Yet meanwhile, the great Public Schools, the nurseries of our higher and middle classes, seemed to bear a charmed existence, unassailed by any terrors of reform. Only an individual voice here and there ventured to call in question either their system or their details. The head-master sat upon his throne like Jove, looking down with a grand calmness upon mortal complaints, impassive to the groans of *Paterfamilias* over the bills, as of *Tirunculus* under the birch.

But the charm of that celestial quiet is broken. In these days of universal examination, perhaps the schoolmasters have no right to complain; otherwise, the tables seem to have been terribly turned upon them for a season. They have had to answer papers of examination-questions longer and stiffer than the most exacting among them could ever have had the heart to set. The Winchester masters have been had "up to books" even as the smallest college boy; and the autocrats of Eton, Harrow, and Westminster have been "put on" in what, when they were fourth-form boys, they would have called "awfully stiff bits." All this searching process has, of course, been conducted by her Majesty's "trusty and well-beloved" Commissioners with the most perfect urbanity and politeness; every one whose fortune it has been, at any time, to stand on the wrong side of an examination table, knows with what terrible civility the most disagreeable questions are put on such occasions.

The result is a mass of information, much of which is extremely interesting — occasionally rather startling, and not seldom very amusing—which would never have been got at in any other way; and for which in itself, independently of any educational reforms which may follow, the public might well feel very much indebted to her Majesty's Government. If the matter contained in the four Blue volumes just issued had been put into a different shape, and judiciously edited with something like sensation titles, the Stationery Office might have not only covered their expenses by the sale, but have made a very handsome profit by the speculation.

The Commission (issued in July, 1861) was empowered to make in-

quity into the revenues, administration, and management of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charter-House, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury; and into the "system and course of studies" pursued in each school. It has taken something like two years and a half to complete its Report; but the work seems to have been done thoroughly. Not only were printed queries, embracing every possible subject of inquiry, sent round to the authorities of each of these schools, and the witnesses afterwards confronted with their written depositions, and subjected to a searching cross-examination thereupon; but some of the most intelligent of the scholars whom each school had lately sent up to the universities, were also examined on the same points of education and discipline; and, in order to test the system from every point of view, even a junior King's scholar of Eton, a junior college-boy of Winchester, and a junior foundationer of the Charter-House—boys from twelve to fourteen—were summoned to give evidence, more especially as to their personal experiences in the important matter of fagging. These several classes of witnesses were plainly necessary to the case, if anything like a thorough investigation was to be made. But the Commissioners would have gone much farther than this, if they had had their way. They proposed to have a special examination of "the senior boys, constituting about one-fifth of each school," in the subjects ordinarily taught—Latin and Greek translation, Mathematics, History, &c.; and a circular, containing this proposal, was sent round to each of the headmasters. That such a proceeding, however plausible at first sight, was really "objectionable both in principle and details," was what sensible men like the Commissioners ought to have felt at once, and what they were soon reminded of by the unanimous remonstrance of the school authorities. We say

unanimous, because both Dr. Temple and Dr. Kennedy, who gave a very reluctant consent, expressed at the same time their distinct objections; and certainly neither Rugby nor Shrewsbury had any reason to shrink from any test which could be applied to their work, or any presumed comparison with the results at other public schools. The objections will be found ably and temperately stated in the replies of the several headmasters; it is enough to say here that all felt that the results of such an examination, if published, would assume a fallacious importance, and that the examination itself would be a serious infringement of the independent government of the school. So the Commissioners gave up that part of their scheme; finding, as they say in the closing letter of their correspondence, that they could not obtain "the general concurrence" of the authorities; finding, as they should have said, that the authorities concurred unanimously in protesting against it, and that the common sense of every one interested in public education would in this instance have backed the masters.

But the Commission did not limit itself in the collection of evidence, to schoolmasters or schoolboys.—They issued a separate examination-paper for "Professors, Tutors, and others" at the two universities; who thus found themselves a second time brought into court, but on this occasion rather as witnesses for the prosecution than as co-defendants. They were asked, amongst other questions, "how far the education given at the schools from which the university is fed, fulfils satisfactorily one of its main purposes, that of preparing boys for the university course, by grounding them in those studies;" "how far scholarship appears to have advanced or declined" of late years; whether they have "observed any marked differences between different schools;" and whether "the moral training and character of the

young men who have come up to the university from public schools" has improved or deteriorated.

On this latter question—to which, though it comes last upon the Commissioners' paper, we may be very sure they attached the first importance—we gladly say a few words at the outset, because they are very pleasant words to say. If there is one point on which the witnesses are unanimous, it is on this; that in the moral tone and habits of the young men who go up year after year from our public schools to the university there is an improvement, in a very marked degree, within the present generation. "The senior head of a house," says one Oxford witness, "is reported to have said that the improvement in the morals of the members of the university since the beginning of the century is not to be called a reformation, but a revolution." No doubt, the venerable author of this emphatic testimony has lived to see great and most desirable and needful change in the habits, not only of undergraduate life, but in the life of the senior common-room; but even much younger men trace thankfully the same improvement through later years, and readily admit that in this important respect the present day is better than their own. In point of morality, economy, sobriety, good sense in their amusements, and the absence of riot and disorder, the modern undergraduate comes out in very favourable contrast to those who occupied his rooms and trod the same old High Street twenty and thirty years ago. It is somewhat curious to remark the various causes, proximate or remote, to which the successive witnesses, all men of ability and experience, are inclined to attribute the change which they all gladly recognise. One—not himself a Rugby man—adds yet another testimony to Rugby's great head-master: he dates the change distinctly "from the time that Arnold's pupils began to come up to Oxford." Another be-

lieves that he noticed "a marked difference for the better," arising from "the fourteen-penny income-tax" (which certainly has not had too many admirers), "and the wholesome stimulus of the Crimean war;" several attribute much of the happy result to the introduction of athletic sports; others again to "the multiplication of university examinations;" "the closer personal relations that exist between tutor and pupils, both at school and college"—certainly one of the most encouraging features of modern education; and, what has perhaps really most of all to do with the change, though it is difficult to say whether as cause or as result,—the improved state of public opinion.

This marked improvement in the habits of English student life, to which those who are best qualified to judge bear such willing testimony, and which has long been patent to all who have even a slight knowledge of the university world as it was and is, has been accompanied, as all good things are, with some slight drawbacks. The minor morals—so to speak—of the modern undergraduate are decidedly *not* an improvement upon those of his predecessors. In very gentle language—too gentle, we venture to think, for the occasion—some of the college officers notice that which threatens to be one counteracting evil to very much of promising good in the young men of our own day. "They are less attentive to small matters of discipline than they were." "Manners, in the popular sense of the term, have not improved; there is an ostentatious disregard of minor regulations, and a corresponding (I think consequent) falling off in the small courtesies which distinguish the gentleman." We could wish, indeed, that these words of mild and yet forcible rebuke—not as from a college tutor to undergraduates, but as from a gentleman to gentlemen—were printed, not only in a Government blue-book, or even in these pages,

but in some conspicuous place in every college hall, debating society, club-room, sixth-form room, and school library. Would that every undergraduate who casts his eye on the-e lines as he picks up the Magazine from the table of the Union, would believe how those who have, for every reason, the most lively sympathies with undergraduate life, who recognise joyfully the immense amount of good which leavens it all in a degree unknown in their own younger days, are pained and vexed to notice this "falling off in the courtesies which distinguish the gentleman"! We may be "inclined to believe," with one of the Commissioners' witnesses, "that in essentials there is still as strong a sense of reverence and right as there has ever been;" but there can be no question that in outward demeanour and address towards their elders and towards those in authority, as well as in that proper self-respect which shows itself in the appropriate dress and bearing of a gentleman, there is a lamentable falling off. No one would wish to recall the days when the loungers of the High Street sunned themselves in the eyes of milliners' apprentices in flaunting waistcoats and ridiculous jewellery; but the short pipe and the cap of all colours are surely an aping of the absurdities of the German Bursch which sits but ill upon the English scholar. The courtesies and proprieties of "gentle life" are not to be put upon the same level as the moral virtues; but they form the complements of that character which, when complete, we are justified in ranking above all others—an English gentleman. No name stands higher in the grateful memory of Oxford—none should have greater weight with every public-school man and university student—than his, the courtier, the scholar, the statesman, and the Christian, the very founder of our public education, who bade his boys at Winchester observe the "*curialis modus*," and took for his own motto,

"Manners maketh man." It is a principle as old as St. Paul, and which must last until all society is disorganised; the evil fashion of a day may affect bad manners, but they must go out again, like periwigs or hoops and patches.

The causes of this degeneracy in young men's manners the witnesses have not thought it worth while to investigate. Something of the same kind is noticed in society generally; so that in this, as has always been the case in other points of more importance, our sons are only exaggerating the sins of their fathers. And just as good springs out of evil—as the execrated double income-tax is said to have been the mother of undergraduate economy—so in this particular some evil has probably sprung out of an undoubted good,—the more familiar and confidential relations which are now generally cultivated between a boy and his master at school, and an undergraduate and his college authorities. It would be going too far to say that this familiarity has bred anything like contempt, but it has certainly weakened the barriers of respect and deference. The blame is not entirely on the side of the younger party. If outward recognition of these duties is treated as a matter of indifference, it will soon be discontinued; and it will be strange if, in young and unformed minds, the feeling of what we may term reverence does not suffer in consequence. Certainly, if anything like "an ostentatious disregard of minor regulations" correctly describes the state of things in an English university, the blame rests in quite a different quarter to that in which the witness intended to apply it. Ostentatious disobedience on the part of those in *statu pupillari* is to be met by an equally "ostentatious" exercise of authority. Nor do we exactly understand what, in a question of discipline, "minor" regulations mean. If they are unnecessary or vexatious, let them be discontinued; if they are wholesome

and judicious, let them be enforced. But we have very grave doubts whether the improvement which has been justly remarked in the habits of the younger members of the university is to be attributed to any corresponding improvement in college discipline or supervision.

This favourable evidence from the universities is only what might reasonably be expected from what comes out, most clearly and satisfactorily, in the course of this inquiry, as to the moral tone and state of feeling in the schools themselves. Scholarship may not be all that is to be desired; there may be abuses and negligences which deserve exposure and call for reformation; but public schools are no longer what an excellent man once called them, with a too near approach to truth, "the seats and nurseries of vice." There may be sceptics who might hesitate to accept without reservation the testimony here borne by the masters as to the general character of their scholars; such witnesses would naturally, it might be said, make the best of the results of a training for which they are themselves responsible; but no one can read the honest-hearted and independent testimony of the young men who have just gone up from their respective schools to college, without placing the most implicit confidence in the good word which they give their old school and their old schoolfellows. Captains of the school, captains of the eleven, captains of the boats—successful scholars or successful athletes—young noblemen of Eton, or hard-working commoners of Rugby (and the Commissioners wisely took care to have before them representatives of each)—all who have had the best means of knowing school-life intimately in all its shades of good and evil, speak of it in terms which may well carry hope and comfort to the heart of many an anxious parent. Very few of them, indeed, will give a confident reply to a pet question of the Commissioners,—whether

they think that, on the whole, "their time was profitably spent" at school, and whether they "are satisfied with the result?" let us be thankful that no Royal Commission is empowered to exact such an account of our maturer years; some of them think, as any of us may think, that they "might have done more;" but all agree, each for their own school, with only such shades of difference that it would be invidious to distinguish them, that the tone of public feeling among the boys themselves is, on the whole, sound and healthy; that "there would be a general reprobation of anything ungentlemanlike or dishonourable;" that drinking and other gross vices, though not unknown, are confined to a small set, whose reputation amongst their schoolfellows is not good, and usually carried on with such secrecy, that the danger of contagious example becomes comparatively small; that swearing, lying, gambling, and bullying, were almost universally discountenanced by popular opinion. Even lying to a master—in which respect school morality in past years was very conventional indeed—has come to be considered, at least by the upper forms, in the light which it deserves. Smoking, which schoolboys have been apt to aspire to as a manly virtue, has gone out of fashion at Eton, and is voted "very silly" at Rugby. Into the higher question of religious training—always a difficult and delicate subject to handle with schoolboys—we do not choose to enter here, further than to say that the evidence elicited on this important point fully justifies the words of the Report, that "much of it is very satisfactory."

But the satisfaction which the Commissioners have expressed as to the moral training of our public schools, as having been, "upon the whole, eminently successful," and "greatly improved during the last thirty or forty years"—a conclusion in which they are fully justified by the evidence—is not extended to

the intellectual results of their teaching. Even classical scholarship, to which some of our great schools confine their curriculum almost exclusively, they fail to secure, in any creditable degree, for the large majority of those whom they send up to the universities,—and these, be it remembered, form not more than one-third of their scholars; they turn out double the number into other lines of life, year after year, with what may fairly be assumed to be, in most cases, a still more imperfect education. And yet the evidence which proves these defective results is the evidence of friends to their system, not that of hostile witnesses, eager to prove a case. The heads and tutors of Christchurch and Balliol are certainly not prejudiced against public schools; nor are the tests on which they have formed their judgment very severe. "Portions of one Greek and one Latin book" (which have been read beforehand by the candidate), a knowledge of the rules of grammar, "the tolerable writing of Latin prose," and elementary arithmetic, are clearly not too much to expect from a boy who comes up from the higher forms of Eton and Harrow to matriculate at Oxford. Yet, with this mild test, the authorities of Christchurch have occasionally been driven either to remand or finally reject nearly one-half of their candidates. "Very few can construe with accuracy a piece from an author they profess to have read; we never try them with an unseen passage; it would be useless to do so." "The college would be left half empty," says a tutor of University, "if such a test were insisted on." Nor is this deficiency in classical attainments compensated by any kind of satisfactory proof that in the course of training there have been secured to these young men the general advantages of a liberal education. We do not mean as to mathematics, history, or modern languages, of which we shall have to speak hereafter; but of that scholarlike English education which it has always been as-

sumed that our public schools give, not so much by direct instruction in English grammar or composition, as by implication through translation from the classical languages. It will surprise many readers, as it has surprised us, far more than any failures in Greek and Latin, or even in arithmetic, to learn that "in one of the examinations in *Literis Humanioribus*, nearly half the pass-men were imperfect spellers," and that "five-sixths of the pupil-teachers in schools receiving aid from Government are better readers than five-sixths of the men who come to the university." "I have had," says another examiner, "sometimes to remind myself and my brother examiners, that we were not at liberty to pluck for bad spelling, bad English, or worse writing." Such evidence, more or less confirmed by others, and all favourable witnesses, is certainly startling. And it may well be asked, if such are the failures of those who may be fairly termed in some degree a picked class of scholars, what sort of education have our public schools given to the other two-thirds who never go through a university course at all, but enter the army or the civil service, or a mercantile house, or engage at once in other ways in the actual business of life? The statistics for the answer to this question are not so easily obtained. But neither the army nor the civil service examinations are very formidable; yet a very small proportion of the candidates have ventured to face the examiners direct from any school; they think it necessary to go through a special cramming process with a private tutor; and though this is very commonly a mistake on the part of themselves or their friends, and a much better preparation might easily have been made by a little honest hard work during their last school half-year, still it does not speak favourably for their confidence in the school-teaching. But probably not the warmest advocate of the public school system will contend that, if it fails to

give a good classical education, it gives a good general education instead; and most of the masters would certainly repudiate any such defence if it were made for them. Either they teach the classics, or they teach nothing, virtually; for history, geography, modern languages, and even mathematics, are confessedly, even at Rugby and Harrow, where they receive most attention, only supplementary to the main work of the school. And it comes to this, which is very moderately expressed in the Report of the Commission:—

"If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind and no taste for reading and observation, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public school education; but speaking both from the evidence we have received, and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be."—Report, p. 31.

Assuming, then, that the results of our public school teaching are, in the case of the great majority of those who go through it, by no means such as we should have a right to expect from the very high cost of such an education, independently of the large revenues from the bequests of founders, and from the undoubted ability of the teachers, the next important inquiry is, What are the causes of this compar-

ative failure, and are they remediable?

There is one well-known popular outcry against the whole system, raised more or less loudly from time to time, perhaps not quite so vehemently of late years, but still the voice of a large party—that the mistake lies in retaining Latin and Greek as the staple of school-work; and that the panacea for the admitted ignorance of young England is, to adopt for the majority of boys what is now known as a "special" education: and that as the boy, when he goes out into life, is not likely to read much Greek, and still less likely to write much Latin verse, he had much better learn from the beginning something which is practical and useful. If any educational reformer takes up these blue-books with any notion that he is going to find this line of reform recommended by the Commission, he may shut them up at once, and rest assured that he would derive no comfort whatever from their perusal. The Commissioners have printed in their Appendix a very characteristic letter of warning addressed to one of their number by Mr. Gladstone,* whose utterances are never more welcome than when he quits the battle ground of politics for the peaceful service of the Muses. After urging upon them, in his House of Commons style, "the danger of timidity in the work of reform," and of "treating private interests with extravagant tenderness," he goes on to warn them against being misled by "the low utilitarian argument in the matter of education." He trusts that they will pronounce "a distinct affirmative on the proposition that the classical training is the proper basis of a liberal education." He is not altogether satisfied (being naturally somewhat difficult to satisfy) with the commonplaces usually brought forward as arguments in support of this view; and the way in which he himself puts it deserves perhaps a

* Appendix, p. 42.

wider circulation than in an Appendix to a Parliamentary Report:—

"But why, after all, is the classical training paramount? Is it because we find it established? because it improves memory or taste, or gives precision, or develops the faculty of speech? All these are but partial and fragmentary statements, so many narrow glimpses of a great and comprehensive truth. That truth I take to be, that the modern European civilisation from the middle age downwards is the compound of two great factors, the Christian religion for the spirit of man, and the Greek (and in a secondary degree the Roman) discipline for his mind and intellect. St. Paul is the apostle of the Gentiles, and is in his own person a symbol of this great wedding. The place, for example, of Aristotle and Plato in Christian education is not arbitrary, nor in principle mutable. The materials of what we call classical training were prepared, and we have a right to say were advisedly and providentially prepared, in order that it might become, not a mere adjunct, but (in mathematical phrase) the complement of Christianity in its application to the culture of the human being, as a being formed both for this world and for the world to come."

Whether influenced by Mr. Gladstone's special warning, or by the opinions of those eminent writers whom they quote on the subject, or by the tenor of the evidence brought before them in the course of their inquiry (and this last alone would fully justify their conclusions), the Commissioners report as follows:—

"We believe that for the instruction of boys, especially when collected in a large school, it is material that there should be some one principal branch of study, invested with a recognised and, if possible, a traditional importance; to which the principal weight should be assigned, and the largest share of time and attention given. We believe, that this is necessary in order to concentrate attention, to stimulate industry, to supply to the whole school a common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion. . . . We are of opinion that the classical languages and literature should continue to hold, as they do now, the principal place in public school education."

It would be wholly out of place

here to reproduce the arguments on which the Commissioners have founded this sound and wise conclusion. It is a question which has been before the public in every possible shape, almost *ad nauseam*. That the masters of public schools, living in an atmosphere of classics, should be unanimous in support of the established principle, might of course be taken for granted: they may be assumed as prejudiced—honestly prejudiced—witnesses. But there are at least two remarkable testimonies from men whose studies and habits of thought have lain in quite a different direction, and whose names give authority to their words, which deserve to be weighed carefully by all who are inclined to question "the use of so much Latin and Greek." The first is from Professor Airy, the Astronomer-Royal.

"Q. You would not on any account disturb the classics, as the basis of English education at our great public schools? A. I would not on any account; and perhaps more importance may be attached to my opinion in that respect, as being professionally, as I may say, a mathematician, and having made my strong points in that science, I still cannot sufficiently express the importance I attach to the study of the classics."

The other is from Dr. Hooker, of the Kew Botanical Gardens, and is brought out rather unwillingly, the witness being a warm advocate for the introduction into schools of the natural sciences. He is speaking of "the higher branches of the medical profession."

"Q. As a matter of fact, it is the case that the classical education is becoming more valued? You may say that generally? I think so, decidedly. Q. Than twenty years ago? Yes. Q. You do not know the grounds on which account chiefly it is valued, whether for the sake of the medical literature contained in the classical languages, or for the sake of the discipline? It is for the sake of the discipline chiefly, and for the proof that a man has had so much mental culture."

Even Dr. Carpenter, another of

the scientific witnesses examined, while maintaining that no education can be complete which is not "supplemented" by the physical sciences, attaches very high importance to the "philosophical study of language," and considers "that we do not understand the meaning and the value of language, until we have tried to put our thoughts into a language different from our own." One of these witnesses indeed—Mr. Faraday—thinks that a classical training in some sense "really injures the mind for the reception of other knowledge;" but he makes, very honestly and candidly, the somewhat important admission, that he is not himself "an educated man, according to the usual phraseology, and therefore can make no comparison between languages and natural knowledge, except as regards the utility of language in conveying thoughts."

Perhaps the most convincing proof that the unsatisfactory results of public school education are not to be fairly attributed to any undue importance attached to classics, will be found in the fact, which is sufficiently established by the evidence, that as a rule—of course with many exceptions—the boys who are furthest advanced in classics also take at least their fair place in the other branches—mathematics, history, modern languages—in those schools where these form part of the regular work: and that where a special class has been formed, with the view of studying more practical subjects—as, for example, the army class at Eton—and where, in consideration of these special studies, some exemption from classical lessons or composition has been offered, this class has been joined by "the most idle and worthless boys in the school," eager, not to prepare themselves for the army, or for anything else, but merely to "shirk the regular work;"* because, as the Report puts it very tersely and sensibly, "it is not necessary to be

clever in order to gain solid advantage from the study of Latin and Greek; it is only necessary to be *attentive*, a condition equally indispensable to progress in any other study." And this habit of attention is exactly the most disagreeable and the most valuable thing which boys have to learn.

And here we have the main root of all the unsatisfactory results, long if not loudly complained of, alike by public examiners who have to reject, and by disappointed parents whose sons are rejected, honestly confessed and lamented by many schoolmasters, and now publicly announced by a Royal Commission. The fault does not lie mainly in the subjects of the curriculum, in the hours devoted or not devoted to this or that branch of education; it is not to be remedied by an hour a day subtracted from Latin and given to botany. It must have been a satirist amongst the Commissioners who penned the words in their Report—"We have found no difficulty in ascertaining what is *taught* at these schools; to discover what and how much is *learned* in them is difficult." You may pile Greek lessons upon Latin, physical science lectures upon mathematical, and superadd teachers of all the ologies and all the accomplishments in rotation, until you make your school time-table something more awfully complicated than Bradshaw; but unless you can secure honest work on the part of your scholars as well as fine names for the heading of your columns, you may accomplish a very taking programme for an advertising academy, but you will have left real education where it is now. What is the use of quoting, as Mr. Faraday does, such men as the Stephensons in proof that there is something wrong in the system, because such men were found not in it, but out of it? George Stephenson *worked*, and would have worked in any public school in which he had been placed, as well

* Eton Evidence, 5041, &c.

as in a coal mine. But you cannot make a boy an engineer simply by stopping his supplies of Latin and Greek. If an elaborate system of well-paid and able teachers fails to insure in the majority of public-school boys a decent amount of classical scholarship, is it at all more certain that a staff of scientific lecturers will turn them out competent mechanicians or natural philosophers? It would be a very poor compliment to these sciences to assume that less real ability, or less capacity for work, were required, in order to a satisfactory progress in these, than are demanded in the department of philology. And even such a poor modicum of philological knowledge as the Oxford authorities are forced to put up with at their matriculations, is at least as valuable an elementary education as an imperfect smattering of science. Amateur Latin prose—that won't construe is as useful, even in a practical point of view, and more harmless, than amateur steam-engines that won't go, or amateur chemical combinations which blow up the operator.

No; the Commissioners, in satire or sober earnest, are perfectly right in this. It is not so much what is taught, but what is learnt, which is the test of education: we hold, and they hold, a classical training to be the best basis of all, provided the basis be sound; but, as an accurate and grammatical knowledge of French would involve a more valuable mental discipline than a mere shambling construe of Latin or Greek, so the really careful study of any one or more of the physical sciences would no doubt be a better training for a boy than the practice of conversation in English French, to which some of the Commissioners seem inclined to attach a very undue importance. But the ordinary schoolboy, so well described in the words of the Report—"who has the restless activity and love of play that belong to youth and health, who, like his elders, thinks somewhat slowly, and does not ex-

press himself readily, and to whom mental effort is troublesome"—is as difficult to win to a patient study of the laws of physics as of the rules of grammar. We quite agree with the Commissioners in regretting that natural science should, with some exceptions, be "practically excluded from the education of the higher classes in England." That it should be entirely ignored in some of our public schools is, we think with them, "a plain defect and a great practical evil." But we think they are mistaken in supposing that, amongst English schoolboys, those who have little aptitude for literature, but have a distinct aptitude for science, are "many." There are such boys undoubtedly, but we believe them to be very few, just as really scientific men are few; and to encourage the breed of scientific dabbles we should hold to be anything but desirable. No doubt, if you institute a chemistry class, or a geological lecture in a school, and offer exemption from a copy of Greek iambics or Latin prose to those who attend it, you will excite the scientific tastes of the school to a wonderful extent; you will fill your lecture-room with aspiring chemists and geologists at once, not that they love science more, but that they love Latin and Greek less. Your lecture-room will become as popular as the Cave of Adullam. There is another way, too, in which many boys are very fond of science, much in the same way as the little Tom Tulliver, of pleasant memory, was "very fond of animals—i. e., of throwing stones at them;" they like anything which affords them amusement. The rifle-corps which has been formed of late in most schools is popular enough so far as the shooting practice goes; but in some cases it has had to be discontinued altogether, because the boys will not give the necessary amount of time and patience to the really valuable part, the drill. The experiments in the chemistry class, and the excursions with the botanical professor, will be a form of

study far more to their mind than Greek verbs and the rules of syntax. And no doubt there is a theory of modern education which consists in "making things pleasant," and studying the bent of the inclination, and providing that a boy shall learn what he likes, and that only. It is not quite in accordance with an old book which tells us that "it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth," and that wisdom is wont to lead her pupil "at the first by crooked ways, and torment him with her discipline;" nor do we believe it to be a theory which would find any acceptance in the eyes of the present Commission.

But, as matters stand at present, classical training, with the majority of public-school boys, seems very little more than a name. Let us look a little at Eton school life, as it appears in the light thrown on it by these volumes of evidence. Eton has a natural right to the first place in any inquiry, as being *par excellence* the public school of England; but we are sorry to observe that, in the discussion of this particular question of failure, the Report gives it a special pre-eminence on quite a different ground. Eton, with its 800 boys, wins a far less proportion of university prizes than other schools, and contributes far more than its share of ignorance to the general stock. Of those "melancholy failures" which vex the mind of the Dean of Christchurch in his undergraduates, the Eton men form the very large majority. The fact itself might be passed over in charitable silence, or merely so far noticed as to point out some of the probable causes—for the verdict is accompanied by what the French call "extenuating circumstances"—were it not for the remarkable self-complacency with which some of the Eton authorities accept their inferior position in point of scholarship, and boldly propound educational aims which will probably be as novel to many readers as to ourselves. Every one knows that there are a considerable number of parents

who send their boys to Eton, not with any real wish to have them educated at all, but simply, as this Report has it, "to form friendships, and to be made gentlemen;" many with even a less creditable view than this—merely, it may be said, for the name of the thing. These are of course not men of high rank or education themselves, but chiefly of the *nouveaux riches*, who can and will pay for a step in position for their children. There are also at Eton, in a much larger proportion than at any other public school, lads of high rank and large expectations, who understand very early in life that work in any shape is not their vocation, and who give more or less a leaven of indolence to the school. We were quite prepared to have conscientious teachers confess and lament this, as many of them do, and to find allowance made for it in any comparative report of the school as a place of education. But few would anticipate such a plea as this, gravely put forth in evidence before a Commission of Inquiry, and, we may add, in a tone which corresponds very much with that of some other Eton authorities. The witness is one of the masters, who takes occasion, in his written replies to the queries of the Commission, to "refer to another feature which an Eton education calls into existence;"—"I mean a kind of *serenity and repose of character*; this will be at once recognised as a well-known characteristic of free-minded English gentlemen, and I think Eton has its full share in perpetuating this characteristic in an age in which there is much vieling with, much outrunning and outwitting one another. Eton being, from its size and local advantages, commonly considered the first school in the country, there is no strain at work on the boys to outtop another school. I have heard parents of boys in other public schools say that the boys gave them the idea as though they were always on tiptoe straining to overlook some other school; from any such habitual strain the Eton

boy is free." Mr. S. Hawtrey, Appendix, 162.

One classical author, then, at least, there is, whose philosophy is deeply and successfully studied at Eton. The opening of the second book of Lucretius is somewhat of a *locus communis*, but Mr Hawtrey has illustrated it in quite an original manner. Eton boys, under the guidance of their masters, have safely reached those—

"Edita doctrinæ sapientum templa serend,
Despicere unde quæas alios, passimque
videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere
vitas;
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore."

No aspirations after Balliol scholarships or places in the class-lists, or other petty ambitions, disturb the serenity of an Etonian's mind. Those "ways of life" may excite the miserable rivalry of Wykehamists or Rugbeians—vain mortals, toiling in the lower world of scholarship, "vying with and outrunning and outwitting one another;" in such contests Eton can look calmly on, in that "repose of character" which marks her students, watching their miserable struggles in a sort of grand disdain. Such is the latest free translation of the epicurean poet, as rendered in the schoolrooms of Eton. It must be upon this principle (at least we can discover no other) that the present head-master, Mr. Balston, declares Eton to be "the most progressive school in the country."*

There can be no doubt of the fact that, whether we are to look upon it as an advantage or a deficiency, emulation is foreign to the spirit of the place. The fact is admitted, excused, or lamented, by almost every Eton witness. Now, emulation has always been held to be one of the great advantages, so far as progress is concerned, of bringing boys together in a public school. It is the principle upon which all teachers, excepting a few enthusiasts, have acted from time

immemorial, and continue to act. The natural tendency, in nine schoolboys out of ten, is either to active out-door amusements, or (which is much worse) to general indolence; and these tendencies are certainly not weakened by companionship. Unless we choose to let a boy run wild and do what seems good in his own eyes, we have to counteract these inward propensities and outward temptations to idleness by such other influences as we may. Punishment is useful, but only when sparingly used and kept as a last resort; the abstract love of knowledge and moral sense of duty are most desirable and charming motives to call into play, but they require to be largely supplemented in boys, as alas! they do in men. An honourable rivalry and competition is one of the strongest agencies, and is usually not difficult to excite. Our whole public school and university system, with its machinery of forms, removes, examinations, prizes, scholarships, and honour-classes, is all built upon it. There are some peculiar reasons for its comparative weakness at Eton.

The school consists, as every one knows, of seventy scholars on the royal foundation, called collegers, and a very much larger number of boys not on the foundation, called oppidans. Forming collectively one body for all educational purposes, classed together in the same forms, competitors in the same examinations, they are in other respects very much apart. Peculiar school customs and traditions, indeed, make this severance much wider than it need be, or ought to be; but in a great degree it is unavoidable. They are lodged in a separate building, and they wear a distinctive dress. Consequently, collegers and oppidans look upon each other with considerable jealousy: they acknowledge each other as schoolfellows, says one of the masters in his evidence, but

* Evidence, i. p. 106.

hardly as playfellows: in fact, the two bodies at Eton stand to each other more in the relation of two rival colleges in the same university, than of boys in the same school. The existence of this rivalry might (as in the comparative case referred to) have proved a stimulus to both; and, in fact, in former days, it has often been so. But, by recent arrangements, the elections into college (which implies an almost gratuitous education) have been thrown open to unrestricted competition. The number of candidates on most occasions is very large. Boys carefully trained and accurately grounded, usually of more than average ability and (what is more important) habits of work, are alone likely to be successful: so that the college is regularly fed by supplies of what may fairly be called picked boys out of all England. Not only so, but the parents, in most cases, are those who look upon education in its true light as a preparation for life, and impress upon their boys that they will have to make their way in the world by their own exertions. A boy comes into college young, well trained, with good natural powers early cultivated, finds himself associated with others like himself, with whom work is not unfashionable, and he has every opportunity and every encouragement to go on as he has begun. The very traditional customs that exclude him, as a collegier, from the most expensive of Eton amusements—the boats,—and make him a member of a separate football and cricket club, contribute to protect him from some forms of fashionable idleness.

With the boy who enters as an oppidan, all this is very different. It is not necessary, nor would it be fair, to take the case of a nobleman's son, or any lad of more than ordinary expectations, whose friends may have been so very foolish as to impress upon him that in his case mental exertion is unneces-

sary. These are exceptional cases, even at Eton. Let us suppose the young oppidan to be one of that large class of younger sons of gentlemen of moderate fortune, who have really their own way to make in the world as well as the collegiers, and to enter the school with a fair amount of scholarship, good average abilities, and no positive disinclination to exert them. But even then, the whole tone of the associations which surround him is as much against anything like hard work, as it is in favour of a manly independence and gentlemanlike conduct. He finds that reading, beyond a certain moderate amount, is unfashionable. The tacit understanding is that the collegiers are to do the intellectual work, to win the school and university honours (if, indeed, such things be worth winning), and that the oppidans are to win the Henley race, if possible, and beat Harrow and Winchester at cricket. There is confessedly a feeling among the latter, that reading is not "in their line, and that it is rather a slow thing to do."* Even if an oppidan is likely to distinguish himself at the university, the rest, we are told, are not at all proud of him. This feeling arises in part, no doubt, from the leaven of indifferencism infused into the oppidan body by the class of boys before mentioned, who assume a natural licence to be idle; but, in part also, it is a consequence of the somewhat antagonistic feeling between themselves and the collegiers; they feel that, as far as school distinctions are concerned, they would compete at a disadvantage with these latter, in spite of their own great superiority in numbers, because their rivals are individually picked boys. So that it becomes rather "the thing" not to compete at all. The Newcastle scholarship—the great classical distinction at Eton, annually contested by the best scholars in the highest forms

* Evidence i. p. 243.

—has been of late years monopolised by collegers; no oppidan has won it now for seven years. The collegers again, besides the competitive examination at entrance, and the final competition to which most of them look forward for the fellowships at King's College, have an intermediate examination of a very strict character, by which their places are more or less determined, so that they are under a continual stimulus to work; while for the oppidan there exists nothing of the kind. He gets, as a rule, two steps, or removes, each year; one is a mere matter of seniority, involving no examination at all; and the other is not obtained, as in most schools, by competition. The examination (called "trials") is a mere test, so far from formidable that to "muff a remove" is a rare occurrence, and even amongst idle boys is accounted a disgrace. On the other hand, it is possible for a clever and ambitious boy to obtain two of these steps by one examination, which is known as a "double remove." But this opening to promotion does not affect the large majority, who are content to move on easily and gradually with their fellows, under no stimulus to pass them, and in little danger of being left behind.

If, again, the young Etonian looks round him for the leading boys in the school, those who have influence over others, who are looked up to, talked about, consulted, and imitated, he finds them in the crews of the "eight," or the players in the "eleven." "It is impossible," says one very able witness, "for a boy to obtain any general influence in the school merely by intellectual distinction." "The captain of the boats or cricket is a far greater hero than the Newcastle scholar." And this influence is—perhaps almost of necessity—very generally recognised by the masters. If any appeal has to be made to the better feelings of the

school generally, a row to be stepped, or an objectionable practice to be discouraged, the captain of the boats, not the head of the school, is the safest person to appeal to. The former "is recognised by the masters as a person of great importance," says Dr. Goodford. Much of the indifference with which any kind of intellectual pre-eminence is regarded by the boys themselves, may be fairly laid to the charge of the system pursued at Eton in strong contrast to most other public schools. One fact alone speaks volumes. A half-holiday is one of those intelligible rewards of virtue which comes home to the feelings of every schoolboy. Now, at Eton, half-holidays are given on her Majesty's birthday and coronation-day, and on the day on which she first visited the school, which is loyal and proper; also when an Etonian is made a judge or a bishop, or "elected to represent certain constituencies in Parliament;" also on "the marriage of a son of one of the Fellows, or the birth of the grandchild of any Fellow;" also "on the presentation of personal ornaments to the head-master by noble representatives of Scotland, Ireland, or Wales;"* so that a half-holiday, in the way of honourable commemoration, is, to say the least, not sparingly bestowed at Eton; but none is given for any kind of university distinction gained by an old Etonian. Again, there are school-prizes given, in the head-master's division, "but no one ever knows who gets them; the exercise is not recited or printed, and no pains is taken to make the school generally acquainted with those who are distinguished in that way." "It is very often through the 'Times' that I find out who has gained the prizes at Eton," says one of the masters. Can any one wonder that the great motive of emulation is almost extinct amongst Eton oppidans? Here is the evidence of one of the junior masters:—

* See Answers in Appendix, pp. 128, 140.

"I think if the prizes were made more of, if there was some way of making known to the school who got them, if they were given out publicly, if special examiners were had for them, if they were printed, and the same kind of *clat* given to them as is given to the games by the public exhibitions, they would be more generally cared for in the school; and I think that is what is found in other schools where that has been done. If you asked an ordinary oppidan, I should think he generally would not know who was Newcastle scholar. The interest as to who gets the Newcastle is not to be compared with the interest of who is in the eight, or who is in the eleven, or anything of that kind. It is not a matter of general interest in the school: if you ask them, they generally answer—'Some collegier or other.'—Evidence, i. p. 177.

It will be some little consolation, after this, to an anxious and ambitious father, to be assured that these kind of distinctions, if gained, will not absolutely imperil his son's popularity at Eton, but will be allowed for as harmless eccentricities, if he be a popular character in other ways. A very sensible and ingenuous young witness, late captain of the School Eleven, thinks that if an oppidan is only remarkable "for being distinguished in intellectual pursuits," the rest of the oppidan world "would rather look down upon him;" but "if he can do anything else—if he can row, or play cricket, or any other athletic game, I do not think he is *thought the worse of* for reading." The italics are the Commissioners'.

Now this exaltation of body over mind is common enough to a certain extent at all schools and to all schoolboys. It is an evil against which all school training is supposed to be especially directed. That skill and proficiency in games, or bodily prowess and activity of any kind, should win for a boy respect and admiration from his schoolfellows, is not only natural, it is very desirable; and our English public schools would lose one of their best characteristics if this feeling were

wanting. But that it should entirely override the ambition for higher distinctions, and the public estimation in the schoolboy world which has always hitherto attended brilliant and successful scholarship, is a new and dangerous feature in the public school constitution. As yet it seems to have shown itself decidedly only at Eton. Of Winchester the Commission reports that "there is no want of emulation or of respect for work: a boy who gets on is looked up to, and the scholarships and other competitions excite great interest in the school." At Harrow, those who distinguish themselves in the games "practically exercise a high influence in the school," but "not such as counteract the influence of the monitors." "I should never have dreamt," says the late captain of the school, "of any such class of boys exercising a paramount influence when I was at Harrow." It would not be easy, he says again, to find a boy at Harrow who did not know who had got the prize that half, or who was first in his examination. They chair the member of the eleven who has made the largest score at the Lords' match, and carry him about in somewhat perilous triumph, as all know who may have seen the ceremony; but we are told also by the same witness that "there is a very great deal of cheering and excitement about the prizes and scholarships." At Rugby the evidence is the same as to the real spirit of emulation in the school, the interest taken in the success and progress of individual boys by their schoolfellows, and the wholesome influence of the Rugby "Sixth" as of the Harrow monitors. This influence, indeed, is sometimes applied in a direction which would have been scarcely expected: "Of course"—says a witness who left Rugby so late as 1860, after spending six years there, speaking, quite as it were by the way, of ordinary inducements to work—"of course if there is a fellow low in the house, the sixth fellows would be perpetually at him, till he was anxious to

get out of his form for the honour of the house."

There will be very little doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced reader who compares the evidence of the working of these great schools, that another great cause of the comparatively little value attached to intellectual distinctions in the mind of the Eton oppidan, is the decline, or we might rather say the extinction, of the monitorial or sixth form authority. It is somewhat singular that a form of government adopted very early by Eton from Winchester, and which was imported into both Harrow and Rugby, according to the most probable tradition, by their Eton head-masters, should have survived in full vigour, improved and developed, but not weakened, by time, in the two younger schools as well as in its original birth-place, but should have fallen into complete abeyance at Eton. It is a fact which will surprise a good many who knew the school only in its earlier days, that "the monitorial system, as such, does not exist at Eton." "In theory the ten first oppidans and the seven first collegers have still monitorial power;" but in practice the former rarely exercise it—never, unless by special direction of the masters. Even in college it is very seldom put in force, and the instances are becoming more and more exceptional. Such authority "does not exist," says one of the masters. Dr. Goodford (now provost, and late head-master) recognises its existence as to matters of discipline, but seems unable to say that it is in any way really exercised. The right to set punishments to be written out he acknowledges as belonging to the sixth form generally, but not to inflict any form of corporal chastisement, except amongst the collegers. "It is not thought the thing," says one of the witnesses, in very expressive phrase, for a sixth-form oppidan to "lick" a boy. Such a corrective process would be

even more tolerated by public opinion—"less likely to be talked about"—if it were performed by the captain of the boats. But it is only of late years that this kind of authority has fallen into such entire disuse. "Twenty years back the sixth form were far more active in upholding outward ordinances and discipline than the present generation." This is the evidence of a master (Mr. Birch) who hesitates whether or not to regret the change; confessing, however, that whether it has been attended "with no evil results is perhaps an open question," and that the absence of the old sixth-form authority has a tendency *perhaps* to exalt physical above literary success." We imagine there is no "perhaps" on that point. But he is almost the only Eton witness who goes even so far as this. With one mind and one mouth, from that impracticable conservative, Mr. Head-Master Balston, to the outspoken reformer, Mr. Johnson, they maintain that such barbarisms as thrashings by monitors are unworthy of Eton—contrary to the whole spirit of the school—subversive, in fact, of its "repose and serenity." Mr. Johnson thinks that "if the Eton boys are distinguished as being pleasanter boys to deal with than others, it is in consequence of no strain being put upon them, and because they are under the guidance of natural influence almost entirely." This natural influence, we presume, he would explain by the words which he elsewhere uses;* that "the boys throughout the school are very greatly influenced and controlled by leading boys who have earned their eminence in games;" and he maintains that this, together with "the practice of the masters to use these natural leaders as their occasional agents in communicating their views and wishes in cases where they think it right to avoid direct interference," works better in practice than what is called the monitorial system. "I

* Appendix, App. 27.

believe," says he, "that in all this Eton is incomparably wiser and happier than other schools." He thinks that "a boy, even a high-minded boy, who is invested with the authority of a prefect, is tempted to be a tyrant, and is almost certain to over-rate himself." His evidence on this point is curiously contradictory of Dr. Goodford's, who speaks in the following terms of the discipline maintained by the sixth :

"They insure the maintenance of order and subordination without espionage on the part of the masters, and suppress much which might otherwise go amiss without the possibility of the master's being aware of it. I have no doubt, too, that they tend to suppress the tyranny of the stronger; the very fact of the power being assigned to boys not according to bodily strength, but according to rank in school, and that the lower boy, whatever his physical capabilities be, must submit to the authority of his superiors in school, appears to me necessary to produce the result above stated."—*App. Ana.* 28.

Not Dr. Butler of Harrow, or Dr. Temple of Rugby, could speak more strongly in favour of this form of government, which they find so useful in their own schools. But Dr. Goodford is speaking in these terms of an authority, which, according to Mr. Johnson and others, no longer exists at Eton, and whose non-existence, in their view, makes it "incomparably wiser and happier than other schools." Either the late head-master could have known wonderfully little of the real internal working of the school, or the change in this respect has been much more rapid and complete than the other evidence goes to show; for Dr. Goodford only resigned in 1862.

It is clear, however, from the tenor of the Commissioners' Report, that the Eton witnesses have not succeeded in impressing them with their own estimate of monitorial discipline. The Commissioners do not hesitate to express their conviction with regard to the system it-

self, "that it has borne excellent fruits, and done most valuable service to education; that it has largely assisted to create and keep alive a high and sound tone of feeling and opinion, has promoted independence and manliness of character, and has rendered possible that combination of ample liberty, with order and discipline, which is among the best characteristics of our great English schools." And even in their special report on Eton, while they state candidly and fairly what are no doubt the conscientious opinions of Etonian witnesses, they only so far adopt them as to remark that "Eton is as thoroughly convinced of its own superior happiness in not having the monitorial authority, as those schools where it exists are of the advantage of having it."

We are looking at the question now simply in its bearing upon the industrious or non-industrious habits of a school. The estimated value of intellectual success will depend in very considerable degree upon its immediate and apparent results, amongst boys as amongst men. If progress in school work, and promotion into the highest form, lead to acknowledged position and authority over a boy's fellows, one great additional inducement to work will have been established. The privileges of the monitor or prefect, his power to command service and obedience, if supported unflinchingly by the masters, will win him respect from those below him, unless he be himself of very weak character indeed. Orderly and industrious boys will regard his position with a generous envy, as what they aspire to some day for themselves; the unruly spirits in the school will have a wholesome dread even of what they affect to despise. But where, as at Eton, "the sixth-form does not, in fact, enjoy any social pre-eminence apart from that of age, and there seems practically to be no line of demarcation between them and the rest of the school,"

there one of the strongest inducements for a boy to work his way up into the sixth is absent. The ambition of power and command may not be an unmingled good motive—few human motives are—nor will boys always make judicious use of this power when they have it. We perfectly remember that, when one of the arguments urged in favour of continuing the game-laws was, that they formed a main inducement for country gentlemen to reside upon their estates instead of spending their time and money in London, it was replied, that this was something like bribing Master Jackey to be a good boy at school, by the promise that he should be allowed to kick the cat about when he got home; a form of reward manifestly unfair to the cat, and not ultimately to the improvement of Master Jackey. Any Eton master is welcome to the illustration in support of his argument that the privilege of oppressing the inferior animal, whether poacher, or cat, or lower-boy, is a very injudicious and immoral bait to hold out in either of the supposed cases; but we must claim the right to deny that oppression or capricious tyranny is any necessary consequence of monitory authority; and we hold it as good for the lower-boy to be taught to obey, as for the sixth-form to have the right to command. So long as no especial privileges are attached to position in the school, so long will that position fail to be the object of an honourable rivalry, or to insure any amount of influence over others; and so long as this influence is transferred from those to whom it ought of right to belong to the champions of the river and the cricket-field, so long will the Eton authorities have no right to complain if the result is, as it is now confessed to be, that “games come first, books second;” or that while the Eton boy is “high-principled, well-mannered, docile, agreeable, versatile,” he “has not that

respect for labour and contempt for indolence which distinguishes Rugby above other schools.”*

But, indeed, many of them do not complain. They seem quite content to accept things as they stand; to believe the captain of the boats to be the legitimate head of the school, while the winner of the Newcastle is only “some collegier or other.” There is too much tendency at Eton, not only amongst boys but amongst masters, to encourage a notion, rather too prevalent just now, which is tersely expressed in the words of this Report, “that laborious pastime, by virtue of being laborious, may rise in moral worth to the same level as work.” We have no wish to depreciate physical education; athletic sports have always been a part of the training of Englishmen; nor have we forgotten who it was that declared that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. We do not even care to scrutinise too closely the cricket and boating accounts, or to lay much stress upon the fact which the Commissioners elicit, that £1300 a-year is spent upon the games; being firmly convinced that those who remember the Eton of older days know that a much larger sum was continually squandered upon objects infinitely less wholesome, and less reputable. But it is a serious evil when games, however healthful and manly, become not the relaxation but the business of a public school. Many a parent, and many a good cricketer too, will heartily concur in the measure of reform which Dr. Goodford desires to see, and which appears rather to have startled the Commissioners, whether because they are enthusiasts in the noble science, or because any reform suggested by the conservative provost was startling—he wishes that the professional players, who are employed to “coach” the boys, were forbidden the ground altogether. An ambitious cricketer, under pre-

* Mr. Browning, Appendix, Ana. 42.

sent circumstances, practises something like twenty-seven hours in the week. The training for the eight takes up somewhat less time, but still is apt to absorb the whole of a boy's real energies. In one sense, Eton is fast becoming classical in the extreme; it is reverting to the Roman gymnasium;

"Multa tulit factique puer, sudavit et alacit."

It is very well to say that distinction in athletic sports is quite compatible with distinction in school work; nay, that vigour of body generates and maintains vigour of mind. It is a beautiful theory, and was excellently put, in a well-known speech, by Lord Palmerston—in his own person not an inapt illustration of his thesis—and was corroborated by a headmaster who ought to have known better, and taken up and applauded, as all such theories are, by an admiring public. The Commissioners themselves have a hankering after it. Speaking of eminence in games and eminence in scholarship, they say, "it is certain the two things are by no means incompatible; it frequently happens that boys who are diligent and distinguished in school and at college earn distinction also in the cricket-field or on the river." The fallacy lies in the use of the word "frequently;" the exceptions are just numerous enough to prove that the rule lies the other way. If you could always insure in the schoolboy that judicious moderation in all things which you can never insure in grown-up men; if you could induce him to take just that amount of cricket which would send him back with a relish to his Greek iambs, or to shut up his Thucydides exactly at the moment when the brain was in danger of over-work, and a turn down the river would open his chest and brighten his eye; and if all his companions and rivals in the school can be persuaded to adopt the same golden mean for study and exercise;—you will have worked a reformation not only in the schoolboy, but

in human nature. Or if a boy have such a rapid intelligence in study that he can accomplish in five hours the head-work which costs another boy ten, combined with a quickness of eye and hand that attains as it were by intuition the skill which others only gain by laborious practice, then he may turn out the model student of whom we hear so much, who is to be at once head of the school and captain of the eleven, but who is seldom found on the list of any school in present existence. Such combinations of powers are rare; the gifts of Heaven are distributed more evenly. As schools stand at present, the thing becomes more and more improbable. If school games were a mere relaxation; if no boy was allowed to spend more than a certain number of hours on the cricket-ground, or certain other hours over his books—which was practically very much the case in other school-days—the combination of excellence in both points would be much more possible and more common. But when a place in the eleven, or a place at an examination, is only to be won by hard work—when a boy has his private tutor for cricket, and his separate study for private reading—he follows the bent of his ambition or his inclination somewhat to excess in the one way or the other. So, in the really studious boy, most of his fingers are in danger of becoming thumbs, and he takes to running after the manner of cows. The games in which he feels he is not born to excel become distasteful to him, especially as he gets high in the school, and he gives them up altogether. So, on the other hand, the mental powers of the hard-working athlete become not exactly impaired, but sluggish; five hours of cricket on a half-holiday take too much out of the player to leave much energy for study in the evening; and it may fairly be doubted whether a pull of five or six miles at a training pace (with the necessary beer afterwards) is the best preparation for a patient

disentanglement of a chorus in *Æschylus*. The severance between intellect and athletics has become wider at Eton, in proportion as games have been allowed to become more of a science in themselves. "The captains of the boats and the eleven are scarcely ever distinguished in scholarship or mathematics." One master "has not observed *any* boys, during a short experience, distinguished both in intellect and athletic pursuits." Young Lord Borington, himself one of the "eight" for two years, is "afraid that the crews of the boats were generally distinguished for want of industrious habits." Cricket is found to be "hardly compatible with high scholarship;" so that, although the collegers form the larger proportion of the oldest boys in the school, they are seldom in the eleven, because they are unwilling to spare so much time from the school work as is considered necessary for practice.

But if the Eton boys give more time to play than work, it is not so with the masters. An Eton assistant-master is well paid; not by the actual salary attached to the mastership, but from the profits of his boarders and the fees of his private pupils. His net income from all these sources is laid by the Commissioners at from £1000 to £1800 a-year.* And if the account we have here of the work[†] expected from him be anything like accurate, the pay is not too much. According to the statement of Mr. Balston, the head-master, "he would be at work from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night engaged with the boys." He afterwards, indeed, deducts from this two hours for exercise and two for meals; but the latter can hardly reckon as a deduction in the way of relaxation, for each master dines and sups with the boys in his house, and there must be a constant sense of tension and

responsibility—"the whole time he can never have his work off his mind."[†] One of these gentlemen finds he can only allow himself an hour and a quarter each day for exercise, and yet he "cannot always get out in winter;" another declares that he "has been three or four days together without going out at all." Some masters (for example, Mr. Balston himself) do not appear to have found this pressure too severe; but others very naturally complain of a state of things which must be an injustice in every way. "We are enormously overworked," says one: "there is no time," says another, "for society, for meeting each other, for relaxation, and no time, I may say, for private reading, and I consider that prejudicial to the school." In fact, as Mr. Commissioner Vaughan puts it, it seems a characteristic of the Eton system that "the masters do too much for the boys, and the boys do too little for themselves." Some readers may remember a delightful school referred to by Mr. Kingsley, in his amusing 'Water-Babies'—"Dr. Dulcimer's famous suburban establishment for the idler members of the youthful aristocracy, where the masters learn the lessons and the boys hear them." Mr. Kingsley's story came out rather before these volumes of evidence, or we should certainly fancy he had borrowed the idea from Mr. Walford (whose intelligent and suggestive evidence deserves to be read attentively throughout):—"It seems to me the result of our system at Eton, that an immense deal of work is got out of the masters, and comparatively little out of the boys."—"You would like to have the system reversed," suggests one of the Commissioners, "and get as much time for exercise as the boys themselves have?" And Mr. Walford very naturally replies that he should, "in proportion."

* Supposing him to have a boarding-house and an average number of pupils. As master, he receives no more than 42 guineas a-year.

† Evidence, i. p. 107.

The causes for this state of things appear to be two. First, that the classes or divisions assigned to each master (though much smaller than formerly) are still too large for careful handling; and that boys in many parts of the school are rarely "called up" to test their knowledge of the lesson. Things are certainly very much changed for the better since the days when "the whole of the sixth form, with the upper fifth (198 in all), were, under Dr. Keate, heard together;" and when, as Sir J. Coleridge testifies, "it was the commonest thing for a boy to be a month or six weeks without being called up at all." The average number under each master is now 40; but even this is too many to insure anything like a testing of individual work. The Harrow limit (now strictly kept) is 35; the Rugby average is 33, and Dr. Temple would prefer not more than 26. Nothing but the difficulty of supplying efficient teachers in sufficient number should induce any head-master to exceed it.

But at Eton, after all, the actual work in school under the master of the form or division, is only a part—apparently the least important part—of the work, either for boy or master. Eton teaching—and, to a certain extent, Harrow teaching also—proceeds upon what one of the masters calls "the Japanese system." Each boy has his private tutor; and besides certain extra work ("private business") which is done with this tutor, entirely distinct from the regular school lessons, he has to take to him every lesson and every exercise before he goes up with it to the master of his form. Except at the very top of the school, "every lesson is construed twice over—once in pupil-room, and once in school;" and every exercise is twice looked over—once by the tutor, who criticises and corrects, and again by the master of the form, who re-criticises, re-corrects, and values it. This system adds, of course, very materially to the work of the masters; we

should certainly say, subtracts in almost an equal degree from the work of the boys. It appears to us to combine several objectionable features; an idle but tolerably sharp boy will depend a good deal upon the previous construe in the pupil-room for his knowledge of the lesson in school; the correction of a single exercise by two masters successively seems—as, indeed, more than one Eton master confesses, and as the Report fairly notes—to involve a great waste of time and brains; and the subjecting the corrections of the tutor to the re-correction and criticism of his brother-master, under the eyes of the pupil, one would imagine to be something worse than waste of time. But it is warmly defended by some of the Eton authorities, and on grounds which seem to us so very remarkable, that we will give our readers the benefit of them. The Commissioners, after cautiously wording their own opinion, that "it is evident that both these duties might as well be performed by one man as by two (provided that he would take the necessary pains), and probably at a saving of time and trouble," go on to state, as one of the grounds upon which the present system is defended, that the pains would *not* be taken, and that the double correction "keeps both the masters alive to their work." Perhaps the warmest advocate for the retention of the system on this ground is Mr. Coleridge, formerly lower-master. Mr. Commissioner Vaughan, with a lively recollection of the work at Rugby both under Dr. Wooll and Dr. Arnold, asks him, in the course of examination, whether the exercise could not be looked over once for all by the form-master:—

"3709. What would be the objection to such an arrangement as that?—I wonder that so shrewd a man as you are, Mr. Vaughan, does not see the objection. The work would not be done, that is all.

"3710. Do you mean to say that the masters of the class would slur it?

—It is the very fundamental element of security in a public school that you should have the exercise which has been corrected by the tutor looked over by the masters in class. *You must go on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief.* I know very well that when I was fifty years of age, with a long experience, I never put my pen to an exercise without being to some extent in terror of the master's examination, and of the exercise coming back to me with the observation, 'Coleridge, how could you make such a mistake as this!' Not only that, I can recollect Provost Goodall sending back what is called 'a play exercise,' of the highest honour and greatest merit, done by the present Provost of King's; he sent it back to Dr. Keate, one of the best Greek scholars of his age, because he had left a false quantity."

Whereupon Mr. Vaughan, not being a witness but a commissioner, is silent. We can only say that we have a higher opinion of the honest work and conscientiousness of an Eton master than Mr. Coleridge has; and we have heard the system complained of by masters in the schools where it is adopted as having been felt, especially by some of the younger masters, as an unfair pressure and strain put upon them in addition to responsibilities which were already quite onerous enough. Dr. Liddell abolished it at Westminster, and it has been modified at Harrow; it has never existed at Winchester, at Shrewsbury, or at Rugby, though we are sorry to see that a very near approach to it has been recently made at the latter school.*

What seems to overwhelm the Eton assistant-masters, then, is this work of the pupil-room. The average number of pupils to each master is now limited to forty; it was formerly much more in the case of some popular tutors. Some of the masters consider this not too many to enable them (in addition to their work with their respective forms in school), not only to give them all such private assistance as they may require, but also "to exercise an individual influence over the

mind of an individual boy;" but others feel that this is fairly impossible with so large a number. Mr. Balston (who once had seventy-two) "does not see why a man who understands his work should not manage fifty pupils very well;" Mr. Walford "does not see how a man can do what he considers justice to more than twenty;" having at present only seventeen, he feels that he "cannot thoroughly attend to more, though he may be obliged to take more." There are other intermediate opinions on this point; but as to the tutors being overworked under the present system, the feeling is all but unanimous.

But there is one very remarkable contradiction in the Eton evidence as to the relation between tutor and pupil, which the Commissioners have noticed in their summing up, but to which they have scarcely attached the weight which it seems to us to deserve. The tutor is said to stand to his pupil *in loco parentis*; this is the recognised phrase which nearly every Eton master uses to express the relationship; he is "his friend and impartial counsellor," says Provost Goodford; "his adviser, instructor, and friend," says Mr. Durnford; they go to him in every "doubt, perplexity, and trouble," says Mr. S. Hawtreys, who goes on to dilate upon this mutual confidence, "the pivot on which the whole system turns," at much greater length than we have space to follow him. Some of these witnesses even speak of this moral influence as superseding any necessity at Eton for a monitorial authority. We have not the slightest doubt but that the masters speak as they conscientiously believe, and that they are ready to fulfil in every way their part in the matter. Nor is there any reason to doubt "the confidence of parents in the tutorial relation." But—and it is a very large "but"—even the Commissioners think that "the relation, as regarded by the boys, may not always

* Evidence, ii. p. 265.

be as confidential as it is considered by the masters." Certainly, the three modern Etonians—all young men of good character and standing in the school—who were examined by the Commission, cannot be brought, even by what a counsel would call leading questions, to take that kind of view of it. Each of these witnesses is asked whether he "considers that the tutor is regarded *in loco parentis*." The first meets the question with a distinct negative, adding, "I do not think we looked on him (the tutor) as doing anything more than just teaching us, and looking over our exercises, and hearing us construe; not in any other light." The second says, "Hardly; I do not think a boy sees enough of his tutor for that;" nor is he aware that the tutor takes any special cognisance of the formation of a boy's character or his moral conduct, "unless he has committed some flagrant offence." The third answers, "Yes; at least he is supposed to stand in that relation;" but the moral advantage, on further examination, appears to consist mainly in this, that "if you got into a scrape with any other school authority, you might send to him for a character."* We do not know how far the following passage from the head-master's examination will assist the reader in balancing this evidence:—

"3276. Can a tutor, besides giving to his pupils the educational attendance which he does, look after and superintend them, taking so many boys as many of the tutors do?—Yes; a man is perfectly able to do it who has learnt to do it. May I ask, first, how many pupils had you?—I never had less than between fifty and sixty. I think about fifty-four or fifty-five was the lowest number I had. And you were able to be a father to them all?—That is a rather puzzling question."—Evidence, i. 106.

There is, however, one department at Eton where a little modification seems required in quite another direction. There is a lower school as well as an upper school, contain-

ing young or very backward boys. In this, at least, there can be no complaint made of there being too much play. We can only hope that the witnesses, or those who took down their evidence, have made some mistake; otherwise this lower school must be the very purgatory of small boys. There, under the rule of Mr. Carter, if we may trust his own evidence, goes on work, work, without intermission. The infant Etonians, ("they come as early as seven"), "with the exception of meal-times and just a few breaks of going from school to pupil-room, would, in summer, be almost always at work from seven in the morning until six in the evening." The cross-examination by the astonished Commissioners upon this horrible statement we prefer to give as it stands, to avoid any misrepresentation:—

"6078. Would he not get any play?—Not during those times on whole school-days.

"6079. Not after twelve or after four?—No; I could not put on French or anything of the sort without reducing the time. When does he get his exercise?—After six. In the winter it is dark?—Then he would have his 'after four.' On other days he would have less work?—Yes; we reckon from four to five: a tutor might give him from one to two, or something of that kind. Do not they ever get 'after twelve'?—Very seldom. Do not they get it on holidays?—Not very much, I think. (*Lord Clarendon*). The little boys do not seem to get any exercise at all?—Yes; they do very well; but they have as much work to do, I assure you, as they can do. (*Lord Lyttleton*). What do they do at twelve o'clock when they see all the other boys going to play?—They then go to writing."

Lord Lyttleton recurs to the condition of these unfortunates again, in the examination of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, the mathematical master:—

"6509. Do they come [to the mathematical work] pretty fresh?—Yes; there is a wonderful elasticity in boys, and although they have much to do in

* Evidence, i. 248, 254, 276.

one place, yet when they come to another, and begin a fresh lesson, they are all alive again. In the winter I do not see that they have any play at all. Can you point out where they have?—That I do not know anything about. The fact is, they get no play?—Not much, except running about in the school-yard, and from one place to another.”

This rouses the sympathies of Mr. Vaughan, not the most patient of Commissioners:—

“Are they so pressed that they are obliged to run in that way?—Not quite. Do you think it might be the case that if they had less to do they would give more attention to what they were doing?—I do not know.”

The Commission ought really to have examined a junior lower-school oppidan as well as a junior collegier. It is to be hoped, in the interests of humanity, that they would have elicited from him that there were surreptitious games played under cover of forms and tables, hats or dictionaries extemporised into footballs in the school-yard, even scratch races in this desperate rush from one school to another—anything would be excusable to break this endless chain of work. Otherwise the oppidan, if, when he makes his escape into the upper school, he turns out a dull boy, may find the old proverbial excuse for it.

The taste for English literature at Eton has sensibly declined since the days of ‘*The Microcosm*’ and ‘*The Etonian*.’ In this respect, however, it seems much upon a par with other public schools. Cheap novels form too generally the staple of school-boy reading. Some of the older Eton masters admit and lament this degeneracy:—

“Formerly,” says Mr. Coleridge, “any average boy of ordinary taste at Eton, on leaving school, had read much of the English poets, and a great deal of English history, as well as other literature. I know very well that the boys used greedily to devour every poem of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Southey, and other modern poets, as fast as they came out. The boys used to spend a great deal of their pocket-money in buying English books. . . .

Dante, Tasso, and other Italian authors were read by many. As to English books, we had them in abundance. The old English dramatists, a great deal of Dryden, a great deal of Pope, and an immense deal of other English poetry, were then read at Eton, besides most of the modern poems; but now I doubt whether you would find many boys out of the whole 800 that Eton contains who have read ten plays of Shakespeare.”

So the head-master of Harrow is “afraid that there is really but a small literary interest amongst the boys;” and a young Rugbeian witness “does not think there is very much” there. The boys are fond of Carlyle; and they “always took Tennyson out of the library,” but “he does not know how much they read it.” Mr. John Walter, M.P., who volunteers some characteristic evidence about Eton, would not consider that, in this particular, public schools are very different from the grown-up world outside them:—

“In fact, after a man reaches a certain time of life, we know there is little reading of any sort. I could mention, in confirmation of that, a remark I heard from Mr. Vardon, the librarian of the House of Commons. I went in one day in the recess, and was looking over the library. I said, ‘What a number of magnificent books you have been buying; who reads them?’ He said, ‘Who reads anything? Nobody reads anything here except Sir George Lewis and myself.’”—Evidence, i. 300.

There is no question but that, after all, as has been said before, our public schools reflect very much the tone and feelings of the day. Vices go out of fashion, and luxurious indulgences come in; scholar-like tastes, or amiable indolence, or “muscular Christianity,” take the lead for a while, in the schoolboy world as in the world of grown-up men. And when we raise our eyes in astonishment at any Eton boy’s ignorance in modern history and geography, it will be well to turn over for a moment in our own minds a very bold and pertinent remark which will be found in the

answers of one of the masters, Mr. Wayte: "I hold," writes this gentleman, "that the average amount of information on these subjects possessed by those who are called 'educated' is very much less than is commonly supposed by writers in reviews and newspapers; and that Eton boys, in this respect, are not behind the world in general." The reformation which begins at home is not nearly so popular as the charity which chooses that sphere of operation; but if public schools are to be reformed to any purpose, it will not be so much by any ordinances of royal commissions as by the improved tone of public opinion, the more intellectual requirements of modern society, and the more rational influence of parents.

We have written of Eton in no censorious spirit; we gather from the evidence, as the Commissioners do, that "the general tone of feeling and opinion is sound and honourable, that disorders are rare, and there is little bullying or oppression." From this latter schoolboy evil, indeed, Eton seems to be, for so large a school, remarkably free; an attempt to prove an individual case of bullying broke down, in every material point, when brought before the Commission.* No schoolboy need desire to lead a happier life than the Eton boy, collegier or oppidan. The association of the boys with their tutor and his family at meals is an important humanising process which other schools might copy with advantage. We quite believe what one of the Oxford tutors remarks as the result of his own observation, that, "If boys educated at Eton have less learning to show, they are more intelligent than those of other public schools." "On the

whole," says another, "their conduct is very satisfactory, and I can imagine no men so pleasant to deal with. Had they had fair play with respect to their learning: as it is, they come to us with very unawakened minds, and habits of mental indolence and inaccuracy." This greater intelligence, and this pleasantness to deal with, are as certainly the result of the happy social influences which surround their homes, as the unawakened mind and mental indolence are in some degree attributable to the want of that sterner home training which is, as the Commissioners well observe, "the master's most efficacious auxiliary." We believe that when parents demand as a right that their sons shall be well taught as well as well fed at Eton, the thing will be done, and can be done with very little modification of the present system, and that in matters chiefly of practical detail such as have been noted. We do not expect, nor do we wish, to see the sixty-four "special recommendations" of this Report carried out; but we believe great good will be done by drawing public attention to the defects in one of our noblest institutions, by the publication (we only wish it had been in a form more generally accessible) of a mass of evidence of very great interest, and in many parts given with much good sense and ability,—not prejudiced attacks from anonymous writers, but authenticated by the names of witnesses as fully sensible as the Commissioners or the public can be of the weak points in the system which they find existing, and as anxious, for the sake of their own credit and the well-doing of their school, to carry out moderate and necessary reforms.

* Evidence, 9551, &c.

LETTERS FROM THE PRINCIPALITIES.

I.—A VISIT TO THE CONVENTS OF MOLDAVIA.

ON a dark night last autumn I crossed the Dniester. The jolting of my conveyance over the loose wooden planks of the bridge woke me, and I saw the dark rolling stream and overhanging banks; but I was too sleepy to feel much interest in the matter, and when, in answer to my shout to the postilion to tell me where we were, he replied, "Zaleszczyki," I groaned, and went to sleep on the spot. It was not until day dawned that I realised the fact that I had actually entered the Bukovine, and had exchanged a Polish for a Roumain population. The village of Kotzmann, where we changed horses, was as different in the aspect of its inhabitants from our dining-place of the night before, as Calais is from Dover. It reminded me of an Indian station, little cottages surrounded by "compounda," forming three sides of a large square, the centre being a wild piece of common, and the "bazaar" huddled together by itself. We seemed, in fact, to have moved in a few hours from Europe into Asia, and the change in the costume of the peasantry was absolutely startling; women with yellow Turkish boots, a white yashmak wrapped round the head, but leaving the features, nevertheless, visible, with sheep-skin coats trimmed with fur, beneath which bright-coloured skirts reached to the ankles, trooped across the green on their way to church, for it was a lovely Sunday morning. The aroma of the Moslem seemed to linger in the atmosphere, and it was difficult to believe that one was still in Austria. We followed the groups as they converged towards the little wooden building where a cracked bell in a very primitive belfry was calling them to worship. Instead, however, of entering the church, the congregation ranged themselves in an

outer enclosure—the men on one side, and the women on the other—and went through those prostrations characteristic of the ceremonies of the non-united Greek service. I am afraid the sudden apparition of two Englishmen in shooting-coats in this remote Bukovine village somewhat distracted their devotions, but we could scarcely have wished it otherwise, since we thus had an opportunity of examining the type of their features and the colour of their eyes. The result was decidedly satisfactory. Perhaps it was owing to the brightness of their holiday costume—perhaps this our first experience of Roumania was unusually favourable; but the fair worshippers of Kotzmann produced an impression not easily effaced. There was something theatrical in the effect of these groups of brightly dressed men and women, facing each other like the grand chorus in an opera, with the quaint old church in the background, and the rickety wooden walls of the enclosure for side-scenes, with every now and then the solemn swell of music. In another part of the village there was another church, apparently an opposition creed; but we had not time to enter it; it looked more commonplace, and all the congregation were inside; so we swallowed our usual early meal of plums, brown bread, and coffee, and were soon once more rattling across the rich undulating corn country towards Czernowitz. Though this city is the capital of the Bukovine, it has scarcely any of the distinctive features of the country villages. It is rapidly becoming destroyed by civilisation, and the railway will efface the traces which yet remain of its past traditions and national character. Situated upon a high bank overhanging the Pruth, Czernowitz commands an

extensive view of the surrounding country, and is backed by a range of hills sufficiently high to be a pleasant relief to the eye after the steppe country which stretches to the Black sea in a southerly direction, and far into Russian Poland to the north. Containing about 20,000 inhabitants, the town consists principally of a broad centre street, which passes through the great square in which are situated the Government offices. Under the new and pretended liberal constitution of Austria, the Bukovine enjoys the privilege of a representative Chamber, consisting of twenty-five members. It is not supposed that these deputies do anything except what they are told by the Government; indeed, there is not a province more submissive and easily governed than the Bukovine. Its representatives in the Vienna Reichsrath are thoroughly harmless; nor is there a class with any other aspirations than those which should satisfy all well-ordered communities, and which consist in attaining a high degree of material prosperity without reference to abstract principles. No doubt the fact that about two-thirds of the population are Jews, accounts to some extent for the very simple view of the case which the Czernowitz public take of their interests. But if they are satisfied, why impress upon them the rights of the Roumain nationality, or check the development of their physical resources by introducing an element of political confusion? At present, so far as I could gather, they refuse to sympathise with any one. With a population of 800,000, extremely mixed, the Bukovinians are content to sit under their vines and under their fig-trees, and to keep themselves clear of the disturbing influences of the Polish insurgents on the one hand, and of the machinations of Prince Couza on the other. It is probable that, in the event of a European war, the Bukovine will find itself in what would be called out cover-shooting—"a hot corner."

Jammed in between Galicia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia, there will very likely be a good deal of shooting going on all round; and it is not impossible that, in spite of its present exemplary conduct, it may undergo some more phases, such as have already marked its history. Originally Bukovine belonged to Transylvania; but in the fifteenth century, Stephen V. united it to Moldavia, and it was subsequently occupied by the troops of the Sultan until after the Treaty of Kaniardji. Moldavia was at that time held by Russia; and Marie Therèse having claimed the Bukovine as an appanage to Hungary, it was handed over to Austria in defiance of the remonstrances of the Porte, which has always maintained its rights, as there is no act of cession existing on the part of Turkey. There is a small Roumain aristocracy in Bukovine, consisting of a few barons; but they are a partially civilised class, and leave the development of the resources of their country entirely in the hands of Jews. In matters of religion there is a great diversity of creed, and the town is full of the churches of united and non-united Greeks, of Roman Catholics, of Lutherans, and of Jewish synagogues. To a tourist in search of unexplored mountain scenery, the Bukovine offers great attractions. The country is sufficiently civilised to secure him against the chance of an undue amount of roughing it; and before long he will be able to reach the scene of his excursions by rail. I had scarcely returned to England when I received the prospectus of the Lemberg-Czernowitz Railway Company (limited), with a capital of a million and a quarter, and a guarantee of 7 per cent. from the Austrian Government. Now that a concession has been granted by the Chambers of the Principalities for a continuation of the line through Moldavia to Galatz, there can be no doubt of the advantages of the speculation, provided that political events do not interfere

with the financial arrangements of these States. For my own part I did not regret that the absence of railways compelled us to travel in the old-fashioned way. We had bought a carriage at Lemberg, in which we had already journeyed with great comfort for some hundreds of miles; and after some haggling, we finally bargained with a Jew at Czernowitz to take us with the same team in two days to Jassy. A lovely morning — undulating, prettily-wooded country, forming a pleasant contrast to the everlasting grain steppes which we had been for many days traversing — a first-rate team of four horses, and a most amiable and honest-looking Jew driver, were influences which combined to put us in good spirits as we rattled along the well-kept Austrian road towards the frontier of the empire. In less than five hours we had reached Michaeleni, and plunged headlong into the dust and troubles of Moldavia. A group of soldiers in rags clustered round a tumble-down gate, a jumble of hovels on the other side of it, and, conspicuous among them, a more substantial building, with a device over the door, indicating that it was the Government custom-house, were the objects which enabled me to form my first impression of Moldavia. I had leisure to moralise upon it; for we were not permitted to pass through until our passports had been examined, and this gave me time to watch a soldier rob a cart while the driver left it for a moment to get his pass. The head official had probably made an arrangement with the soldiers to divide the spoils thus acquired. It was a valuable piece of experience to us, as we never left the carriage unwatched afterwards. Notwithstanding liberal offers of bribes to all the Michaeleni officials, from the highly-polished superior, who spoke Parisian French, to the lowest of his subordinates, we were detained no less than three hours in the dust and sun opposite his door, and then our troubles were only beginning; for

our honest-looking Jew turned out an exceptional rogue, even for his race. He had received half the contract money before starting, and now, having performed less than a fourth of the journey, he announced his intention of handing us over to a brother Hebrew, and returning with his own team to Czernowitz. In vain did we implore and anathematise alternately; he was master of the situation, and, deliberately informing us that we should not be required to pay more than the other half to our new driver, he trotted back to Czernowitz with £5 in his pocket. Three miserable rats, and a driver who spoke no known tongue, contrasted wretchedly with the four strong blacks and the too civilised Israelite who had departed, and we crawled out of Michaeleni at three in the afternoon in a very low state of mind, and muttering vows of vengeance against the race which had betrayed us.

It was nine o'clock at night when, to our surprise, we found ourselves rumbling along the streets of a large city. My ignorance of Moldavia had been so profound that I had never even heard that such a place as Botuchany existed until within the last few hours, and then I pictured it a miserable Moldavian village. At that hour the hum of a large population, crooked and narrow streets and bazaars, squares ill lighted up, and shops still driving a busy trade, a circus and a band, were sights and sounds which took us as much by surprise as the very tolerable house of entertainment to which our exhausted nags had just strength enough left to drag us. Though Botuchany is a city containing about forty thousand inhabitants, it is not often visited by the British traveller, and the master of the hotel and his guests inspected us with no little curiosity, and asked us the question to which we had by this time become accustomed — whether we were engineers for the railway? We found him a sympathetic and intelligent host.

He informed us that Botuehany was a thriving, prosperous place, and the residence of several great boyards, and offered us a team of horses to Jassy for the half price which was still due to the Jew. We thus had an opportunity of retaliating upon the fraternity, and left him and his ponies to recover what they could from the original swindler who had let them in for this unprofitable job. Before we left Czernowitz we had been regaled with anecdotes about the insecurity of the roads at night, and the plundering propensities of the gypsies who infest the country, and were reported to be skilful and daring highwayman. When, however, we repeated these tales to our host at Botuehany, he laughed them to scorn. It turned out a Bukovinian invention. The only more cowardly race in Europe than the Roumains are the gypsies who inhabit these provinces, which accounts for the safety of the most lonely roads at night. The character of the country from Botuehany to Jassy differed entirely from that which we had already traversed. We exchanged hills and woods for boundless arid steppe, such as I had once crossed years ago in the country of the Don Cossacks. The road, a mere track, was knee-deep in the finest dust in summer, and an impassable slough in winter. The high wind, which seemed to blow for our especial benefit, carried it in moving clouds over the face of the country—now it swept up like a waterspout in a spiral column—now obscured the sun and landscape with a dense yellow haze. Soon every crevice of one's clothing and skin became a receptacle for the almost impalpable particles, and our eyes smarted to that extent that the beauties of the scenery, had there been any, would have been lost upon us. Fortunately we could cover our eyes in all confidence; except here and there a solitary shepherd in a sheepskin, his form indistinctly defined against the sky-line, not a human being enlivened the prospect, and

we reached our mid-day halting-place without meeting a traveller. The spot was characteristic of the scene, but most un-European. A large square stone building, with a walled court, like an Eastern caravanserai, was placed near the only well in this tract of the country. Here a perpetual drawing of water went on for flocks and herds which gathered to it for miles. Had it not been for the short dry grass, one might have imagined one's self in the desert. The men and women who seemed to live nowhere, but turned up with the flocks they were watering, seemed Eastern. A dozen gypsies' huts contained the entire population of this uncouth spot; and even these could scarcely be dignified with the name of huts, for they were simply oblong holes dug out of the ground to a depth of about three feet, and over them was placed a pent roof of grass thatch. The sides of the hole formed the walls, and the entrance admitted light and allowed the smoke, to escape. Stark-naked children clung to their semi-nude mothers, and exhibited flesh that looked as if it had been smoke-dried and tanned expressly. They all seemed to present a sort of cooked appearance; one might almost say badly cooked, for they looked overdone and chippy. It no more mattered to them than to the beasts of the field, whether the sun blazed fiercely or the rain fell in torrents. From the moment of their birth they are exposed to the elements, and hang naked on their mothers' breasts in all weathers. Not until they are twelve or fourteen do they put anything on, and then as little as possible. Magnificent long black hair, and large wild lustrous eyes of the same colour, are the redeeming features of the race, which would indeed be generally considered handsome, were it not for the harshness of the expression. The chief product of the country is Indian corn; and behind the gypsy village was a curious arrangement for storing it, which puzzled us

at first, for it consisted of a series of rows of wicker-work frames, about fifteen feet high, three feet broad, fifty yards long, and six or eight yards apart. At a distance it presented all the appearance of a regularly built village in streets, but a closer inspection revealed to us its real purpose. Altogether we passed two hours without difficulty, surrounded by so much that was novel and characteristic, and had just exhausted the resources of the spot when we left it to pursue our way over country wilder if possible and more desolate than that we had already traversed. A baked-looking ragged village near a muddy pond, was a positive relief to the monotony; and the indication of civilisation furnished by a boyard's house, situated in a grove of trees, evidently the result of much care, although they looked stunted and weather-beaten, was quite refreshing. Then we came upon fields of water-melon and Indian corn, and met carts and passengers, and felt we were approaching a large city. A few miles before reaching it, we came upon several hundred carts encamped in a valley for the night, with the oxen lowing for food and water, and groups of swarthy men and women clustered round camp-fires, eating or gambling; while, hovering on the outskirts like pariah dogs picking up the crumbs of a feast, gypsies prowled and begged and pilfered: and so, as evening closed in, up a steep ascent, from the summit of which we looked gratefully down upon the capital of Moldavia, its large handsome white buildings running along the crest of a hill and down its sides. At the entrance to the town we were stopped for our passports and the other documents with which we had been furnished at Michaeleni, and, rattling over the rough uneven pavement, finally pulled up at the door of the French cook to whose hostelry we had been recommended in consideration of the dishes which it produced.—A week's residence

at Jassy only served to make me the more regret the necessity which compelled me to turn my back upon it; but if a consolation was needed, I found it in the pleasurable anticipations which were excited by the excursion upon which I was bound. When, in our capacity of tourists, my friend or I asked what there was to be seen in the country, we invariably received for answer, "The convents." Not being a bibliomane, or a member of the Greek Church, it seemed odd that convents should possess in Moldavia an interest for the chance traveller which did not belong to them elsewhere. Nor could we obtain any definite information as to the nature of the interest: it was not the scenery, though that was fine; nor the architecture, though that we took for granted was quaint; nor the political considerations which attached to them, though Prince Couza was recklessly despoiling the Church; to all further inquiries we were told that we had better go and see for ourselves. So, in a state of extreme bewilderment at so novel an expedition, we made preparations to post to Nyamptz, two of our Jassy friends kindly volunteering to accompany us, and do the honors of the establishments we were about to visit. It was ten o'clock at night before we had bidden our last adieux and galloped out of Jassy. I say galloped advisedly, for we were in two light open carriages and four, and Moldavian postillions have no notion of letting the grass grow under their wheels. Indeed, it is to be regretted it does not, for one would be spared the dust. It does not, however, produce the slightest effect upon the picturesque-looking ruffian who, riding one horse, does nothing but yell and crack his whip over the other three; and whose chief object seems to be, not only to make as much dust as possible himself, but to keep well in the cloud caused by the carriage ahead. Anyhow, it is exhilarating to whisk through

the crisp night air, *ventre à terre*, even though one is half-choked. When day broke, Jassy was sixty miles off. We had been dreamily conscious of having changed horses occasionally, and of having undergone violent jolting, and now we felt the need of something warm. A Moldavian post-house is generally a thatched hut, the inside of which consists of a large fireplace, big enough to dine in as well as to cook one's dinner; and at this early hour the family was lying about asleep promiscuously. However, they gave us hot water and milk, and wondered intensely at such singular specimens of humanity as we seemed to them. Then we descended into the pretty valley of the Moldava, and, crossing that stream, entered the town of Nyamptz just as a heavy shower of rain came down to turn the dust into mud all over our bodies. Nyamptz is prettily situated at the foot of the lowest spurs of the Carpathians, on the river of the same name. Our intended visit had been notified to the sub-prefect from Jassy, and we found that worthy waiting, in the most obsequious attitude, for our arrival. The whole town was in a fever of excitement at the unwonted event of a visit from distinguished strangers, and any one who was in an official position cringed and crawled about us after the manner of Neapolitan *impiegati*, in the hope that we might possess influence and use it to their advantage. Nothing would induce them to leave us alone. Not only would they stand over us while at breakfast, but insisted upon accompanying us to the convents, attended by a mounted escort. The standard of intelligence of those gentry may be judged of by the answer which the chief official gave when we asked him what o'clock it was? With the utmost *naïveté* he informed us that the only people who knew the time were the Jews; and as it was a Jews' holiday, and they were all in their houses, it was not possible

for him to let us know what the hour was. He was extremely proud of two schools, however—one containing one hundred boys, and the other sixty girls—which this town of 8,000 inhabitants could boast; but his statistical knowledge in other respects was limited.

The whole population turned out to see the cortège as we drove away. Half-a-dozen imposing horsemen, in a sort of janissary uniform, and with immense swagger, led the way; then followed sundry carriages and carts full of officials, and then ourselves, with postillions very highly decorated for the occasion. We might have been Garibaldi, so humbly did the people bow before us, and with such gracious dignity did we return their salutes. Whether they supposed we had come to annex them, or whether they were simply overawed by the majesty of our appearance, must for ever remain a mystery; certain it is, we acted royalty all the way down the long street, and bowed ourselves into the ford of the river, and away into the happy valley beyond, at the head of which the Monastery of Nyamptz is situated. Here we had nothing to do but revel in the glorious scenery, doubly refreshing after the monotony to which for some weeks past we had been doomed. Swelling hills, rising into blue mountains in the distance, but near us covered with oak and maple woods, bright with the fiery tints of autumn; green meadows and fields of melons and Indian corn; cottages half concealed by orchards, from which smoke curled languidly in the humid air, for the rain had ceased, and left a fresh soft feeling, delightful after long days of blazing sun; a precipice rising abruptly from the river-bed, and the crumbling ruins of the once extensive Castle of Nyamptz perched on its dizzy edge,—these were sights that made our drive along the grassy track up the valley a perfect luxury; and when at last it narrowed, and we dived into a wood, and came out of a green glade upon a

massive straggling pile of white buildings, with tin cupolas glittering in a sudden gleam of sunshine, we thought that these Nyamptz monks had not denied themselves the most exhaustless of all pleasurable emotions—the enjoyment of nature under its fairest aspect. Five members of the committee of direction were standing upon the verandah of the superior's house as we drove up, and in the absence of that dignitary, the dean, a man with meek brown eyes, a gentle smile, and an auburn beard, did the honours. Service was going on, so we were delayed till it was over, and regaled with the invariable preserve and water, which is the first form of Moldavian hospitality. Whether the sweetmeats are an excuse for the water, or the water for the sweetmeats, or both for the cigarettes, which immediately follow, is a subject open to discussion; but when conversation is apt to flag from ignorance of the language on both sides, sweetmeats and water create a diversion, and rolling cigarettes and making profuse apologies for wanting a light, help to make the visit go off. As none of our hosts could speak anything but Moldavian, we were dependent entirely upon one of our companions from Jassy to interpret, and the whole committee seemed to think it necessary to sit in solemn silence, and inspect us while the dean answered our questions. At last the superior, a heavy, unamiable-looking man, with an iron-grey beard, appeared, and listened while our letter of introduction was read aloud to him, his own literary acquirements being of the most meagre description; then we ate more jam together, and he led the way to show us over the establishment. Scarcely three months had elapsed since a large part of the building had been burnt down; the consequence was, that a great deal of carpentering and rebuilding was going on in all directions. Unfortunately the library had been destroyed, and, besides the books,

much of the picturesque effect of the monastery had been lost. In the centre of the principal courtyard stands the church, untouched by the fire, and upwards of four hundred years old. We went up a narrow stair, heavy with the fumes of incense, where a large collection of jewellery and ornaments, the gifts of devoted women, were displayed before us. Enormous Bibles covered with jewels, and ponderous with gold and silver decorations, were pulled out, and the quaint MS. and illuminated parchments turned over for our inspection. The oldest Bible was one in Bulgarian MS., dating from the middle of the fifteenth century. Then we were taken to another smaller church, and there, with great form and ceremony, our cicerones exhibited their principal curiosity, a priest's robe worked by the hands of the Empress Catharine herself, and presented to the monastery. There were until quite lately nine hundred monks in the monastery of Nyamptz, but the intrigues of a much-abused priest, called Vernouf, caused a secession of more than two hundred, who have joined the affiliated monasteries. The merits of this quarrel were too complicated for me to understand; moreover, I had no opportunity of hearing Vernouf's side of it. The result has been a deplorable split. Nyamptz itself, as the parent monastery, contains the largest number of monks. At the time of my visit there were four hundred and seventy in residence, but a good many get leave and take a turn in the world by way of a change. There are six smaller monasteries affiliated to Nyamptz, containing between them seven hundred and sixty monks. They are all situated in neighbouring valleys. Surrounding the main building are grouped about three hundred little separate cottages, called, by a figure of speech, cells, but really charming little abodes, covered with honeysuckles and jasmine, and surrounded by flowers or vegetables, according to the

æsthetic or material tendencies of the owner. Almost every monk has thus his own little abode, with a neat wooden palisading round it, high enough to prevent curious eyes from prying, and enclosing a good garden; besides which, he can cultivate the neighbouring land to any extent he likes. This village of scattered cottages, with neat lanes leading between them, adds indescribably to the charm of the scene. We inspected the hospital, which was very clean, and admirably kept; also a madhouse, which contained sixty patients, chiefly epileptic. Then they showed us the lock-up for refractory monks, four of whom were at that moment expiating their sins on bread and water. By a new law no monk is allowed to take the vows till he is fifty; formerly there was no such restriction, and several of the monks at Nyamptz were young men. We were informed that there were upwards of a hundred who were more than a hundred years of age, and I certainly observed some very patriarchal specimens. The revenues of Nyamptz amounted nominally to a sum equal to about £20,000 a-year. Prince Couza has, however, appropriated the greater portion of this sum, and makes an allowance to each monk of three piastres a-day, and two hundred and fifty ducats a-year for his clothes. With this arrangement they seem perfectly satisfied. To account for what appears an anomaly, it would be necessary to enter upon the question of the dedicated convents, which I shall, for the present at all events, postpone.

We had not time to linger long at the Monastery of Nyamptz, though we were hospitably pressed by the superior to stay there for as many days as we chose. Among the monks who had done the honours was a fair-haired intelligent man of about forty, who had passed many years of his life in wandering over the world. He had made a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, and visited the Greek monasteries in Turkey

and the East generally. Then, obtaining a dispensation of two years for the benefit of his health, he travelled through Europe, and, doffing the long serge robe which he wore now as a monk, and which became him as a pilgrim, had visited, as a layman, most of the capitals of Europe; had *flâned* upon the boulevards in Paris; had sat upon iron chairs in Rotten Row; and had even pushed his explorations as far as Cremorne. The consequence was that he was a thorough man of the world. He spoke French perfectly; was extremely tolerant in his religious opinions, and enlightened in his political and theological views. There were few subjects he could not converse upon, and I was never tired of listening to the singular experiences of his adventurous life. When, therefore, the superior attached him to us as guide, philosopher, and friend, during our monastic and conventual tour, we were well satisfied with so agreeable and intelligent a companion, and put him bodkin in our open carriage with pleasure. We got rid of our officious friends from Nyamptz here, and, furnished with eight horses by the monastery, we spun in our light carriage over grassy glades or along the beds of mountain-torrents with equal indifference. The wild post-boys never looked to see whether we were jolting about on our seats, like peas on a frying-pan—little recked they how our springs liked it—away we went, now through fiery-leaved oak woods, now along dark valleys, where dense pine forests gave warning of a higher elevation, deeper and farther into the wild Carpathians, till, as the shades of evening were drawing in, we took the steep pitch of hill at a gallop, on the top of which is situated the Monastery of Seku, and dashed through the old archway into a courtyard, where a group of monks gazed open-mouthed at the unexpected apparition. Since leaving Nyamptz we had not met a soul, and we felt that Seku, buried in its narrow valley, with only a rough track to the mon-

astery, and no road beyond, with high pine-clad hills all round, and only one outlet to the world, was indeed a retreat so secluded, that we deserved some credit for having found it. Seku is one of the affiliated monasteries, and only contains 250 monks; unlike Nyamptz, the monks do not live in cottages apart, except in a few instances. A large court-yard, enclosed by a double-storeyed range of buildings with two galleries, and the dormitory doors opening on to them, furnish accommodation to the monks, and in the centre, as usual, surmounted with tin cupolas, and highly ornamented within, is the church. The great curiosity here was a magnificent piece of gold embroidery, presented by the foundress of the monastery 250 years ago; besides were many quaint old MSS. on vellum, gorgeously bound, and the usual collection of jewels and altar ornaments, all stored away in old presses, and each produced in due form for our inspection—a crowd of admiring monks examining us the while more narrowly than we examined their ecclesiastical treasures. To me the romantic situation of this monastery, the utter silence of the scene, as darkness fell upon the sombre hill-sides, and only the distant murmur of the mountain torrent broke the stillness, was more impressive than the wealth of “the foundation.” It recalled to my mind a similar scene in the remote valleys of the Province of Kiang-su in China, where I had been the guest of Bhuddist monks; nor to the uninitiated in the externals of their respective theologies was there any difference to be seen between my former hosts and those I was now visiting. The same courtyards and sacred edifices in the middle, heavy with the perfume of incense; the same presses stored with ornaments; richly decorated altars and monster candles; above all, the same lazy groups of long-robed brothers, who have chosen the most out-of-the-way corner of the world they can find to live in and do no-

thing. Inasmuch as many of the Moldavian monks cannot read, and none of them, with one or two exceptions, know any other language than Moldavian, they have not even the excuse of study to justify their life of utter sloth. With the Bhuddist, it is more or less conducive to that state of “Nirvana,” which it is the object of his ambition in this life and the next to attain. But the Greek monk attains it in spite of himself. To all intents and purposes he is as much buried, and as utterly useless to the world at large shut up in this valley, as if he were actually under the sod. Nor can one discover any palpable difference between religions which produce such exactly similar results. It is true that the Greek monks appear to wash more than the Bhuddist, and never cut their hair, instead of shaving their heads; otherwise the cut of the robe is exactly the same, only in China it is either yellow or lavender, here it is a reddish brown. The service in a Bhuddist place of worship is intoned in the same key as here, nor do the priests seem to attend more to what they are saying among the Greeks than among the Bhuddists; but it is performed more constantly among the latter, and of course the divinities invoked go under other names. To the ignorant and impartial spectators these are the only observable points of distinction between the two establishments. Altogether we were not captivated by anything we saw at Seku except its position, and resisted the invitation of the monks to pass the night there. A bright full moon tempted us to drive on to Agapia, and for two hours we tore along at the usual pace, regardless of no roads, and the uncertain light which, even when they existed, made them difficult to find. At last, like a fairy scene, the convent of Agapia burst upon our delighted gaze. Never, during a long and varied course of travel, have I felt more thoroughly rewarded for undertaking a journey, than I did when this novel and unexpected

picture was presented to me. The glittering spires and cupolas of the churches seemed to rise like monuments of burnished silver out of the dark pine woods. Hundreds of little cottages, in close proximity to each other, clung to the hill-side, the white walls gleaming out amid the foliage; the convent itself, a massive irregular pile of building, with its great archway facing us, and looming large in the moonlight, was lighted up at every window—and dark female figures fluttered along balconies, as the bells on our horses gave warning of our approach. Our visit had been already notified by the metropolitan, so the whole place was on the *qui-vive*; at all cottage windows white faces, half shrouded in the nun's hood, peered curiously out—till we felt guilty of the perturbation and excitement which our unusual visit was likely to cause among the fair devotees, who were supposed to have retired from the world expressly to avoid such disturbing influences. Our postillions, who belonged to Nyamptz, knew the right door at which to draw up inside the court, and here, grouped at the foot of the staircase, were five or six elderly nuns waiting to receive us. Our travelled monk presented us, and, after kissing the hand of each, we ascended by an outside staircase to the wooden corridors which ran all round the interior of the court, and upon which opened the rooms set apart for our accommodation. Both in the monasteries and convents the stranger has the right to claim three days' hospitality; so in all the establishments there are regular guests' rooms, and not unfrequently the natives of the country take advantage of the privilege to spend months in making a tour of visita, staying in each until even the good nature of the monks or nuns is exhausted. There was therefore nothing unusual in the fact of our visit; the interest lay in the circumstance of our being foreigners and Englishmen. Few of the nuns had ever seen spe-

cimens of a race of which they had heard a great deal; and even the middle-aged ladies who were now waiting upon us, examined us as narrowly as good breeding would permit. It was useless to explain that our object in visiting these secluded valleys was sheer curiosity. They were firmly persuaded that we were Commissioners sent by England to make inquiries into the confiscation of ecclesiastical property by Prince Conza, which was at that time agitating the whole country, and causing great dissension among the protecting powers. As we naturally wished to understand the question for its own sake, our incessant queries, and the interest we showed in it, only confirmed their suspicions and increased their respect. Indeed, we found our greatness inconvenient upon several occasions, though it was not without its advantages. In the first place, the most elaborate arrangements had been made for our reception. The table in the large dining-room groaned under an extensive assortment of the good things of this life. Everything was scrupulously clean, and the dinner, for which our long drive had prepared us, admirably well cooked. All round the room were broad soft divans, and in the next room, in which we were to sleep, luxurious beds with fine linen had been made up upon them. There was an air of abundance and comfort truly refreshing, and the gentle attendants who waited upon us, anticipating every wish, and sparing themselves no pains or trouble to please us, imparted to their hospitality a charm all its own. While we were doing ample justice to the viands they had prepared for us, they sat in a row on the opposite divan, applauding our appetites, and conversing with us by means of our friend the travelled monk and one of the gentlemen who had accompanied us from Jassy. We discovered that they were the committee of direction for the affairs of the convent, and we were promised

an interview with the lady superior on the following day. They were all members of the best families of Moldavia, and had been dedicated to the conventual life from their earliest childhood, whether they liked it or not. At the age of five they had been put to school in the convent, and when they reached eighteen had been compelled to take the veil; so that, except when they obtained leave for a month or two to go and see their friends, they had never known any other existence than that which we now saw them leading—had never had any other excitement than that caused by the admission of a new sister, the arrival of relatives or travellers, a dissension among themselves, or a metropolitan visitation. To them the lovely valley at the head of which the convent was situated had been the whole world from their earliest infancy. If they were not so strict as those nuns who retire to convents because they are disgusted with the world, it was because they scarcely knew what the world meant. They were all still artless children, happy, pleased, and natural; there were no down-cast eyes or gloomy penitential expression. They were as delighted to see us as children would be with a new toy, and we had not been an hour in their company before we felt thoroughly at home. Unfortunately there was only one of them who could talk a little French; and another, but she was not a lady director, who spoke German. Presently appeared—the last of the committee, whom we had not yet seen—a beautiful woman, in the prime of womanhood, with the softest eyes, the sweetest smile, the gentlest and at the same time most distinguished manner—a border of pale yellow round her hood, which was coquettishly arranged, and a slight expansion in the skirt of her reddish-brown serge robe, indicated a tendency towards a cap and crinoline, and accounted for the slight delay in her arrival. After we had satisfied the cravings of nature, they

took us out to the upper balconies to look over the convent by moonlight. If the scene had seemed unreal when we first came upon it, the magic panorama upon which we now gazed was still more enchanting. All round us dark woods—at our feet, and half concealed in their recesses, three hundred and fifty little separate cottages, each with its balcony, its shingle roof, its white walls, and its overhanging foliage. Now all the lights were extinguished, and the most profound stillness reigned—not even the barking of a dog was to be heard. Except ourselves, there was not a man within two hours' walk of where four hundred women were sleeping among the trees of their own quiet valley. The moon was at the full, and poured floods of light into every nook and corner—into the courtyard, with its quaint, old, carved wooden balconies—into the long narrow windows of the church, throwing silver rays into its gloomy recesses—doubtless falling softly upon the face of many a sleeping nun, as it did upon the river that gleamed and shimmered in its light under the black shadow of the steep mountain-side. Though the day had been a long and tiring one, and it was now late, we lingered long upon these balconies, walking all round them, and finding, as each corner that we turned disclosed a new picture, fresh inducement to remain. The nuns, amused at our enthusiasm, asked us if we could continue to enjoy the view until it was time for the midnight service; and on our professing our readiness to remain up in spite of our heavy eyelids, they most considerably promised to have prayers half an hour earlier for our especial benefit; so at half-past eleven the absolute stillness was suddenly broken. First an old nun with a lantern flitted like a black spectre from door to door, and chanted the *veillé* at each in a voice loud and harsh enough to wake the soundest sleeper. She looked like an old witch hob-

bling silently and rapidly on her rounds, and bursting out periodically with the same nasal refrain, holding her lamp the while high above her head. As we were watching the operations of this old creature, we were startled by a sound resembling the taps of a very powerful and rather musical woodpecker. First shrill and sharp, rising to a high key, then with a dull and muffled sound, tap, tap, tap, came from the quadrangle below us; then a rattle so quick that I imagined it must be somebody playing on a wooden drum. The cadence was wild, but not irregular; and the effect of the roll dying away until it was scarcely audible, and then breaking out at its full strength, was most peculiar. Watching and wondering, the mystery was solved by the appearance of a stately nun stepping out from the dark shadows of the church, and bearing upon her shoulders what seemed in the uncertain light a long white plank. This she poised in a peculiar way, and with a short stick tapped a tune upon it. On the following morning I examined the apparatus, and found the board about twelve feet long, extremely thin and light, and pierced from the centre towards the extremities with a series of holes gradually increasing in size, so that it was really a musical plank, and, in the hands of an experienced player, could be made to convey the idea of a tune; but the chief feature of the performance was the tremendous noise it made. What between the old woman screaming her waking chant, and two nuns walking about the court tapping musical planks, there was no fear of any sleeping sister remaining unaware that her prayer-time had arrived; and, sure enough, a very few minutes elapsed before, from all corners, they came tripping, or rather gliding, like dark ghosts, to the church-door. They must sleep in their dress, or else have acquired the art of making a toilette as rapid as that of an under-graduate late for

chapel, so speedily did they obey the summons. It was now time for us to follow. The old woman and the plank were still, and the swelling tones of a sacred chant warned us that the service had commenced. Modestly, and with downcast eyes, did we pass between two motionless rows of fair worshippers, until we reached the place of honour among the elder sisters. Here, in a little carpeted niche, we stood meekly—the only men—and listened to the women's voices repeating in high monotonous key the perpetual refrain. By degrees we acquired courage, and were rewarded for our boldness in looking up by detecting stolen glances shot at us from every quarter. The principal performer of the service was a lovely girl, apparently of eighteen or nineteen, who was standing in a group of young sisters when we came in, and whose turn it seemed to be to officiate, for she slipped out of her corner, and donned over her hood a sort of surplice, then advancing to the desk in the middle of the church, she opened the massive ornamented volume before her, and went off at score. I could not have imagined that those ruby lips could have moved with such extraordinary rapidity, that the exquisitely-chiselled nose should prove an organ for conveying the shrillest and most unpleasant sounds at a pace which was quite electrifying. Whenever the moment for a response came, the chorus "cut in" with something "Gospodin," as if the whole thing was being done for a wager. She never paused nor flagged in her harsh nasal rattle of Moldavian prayer, worked up now and then to a shrill invocation, and varied with prostrations, the extinction and lighting of candles, and full choruses. An hour seemed to pass, nevertheless, like a few moments. There was something fascinating in watching these fair devotees managing all their own matters without male interference; and I could conceive from the scene before me what that might be so

well imagined by Tennyson. Those] "Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans, And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,"

only needed to be transported to a wild Carpathian valley to realise the poetic fancy.

I should remark, however, that there is one priest in Agapia who officiates at mass, and who is a married man. Notwithstanding the rumour which had got abroad that we were to be present, there was a smaller congregation than I expected; but I was assured that some of the nuns were performing service in another church, and the rest saying their prayers at home. This last I take to be the most common practice; for on subsequent occasions, on dropping incidentally in for service, I have found no audience at all; the officiating nuns make up a little congregation in themselves, as there must be a certain number for the chants and a certain number to read in turn. It was one o'clock in the morning before I sought my divan bed, after one of the most novel and interesting day's experiences I ever remember to have passed. Nothing but downright fatigue would have enabled one to sleep with so many quaint sights and sounds dancing before my eyes and ringing in my ears; but our time was short, and there was much to be seen, so we slept as fast as possible, and were up in time for matins at six o'clock. Here we saw a number of new nuns, with some of whom we made acquaintance; but the absence of any common language was a terrible drawback to our intercourse. Never having received an education to fit them for society, they knew no language but Moldavian; and though we applied ourselves to the acquirement of that tongue under their tuition with the utmost diligence, our time was too short to make progress.

After matins, we paid a visit to the lady superior, a dear old lady, who gave us sweetmeats and cigarettes, and kissed our foreheads

when we were presented and when we took leave. She was very anxious that we should prolong our stay for as many weeks as we liked, and was quite hurt when we told her how hurried our visit must necessarily be. Anxious to carry away a memento of the place, we prevailed upon her to give us an old-fashioned daguerreotype of the convent, which was fading rapidly, and which we promised to have photographed in England and send her back. Most unfortunately, some weeks afterwards, the portmanteau containing it was out off the back of our carriage by thieves in the night, and we have proved, to our regret, unavoidably faithless.

We now went on a round of visits, and were delighted with the charming little cottages, each in its own garden, and containing one or two fair occupants, sometimes a young girl quite by herself. The rich ones are waited upon by the needy sisters, but at Veratica, which we afterwards visited, there was a much greater profusion of wealth than here. Some of our friends proposed a picnic for the afternoon, and we started off a merry party of eight or ten, on foot for a romantic rock in the woods, from the summit of which a magnificent view was obtained of the valley and convent. After a regular scramble, we were rewarded for our exertions by finding that our kind hosts had sent on a hamper with sundry delicacies—that hot coffee was prepared, and a brisk fire ready for the emergencies of our repast.

So we chatted and refreshed, and were smoking tranquilly, when, to my astonishment, I observed some of the ladies engaged in dragging dead branches to the base of a lofty pine-tree, and piling them round it. On inquiring the reason of this proceeding, they informed us that it was great fun burning a pine-tree, and assured us, if we had never seen it, that we should enjoy the spectacle. We suggested the possibility of the whole forest

catching fire, but they said they had chosen an isolated tree, and that even if it did run along the hill-side, what would that matter—pine-trees were cheap in the Carpathians. So we heaped up branches round the old forest-giant, and doomed him to a splendid but lingering death. Then we threw blazing logs into the dry mass, and the flame leaped crackling up to the highest branches. Our fair companions clapped their hands with delight as the fire roared and darted out angry forks of flame, with each fresh gust of wind, and a spiral column of dense smoke burst in jets from the top, and, spreading like a pall over the grave of the dying patriarch, gave notice far and wide of the sacrilege, which was being perpetrated.

The term employed in addressing our companions was always *Mika* (mother); and there was something quaint, considering the age of some of them, in bestowing the appellation. Nevertheless, it was pleasant sometimes to be called "Son," and gave one the impression of having inspired an affectionate interest. From our present elevated position the convent appeared to great advantage. Instead of the gaunt, solitary building usual on such occasions, the large collection of little cottages, prettily distributed and divided by the neatest of fences, clustered round the convent like chickens round a hen. Instead of a barred doorway with a "grille," and a stern "janitress," the fair occupants were free to roam about the valley where they pleased and with whom they pleased. Instead of lugubrious countenances and an air of general mortification in dress and manner, there were laughing, merry faces, and numerous innovations upon strict conventual costume, of which the most serious was crinoline. Only a few weeks before our visit, the Metropolitan had made a tour of inspection, and confiscated every "cage" he could lay his hands on. Still there was abundant evidence that some had

escaped the sweeping measure. Where were there ever such "cells" as the lovely little boudoirs to be found in some of these cottages? Alas! the palmy days of the convents have gone by. Before long there will be a railway-station within two hours' drive of Agapia; and a recent order has been passed prohibiting any religiously-minded young person from being compelled by her parents to take the veil until she is forty-five. This is practically putting an end to the system of convents altogether—as old maids don't exist in the Principalities—happy land!—and widows are extremely rare. The only chance of catching a nun is to get her quite young, when she is a trouble to her family; now they can no longer be turned into *religieuses* as of old; and as infanticide is not in vogue in these parts, as in China, their prospects are extremely questionable. Under the present system, what between having plenty of visitors from Jassy during the summer, and getting leave to spend a little of the season in the gay capital themselves in winter, they make life pass pleasantly enough. I have more than once met in society at Jassy "recluses" from these establishments, only to be distinguished by their hoods, as they wear silk and crinoline when they are on leave, and doff the hood if they go to the theatre or any evening entertainments. In fact, they hold much the same position in society that the Chanoinesses used to do in France; except that in their case, unlike these latter, matrimony is of course impossible. Perhaps that is no great drawback, seeing that they enjoy all the freedom of married women, without any of the cares and responsibilities.

As the most touching memento we could take from Agapia, we obtained from the nuns enough of the serge they weave and wear themselves to make us a shooting-suit a piece, and then with heavy hearts swallowed our last meal under the

same anxious superintendence as ever, and awaited the summons to our vehicles. Although our visit had not been long, we had made many friends, who all assembled to bid us adieu. The form of parting salutation is touching, and when extended along a row of nuns, produces a singular effect. We reverently kissed their hands, and they bent over and kissed our heads. It is easy to conceive how strong was the temptation to linger before this one, to hurry past another—how difficult to collect one's ideas in the confusion of such a moment, for a strict sense of propriety prevented any outward manifestation of partiality. Persons who have never known what it is to have a great many pairs of lips, some fresh and ruddy, others old and wrinkled, pressed in rapid succession upon their foreheads, will be conscious of a sensation of numbness in the scalp at least, arising probably from a conflict of emotions; nor, if the head be bald, will it be possible to prevent its becoming red. But why dwell upon such harrowing details! We found the goodwill of our fair entertainers extended itself to our equipages. Each carriage was furnished with nine horses belonging to the convent, and three gipsy postilions of wild and uncouth aspect and somewhat ragged attire. Then with loud cries and sharp whip-crackings we dashed out of the convent-yard, and all the bells burst forth with a merry peal, and we frantically waved our hats as we passed by well-known balconies and under the windows of the charming cottage where the dear old Lady Superior stood kissing her hand to us in final adieu. Our gipsy riders and their ragged team did not allow us much time to collect our scattered faculties. They evidently were impressed with a great idea of our importance, and thought that exactly in proportion as we were great ought our movements to be rapid; so we flew down the beds of mountain torrents, between lofty wooded hills, and finally

emerged from the mountains on to the undulating rich country, which stretched away to the plains we had originally traversed. We were bound to Veratica, another convent not so prettily situated, but even more celebrated than the last. On the way we passed several villages and a good deal of land, producing Indian corn, melons, and grain, and towards evening reached our destination, a larger collection of cottages than at Agapia, only placed not in a *cul de sac*, but on the slope of a hill commanding an extensive prospect over the lowlands of Moldavia, and altogether comparatively in the world. A village almost at the gates of the convent dispelled the delusion of complete isolation and seclusion so striking at Agapia; and when the atmosphere was clear, even the town of Nyamptz was visible in the far distance, to remind us of the busy haunts of men. Here there was no conventual building at all as at Agapia, where a certain small proportion of nuns lived in the convent, properly so called. All the nuns of Veratica lived in their own cottages, of which there were upwards of four hundred. It is true that some of them were ranged in the form of a square, in the centre of which was a church, and which was entered under an archway, but the general aspect of the place reminded me of some of the mission establishments I had seen in India. There were no less than four churches in Veratica for the benefit of six hundred resident nuns, who never seemed to me to attend them; and there was a school for girls, presided over by the prettiest woman in the convent. There was every indication of greater wealth and ~~more~~ here than at the establishment we had just left; and we were put up, not in any suite of apartments destined to strangers, but by one of the principal nuns, to whom we had a letter of introduction, and who in the kindest way gave up half her house to us. Nor would it have been possible to conceive anything more perfect and artistic than the

taste with which her little abode was arranged. Half-a-dozen really good pictures, picked up in Italy by some one who knew what he was about, and others from Paris, a piano, a handsome Turkey carpet, heavy curtains of silk brocade, spring couches and arm-chairs richly covered, some valuable little bits of old China, a goodly sprinkling of small Parisian looking-glasses in ornamented frames, composed the furniture of the two "cells" to which my friend and I were doomed. These opened out upon a balcony in front, overlooking a flower-garden and the convent square; and here we used to sit and smoke cigarettes, for the fragrant weed is much in vogue among the recluses, and their tobacco was always unexceptionable. Our first duty was to call upon the lady superior, who received us as kindly as her sister at Veratica. She told us that she had entered the convent at the age of thirteen—she was now seventy; and except an occasional trip to Jassy, had passed the whole of her existence in religious exercises. She, as well as several of the committee of direction, were keen politicians, and discussed with eagerness and a great deal of knowledge of affairs, the intrigues of Prince Couza and the abuses of his government. Nor were they at all sparing in the epithets they applied to the chief of the State. As many of the ladies at Veratica were nearly connected with families who have wielded absolute power in one or other principality, they were entitled to speak with a certain amount of bitterness; and as they maintain a hot correspondence with their relations, some of whom are the wealthiest and most powerful boyards, their information is generally pretty accurate. The brother of my hostess held a very high official position; she herself was very wealthy; and besides her delightful little house, she had a carriage and pair, a lady's-maid who was not a nun, and dressed in the last Parisian fashions; a very excellent cook, as

I have good reason to remember; and most attentive servants. Altogether it was quite clear that between Veratica and Agapia there was as great a difference as between Trinity College and Emmanuel, or Christchurch and Wadham. There was no doubt which was the most aristocratic, the most wealthy, and the most mundane of the two. Still I looked back with regret to the unsophisticated atmosphere of 'the happy valley' of Agapia. How easy it is to be hypercritical on these occasions! How romantic and overwhelming in its novelty should we have found Veratica had we paid it our first visit! now there was something flat and vapid about it. There was not quite enough of the odour of sanctity in the air to suit our refined tastes. We felt as if we had almost got back to the world, and were sorely tempted to plunge into the wild valleys of the Bistritz, where convents nestle in unexplored recesses, approached by rock-cut steps overhung by glaciers, and where the occupants would really appreciate the visits of a stranger; where one may shoot chamois or catch trout; hunt bears or go picnics; sketch lovely scenery or learn Moldavian under pleasant auspices; scramble over mountain-passes, and generally find on the other side an ecclesiastical bed not yet confiscated by Prince Couza; where the monks are all really "good fellows," and only too glad to put you up, and forward your views, whatever they may be, to the best of their ability; where letters can't reach you, and the cares of this life cannot penetrate; where comfort is combined with economy, and the only way of gliding back to the world is on a raft.

Valley of Bistritz! if an inexorable fate—and the approach of winter—has compelled me once to turn my back upon you, the day may yet come when I may take another siesta under the conventual shadow, and awake from a dream as pleasant as this last.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART V.

A MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

It is no small privilege to you "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," or otherwise, that you cannot hear how the whole Continent is talking of you at this moment. We have, as a nation, no small share of self-sufficiency and self-esteem. If we do not thank God for it, we are right well pleased to know that we are not like that Publican there, "who eats garlic, or carries a stiletto, or knouts his servants, or indulges in any other taste or pastime of 'the confounded foreigner.'" The 'Times' proclaims how infinitely superior we are every morning, and each traveller—John Murray in hand—expounds, in his bad French, that an Englishman is the only European native brought up in the knowledge of truth and the wash-tub.

By dint of time, iteration, and a considerable amount of that same French I speak of, an article expressly manufactured for exportation, we really did at last persuade patient and suffering Europe to take us at our own valuation. We got them to believe that—with certain little peculiarities, certain lesser vices, rather amiable than otherwise—no nation, ancient or modern, could approach us. That we were at one and the same time the richest, the strongest, the most honourable, the most courageous people, recorded in history; and not alone this, but the politest and the most conciliatory, with the largest coal-fields and the best cookery in Europe. Now, there is nothing more damaging than the witness who proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us somewhere, I think, of an Irish peer who, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always

to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctilious, faithful to his orders, but whenever he said, "My massa a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I."

In the same spirit has Bull gone and damaged himself abroad. He might have enjoyed an unlimited credit for his stories of English wealth and greatness—how big was our fleet, and how bitter our beer; he might have rung the changes over our just pride in our insular position and our income-tax, and none dared to dispute him; but when, in the warm expansiveness of his enthusiasm, he proceeded to say, not merely that we dressed better and dined better than the foreigner, but that our manners were more polished, our address more insinuating, and the amiability of our whole social tone more conspicuous, "Mossoo," taking him to represent all from Stockholm to Sicily, began to examine for himself, and after some hesitation to ask, "What if the wealth be only like the politeness? What if the national character be about as rude as the cookery? What if English morality turn out to be a jumble and confusion, very like English-French? Who is to tell us that the coal-fields may not be as easily exhausted as the civility?" These were very ugly doubts, and for some years back foreigners, after that slow fashion in which public opinion moves amongst them, have been turning them over and over, but in a manner that showed a great revulsion had taken place on the Continent with regard to the estimate of England.

A nation usually judges another nation by the individuals and by the Government. Now it is no

calumny to say that, taking them *en masse*, the English who travel abroad, whether it be from indifference, from indolence, from a rooted confidence in their own superiority, or from some defect in character, neither win favour for themselves, nor affection for their country from foreigners. So long as we were looked upon, however, as colossal in wealth and power, a certain rude and abrupt demeanour was taken as the type of a people too practical to be polished. It grew to be thought that intense activity and untiring energy had no time to bestow on mere forms. When, however, a suspicion began to get abroad—it was a cloud no bigger at first than a man's hand—that if we had the money it was to hoard it, and if we had the power, it was to withhold its exercise; that we wanted, in fact, to impose on the world by the menace of a force we never meant to employ, and to rule Europe as great financiers do the Stock Exchange—then, and then for the first time, there arose that cry against England as a sham and an imposition, of which, as I said before, it is very pleasant for you at home if the sounds have not reached you.

All our late policy has led to this. Ever ready to join with France, we always leave her in the lurch. We went with her to Mexico, and left her when she landed. We did our utmost to launch her into a war for Poland, in which we had never the slightest intention of joining. Ever prompt for the initiative, we stop short immediately after. I have a friend who says, "I am very fond of going to church, but I don't like going in." This is exactly the case of England. She won't go in.

Now, I am fully persuaded it would have been a mistake to have joined in the Mexican campaign. I cannot imagine such a congeries of blunders as a war for the Poles. But why entertain these questions? Why discuss them in cabinets, and debate them in councils? Why

convey the false impression that you are indignant when you are indifferent, or feel sympathy for sufferings of which you will do nothing but talk?

"Masterly inactivity" was as unlucky a phrase as ever was coined. It has led small statesmanship into innumerable blunders, and made second-rate politicians fancy that whenever they folded their arms they were dignified. To obtain the credit for a masterly inactivity, it is first of all essential you should show that you could do something very great if you would. There would be no credit in a man born deaf and dumb having observed a discreet silence. To give England, therefore, the prestige for this high quality, it was necessary that she should seem to begir herself. The British lion must have got up, rolled his eyes fearfully, and even lashed his tail, before he resolved on the masterly inactivity of lying down again.

In Knickerbocker's 'History of New York' we have a very graphic description of the ship in which the first Dutch explorers sailed for the shores of North America. "The vessel was called the *Goede Vrouw*, (Good Woman), a compliment to the wife of the President of the West India Company, who was allowed by every one, except her husband, to be a sweet-tempered lady—when not in liquor. It was, in truth, a gallant vessel of the most approved Dutch construction—made by the ablest ship-carpenters of Amsterdam, who, as is well known, always model their ships after the fair forms of their countrywomen. Accordingly, it had one hundred feet in the keel, one hundred feet in the beam, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the taffrel. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greatest belle of Amsterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous cat-heads, a copper bottom, and withal a prodigious poop."

It is, however, with her sailing qualities we are more interested

than with her build. "Thus she made as much lee-way as head-way,—could get along nearly as fast with the wind ahead as at poop, and was particularly great in a calm." Would not one say, in reading this description, that the humorist was giving prophetically a picture of the England of the present day, making as much lee-way as head-way, none the better wherever the winds came from, and only great in a calm! The very last touch he gives is exquisite. "Thus gallantly furnished, she floated out of harbour sideways, like a majestic goose." Can anything be more perfect; can anything more neatly typify the course the vessel of the State is taking, "floating out sideways like a majestic goose!" amidst the jeers and mockeries of beholding Europe.

Our whole policy consists in putting forward some hypothetical case, in which, if certain other states were to do something which would cause another country to do something else, then England would be found in that case—God forgive me! I was going to quote some of that balderdash which reminds one of *The Rivals*, where Acres says, "If you had called me a poltroon, Sir Lucius!"

"Well, sir, and if I had?"

"In that case I should have thought you a very ill-bred man."

See what it is to have a literary Foreign Secretary; see how he goes

back to our great writers, not alone for his style, but his statesmanship. We have been insulted, mocked, and sneered at; our national honour derided, our national strength defied; but we are told it is all right: our policy is a "masterly inactivity," and the Funds are at ninety-one and one-eighth!

The 'Times,' too, is of the same cheery and encouraging spirit, and philosophically looks on the misfortunes of our friends pretty much as friends' misfortunes are usually regarded in life—occasions for a tender pity, and a hopeful trust in Providence. Let them—the writer speaks of the Allied armies—let them go on in the career of rapine and cruelty; let them ravage the Duchies and dismember Denmark, but a time will come when the terrible example of unlawful aggression shall be retorted upon themselves, and the sorrows of Schleswig be expiated on the soil of the Fatherland.

"They are going to hang Larry," cried the wife of a condemned felon to the lawyer, who had hurried in to court, having totally forgotten he had ever engaged to defend the prisoner.

"Let them hang him, and I'll make it the dearest hanging ever they hanged."

These may be words of comfort in Downing Street. I wonder what the Danes think of them?

A NEW HANDBARD.

There is an annual publication called the 'Wreck Register,' which probably few of us have ever seen, if even heard of. Its object is to record all the wrecks which have occurred during the preceding year, accompanying the narrative by such remarks or observations as may contribute to explain each catastrophe, or offer likelihood of prevention in future. It is, though thoroughly divested of any sensational character, one of the dreariest volumes one can take up. Disaster

follows disaster so fast, that at length the reader begins to imagine that shipwreck is the all but invariable event of a voyage, and that they who cross the ocean in safety are the lucky mortals of humanity.

Fortunately, however, long as the catalogue of misfortune is, this is not the case, and we have the satisfaction of learning that the percentage of loss is decreasing with every year. The higher knowledge and attainments of merchant captains, and the increase of refuge har-

hours, are the chief sources of this security. The old ignorance, in which a degree or two of latitude more or less was a light error in a ship's reckoning, is now unheard of, and they who command merchant-ships in our day are a very well informed and superior order of men. With reference to the conduct and capacity of these captains, this *Wreck Register* is a very instructive publication. If, for instance, you find that Captain Brace, who was wrecked on the Azores in '52, was again waterlogged at sea in '61, and ran into an iceberg off Newfoundland in '62, you begin, mayhap unfairly, to couple him too closely with disaster, and you turn to the inquest over his calamities to see what estimate was formed of his conduct. You learn, possibly, that in one case he was admonished to more caution; in another, honourably acquitted; and in the last instance smartly reprimanded, and his certificate suspended for six months or a year. Now, though you have never heard of Captain Brace in your life, nor are probably likely to encounter him on sea or land, you cannot avoid a certain sense of relief at the thought that so unlucky a commander, to say the least of it, is not likely for a while to imperil more lives, and that the warning impressed by his fate will also be a salutary lesson to many others.

It was in reflecting over this system of inquiry and sentence, that it occurred to me what an admirable thing it would be to introduce the *Wreck Register* into politics, and to have a yearly record of all parliamentary shipwrecks; all the bills that foundered, the motions that were stranded, the amendments lost in a fog!—to be able to look back and reflect over the causes of these disasters, investigating patiently how and why and where they happened, and asking ourselves, Have we any better security for the future? are we better acquainted with the currents, the soundings, or the headlands? and, above all, what amount of blame, if

any, is attributable to the commander?

If we find, for instance, that the barque *Young Reform*, no matter how carefully fitted out for sea—new sheathed and coppered, with bran new canvas, and a very likely crew on board—never leaves the port that she does not come back crippled; and that old and experienced captains, however confidently they may take the command at first, frankly own that they'll never put foot in her again, you very naturally begin to suspect that there's something wrong in her build. She is either too unwieldy, like the *Great Eastern*, or she is too long to turn well, or she requires such incessant repair; or, most fatal of all, she is entered for a trade where nobody wants her; and, therefore you resolve that, come what will, you'll avoid her.

What an inestimable benefit to the student of politics would a few such brief notices be, instead of sending him, as we see him now, to the dreary pages of Hansard! Imagine what a neat system of mnemonics would grow out of the plan, when, instead of poring over interminable columns of tiresome repetition, you had the whole narrative in few words—thus: "*Barque Reform*, John Russell, commander, lost A.D. 1854. The Commissioners seeing that this vessel was built for the most part of old materials, totally unseaworthy, are of opinion that she ought not to have sailed at all; and severely censure the commander, J. R., for foolhardiness and obstinacy, he having, as it has been proved, acted in entire opposition to 'his owners.' On the pressing recommendation, however, of the owners, and at the representation that R. has been long in the service, and, although too self-confident, a very respectable man, his certificate has been restored to him."

Lower down comes the entry:—

"*THE YOUNG REFORM*.—This was a full-rigged ship, in great part constructed on the lines of the barque

lost in 1854. She sailed on the 28th February 1859, commanded by Captain Dizzy. No insurance could be effected upon her on any terms, as the crew were chiefly apprentices, and a very mutinous spirit aboard. She put back, completely crippled, after three days' stormy weather; and though the commander averred that some enemies of his owners had laid down false buoys in the channel, he was not listened to by the Commissioners, who withheld his certificate. Has never been employed since, and his case by many considered a very hard one."

Of course, all the small class of coasting vessels—railroad bills and suchlike—suffer great losses. They are usually ill-found and badly manned; but now and then we come upon curious escapes, where a measure slips through unobserved, like a blockade-runner; and it is ten to one in such cases they have that crafty old pilot Pam on board, who has been more than fifty years at sea, and is as wide awake now as on his first day.

What analogies press in on every hand! Look at the way each party bids for and buys up the old materials of the other, fancying they have some "lines" of their own that will turn out a clipper to beat everything. And think of those "Sailors' Homes," where old salts chew their quids at ease—those snug permanent Under-Secretaryships, those pleasant asylums in the Treasury or the Mint! Picture to your mind the dark den in Downing Street, where the Whipper-in confers in secret, and have you not at once before you the shipping-office, and the Crimp, and the "Ordinary seaman" biggling for an extra ten shillings of wages, or begging that his grog may not be watered! And, last of all, see the old lighthouse-keepers, the Veteran First Clerks who serve every Administration, and keep their lamps bright for all parties—a fine set of fellows in their way, though some people will tell you that they have their favourites too, and are not so brisk about the

fog-signals if they don't like the skipper.

I think I have done enough to show that such a work as I speak of would redound to public benefit; and I only ask, if my suggestion be approved of, that I may be remembered as the inventor, and not treated as Admiralty Lords do the constructors of new targets, testing the metal and torturing the man. Bear in mind, therefore, if the political 'Wreck Register' be ever carried into execution, its device must be "O'Dowdus fecit."

It might not be amiss, in the spirit that has suggested this improvement, to organise in connection with the proceedings of the House a code of signals on the plan of Admiral Fitzroy's storm-signals, and which, from the great tower, or some similar eminence, might acquaint members what necessity for their presence existed. Fancy, for instance, the relief an honourable gentleman would experience on seeing the fine weather flag up, and knowing thereby that something of no moment was being discussed—a local railroad, a bill to enable some one to marry his grandmother, or a measure for Ireland! Imagine the fog-signal flying, and see how instantaneously it would be apprehended that D. G. was asking the noble Lord at the head of the Government a question so intensely absurd as to show a state of obscurity in his own faculties, in comparison to which fog is a thin atmosphere. Or mark what excitement would be felt as the storm-drum was hoisted, telling how the Government craft was being buffeted and knocked about, and the lifeboat of the Opposition manned to take charge of the ship if abandoned! What a mercy to those poor, hard-worked, harassed, and wearied "whips!" what a saving there would be in club-frequenting and in cab-hire! Now would the hanger, as he strolled along Pall-Mall, say, "No need to hurry." "Light airs of wind from the east" means a member for Galway and some bal-

derdash about the Greeks. "Thick weather in the Ohannel" implies troubles in Ireland—nothing very new or interesting. "Dirty weather to the east'ard" would show mischief in the Danubian provinces, and a general sense of unquiet

in the regions of the Sultan Redcliffe. These are hints which I have not patented, and the chances are that "My Lords" will speedily adopt them, and call them their own.

FOREIGN CLUBS.

How is it, will any one tell me, that all foreign Clubs are so ineffably stupid? I do not suspect that we English are pre-eminent for social gifts; and yet we are the only nation that furnishes clubbable men. Frenchmen are wittier, Germans profounder, Russians—externally at least—more courteous and accommodating; and yet their clubs are mere *tripots*—gambling establishments; and, except play, no other feature of Club-life is to be found in them.

To give a Club its peculiar "cachet," its, so to say, trade-mark, you require a class of men who make the Club their home, and whose interest it is that all the internal arrangements should be as perfect, as well-ordered, and frictionless as may be. Good furniture, good servants, good lighting, good cookery, well-adjusted temperature, and a well-chosen cellar, are all essentials. In a word, the Club is to be the realisation of what we all think so much of—comfort. Now, how very few foreigners either understand or care for this? Every one who has travelled abroad has seen the "*Cercle*," or *l'Union*, or whatever its name be, where men of the highest station—ministers, ambassadors, generals, and suchlike—met to smoke and play whist, with a sanded floor, a dirty attendance, and yet no one ever complained. They drank detestable beer, and inhaled a pestilential atmosphere, and sat in draughts, without a thought that there was anything to be remedied, or that human skill could or need contrive anything better for their accommodation.

When these establishments were succeeded by the modern Club, with its carpeted floor, silk hangings, ormolu lamps, and velvet couches, the change was made in a pure spirit of Anglomanie; somebody had been over to London, and come back full of the splendours of Pall Mall. The work of imitation, so far as decoration went, was not difficult. Indeed, in some respects, in this they went beyond us, but there ended the success. The Club abroad is a room where men gamble, and talk of gambling, but no more; it is not a Club.

For the working of the Club, as for that of constitutional government, a special class are required. It is the great masses of the middle ranks in England, varied enough in fortune, education, habits, and tastes, but still one in some great condition of a status, that supply the materials for the work of a parliamentary government; and it is through the supply of a large community of similar people that Clubs are maintained in their excellence with us.

For the success of a Club you need a number of men perfectly incapable of all life save such as the Club supplies; who repair to the Club, not alone to dine and smoke and sup, and read their paper, but to interchange thought in that blended half-confidence that the Club imparts; to hear the gossip of the day told in the spirit of men of their own leanings; to ascertain what judgments are passed on public events and public characters by the people they like to agree with;—in fact, to give a sort of familiar domestic tone to intercourse, sug-

gesting the notion that the Club is a species of sanctuary where men can talk at their ease. The men who furnish this category with us are neither young nor old, they are the middle-aged, retaining some of the spring and elasticity of youth, but far more inclining to the solidity of riper years. If they frequent the opera, it is to a stall, not to the *coulisses*, they go. They are more critical than they used to be about their dinners, and they have a tendency to mix seltzer with the champagne. They have reached that bourne in which egotism has become an institution; and by the transference of its working to the Club, they accomplish that marvelous creation by which each man sees himself and his ways and his wants and his instincts reflected in a thousand varied shapes.

Now, there are two things no nation of the Continent possesses—Spring, and middle-aged people. You may be young for a good long spell—some have been known, by the judicious appliances of art, to keep on for sixty years or so; but when you do pass the limit, there is no neutral territory—no *mezzo termine*. Fall out of the Young Guard, and you must serve as a Veteran. The levity and frivolity, the absence of all serious interest in life, which mark the leisure classes abroad, follow men sometimes even to extreme old age. The successive changes of temperament and taste which we mark at home have no correlatives abroad. The foreigner inhabits at sixty the same sort of world he did at six-and-twenty; he does not dance so much, but he lingers in the ball-room, and he is just as keenly alive to all the little naughty talk that amused him forty years ago, and fully as much interested to hear that the world is just as false and as wicked as it used to be when he was better able to contribute to its frailty and wickedness.

Not one of these men, with their padded pectorals and dyed whiskers, will admit that they are of an age to require comfort. They are ardent

youths all of them, turning night into day as of old, and no more sensible of fatigue from late hours, hot rooms, and dissipation, than they were a quarter of a century back.

Can you fancy anything less clubbable than a set of men like this? You might as well set before me the stale bon-bons and sugar-plums of a dessert for a dinner, as ask me to take such people for associates and companions. The tone of everlasting trifling disgraces even idleness; and these men contrive in their lives to reverse the laws of physics, since it is by their very levity that they fall.

The humoristic temperament is the soul of Club-life. It is the keen appreciation of others in all their varied moods and shades of feeling that imparts the highest enjoyment to that strange democracy, the Club; and foreigners are immensely deficient in this element. They are infinitely readier, smarter, and wittier than Englishmen. They will hit in an epigram what we would take an hour to embrace in an argument; but, for the racy pleasure of seeing how such a man will listen to this, what such another will say to that, how far individuality, in fact, will mould and fashion the news of the day, and assimilate its mental food to its own digestive powers, there is nothing like the Englishman—and especially the Englishman of the Club.

There is nothing like Major Pendennis to be found from Trolhattan to Messina, and yet Pendennis is a class with us; and it is in the nicely-blended selfishness and complaisance, the egotism and obligingness, that we find the purest element of Club-life.

The Parisian are the best—far and away the best—of all foreign Clubs; best in their style of “get up,” decoration, and arrangement, and best also in tone and social manner. The St. Petersburg Club is the most gorgeous, the habits the most costly, the play the highest. It is not very long since that a young Rus-

sian noble lost in one evening a sum equal to a hundred thousand pounds. The Vienna Club is good in its own stiff German way, but generally speaking, German Clubs are very ill arranged, dirty, and comfortable. The Italian are better. Turin, Naples, and Florence have reasonably good Clubs. Rome has nothing but the thing called the English Club, a poorly-got-up establishment of small whist-players and low "points."

It is a very common remark, that costume has a great influence over people's conduct, and that the man in his shooting-jacket will occasionally give way to impulsive outbursts that he had never thought of yielding to in his white-cravat moments. Whether this be strictly true or not, there is little doubt that the style and character of the room a man sits in insensibly affect his manner and his bearing, and that the habits which would not be deemed strange in the low-ceilinged chamber, with the sanded floor and the "mutton lights," would be totally indecorous in the richly-carpeted room, a blaze of wax-light, and glittering with decora-

tion. Now this alternating between Club and *Café* spoils men utterly. It engenders the worst possible style—a double manner. The over-stiffness here and the over-ease there are alike faulty.

The great, the fatal defect of all foreign Clubs is, the existence of some one, perhaps two tyrants, who, by loud talk, swagger, an air of presumed superiority and affectation of "knowing the whole thing," brow-beat and ride rough-shod over all their fellows. It is in the want of that wholesome corrective, public opinion, that this pestilence is possible. Of public opinion the Continent knows next to nothing in any shape; and yet it is by the unwritten judgments of such a tribunal that society is guided in England, and the same law that discourages the bully, supports and encourages the timid, without either the one or the other having the slightest power to corrupt the court, or coerce its decrees. Club-life is, in a way, the normal school for parliamentary demeanour; and until foreigners understand the Club, they will never comprehend the etiquette of the "Chamber."

A HINT FOR O. S. EXAMINERS.

I have frequently heard medical men declare that no test of a candidate's fitness to be admitted as a physician was equal to a brief examination at the bedside of a sick man. To be able to say, "There is a patient; tell us his malady, and what you will do for it," was infinitely better than long hours spent in exploring questions of minute anatomy and theoretical physic. In fact, for all practical purposes, it was more than likely he would be the best who would make the least brilliant figure in an examination; and the man whose studies had familiarised him with everything from Galen to John Hunter, would out just as sorry a figure if called on to treat a case of actual malady.

It cannot possibly be otherwise. All that mere examination can effect, is to investigate whether an individual has duly prepared himself for the discharge of certain functions; but it never can presume to ascertain whether the person is one fitted by nature, by habit, by taste, or inclination, for the duties before him. Why, the student who may answer the most abstruse questions in anatomy, may himself have nerves so weak as to faint at the sight of blood. The physician who has Paracelsus by heart, may be so deficient in that tact of eye, or ear, or touch, as to render his learning good for nothing. Half an hour in an hospital would, however, test these quali-

ties. You would at once see whether the candidate was a mere mass of book-learning, or whether he was one skilled in the aspect of disease, trained to observe and note all the indications of malady, and able even instantaneously to pronounce upon the gravity of a case before him. This is exactly what you want. No examination of a man's biceps and deltoid, the breadth of his chest or the strength of his legs, would tell you whether he was a good swimmer—five minutes in deep water would, however, decide the matter.

Now, I shall not multiply arguments to prove my position. I desire to be practical in these "O'Dowdiana," and I strive not to be prosy. What I would like, then, is to introduce this system of—let us call it—Test-examination into the Civil Service.

I have the highest respect for the pedagogues of Burlington House. I think highly of Ollendorf, and I believe Colenso's Arithmetic a great institution. I venerate the men who invent the impossible questions; but, I own, I have the humblest opinion of those who answer them. I'd as soon take a circus horse, trained to fire a pistol and sit down like a dog, to carry me across a stiff country, as I'd select one of these fellows for an employ which required energy, activity, or ready-wittedness. There is no such inefficiency as self-sufficiency; and this is the very quality instilled by the whole system. Ask the veterans of the Admiralty, the War-Office, the Board of Trade, and the Customs, and you will get but the same report, that for thorough incompetency and inordinate conceit there is nothing like the prize candidate of a Civil Service examination. Take my word for it, you could not find a worse pointer than the poodle which would pick you out all the letters of the alphabet.

What I should therefore suggest is, to introduce into the Civil Service something analogous to this clinical examination; something

that might test the practical fitness of the candidate, and show, not whether the man has been well prepared by a "grinder," but whether he be a heaven-born tide-waiter, one of Nature's own gaugers or vice-consuls.

I know it is not easy to do this in all cases. There are employments, too, wherein it is not called for. Mere clerkship, for instance, is an occupation of such uniformity that a man is just like a sewing-machine, and where, the work being adjusted to him, he performs it as a matter of routine. There are, however, stations which are more or less provocative of tact and ready-wittedness, and which require those qualities which schoolmasters cannot give nor Civil Service Examiners take away; such as tact, promptitude, quickness in emergency, good-natured ease, patience, and pluck above all. These, I say, are great gifts, and it would be well if we knew how to find them. Let us take, by way of illustration, the Messenger Service. These Foreign Office Mercuries, who travel the whole globe at a pace only short of the telegraph, are wonderful fellows, and must of necessity be very variously endowed. What capital sleepers, and yet how easily awakened! What a deal of bumping must their heads be equal to! What an indifference must they be endowed with to bad roads and bad dinners, bad servants and bad smells! How patient they must be here—how peremptory there! How they must train their stomachs to long fastings, and their skins to little soap! What can Civil Service examination discover of all or any of these aptitudes? Is it written in Ollendorf, think you, how many hours a man can sit in a cateche? Will decimal fractions support his back or strengthen his lumbar vertebrae? What system of inquiry will declare whether the weary traveller will not oversleep himself, or smash the head of his postilion for not awaking him at a frontier? How will you test readiness, endurance, politeness, fa-

miliarity with 'Bradshaw,' and Continental moneys?

I think I have hit on a plan for this, suggested to me, I frankly own, by analogy with the clinical system. I would lay out the Green Park—it is convenient to Downing Street, and well suited to the purpose—as a map of Europe, marking out the boundaries of each country, and stationing posts to represent capital cities. At certain frontiers I would station representatives of the different nations as distinctly marked as I could procure them: that is to say, I'd have a very polite Frenchman, a very rude and insolent Prussian, a sulky Belgian, a roguish Italian, and an extremely dirty Russian. Leicester Square could supply all. It being all duly prepared, I'd start my candidate, with a heavy bag filled with its usual contents of, let us say, a large box of cigars, a set of fire-irons, twenty pots of preserved meats, a case of stuffed birds, four cricket-balls, and a photograph machine, some blue-books, and a dozen of blacking. I'd start him with this, saying simply, "Vienna, calling at Stuttgart and Turin;" not a word more; and then I'd watch my man—how he'd cross the Channel—how he'd cajole Mossoo—and whether he'd make straight for the Rhine or get entangled in Belgian railroads. I'd soon see how he dealt with the embarrassments of the roads and relished the bad diet; and not alone would I test him by hardships and hunger, fatigue and occasional upsets; but I'd try his powers of self-resistance by surrounding him with dissolute young *attachés* given to blind hockey and lansquenet. I'd have him invited to ravishing orgies, and tempted in as many ways as St.

Anthony; and all these after long privations. Then I'd have him kept waiting either under a blazing sun or a deep snow, or both alternately, to test his cerebral organisation; and I'd try him with impure drinking water and damp sheets; and, last of all, on his return, I'd make him pass his accounts before some old monster of official savagery, who would repeatedly impugn his honesty, call out for vouchers, and d—n his eyes. The man "who came out strong" after all these difficulties I would accept as fully equal to his responsibilities, for it would not be alone in intellectuals he had been tested: the man's temper, his patience, his powers of endurance, his physical strength, his resources in emergency, his readiness to meet difficulty, and, last of all, his self-devotion in matters of official discipline, enabling him to combine with all the noble qualities of a man the submissive attractions of a spaniel.

"Are you sure," asks some one, "that all these graces and accomplishments can be had for £500 per annum?" Not a doubt of it. It is a cheap age we live in; and if you wanted a shipload of clever fellows for a new colony, I'd engage to supply you on easier terms than with the same number of gardeners or strong-boned housemaids.

Last of all, this scheme might be made no small attraction in this economical era—what is called self-supporting; for the public might be admitted to paid seats, whence they could learn European geography by a new and easy method. "Families admitted at a reduced rate, Schools and Seminaries half-price."

OF SOME OLD DOGS IN OFFICE.

Whenever the Budget comes on for discussion there are some three or four speakers, of whom Mr. Williams of Lambeth is sure to be one, ready to suggest certain obvious

economies by the suppression of some foreign missions, such as Dresden, Hanover, Stuttgart, &c. They have not, it is true, anything forcible or pungent to say on the sub-

ject; but as they say the same thing every year, the chances are that, on the drip-drip principle, they will at last succeed either in abolishing these appointments, or reducing the salaries of those who hold them.

Ministers of course defend them, and Opposition leaders, who hope one day to be Ministers, will also blandly say a word or two in their favour. For my own part, I don't think the country cares much about the matter, or interests itself more deeply who drones away life at Hanover than who occupies an apartment at Hampton Court. In each case it is a sort of dowager asylum, where antiquated respectability may rest and be thankful.

The occupants of these snug berths, however far from England—at least in so far as regards any knowledge of public opinion—are sure to be greatly alarmed at these suggestions for their suppression. Poor pigeons! if you only knew what a sorry sportsman it is who fires at you, you'd never flutter a wing. Be of good heart, I say. Even if Williams's gun go off at all, the recoil may hurt himself, but it will never damage you. Take my word for it, "the smooth-Bore of Lambeth never hit anything yet." This assurance of mine—I have given it scores of times personally—never gives the comfort that it ought; for these timid souls, bullied by long dealings with the Office—tormented, as Mr. Carlyle would say, with much First Clerk—grow to be easily panic-stricken, and have gloomy nightmares of a time when there shall be no more life-certificates nor any quarter-days.

I cannot enter into their feelings, but I suppose they are reasonable. I conclude that one would like to have a salary, and to be paid it punctually. Self-preservation is a law that we all recognise; and some of these officials may possibly feel that there is no other line of life open to them, and that, if you take away from them their mission, they

will be poor indeed. You will think me perhaps as absurd as Mrs. Nickleby, who connected roast-pork and canaries, if I confess to you that it is an old mastiff that my father had when I was a boy that brought these people very forcibly to my mind. Poor old Turco!—I can't know how old he was, but he was nearly blind, exceedingly feeble, intensely stupid, and much given to sleep. Still, whenever any one of the family—he didn't mind the servants—would go out to the stableyard, he'd rouse himself up, and, affecting to believe it was an intruder, he'd give a fierce bark or two, when, discovering his error, he'd wag his tail and go back to his den—all this being evidently done to show that he was as vigilant as ever—a sort of protest, that said, "Don't believe one word about my being blind and toothless, still less flatter yourself that the place is secure. It requires all my activity and watchfulness to protect; but go back in peace, I'm ready for them."

Now, this is exactly what Turco is doing at Munich and Dresden. Whenever Williams comes out with a hint that he is not wanted; Turco makes a furious noise, rushes here and there after a turkey-cock if he can find one, and thoroughly satisfies the family that he is an invaluable beast, and could not be dispensed with.

Like Turco, too, who always barked, or tried to bark, whenever he heard any noise or commotion going on outside, these people are sure to make an uproar if there be any excitement in their neighbourhood. No sooner did Schleswig-Holstein begin to trouble the world, than despatches began to pour in from places that a few weeks before even the messengers scarcely knew on the map. They related interviews with unknown princes and unheard of ministers, and spoke of hopes, fears, wishes, and anxieties of people who had not, to our appreciation, a more palpable existence than the creatures of the heathen mythology! Much grumb-

ling, and sore of ear, Williams goes back to his kennel.

"What! suppress the mission at Hohen-Schweinstadt, when I hold here," exclaims the Minister, "the admirable report of our diplomatic agent on the state of public feeling in that important capital? Will the honourable gentleman to whose long experience of foreign politics I am ready to bow, inform me how the relations of England with the Continent are to be carried on unless through the intervention of such appointments? Can the honourable member for ——" (a ship-owner, perhaps) "carry on his great and important business without agencies? Can the honourable gentleman himself" (a brewer) "be certain that the invigorating and admirable produce of his manufacture will attain the celebrity that it merits, or become the daily beverage of countless thousands in the tropics, unassisted by those aids which to commerce or diplomacy are alike indispensable?" This is very like the Premier's eloquence. I almost think I am listening to him, and even see the smile of triumph with which he appeals at the peroration to his friends to cheer him. Turco is safe this time; and, better still, he need never bark again till next Easter and another Budget.

It is a very curious thing—it opens a whole realm of speculation—how small and few are the devices of humanity. We fancy we are progressing simply because we change. We give up Alchemy, and we believe in medicine; we scout witchcraft, and we take to spirit-rapping; and instead of monasteries and monks, we have missions and plenipotentiaries. If it be a fine thing to die for one's country, it's a pleasant one to live for it; to know that you inhabit an impenetrable retreat, where no "Own Correspondents" ever invade, and where, if it was not for Williams, no sense of fear or alarm could come to disturb the tranquil surface of a stagnant existence.

It is astonishing, too, what a wholesome dread and apprehension of England and English power is maintained through the means of these small legations in secluded spots of the continent, in remote little duchies, without trade or commerce, far away from the sea, where no one ever heard of imports or exports, and the name of Gladstone has never been spoken. In such places as these, a meddlesome old envoy, with plenty of spare time on hand, often gets us thoroughly hated, always referring to England as a sort of court of last appeal on every question, social, moral, religious, or political, and dimly alluding to Lord Palmerston as a kind of Rhadamanthus, whose judgments fall heavily on ill-doers.

The helpless hopeless condition of small states in all such conflicts was actually pitiable. The poor little trembling King Charles dog in the cage of the lion, and who felt that he only lived on sufferance, was the type of them. I remember an incident which occurred some years ago at the Bagni di Lucca, which will illustrate what I mean. An English stranger at one of the hotels, after washing his hands, threw his basinful of soap-and-water out of the window just as the Grand-duke was passing, deluging his imperial highness from head to foot. The stranger hurried at once to the street, and, throwing himself before the dripping sovereign, made the most humble and apologetic excuses for his act; but the Grand-duke stopped him short at once, saying, "There, there! say no more of it; don't mention the matter to any one, or I shall get into a correspondence with Palmerston, and be compelled to pay a round sum to you for damages!"

After all, one could say for these small posts in diplomacy what, I think it was Croker said for certain rotten boroughs in former days, "If you had not had such posts, you would have lost the services of a number of able and instructive men, who, entering public life by

the small door, are sure to leave it by the grand entrance."

These small missions are very often charming centres of society in places one would scarcely hope for it; and from these little-known

legations, every now and then, issue men whom it would not be safe for Williams to bark at, and whom, even if he were rabid, he could not bite.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

What a number of ingenious reasons have been latterly given for the decline of the Drama, and the decrease of interest now felt for the stage. Some aver that people are nowadays too cultivated, too highly educated, to take pleasure in a play; others opine that the novel has supplanted the drama; others again declare that it is the prevalence of a religious sentiment on the subject that has damaged theatrical representation. For my own part, I take a totally different view of the subject. My notion is this: the world will never pay a high price for an inferior article, if it can obtain a first rate one for nothing; in other words, people are come to the conclusion that the best actors are not to be found on the boards of the Haymarket or the Adelphi, but in the world at large—at the Exchange, in the parks, on railroads or river-steamers, at the soirées of learned societies, in Parliament, at Civic dinners or Episcopal visitations.

Why has the masquerade ceased to interest and amuse? Simply because no travestie of costume, no change of condition, is so strikingly ludicrous as what we see on every side of us. The illiterate man with the revenue of a prince; the millionaire who cannot write his name, and whom yesterday we saw as a navvy; the Emperor who, a few years back, lodged over the boot-maker's; the out-at-elbow followers of imperial fortune, now raised to the highest splendour, and dispensing hospitalities more than regal in magnificence;—these are the spectacles which make the masquerade a tiresome mockery; and it is exactly because we get the veritable article

for nothing that we neither seek playhouse nor ballroom, but go out into the streets and highways for our drama, and take our Kembles and Macreadys as we find them, at taverns, at railway-stations, on the grassy slopes of Malvern, or the breezy cliffs of Brighton. Once admit that the wild-flower plucked at random has more true delicacy of tint and elegance of form, and there is no going back to the tasteless mockery of artificial wax and wire. The broad boards of real life are the true stage; and he who cannot find matter of interest or amusement in the piece performed, may rely upon it that the cause is in himself, and not in the drama. Some will say, the world is just what it always was. People are no more fictitious now than at any other time. There was always, and there will be always, a certain amount of false pretension in life which you may, if you like, call acting. And to this I demur *à toto*, and assert that as every age has its peculiar stamp of military glory, or money-seeking, or religious fervour, or dissipation, or scientific discovery, or unprofitable trifling, so the mark of our own time will be found to be its thorough unreality. Every one is in travestie. Selfishness is got up to play philanthropy, apathy to perform zeal, intense self seeking goes in for love of country; and, to crown all, one of the most ordinary and vulgar minds of all Europe now directs and disposes of the fate and fortunes of all Christendom.

Daily habit familiarises us with the acting of the barrister. His generous trustfulness, his love of all that is good, his scorn for Vice, his

noble pity, and the withering sarcasm with which he scares the ill-doer, we know, can be had, in common cases, for ten pounds ten shillings; and five times as much will enlist in our service the same qualities in a less diluted form; while, by quadrupling the latter sum, we arrive at a self-devotion before which brotherly love pales, and old friendships seem a cold and selfish indifferentism. We had contracted for this man's acuteness, his subtlety, his quick perception, and his ready-wittedness; but he gives, besides these, his hearty trustfulness, his faith in our honour, his conviction in our integrity: he knows our motives; he has been inside our bosom, and comes out to declare that all is pure and spotless there; and he does this with a trembling lip and a swelling throat, the sweat on his brow and the tear in his eye, it being all the while a matter of mere accident that he had not been engaged on the opposite side, and all the love he bears us been "briefed" for the defendant.

Look at the physician, too. Who is it, then, enters the sick-room with the footfall of a cat, and draws our curtain as gently as a zephyr might stir a rose-leaf, whose tender accents fall softly on our ear, and who asks with the fondest anxiety how we have passed the night? Who is it that cheers, consoles, encourages, and supports us? Who associates himself with our sufferings, and winces under our pain, and as suddenly rallies as we grow better, and joins in our little sickbed drolleries? Who does all these?—a consummate actor, who takes from thirty to forty daily "benefits," and whose performances are paid at a guinea a scene!

The candidate on the hustings, the Government Commissioner on his tour of inspection, the vicar-general of my lord bishop, the admiral on his station, the minister at the grand-ducal Court, are all good specimens of common acting—parts which can be filled with very ordi-

nary capacities, and not above the powers of everyday artists. They conjugate but one verb, and on its moods and tenses they trade to the end of the chapter. These men never soar into the heroic regions of the drama; they infuse no imagination into their parts. They are as unpoetical as a lord-in-waiting. There are but two stops on their organ. They are bland or they are overbearing; they are either beautifully gentle, or they are terrible in their wrath.

It is a strange feature of our age that the highest walk of the real-life drama should be given up to the men of money, and that Finance should be the most suggestive of all that is creative, fanciful, and imaginative. What a commentary on our era! It is no paradox I pronounce here. The greatest actor I ever saw, the most consummate artist, was a railroad contractor; that is, he had more persuasiveness, more of that magnetic captivation which subordinates reason to mere hope, than any one I ever listened to. He scorned the pictorial, he despised all landscape effects, he summoned to his aid no assistance from gorge or mountain, no deep-bosomed wood or bright eddying river; he was a man of culverts and cuttings, of quartz and limestone and flint; with a glance he could estimate traffic, and with the speed of the lightning flash tell you what dividend could come of the shares.

It was, however, in results that he was grandiose. Hear him on the theme of a completed line, a newly-opened tunnel, or a finished viaduct—it was a Poem! Such a picture of gushing beatitude as he could paint! It was the golden age—prosperity, happiness, and peace on every side; the song of the husbandman at his plough mingling with the hum of the village school; the thousand forms of civilisation, from cheap sugar to penny serials, that would permeate the land; the peasant studying social science over his tea, and

the railway-guard supping his "cheap Gladstone" as he speculated on the Antiquity of Man. Never was such an Eden on earth, and all to be accomplished at the cost of a mere million or two, with a "limited liability."

With what a grand contempt this great man talked of the people who busied themselves in the visionary pursuit of politics or literature, or who devoted themselves to the Arts or Field-sports! With him earthworks were the grandest achievements of humanity, and there was no such civiliser as a parliamentary train. Had he been simply an enthusiast, that fatal false logic that *will* track enthusiasm—however it be guided—would have betrayed him, but the man was not an enthusiast—he was a great actor; and while to capitalists and speculators he appealed by all the seductive inducements of profits, premiums, and preference shares, to the outer and unmoneyed world he made his approaches by a beautiful and touching philanthropy.

Did he believe in all this? Heaven knows. He talked and acted as if he did, and though when I last saw him, he had smashed his bank, ruined his company, and beggared the shareholders, he was high-hearted, hopeful, and buoyant as ever. It was a general who had lost a battle, but he meant to recruit another army. It was some accidental rumour of a war—some stupid disturbance on the Danube or the Black Sea—that had frightened capital and made "money tight." The scheme itself was a glorious project—an unrivalled investment. Never was there such a paying line—innumerable towns, filled with a most migratory population, ever on the move, and only needing to learn the use of certain luxuries to be constantly in demand of them.

With a good harvest, however, and money easy, if Lord Russell could only be commonly civil to the

Continental Cabinets, all would go well yet. The bounties of Providence would be diffused over the earth—food would be cheap, taxation reduced, labour plenty, and "then, sir, these worthy people shall have their line, if I die for it."

I find it very hard to believe in Romeo's love or Othello's jealousy. I cannot, let me do all that I will, accept them as real, even in their most impassioned moments, and yet this other man holds me captive. If I had a hundred pounds in the world, I'd put it into his scheme, and I really feel that, in not borrowing the money to make a venture, I am a poor-spirited creature that has not the courage to win his way to fortune.

And yet these fellows have no aid from dress or make-up. They are not surrounded with all the appliances that aid a deception. They come to us in their everyday apparel, and mayhap, at inopportune moments, when we are weary, or busy, or out of sorts, to talk of what we are not interested in, and have no relish for. With their marvellous tact they conquer apathy and overcome repugnance; they gain a hearing, and they obtain at least time for more. There is much in what they say that we feel no interest in; but now and then they *do* touch a chord that vibrates within us; and when they do so, it is like magic the instinct with which they know it. It was that Roman camp, that lead-mine, that trout-stream, or that paper-mill did the thing; and the rogue saw it as plainly as if he had a peep into our brain, and could read our thoughts like a printed book. These then, I say, are the truly great actors, who walk the boards of life with unwritten parts, who are the masters of our emotions even to the extent of taking away our money, and who demand our trustfulness as a right not to be denied them.

Now, what a poor piece of mockery, of false tinsel and fringe and folly and pretence, is your stage

player beside one of these fellows! Who is going to sit three weary hours at the Haymarket, bored by the assumed plausibility of the actor, when the real, the actual, the positive thing that he so poorly simulates is to be met on the railroad, at the station, in the club, on the chain-pier, or the penny steamer? Is there any one, I ask, who will pay to see the plaster-cast when he can behold the marble original for nothing? You say, "Are you going to the masquerade?" and I answer, "I am at it." *Circumspice!* Look at the mock royalties hunting (Louis XIV. fashion) in the deep woods of Fontainebleau. Look at haughty lords and ladies — the haughtiest the earth has ever seen — vying in public testimonials of homage — as we saw a few days ago — to the very qualities that, if they mean anything, mean the subversion of their order. Look at the wasteful abundance of a prison dietary, and the laudable economy which half-starves the work-house.

Look at the famished curate, with little beyond Greek roots to support him, and see the millionaire, who can but write his name, with a princely fortune; and do you want Webster or Buckstone to give these "characters" more point?

Will you take a box for the 'Comedy of Errors,' when you can walk into the Chancery Court for nothing? Will you pay for 'Much Ado about Nothing,' when a friendly order can admit you to the House? And as for a 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' commend me to Commissioner Goulburn in Bankruptcy; while 'Love's Last Shift' is daily performed at the Court of Probate, under the distinguished patronage of Judge Wills. Is there any need to puzzle one's head over the decline of the drama, then? You might as well ask if a moderate smoker will pay exorbitantly for dried cabbage leaves, when he can have prime Cubans for the trouble of taking them!

PENSIONS FOR GOVERNORS.

I do not remember ever to have read more pompous nonsense than was talked a few days ago in Parliament on the subject of pensions for retired colonial governors.

On all ordinary occasions the strongest case a man can have with the British public is to be an ill-used man, — that is to say, if you be a man of mark, or note, or station. To be ill-used as one poor, friendless, and ignoble, is no more than the complement of your condition. It is in the fitness of things that pauperism, which we English have declared to be illegal, should neither be fondled nor caressed. To be ill-used profitably, there must be something pictorial in your case; it must have its reliefs of lights as well as shade. There must be little touches, a bright "has been," sunny spots of a happy past. Without the force of these contrasts, there is no possibility of establishing the

grand grievance which is embodied in ill-usage.

Now, Mr. B. O. who brought on this motion was a sorry artist, and the whole sum and substance of his case was, that as we secured the services of eminent and able men, we ought to pay them "properly." Why, in that one word "properly" lay the whole question. What constitutes proper payment? Every career in life carries with it some circumstance either of advantage or the reverse, which either compensates for the loss of a material benefit, or is required by some addition of a tangible profit. The educated man, who accepts three hundred a-year in the Church is not recompensed, or considered to be recompensed by this miserable pittance. It is in the respect, the influence, the power, and the reverence that attach to his calling he is rewarded. Place a layman in

the parish beside him with that income, and mark the difference of their stations! The same of the soldier. Why or how does seven-and-sixpence diurnally represent one the equal of the best in any society of the land? Simply by a conventional treaty, by which we admit that a man, at the loss of so much hard cash, may enjoy a station which bears no imaginable proportion to his means.

On the other hand, there are large communities who, addressing themselves to acquire wealth and riches, care very little for the adventitious advantages of social state. As it is told of Theodore Hook, at a Lord Mayor's feast, that he laid down his knife and fork at the fifth course, and declared "he would take the rest out in money;" so there are scores of people who "go in" for the actual and the real. They have no sympathy with those who "take out" their social status partly in condition partly in cash, as is the case with the curate and the captain.

Almost every man, at his outset in life, makes some computation of how much his career can pay him in money, how much in the advantages of rank and station. The bailiff on the estate makes very often a far better income than the village doctor; but do you believe that Æsculapius would change places with him for all that? Is not the unbought deference to his opinion, the respect to his acquirements, the obedience to his counsel, something in the contract he makes with the world? Does he not recognise, every day of his life, that he is not measured by the dimensions of the small house he resides in, or the humble qualities of the hack he rides, but that he has an acceptance in society totally removed from every question of his fortune?

In the great lottery we call life, the prizes differ in many things besides degree. If the man of high ambition determine to strain every nerve to attain a station of eminence and power, it may be that his intel-

lectual equal, fonder of ease, more disposed to tranquillity, will settle down with a career that at the very best will only remove him a step above poverty; and shall we dare to say that either is wrong? My brother the Lord Chancellor is a great man, no doubt. The mace is a splendid club, and the woollack a most luxurious sofa; but as I walk my village rounds of a summer's morning, inhaling perfume of earth and plant, following with my eye the ever-mounting lark, have I not a lighter heart, a freer step, a less wearied head? Have I not risen refreshed from sleep? not night-mared by the cutting sarcasms of some noble earl on my fresh-gilt coronet, some slighting allusion to my "newness in that place"? Depend upon it, the grand law of compensation which we recognise throughout universal nature extends to the artificial conditions of daily life, and regulates the action and adjusts the inequalities of our social state.

What is a viceroy or a colonial governor? A man of eminence and ability, doubtless, but who is satisfied to estrange himself from home and country, and occupy himself with cares and interests totally new and strange to him, for some five or fifteen thousand pounds a-year, plus a great variety of other things, which to certain minds unquestionably represent high value—the station, the power, the prestige of a great position, with all its surroundings of deference and homage. Large as his salary is, it is the least distinctive feature of his high office. In every attribute of rank the man is a king. In his presence the wisest and the most gifted do no more than insinuate the words of their wisdom, and beauty retires courtesying, after a few common-places from his lips. Why, through all the employments of life, who ever attains to the like of this? His presence is an honor, his notice is fame. To be his guest is a distinction for a day; to be his host is to be illustrious for a life-

time. Are these things nothing? Ask the noble earl, as he sits in his howdah; ask my lord marquis, as he rides forth with a glittering staff.

Did any one, even Mr. B. C. himself, ever imagine that Mr. Macready ought to be pensioned after he had played Cardinal Wolsey? Was it ever proposed, even in Parliament, that Mr. Kean should have a retiring allowance when he had taken off his robes as Henry IV.? These eminent men were, however, just as real, just as actual, during their brief hour on the stage, as His Excellency the Viceroy or the "Lord High." They were there under a precisely similar compact. They had to represent a state which had no permanence, and a power that had no stability. They were to utter words which would be ridiculous from their lips to-morrow, and to assume a port and bearing that must be abandoned when they retired to change their clothes.

It is one of my very oldest memories as a boy that I dined in company with Charles Kemble. There was a good deal of talking, and a fair share of wine-drinking. In the course of the former came the question of the French Revolution of '80, and the conduct of the French King on that occasion. Kemble took no part in the discussion; he listened or seemed to listen, filled his glass and emptied it, but never spoke. At last, when each speaker appeared to have said his say, and the subject approached exhaustion, the great actor, with the solemnity of a judge in a charge, and with a grand resonance of voice, said: "I'll tell you how it is, sirs; Charles X. has forfeited a—a—a right good engagement!" And that was exactly the measure that he and all his tribe took, and are now taking, of kings and rulers—and let us profit by it. The colonial king has his "engagement;" it is defined exactly like the actor's. He is to play certain parts, and for so many nights; he is to strut his hour in the very finest of properties, and is sure, which the actor is not always, of a certain

amount of applause. No living creature believes seriously in him, far less he himself, except, perhaps, in some impassioned moment or other like that in which I once knew Othello so far carried away that he flung Iago into the orchestra.

Pension Carlisle, pension Storka, if you will; but be just as well as generous, and take care that you provide for Paul Bedford and Buckstone.

In Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts,' we find that the existence of the first emperor can be disproven by the very train of argument employed to deny the apostles. Let me suggest the converse of this mode of reasoning, and ask, Is there a word you can say for the Viceroy you cannot equally say for the actor? Have you an argument for him who governs St. Helena that will not equally apply to him who struts his hour at the Haymarket?

I perceive that the writer of a letter to the 'Times' advocates the claims of the ex-Governors, on the plausible plea that it is exactly the very men who best represent the dignity of the station—best reflect the splendour of the Sovereign—who come back poor and penniless from the high office: while the penurious Governor, who has given dissatisfaction everywhere, made the colony half rebellious by his narrow economies, and degraded his station by contemptible savings, comes back wealthy and affluent—self-pensioned, in fact, and independent.

To meet this end, the writer suggests that the Crown, as advised thereon, should have a discretionary power of rewarding the well-doer and refusing the claim of the unmeriting, which would distinctly separate the case of the worthy servant of the Sovereign from that of him who only employed his office to enrich himself.

There is a certain shallow—it is very shallow—plausibility about this that attracts at first sight; and there would unquestionably be

some force in it, if dinner-giving and hospitalities generally were the first requisites of a colonial ruler; but I cannot admit this. I cannot believe that the man who administers India or Canada, or even Jamaica or Barbadoes, is only an expatriated Lord Mayor. I will not willingly consent to accept it as qualification for a high trust that a man has a good cook and an admirable cellar, and an ostentatious tendency to display the merits of both. Mind, I am no ascetic who say this: I like good dinners; I like occasionally — only occasionally though — *very* good dinners. I feel with a clever countryman who said he liked being asked out to dine, "It was flattering, and it was nourishing;" but with all this I should never think of "elevating my host" to the dignity of high statesmanship on the mere plea of his hospitality.

We have had some able men in our dependencies who were not in the least given to social enjoyments, who neither understood them for themselves nor thought of them for others — Sir Charles Napier, for instance. And who, let me ask, would have lost the services of such a man to the State, because he had not the tastes of a Sir William Curtis, nor could add a "Cubitt" to his stature?

All discretionary powers are, besides, abuses. They are the snares and pitfalls of official jobbery; and there would be no end of bickering and complaining on the merits of this and the shortcomings of that

man. Not to say that such a system as this writer recommends would place a Government in the false position of rewarding extravagance, and offering a premium for profusion, and holding up for an example to our colonial fellow-subjects the very habits and tastes which are the bane and destruction of young communities.

Can any one imagine a Cabinet Council sitting to determine whether the ex-Governor of St. Helena had or had not entertained the officers of the 509th Foot on their return from India, or whether he of Heligoland had really fed his family on molluscs during all the time of his administration, and sold the shells as *magnesia*? There could be but one undeniable test of an ex-Governor's due claim to a pension, since on the question of a man's hospitalities evidence would vary to eternity. There are those whose buttermilk is better than their neighbours' *bordeaux*. I repeat, there could be but one test as to the claim; and as we read in a police sheet, as a sufficient ground for arrest, the two words, "Drunk and Disorderly," so should any commission on pensions accept as valid grounds for a pension, "Extravagant and a Bankrupt."

To talk of these men as ill-used, or their case as a hard one, is simply nonsense! You might as well say that the man you asked to dinner to-day has a legitimate ground of complaint against you because you have not invited him to breakfast to-morrow.

THE CRISIS OF PARTIES.

COMING events cast their shadows before, and a very disagreeable shadow it is which now rests upon the occupants of the Treasury Bench. They feel the "cold shade" of the Opposition benches already stealing over them. The reign of the once great Whig party is virtually at an end. The Ministry is doomed; and in full view of its coming demise, the Cabinet is breaking up. The present leaders of the Liberal party are passing from the scene. The retirement of Lord Palmerston cannot now be long postponed. Earl Russell, grown somewhat sick of office owing to his recent deplorable failures, no longer aspires to lead a Ministry. The field is opening for new men. A General Election is approaching, which will decide the fate of parties and politicians for several years to come. And with an eye to the coming downfall of the Ministry, and to a fresh appeal to the constituencies, one of the chiefs of the present Cabinet has separated himself from his colleagues, announces a policy of his own, and bids for popularity on an entirely new basis.

There have been many memorable Wednesdays since the present Ministry took office. Black days for them,—but days ever-memorable in the history of what is usually, though not very correctly, styled the Conservative reaction,—days signalised by successive defeats of the various Bills directed against the Constitution alike in State and Church. One by one, on these "black Wednesdays," the Ministry have seen the revolutionary measures which they supported knocked on the head. But Wednesday the 11th of May 1864 witnessed a disaster for the Ministry worse than any which had gone before. Then, for the first time, the knell of the Whigs was rung by a member of their own Cabinet.

It must be allowed that the pre-

sent Ministry dies hard. Its members have been willing to do everything but submit to an extinction of their official existence. They have turned their backs upon their former selves; they have borrowed the sentiments of the Opposition; they have played fast and loose with their own principles, and apparently glory in having none. They have become callous to the sneers and contempt which they have incurred by the abandonment of all the pledges by which they succeeded in getting into office. When Lord Russell in his farewell speech in the House of Commons, praised the foreign policy of his predecessor, Lord Malmesbury, his colleagues and party submitted with good face to the condemnation which the noble Lord pronounced alike upon himself and upon them. And they chuckled, rather than fumed, when the same noble Lord—the parent of so many Reform Bills—finally gave a quietus to the Reform mania by earnestly counselling the country to "Rest and be thankful." In these two speeches, Lord Russell, with a candour which it would be difficult to parallel, virtually proclaimed that the grounds upon which the Conservative Ministry was overthrown, and upon which the Liberals succeeded to power, were either monstrous shams or grand errors. But the Whigs stood all this, and more. They thought it a capital stroke to adopt the Conservative principle, seeing that Conservatism was becoming popular. It was an adroit though shameless manoeuvre, which enabled them to retain office after their old programme of policy had been exploded: and for this great object, they were not over-sensitive as to what people said of their previous conduct. "Let the dead bury the dead," they said. "The country is Conservative now, so therefore are we. Nothing suc-

ceeds like success; and so that we keep in office, all else may be disregarded."

This is a comfortable creed. And, protected by the great tact and prestige of Lord Palmerston, the Whigs have been enabled to practise it alike profitably and pleasantly. But on the 11th ultimo they were roughly awakened from their sleep on the rotten roses. A traitor resolved to spoil their game, and cut out a new one for himself. They had found swimming with the tide alike easy and profitable,—they had been intent only to chime in with the opinions of the majority. But lo! up rose Mr. Gladstone, and down fell all their hopes. To their dismay, he branded their conduct as a base sham and as a political iniquity. He reopened the long smothered feud between Whiggery and Radicalism,—he hoisted the Radical flag,—outdid Mr. Bright in the Revolutionary character of his opinions,—and offered himself as leader to the Liberal party of the future.

All parties in the House have sincerely regretted the too frequent absences of the veteran Premier, owing to indisposition; and on more than one occasion before the Ministry have had ample reason to deplore the temporary want of his sagacious leadership. His has been the tact that has so often saved the Ministry from fatal defeat. His have been the vigorous sense and thorough knowledge of public feeling that frequently rallied to the side of the Government even the support of the Opposition. His absence is all that is needed to demonstrate his importance. He has been the Ministry. His name has given it prestige; his popularity has been thrown as a shield over many a delinquent colleague or subordinate; and often has his wary sagacity extricated the Ministry from ruin by means of prompt and adroit concessions. There is not another man on the Ministerial benches in the Commons that can lead the house. It is now mani-

fest also, that without him the Ministry itself cannot keep together. Ten days of indisposition on his part sufficed to breed rivalry and antagonism among his colleagues, and to tempt his Chancellor of the Exchequer to bid for the leadership of the Liberal party, which, to his prophetic eye, seemed already as good as vacant.

It transpired the night before that Mr. Gladstone was to speak for the Government in support of the second reading of Mr. Baines's Bill; but it was not suspected that he was about to proclaim for himself a new political programme. Shortly before, on the discussion of Mr. Locke King's Bill for lowering the county franchise, Lord Palmerston, while recording his vote for the second reading, took care to demonstrate that the effects of the measure would be pernicious, and, moreover, that it was inexpedient to deal with the question in such a manner, and at the present time. It was generally expected that Mr. Gladstone would follow a similar course in regard to Mr. Baines's Bill—not, indeed, with the trenchant sense and happy levity of the Premier, but with an ample display of adroit and plausible rhetoric. But both the Ministry and the House were mistaken. Mr. Gladstone saw his opportunity for making a *coup*—and he made it. His colleagues listened in dismay, but were helpless. He was up—he was bent on his work—there was no stopping him. They quickly saw that it was no mistake, no mere drifting by accident into a wrong groove. They realised the position. He was throwing them overboard. He was repudiating the policy by which they had so long maintained themselves in office. *Mores suo*, the most unstable of living politicians began by lamenting the political immorality of the age. He "deprecated and deplored" the existing facts and opinions in regard to the question of Reform. "I will not go the whole length of my honourable friend (Mr. Baines) in respect to

what he said as to the pledges of Governments and parties; but I will not scruple to admit that so much of our Parliamentary history during the last thirteen years—that is, since the vote on Mr. Locke King's Bill in 1851—as touches Parliamentary Reform, is a most unsatisfactory chapter. (Loud cheers from the Liberals below the gangway.) We have not been so keenly alive to our duties in this matter as we ought to have been, and I am convinced that it is for the interests of the country that this matter should be speedily entertained and settled. (Renewed cheering below the gangway.) He denied that the political quiet, the total absence of agitation, and even the almost total absence of petitions,* was a proof that the people were contented with the present system; but he gave no reasons for his denial. He then drew the picture of a model workman, and read an extract from an address by some body of working-men, in which they spoke gratefully and kindly of Parliament and the upper classes. "I consider these statements," he said, "as representing not only the sentiments of a particular body at the particular place from which they emanate, but the general sentiments of the enlightened working-men of the country." Here he was getting into a difficulty. If the enlightened portion of the working-classes were so grateful to Parliament and the upper classes, surely they should be the best judges of what is good for them: and why, then, revolutionise a system with which they are so amply content? Mr. Gladstone saw the dilemma in a moment; and his solution of it introduced the most extraordinary part of his speech:—"It may, however, be said that such statements prove the existing state of things to be satisfactory—(hear, hear!)—but what I would say in reply to that argument is this,—that *every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution.*" Vehement cheering from the Radicals, counter cheers from the Opposition, and a thrill of perturbation and anger on the part of the Whigs, greeted this startling declaration. The principle of universal suffrage could not be proclaimed more broadly or emphatically. It does not matter, says Mr. Gladstone, whether the existing system be acceptable to the people or not, for no system is defensible which does not acknowledge the moral right of every man to exercise the franchise. That is the grand principle which Mr. Gladstone now upholds. Maintaining this sweeping principle, he considers it unnecessary for him to show that there would be any advantage or no danger, in admitting the whole body of the working-classes to the possession of the franchise. "Every man is morally entitled to it," he says; and he maintains that it devolves upon those who oppose his project to show that any harm would result from it. "If forty-nine fiftieths of the working-classes are to be excluded from the franchise, it is upon those who maintain that exclusion that it rests to show its necessity." Do not argue by idle inferences, he said; you must establish disqualification or political danger by actual proof; then only, and not till then, shall I listen to you. He might as well have said at once, "All are entitled to the franchise; and not until they have got the franchise, and have shown that they are unfit to use it, ought any man to say they ought not to have it." Reasoning *a priori*, like the old upholders of the "Rights of Man" in the French Convention, Mr. Gladstone would land us in universal suffrage before he would allow us

* In 1860 there were no petitions; in 1861 there were fourteen, signed by 2225 persons; in 1862 there were two, signed by 1097 persons; in 1863 there were no petitions.

to discuss its merits. He would have us at the bottom of the pit before he permits us to examine whether it is a pit that we are walking into. "Is it a dagger that I see before me?" "By no means," replies Mr. Gladstone; "or at all events you have no business to inquire."

The House was remarkably full—crowded in every part. The Radicals always muster stanchly in support of their favourite measures; and the Conservatives, who have grown enthusiastic in consequence of their successive triumphs on all constitutional questions, now attend these Wednesday debates in overwhelming numbers. But though the rank and file on either side mustered in great force, comparatively few of their chiefs were present; they had gone to her Majesty's reception. Mr. Whiteside, Lord John Manners, and Sir John Pakington were alone on the front bench of the Opposition. Mr. Disraeli was at the reception. In all probability Mr. Gladstone had reckoned upon the absence of that formidable adversary, and, with ignoble prudence, had taken advantage of that accident to appear for the first time in the political arena as the avowed champion of democracy; but his caution availed him little. He was not allowed to escape without just punishment and exposure; and, on this occasion, Mr. Whiteside, who appeared as spokesman for the Conservatives, did not fail to unmask the hypocrisy and refute the fallacies of the Cleon of the British Parliament.

It is no part of the political programme of the Conservatives to exclude the working classes from a fair share of the franchise,—as was shown by the provision which was made in the Reform Bill of Lord Derby's Government, for conferring the franchise upon a select portion of that class. Accordingly Mr. Cave, who in an excellent speech had led off the Opposition to Mr. Baines's Bill by moving "the previous question," stated that he "had

chosen this form as evincing no hostility to the honourable member's doctrine that the working-classes ought to have a share in the representation." Mr. Whiteside, in like manner, said—"So little inclination have I to speak disrespectfully of any class of people, that when a Bill was introduced confirming a lodger and educational franchise, I thought it was wise." At the very outset of his speech, by a happy quotation, he turned the tables upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone is always fond of denouncing "political immorality." It is one of his pet rhetorical expedients. Like Joseph Surface, he is never so impressive as when in his "moral vein;" and the noble sentiments which he utters on such occasions might draw tears from the eyes of the most obdurate Sir Peter Teazle. Unfortunately for the success of this trick of debate, he has somewhat staled its effect by over-repetition. His antecedents are by this time tolerably notorious; so that, while listening to his highflown ethical homilies, we are irresistibly reminded of that passage in 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' in which King James protests, that "it was grat to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence!" No elaborate study of the columns of 'Hansard' was needful to convict Mr. Gladstone of having been at least as great a sinner in this matter of reform as any of his colleagues whose conduct he had so freely condemned. When the present Ministry were counselled, in the course of debate, to withdraw their Reform Bill in 1861, Mr. Gladstone, in supporting the Bill, said that it was impossible for the Government to adopt such a course, and added—"I may, at all events, venture to say for myself, that in my opinion any Ministry which should have introduced a measure such as this with so little caution, and in a shape so unfitted to undergo discussion, as to render it expedient

that it should be withdrawn without the decision of the house being taken on it, would in so acting have covered itself with irretrievable disgrace." Nevertheless, as is well known, in a day or two afterwards, the bill *was* withdrawn; yet Mr. Gladstone acquiesced in that act of political immorality, and complacently remained in the Ministry which had thus "covered itself with irretrievable disgrace." No wonder that Mr. Gladstone winced when this splendid instance of the consistency of his professions with his practice was cited by the fluent orator. Moreover, asked Mr. Whiteside, what is the worth of the present pretentious display of moral indignation on the part of the right honourable gentleman? And amid the cheers of the house, he added—"My confident belief is, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in making the speech which we have heard, never imagined that the House of Commons would assent to his proposal, but he thought it would be a safe opportunity and a good occasion on which to make a little political capital. . . . When a conference is sitting upon Denmark—and there is, I suppose, a prospect of an early dissolution—it is advisable to make a speech which is to lead to nothing (loud cheers), and to announce to the working classes of this country that at some indefinite time, in some indefinite manner, by somebody, nobody can tell whom, a bill will be introduced which will recognise their many virtues and acknowledge their growth in knowledge and industry." No one can forget the conduct of the liberal party when Lord Derby's Government proposed to add largely to the constituencies by enrolling the picked classes of the unenfranchised portion of the population. Referring to that occasion, Mr. Whiteside said:—

"I maintain that there is in the records of Parliament nothing so unjustifiable or so difficult to be reconciled to reason, justice, or common sense, as the abstract resolution carried by Earl Russell to prevent the discussion of a Reform Bill; not to advance reform, but to oust the Government, and seize upon

power. (Cheers.) The honourable member for Leeds talked about education. There lies the Bill that provided an educational franchise. You refused to give it. It contained clauses providing a lodger franchise, on the ground that the clerk in a bank who paid five times as much rent as that of the house which you make a basis of a franchise had a better claim to be an elector than the £8 man who is engaged in daily toil all his life. You refused to allow that to be considered. Vast bodies of educated gentlemen were to be enfranchised. You refused to allow that Bill to be read a second time. You voted for an abstract resolution—a course which, if generally acted upon, would make your proceedings ridiculous, your debates impossible, and would convert your assembly into a mere conclave of factious men who are looking out for some pretext to prevent the discussion of a measure which, according to their avowed opinions, it ought to be the dearest object of their hearts to promote."

Mr. Whiteside concluded his speech with the following impressive sentences:—

"Those who assert and advocate the absolute necessity for a great increase of democratic power in the State will allow me to refer, not merely to what is passing across the Atlantic at the present hour, but to the whole page of history. According as you have strengthened democratic influence until it became overwhelming, liberty in every State has fallen. Look at the patrician Senate of Rome when supplanted by democracy: it fell beneath the military power. Look at the brilliant commonwealths of Italy. They had their day, and, with one striking exception [aristocratic Venice], they quickly fell.

'A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,
An hour may lay it in the dust, and when
Can man its shattered splendours renovate?'

A step in the wrong direction may be fatal to the greatness of a State. I, therefore, ask the House to refuse its assent to an experiment, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen, and to preserve to posterity the incalculable blessings which gentlemen bringing forward this motion admit that the people ought to possess, and may they long continue to enjoy. (Loud cheers.)"

It is unnecessary to recapitulate

in detail the arguments by which the Bill was successfully opposed in the course of the debate, nor need we offer any of our own. The Bill had no chance of success, and was thrown out by an overwhelming majority. In a House which numbered 536 members, including those who paired, there was a majority of 56 against the measure. The result of the division was a grand triumph for the Conservative party; but the Radicals, although defeated, were at least equally elated. "We have got a leader at last!" they exclaimed; and the excitement in the lobbies and in the refreshment-room, caused by the new attitude assumed by Mr. Gladstone, has not been equalled for many years. "What do you think of Mr. Gladstone now?" asked a member of Mr. Bright. "He has gone farther than I have done," was the reply. Yet it may be doubted whether the adhesion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought unmingled joy to the heart of the burly member from Birmingham. When Coriolanus deserted Rome to join the ranks of her enemies, Aufidius, of all the Volscians, felt the least sensation of triumph, for he had a melancholy foreboding that the days of his leadership were numbered, and that the supreme command would ere long devolve upon the brilliant and audacious renegade. But, apart from individual interests and ambitions, there could be no doubt that the transactions of that memorable evening were of immense signifi-

cance for the future. The great crisis of parties had come at last. The reign of political indifferentism, inaugurated by Lord Palmerston, had come to an end. The Whigs alone were downcast. Twenty of their members joined with the Conservatives in defeating the Bill, and expressing their hostility to the views of Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal party was broken up, severed into hostile camps; and the days of the Ministry were numbered. It is worthy of notice that all the Roman Catholic members, with the exception of Mr. Hennessey, voted for the Bill. Between them and the Radicals there is a perfect community of sentiment on this subject. By lowering the franchise, the Roman Catholic element will become supreme in the constituencies of Ireland, just as the same measure would give an ascendancy to the Radical party in the constituencies of England and Scotland. Accordingly the newspapers of the Roman Catholic party are as exultant at the conversion of Mr. Gladstone to democracy as are the Radicals themselves. "We, too, have got a leader!" is their cry. In fact the conversion (as they term it) of Mr. Gladstone, has created a fury of enthusiasm on the part of the Radical and Catholic newspapers at least as remarkable as any of the kind which the present generation has witnessed.*

Mr. Gladstone has been coquetting with Radicalism for nearly four years. He is intensely ambitious. He aspires to become the

* The 'Morning Star' exults at the accession of Mr. Gladstone to the ranks of democracy in the following terms:—"He is the representative of the unrepresented. He has been converted by Mr. Bright, as Sir Robert Peel was converted by Mr. Cobden. In the forty or fifty minutes of yesterday afternoon during which he held the Commons under a spell of enthusiasm or of hostility, our political history passed into a new epoch. In a speech of tremendous power and courage, he proclaimed his adoption of principles that are either the most revolutionary or the most conservative—the most fatal or the most salutary, according to the point of view from which they are regarded. The extreme radical below the ministerial gangway could not wish to hear broader doctrines enunciated in a bolder spirit. Chartism itself did not assert more than the title to the franchise of 'every man not incapacitated by personal unfitness or political danger.'"

leader of a great party, in order that he may attain the premiership; and he cares little what that party is, or how its policy may affect the best interests of the country, if he can only secure his own personal advancement. Twelve years ago, he finally broke with the Conservative party from jealousy of Mr. Disraeli. He saw that if he remained, as might have been expected from his earlier career, with the Conservatives, the most that he could hope for would be a divided supremacy. But after a brief triumph during the premiership of Lord Aberdeen, the Peel party dwindled, and became incapable of independent existence. It was subject to that law of nature which denies fertility to hybrids; and its constituent members, not possessing sufficient moral courage to reconcile themselves with the friends whom they had whilome scurvily abandoned, made common cause with the Whigs, little doubting that, by the exercise of their unscrupulous talents, they might soon supplant the legitimate leaders of that ancient but debilitated corps. Failing Dogberry and Verges, the antiquated masters of the watch, it seemed to William Ewart Gladstone a most natural thing that he should be promoted to the dignity of chief constable. Of late years, apparently, he has had misgivings that in this expectation also he should be balked. He has no powerful connections, as the Greys, Russells, and other members of the great Whig families have; and, with a view to strengthen his position, he began to pay court to Mr. Bright. He conciliated the Radicals by ever and anon introducing into his budgets some features of the Manchester school of finance. And by his stubborn, though not unyielding, opposition to the expenditure upon the military and naval establishments for the national defence, by a cheese-paring niggardliness in matters where liberality ought to have been exhibited, and by his

well-known adherence to the doctrines of the Peace Party, he still further attracted their regard, and began to be looked to by them as their possible leader in the future. By gaining him, they felt they would rise greatly in public estimation,—the gulf which separated them from office would no longer remain impassable,—and *with* him as Premier, they might do great things, and make no end of experiments upon the existing institutions of the realm. By gaining them, again, Mr. Gladstone calculated he should be able to balance the power of the great Whig families, and, aided by the reputation which he has gained rather through glibness than through soundness—more because he is a dexterous speaker than because he is an accurate thinker—force his way to the Premiership. But the very means which he took to strengthen his position have contributed to produce the failure of his hopes, which has now led him to cast in his lot with the Democratic party. The Whigs have not relished his coquetting with Radicalism on his own particular account; though collectively, when the fit is on them, they are ready enough to interchange amorous glances with that unenticing Delilah. His notorious proclivities in that direction have, as they are well aware, made him peculiarly obnoxious to the fastidious Conservatives, whom the Whig chiefs know that they must conciliate if the rule of Whiggery is to be maintained a little longer. And it must also be allowed, despite his brilliant talents, Mr. Gladstone has never shown the tact, judgment, and conciliatory manner which are requisite in the leader of a party. Taking all these things into account, it was recently determined that not Mr. Gladstone, but Lord Clarendon, should be the official leader of the Whigs. We stated last month that Lord Clarendon had joined the Ministry simply with a view to succeed to the Premiership. Since then, the severe illness of Lord Pal-

merston has precipitated matters; and it was arranged that as soon as the session was over Lord Palmerston should resign the Premiership, and thereafter occupy a position in public affairs similar to that which Lord Landsdowne so long held. Lord Clarendon was to be the new Premier. Hence the mutiny of Mr. Gladstone. He is now aware that the Whigs will not have him at the price which he, in his exorbitant self-conceit, has named as the equivalent for his adherence. His is another melancholy instance of the fate which, sooner or later, must overtake every man who abandons principle for the objects of his own ambition. Restless and intriguing, he has forfeited the right to be trusted by any political party which retains even the semblance of self-respect; and, though his services may still be worth the purchasing—as in the middle ages it was a common thing to hire a mercenary champion—he never can expect to be a leader in that high sense of the term which the English instinct recognises as the noblest position to which a subject can legitimately aspire.

Mr. Gladstone's rebellion against the Whigs is a remarkable incident, but its practical effects will be much less important than is generally imagined. It symbolises a great change, but it will not produce any great change of itself. The Whig party has exhausted its last resources. For thirty years it has maintained its ascendancy by means of coalitions. From 1835 to 1841 it protracted its rule by purchasing the support of O'Connell and his Tail. From 1847 to 1855 it maintained its power by forming a coalition with the Peelites. In 1859 it made a similar coalition with the Radicals. Irish party, Peelites, and Radicals, each has been absorbed in turn—all have been cajoled to lend their aid to maintain the ascendancy of the Whigs. But all has been in vain. The "great Liberal party," the aggregate of so many coalitions, is on its last legs, and

the devices and resources by which it has so long maintained itself are at length exhausted. There are no more coalitions to be made, for there are no more parties or sections with whom they may combine. The present Liberal party is used up,—the present Ministry is on the eve of falling. Mr. Gladstone, like all the world, sees this; and, wrathful at his own claims to the Premiership being passed over, he resolves to sever his fortunes from those of the Ministry, and gives it a parting kick to notify the breach of partnership to all whom it may concern. In this lies the real importance of Mr. Gladstone's rebellion. It is as a symptom, rather than as an operative cause, that his recent conduct is important. It will affect the complexion of parties in the House—though even there the changes may not be so immediate as is generally expected. But on the politics of the country, Mr. Gladstone's *pronunciamento* will not have the slightest effect. The current of English feeling will flow on, steady and conservative, as before. Englishmen don't care for, and have never acknowledged, "abstract rights" of any kind in the practical administration of affairs. Mr. Gladstone may eulogise abstract rights, or "moral rights," as he calls them, as long as he pleases, and John Bull will listen with great indifference. He will reply, "I don't give a straw for your moral rights: I want the country to be well governed." France, during her first revolution, is the only country that ever tried to apply the doctrine of abstract rights to practical government; and, short-lived as the experiment was, we need not say how frightful was the catastrophe that ensued. Certainly, if men have a "moral right" to anything, they have it to the possession of life and property; but the champions of the Rights of Man, the elect of universal suffrage, held a different view, and took off heads and confiscated property at their pleasure. Mr. Gladstone is too well versed in history not to be thor-

oughly aware of this. We shall not do him the injustice to suppose that his convictions are in accordance with his language. We give him credit for a higher degree of capacity and more real sense than he has chosen for the moment to display. We are content to believe that his speech was a piece of political jugglery,—a fresh example of that immorality which he affected to censure. It was a flourish to captivate the Radicals. If he can obtain their support—if he can become the leader of the Liberal party of the future, what matters it if he cannot act up to his present professions?

There was another reason why Mr. Gladstone should make his *pronunciamento* without further delay. The Conference is proving a failure. At the meeting on the 17th ult. Prussia and Austria declared that they were no longer bound by the Treaty of 1852, and maintain that Schleswig and Holstein should be indissolubly united, and either wholly separated from Denmark, or at most only linked to Denmark by a dynastic union. England, and Russia to some extent, adhered to the Treaty of 1852. France refused to express an opinion. And Denmark, while stating that she was ready to make a total cession of Holstein, declared that she would not abate one inch of her right to Schleswig as an integral part of the kingdom. In consequence of this open rupture, the Conference was adjourned for eleven days, till the 28th; but as yet there are no symptoms of a pacific settlement of the dispute. Now, it is rumoured that, if the Conference fails, the Palmerston Ministry is resolved to go to war with the German Powers. That rumour may have some foundation; for, in the hands of Earl Russell, England has already incurred such humiliation, that men may be excused for thinking that she can hardly hope to recover her influence without putting forth her material power.

We are not of that opinion. We believe that the difficulty might be solved and the peace of Europe preserved, if we had wiser heads to direct, and abler spirits to animate our councils; but it is possible that, through Whig imbecility, we may be drifting into a war, and that, in the despair of extrication, the present Ministry may expedite the crisis which their miserable mismanagement has provoked.

This is a fresh reason for Mr. Gladstone's mutiny. As a matter of personal ambition, he does not like to have Lord Clarendon put over his head as Premier; and as a question of general policy, he is opposed to the war which the Ministry have, or at least are supposed to have, in contemplation. In his view they are already doomed, whether the result be war or peace; so, with that ignoble instinct which leads the meaner animals to abandon a tottering edifice, he has already loosened his connection with them, and is preparing for an immediate escape. He has indicated, pretty clearly, the mansion to which he will next resort, but he still lingers on the premises of the Whigs. It argues ill for the confidence of the latter in the stability of their tenement that they have not had the courage at once to get rid of so dangerous an inmate. Time was when the high-spirited Palmerston would not have brooked such open defiance of his authority; but with increasing years the blood flows languidly, and the veteran becomes callous to instances of insubordination and rebellion, which once would have been speedily repressed. But this state of affairs cannot endure much longer. A crisis of parties is taking place at home—a crisis in the war is imminent abroad. The session of Parliament is far advanced, and it has been wholly wasted, but it is not likely to terminate without the occurrence of events which will make it memorable in our annals.

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